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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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On Our Lady's Visitation.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

TO Judah, country of the hills, one day
 There came a Maid all fair from Galilee.
 Her soul intent on wondrous things to be,
 No one had she saluted by the way;
 No city entered, made no brief delay;
 But, moved by sweet and eager charity,
 Sought her whose unborn son, from sin made
 free,
 E'en from his mother's womb did homage pay.
 Ah, Virgin fair, thy visitation blest
 Extend to us, grown old in sin and woe!
 Perchance when next we greet thee as our guest
 Our sterile hearts, grace-touched, may fruitful
 grow;
 And, tuned to thine in full and sweet accord,
 Like thine our souls may "magnify the Lord."

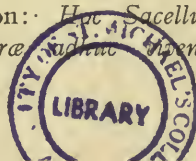
Our Lady in Western Mediæval Art.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

NOT in Rome and Constanti-
 nople alone, but all over
 Europe, from the days of the
 Empire, all through the early
 Middle Age, and on, in unbroken suc-
 cession, churches and oratories were building
 in honor of Our Lady. The architecture
 of these is the Romanesque, — that is, a
 modified or tempered form of the classic
 of Rome, based on the round arch. The
 earlier structures, rather small, have a
 simple, almost archaic air, not at all ger-
 mane to the severe majesty of the antique.

As they advance into the centuries of
 greater strife and confusion, walls grow
 thicker and more fortress-like, the window
 space is smaller, and the whole character
 grows, so to say, more Mediæval. Certain
 admirable churches of the twelfth and
 thirteenth centuries, notably in Germany,
 while they remain pure Romanesque, face
 certain problems of construction, and
 introduce elements which distinctly fore-
 bode the Gothic, with the sole exclusions
 of the acute arch and flying buttress.

Quite a number of the earliest historic
 sanctuaries of Gaul and Germany insis-
 tently claim that they were founded in
 honor of Our Lady. The foundations
 antedate any existing document; but the
 ancient names remain and hoary tradi-
 tions wound about with poetic legend.
 From time immemorial many of these
 sanctuaries became famous places of pil-
 grimage, both because the faithful found
 that at those spots the treasury of God's
 bounties seemed open wider, and because
 their devotion to Our Lady prompted
 them to these arduous undertakings in
 her honor. In France, Le Puy en Velay
 would have been dedicated to the Queen
 of Heaven in A. D. 225; Notre Dame de
 Fourvières was erected by St. Photin in
 A. D. 150, to enshrine a venerable image
 of the Holy Virgin brought by him from
 the East. Arles, with its memories of St.
 Trophime, the nonagenarian martyr and
 disciple of St. Peter, claims that, where
 the Cathedral of Notre Dame now stands,
 the saint had built a chapel and placed
 upon it the inscription: *Hic Sacellum
 dedicatum fuit Deiparæ Mariæ.*



("This sanctuary was dedicated to the Mother of God, even yet living.") Whatever one may think of this bold statement, it carries far back, into extreme antiquity, the spreading devotion to the Mother of Christ, and suggests that it expanded as the Church expanded.

Germany has altogether similar traditions. While Notre Dame de la Mer, in the diocese of Aix, is said to have been built by the holy pilgrim women, Mary Magdalen, Mary Salome, and Mary the Mother of James, in honor of the greater Mary, so at Cologne the church of Lyskirchen (S. Maria in Litore) is said to date from the first century, and to have been built by St. Maternus. The sanctuary of Our Lady of Lauzendorf, in Austria, has a tradition that St. Luke preached there in A. D. 70, and that the first oratory at that spot was erected by the Roman Christian soldiers of the Legio Fulminatrix. Very early, too, the poetic fancy of Christian and Marian folklore consecrated innumerable local sanctuaries, not famous in history or architecturally, but dear to the faith and veneration of rural populations, under such names as Our Lady of the Oak, Our Lady of the Spring, Our Lady of the Rosebush, Our Lady of the Flowering Thorn, and a thousand more. Many of these became, in the course of time, famous places of pilgrimage. With the passing of time, too, the archaic little churches became larger and more imposing in mass. The fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, each, brought to Western Europe a large number of new churches dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

With the blossoming of monastic institutions, the devotion to the Queen of Heaven and Virgin of Virgins took a more specialized, concentrated and powerful impulse; and to the churches of the secular clergy and laity were added the many monastic churches, abbeys, and cloisters for men and women, the greater number of them sacred to the Mother of Christ. We find that Father Stephen

Beissel, S. J., in his admirable book, "*Geschichte der Verehrung Marias in Deutschland*," quotes many of the Marian abbeys and cloisters. In the early sixth century the Benedictines founded many famous historic abbeys—in France alone, Audeley, Arles, Autun, Nesle, Tours, and Poitiers. St. Radegonde endowed the Abbey of Our Lady at Poitiers; Queen Brunhilda, that of Autun. The Abbey of Audeley, in Brittany, is noted particularly, as it was founded by the Queen St. Clotilda in 544; and, "since at that time there were no cloisters for women in England, many maidens came across the Channel to that house, to be educated there or to consecrate themselves to God." The list of Marian churches and cloisters of the seventh century is much longer: Auxerre, Besançon, Bourges, Cahors, Homburg, Cologne (S. Maria im Kapitol), Nivelles (Belgium), Mainz, Nonnberg (near Salzburg), Regensburg, Trier, and that famous Taffe, founded in 658 for one hundred Benedictine nuns, and "buildings for those who should minister to their spiritual and earthly wants."

In Switzerland, one of the earliest shrines of Our Lady had developed around an image said to have been venerated at that spot by soldiers of the Roman garrison, who had kept it in camp with them and were afterward martyrs for the Faith. The church of Our Lady of Payern dates from 587; Lützelau, 741; Roman-shorn, 779; and that same year the famous monastery of St. Gall was established, also with a church dedicated to the Virgin Mother. The old church of Einsiedeln was "consecrated by angels" in 948. The cathedral of Hildesheim, Germany, is a ninth-century construction.

Perhaps the most celebrated of these early Mediæval sanctuaries was the Palatine Chapel of Aix, built by Charles the Great in 800, and consecrated to Our Lady. The Emperor ordered marbles and columns brought for its construction both from Rome and Ravenna. The plan, an octagon within a polygon, is remi-

niscent of Ravenna's imperial churches and of Byzantium. The architecture, as we see it, is pure Romanesque, with a dome, round arches on piers, and round-arch windows sectioned by twin columns. The old seal of the city of Aix, which displays Our Lady enthroned and the King on bended knees offering her a model of the church, shows a building of a more archaic character, with the round arch set under a triangular over-arch, the upper structure of dome capped by a spire, and small antique round towers, French in character, with a snuffer roofing.

Another point of great interest in this seal is that it gives us an excellent example of the Carolingian Madonna, a type found now and all through the art of the Middle Age in Western Europe. She is seated on a throne set at the top of a short flight of steps. Usually on her left knee she supports the Divine Infant, who frequently holds the globe, symbol of the earth or of empire over it. The Holy Virgin wears not only the nimbus but likewise a crown—the *couronne fleuronnée* of France and of much ancient heraldry. In her right hand here, as almost always, she holds a sceptre, surmounted by a fleur-de-lis, again the emblem of the royalty and realm of France even in that early day. The robe and mantle of the Virgin have not changed, but her hair falls in waves upon her shoulders. The fundamental idea in these successive manners of representing Our Lady does not vary much; but the details, small as they are, are keys to whole new ranges of thought and of vital changes in nationality, dynasties, and the complete reorganization of government and social order in Mediæval Europe. The Carolingian Madonna persists as a type long after the day of that race, and we find her all over the West, south of the Alps, too, in Lombardy,—in stone over the doors of churches, carved and painted above altars, in illuminated manuscripts, and woven in the earliest tapestries.

Lombardy, in the spirit of its art, belongs to Western Europe almost more than to Italy. Its people did, indeed, come from over the Alps,—strong, hardy, mirth-loving huntsmen and warriors. Their carvings introduce grotesques, as though they were of Germanic origin. Later their artists will go back over the Alps to France and Germany, and be great builders, and use their charming and characteristic brickwork of Lombardy in courses and pattern as they do at home. They are a plastic people, more given to sculpture than to painting; and their sculpture will likewise go north of the Alps as it does to the south of Italy and Sicily. It is at its best in the ninth century or later. Under their King Agilulph, the Lombards became Christians (sixth century); and the treasure of the Empress Theodolinda, his wife, shown at Monza Cathedral, is probably illustrative of their early art. It is distinctly barbaric,—crowns, crosses, votive images, in gold, silver, and baser metals, enriched with precious and semi-precious stones. The image of Our Lady appears frequently, full-length or half. The objects of finer workmanship seem clearly to be of Eastern make,—the gold engraved with filled-in black line, or *niello*, being a distinctly Oriental process.

This Lombard collection bears a curious family likeness to the church-treasure unearthed some years ago at Fuente de Guarrazar, near Toledo, Spain, and purchased in part by the Paris Musée de Cluny. It included nine votive crowns made like lamps, apparently to hang before some shrine,—all very rich but of barbaric workmanship. Two of the number convey valuable information. The first has a crown-band of gold, with jewelled letters depending all around it by chains of gold openwork. Together they spell: *Reccesvinthus Rex Offeret*. ("Reccesvinthus, the King, Offers.") He was King of the Visigoths of Spain, and died in 672. The second inscription is engraved within another crown-band: *In*

Dei nomine offeret Sonnica Sanctæ Mariæ in Sorbaces. Archæologists have concluded that the buried treasure must have belonged to some famous seventh-century Spanish sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin in the neighborhood, probably a place of pilgrimage, judging by the ex-votos; and the lost name might be Our Lady of the Sorbs, or Sorb Apples.

Architecture took an immense development, and advance toward modern conceptions, in the churches and abbeys built by the Cistercians and Premonstratensians. A great number of these, splendid buildings in Romanesque style, were dedicated to the Blessed Mother. Over the portal at Citeaux was carved:

Salve, sancta Parens, sub qua Cistercius ordo
Militat et toto tanquam sol fulget in orbe.

And over the cloister gate:

Ad nos flecte oculos, dulcissima Virgo Maria,
Et defende tuam, diva Patrona, domum.

So the eleventh and twelfth centuries carry on the wonderful, ever-multiplied, ever-renewed manifestation of faith and devotion toward the Holy Mother of Christ. Not only has there not been one century, but scarcely one year or one day throughout the centuries, in which art has not borne witness to the prophecy: "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Sicily is immensely proud, as she may well be, of her cathedrals; but she owes them to France; and there is in them a strange return to the Byzantine, combined with the Norman element. Naturally enough perhaps, as it was the Greek Byzantine Emperor who summoned the French knights to help him drive the abhorred Saracens from Sicily. The page is splendid as an illumination in colors and gold. Fair, fearless, conquerors from the beginning, the Normans ride in. Robert Guiscard constitutes himself the champion of Pope Gregory, and remains in Southern Italy to oppose Henry IV. Young Roger de Hauteville sails to Sicily; and Syracuse and Girgenti fall before him. He assumes the rule of the

whole island, calling himself ingenuously "Great Count." He and his successors loved this land of their adoption exceedingly. To our own day, flaxen hair, eyes of azure blue, cathedral and abbey, bear witness to their passing. They built in the Romanesque style, decorated with Byzantine mosaic, and, square to the church front, set their rectangular Norman towers, a Northern soldierly bulwark. Salerno, Amalfi, Ravello, on the south mainland, teem with memories of Guiscard; and heaped up there, is Norman, Byzantine, Arab, Lombard art, besides the classic and antique.

In Sicily the name of Roger prevails. The cathedral of Messina was probably the first Norman foundation, and the young conqueror dedicated it specially to the Motherhood of Mary, in the Sicilian vernacular now simply *La Matrice* ("The Mother"). It glitters everywhere with polished marbles, burnished gold, and mosaics that gleam and glint as the light moves on them. A legend gives the cathedral of Cefalù to Roger II. Once, when he was returning by sea from Salerno to his island, there arose a great storm, in which it seemed that the vessel was about to perish. Lifting his eyes, the Norman vowed to build a church wherever his boat first touched a shore. Almost immediately wind and wave drove him into the natural harbor of Cefalù. It was a lonely spot, a few fishermen's huts alone in sight. But the Count kept his word, and built a church, which later he developed into the vast duomo of San Salvatore, covered with mosaic pictures from floor to apse. Christ the Saviour fills the whole upper zone. Beneath Him is that beautiful Madonna of Cefalù, with her Son in her arms; also the four great archangels, magnificent figures of a militant character, and yet wearing jewelled dalmatics to show that they are ministers of God, while their great wings open wide to signify swift help. Roger II. loved this votive church so much that he wished to be buried in it; but the people of Palermo

would not give up so good a prince even in death. His, too, is the Palatine Chapel in Palermo. Every square inch that is not shining porphyry or *verde antico*, glitters with pure gold and the rich polychromy of mosaic. There is no painting: it is all indestructible encrustation. The Palatine Chapel is dedicated to St. Peter, but the image and memory of Our Lady are wherever you turn.

In the same city, under the title of Mary, is the church built in 1140 by George of Antioch, the head of Roger II.'s fleet. Having acquired great wealth, chiefly in strenuous warfare against the Saracens, the Admiral resolved to spend his riches for the service of Christ's Holy Mother. The church goes by the picturesque name Santa Maria dell' Ammiraglio (St. Mary's of the Admiral); and displays absolutely Oriental lavishness and profusion of decoration. Nevertheless, the exuberant donor apologizes to his Lady, in an inscription in Greek iambics, for the "poverty of this gift, unworthy of her." The architecture has a peculiar character of rather simple line,—a certain delicate slenderness in the spring of the pillars and arch-supports, that flavors strongly of Syriac or Arab or Saracen art, like the Moorish remains in Spain. The sky-vaulting is of blue mosaic inlaid with gold stars. All the rest of the building is decorated with a mosaic series of pictures of "The Life of Mary." Although Byzantine in manner, they show a freedom, an elasticity, a realism even, that could go no further.

Thirty years after, the Admiral, William II., erected, in the same city of Palermo, the cathedral of Our Lady's Assumption. It is very splendid,—touches of some new element, that seems to be the Gothic, mingling with the other familiar forms. The Madonna over the portal ranks with the finest mosaics in Sicily. Yet even before this work was completed, William the Good, who had a singular devotion to his holy Patroness, was dreaming of some fresh enterprise in

honor of Our Lady. He thought he could do even better than the Assumption. But where build when the land was covered with churches? He lay down to rest one day under some trees near a mean Arab village, and, in sleep, thought the Blessed Mother of God drew near and signified to him that she had chosen that spot. There he built the cathedral of Monreale, Sta. Maria Nova, enclosing in it, as well as he might, the glory of heaven. There are no hidden spots in it, no shadows, no penumbra, but one immense shimmer and glimmer of gold. "The very marble," says Clauseus, "takes on a finish of satin, and its color becomes the tone of gold. The whole interior is one atmosphere of light, of glory,—an apotheosis."

And in the midst of His Mother's church, the radiance of which, golden and pure, becomes a type of Him, the great Christ of the apse raises His hands to bless. "I am the Light of the World," spell the Greek characters of the inscription. "He who follows Me walks not in darkness." παντοκράτων ("All-Lord") further explains the Greek artist; and, over the arch, symbols and words are set to represent the divine wisdom: *απιστοφια*. On either side of this Michael and Gabriel, the high spiritual powers, bow down in adoration. Then, leaving his immense, mystical conceptions, the thinker remembers Mary and the little Child born of her flesh, and sets them between the vast figures of the gold glory and the lowly figures that kneel upon the cathedral floor. Upward from our darkness, through the splendor of this glittering apotheosis to the Mother trembles our cry: "Pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death."

THE wonder of the existence and subsistence of a Church in the world is itself so great that to believe or not to believe the miracles, you must at least believe this miracle—that the world was converted without miracles.

—St. Augustine.

Her Choice.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.

I HAVE just had a very agreeable surprise," said Mildred Thayer, as, fresh and glowing from outdoor exercise, she entered the pleasant room where, beside a grate of brightly burning coals, her mother sat in the gathering winter dusk.

"Have you, dear? That's nice!" Mrs. Thayer answered with ready sympathy. "Come to the fire and tell me about it, while you get warm."

"I'm not in the least cold. It's delightful outside, with the loveliest after-glow imaginable," Mildred said. But, nevertheless, throwing off her wraps, she knelt down on the hearthrug at her mother's feet, with the firelight playing over her graceful figure, her attractive face, and rich masses of auburn hair. "I would have been in earlier," she went on, "but for the surprise—which was that of meeting an old schoolmate whom I had entirely lost sight of since she left St. Elizabeth's five years ago. Did I ever speak to you of Hilda Stretton?"

"I don't recall the name," her mother replied. "Was she a particular friend of yours?"

"Hardly that: I never really saw a great deal of her, for we were in different classes; but there was something very vivid and interesting about her, so that it was impossible to forget her. Then, although she was a Protestant, she seemed fascinated by everything Catholic: the Sisters, the religious services, the instructions on religious subjects,—everything. I can see her now in the chapel, with her eyes like stars, as she watched every detail of Mass or Benediction. We all thought it was only a question of time until she entered the Church. But she suddenly went away,—that is, she returned home at the end of a session, with

apparently no idea of not coming back; but she didn't come back. It was understood that her family objected to her Catholic ideas, and her father sent her to a Protestant school. That was all, and I never heard of her again until I met her on the street this afternoon."

Mrs. Thayer made a murmur indicative of interest.

"And what is she doing here?—whom is she visiting?" she asked.

"She is not visiting any one: she is living here," Mildred answered. "It appears that her father is dead—her mother was already dead when she was at the convent,—and he must have left little or no fortune; for she is teaching in the public school."

"Oh, indeed! In that case it is fortunate that you met her; for you can do a great deal to make her life more agreeable in a social way."

Mildred nodded assent.

"I will do all I can," she said; "and she will do the rest herself, for she is very attractive. But I am particularly glad to have met her, because I remember so well her leaning toward the Church, and I hope that I may be able to help her in that way."

"You think she has not become a Catholic?"

"I'm sure she hasn't. Nothing was said on the subject, but something would have been said if she had taken such a step. We spoke of our days together at St. Elizabeth's, and she asked about the Mother Superior and the Sisters. But she never mentioned the subject of religion, and of course I didn't."

"Of course not," Mrs. Thayer agreed; "but no doubt she'll mention it after a while, and then it will be easy to revive her interest."

"Perhaps so," Mildred said rather doubtfully. "But it struck me somehow that there has been a hardening process going on in her; and it's difficult to revive such impressions when they have died away, you know."

"All things are possible to divine grace," Mrs. Thayer remarked confidently. "After you've taken her to church a few times, you'll find they have revived."

"I shall not take her to church unless she shows very unmistakably that she wants to go," Mildred said decidedly. "I am tired of Protestants who come to our churches, and go into raptures over the 'beautiful services,' while they are all the time as far from opening their minds and hearts to the grace of God, as smugly secure in their own errors, as any of the howling bigots who slander the Church."

"But you said that *this* girl—"

"I said that five years ago she seemed deeply impressed by the Catholic faith. But that *was* five years ago, when she was very young and very impressionable. What she is now I don't know in the least; so we had better not make any plans for her conversion. But you'll like her, mother." Mildred rose as she spoke, and stood smiling down at the face uplifted to her in the rosy firelight. "She's as pretty as a picture, and she has manners that will please you, — you dear, old-fashioned person!"

"I like good manners," Mrs. Thayer admitted; "and very few young people seem to have any at all nowadays. But I'm chiefly interested in this girl's soul, and I shall certainly pray for her conversion."

"You couldn't do anything more kind and charitable," Mildred told her. "The older I grow, the more certain I am that it is by prayer, and not by argument, that conversions are made; for it is God who gives the grace of faith, without which conversion is impossible. But He forces nobody's will, and therefore we see so many reject that grace. It is the commonest as it is the greatest tragedy of life, I think."

She spoke meditatively, with eyes fixed absently on the glowing fire; for she was recalling the instances which even her

brief experience had furnished of such rejection of a grace that had been clearly offered.

Mildred proved to be right in thinking that her mother would be pleased with Hilda Stretton. The girl was indeed altogether charming, with a dark, sparkling beauty, at once picturesque and alluring, manners of singular grace, and a very quick intelligence. If life had hardened her in any way, it was at least not apparent on the surface; and Mildred was soon conscious of the same vivid and interesting quality which had attracted everyone at St. Elizabeth's. There was in her a strain of originality, which made her society piquant with the piquancy of unexpected and stimulating things; and so it came to pass that before long the two girls were more intimate than they had ever been before.

But in this intimacy there was one great reticence: the subject of religion was never mentioned between them. More than once Mrs. Thayer asked her daughter anxiously, "Haven't you said anything to her yet about the Church?" And always Mildred shook her head in reply.

"No," she answered on one such occasion; "and I shall not say anything unless she speaks of it herself."

"But, my dear" (the elder lady was much disturbed), "don't you think that she may be perhaps—shy?"

"No, I don't," Mildred answered decidedly. "I'm perfectly sure that she doesn't know what shyness is; and if she is silent, it is of deliberate purpose. She is afraid of the subject,—that is quite clear from the manner in which she sheers away from any allusion to it. Sometimes I think she is tempted to speak to me, but she resolutely closes her lips."

"And you won't help her by a word?"

"No," Mildred answered again, "I won't. She must speak first, if she wants to speak on the subject at all. I am beginning to believe, however, that she has definitely put it away from her, as

so many others whom we have known have done."

"She ought to have a chance at least to hear the truth," Mrs. Thayer said appealingly.

"God is offering her that chance now," Mildred replied; "and if she means to take it, she has only to speak one word."

But as time went on Mildred grew more and more doubtful whether that word would ever be spoken. Some subtle instinct told her that a struggle was going on in the soul of the girl who bore herself so lightly and gaily beside her; but what the issue of the struggle would be she had no means of judging, though past experiences inclined her to an attitude of very pessimistic doubt.

At last, however, the silence was broken in an unexpected manner. Passing the church one day, Mildred, according to her habit, dropped in for a brief visit; and, since the congregation was small and composed chiefly of working people, she generally on these occasions found the church empty, with only the ever-burning lamp keeping guard before the Sacramental Presence. But to-day she had no sooner entered than she saw another visitor—a feminine figure sitting quietly at the end of one of the seats,—and her heart leaped as she recognized the dark, graceful head, and the close, jaunty toque, with the dash of scarlet, which crowned it. For a moment she hesitated, doubtful whether she would not go out again. But another inspiration prevailed; and, passing up the aisle, without even a glance at the motionless figure, she knelt in the first seat before the sanctuary, saying to herself that, if Hilda chose to do so, she could now slip out without need to explain her presence.

There followed a very distracted interval, in which Mildred found it hard to collect her thoughts, much less to pray. But presently the absolute quiet of the church—for there was no sound of any movement—had its effect; the mysterious influence which breathes from the

tabernacle spoke to her inmost consciousness; and she prayed with greater fervor than ever before for the soul that she felt sure was struggling with, perhaps resisting, divine grace. And as she appealed with strong entreaty to the compassionate Heart that she felt to be so near, she almost forgot the presence of the girl behind her, or the lapse of time, until deepening shadows warned her of the last. Then, rousing suddenly to a recollection of these things, she arose, genuflected to the altar, and turned—to see Hilda rise also, and calmly precede her out of the church. On the steps outside the girl paused and looked at Mildred with a slightly petulant expression.

"Are your prayers always as long as that?" she asked. "I thought you were never coming, and of course I wanted to wait for you."

"You must excuse me," Mildred replied, a little taken aback by the complaint. "I was perhaps longer than usual; but I did not know you were waiting for me."

Hilda glanced at her swiftly, as they walked on together.

"You must have seen me when you came in," she said.

"Oh, yes, I saw you!" Mildred answered. "But that was no reason for thinking that you wanted to speak to me. You see, Catholics go to church to pray; and they naturally suppose that if other people go, it is for the same reason."

There was a short pause, and then Hilda said:

"I wasn't praying. You mustn't suppose so. I don't know much about praying, and I don't think I care much about it. I was merely resting, and—well, absorbing."

"Absorbing what?"

"Just the atmosphere,—the extraordinary sense of something satisfying and restful that you never find anywhere but in a Catholic church. I've tried going to other churches in search of it

(the Episcopalians in many places have taken to leaving their churches open, you know); but I always felt the moment I entered, in spite of pointed arches and stained glass, that it was nothing but an empty building, with somehow a quite peculiar emptiness of its own—like a body without a soul."

"And don't you know what makes the difference?" Mildred asked quietly.

"I know, of course, that you believe it comes from the presence of what you call the Blessed Sacrament," Hilda replied. "I couldn't well have been at St. Elizabeth's without learning that."

"And do you mean to tell me," Mildred said in a tone which vibrated with deep feeling, "that you don't believe in the divine Presence which has deigned to make itself felt by you so plainly?"

"I—don't know," the girl answered, frowning a little. "There are times when I can't help believing;—when I'm tempted to fall on my knees and say, 'My Lord and my God!' But then there comes a revulsion, and I tell myself that what I feel is only emotionalism. That's what they said it was when I went home from St. Elizabeth's and told my father that I wanted to be a Catholic."

"So that is why you never came back," said Mildred.

"Of course! Didn't you know it? My father was angry, but even more contemptuous than angry. 'I might have known you were too emotional to be sent to a place of that kind,' he said. 'You've been played upon by the seductive influences of their theatrical religion until you are ready to surrender yourself to them, body and soul. Well, you'll not go back there. I'll send you instead to a place where your mind will be cultivated, instead of your emotions.' So he sent me to X." (she named a famous woman's college). "And perhaps I *am* impressionable; for it wasn't long before the influence of that environment told on me. It was certainly as great a contrast to St. Elizabeth's as could be

imagined. There, as you know, there was a pervading atmosphere of faith in the supernatural, which even those who were not Catholics were obliged to feel; and it was taken for granted that there were mysteries above human reason, which must be accepted without questioning. But at X. nothing was accepted without questioning; everything was subjected to the test of human reason; mysteries of faith were scoffed at by the advanced, and accepted, with whatever modifications they chose, only by the more timid. It was all rather alluring, you know,—the sense of daring, of everything being open to doubt, of nothing being any longer sacred, or resting on divine authority. In fact, the idea of divine authority was practically assumed to be altogether out of date."

Mildred uttered a low murmur of compassion.

"You poor child!" she ejaculated.

But Hilda laughed.

"I didn't feel myself a 'poor child,'" she said. "I felt very emancipated, and quite able to formulate a creed to suit myself, as everyone else around me was doing. Indeed, I soon became something of a leader in advanced ideas of all kinds."

"And did your father know anything of all this?"

"I don't know whether he did or not. He never inquired, or seemed to take the least interest in what I believed or didn't believe, after he was assured that I had no longer a fancy for becoming a Catholic. My experience is that most Protestant parents are like that. They seem perfectly willing for their children to believe or disbelieve anything they like, so long as they show no leaning toward the Catholic Church."

"But when you were older, you could have followed your inclinations toward the Church—"

Hilda gave the speaker a slightly mocking glance.

"Do you suppose the inclination still

existed — after X.?" she asked. "By the time I left college I had ceased to believe anything, in the sense that Catholics understand belief. Everything was an open question in my mind; there was no solid ground anywhere. And then when my father died, and his affairs were found to be in such bad order, I had to face the necessity of making a living; and a Catholic is badly handicapped by his or her religion in that, you know."

"Yes," Mildred agreed. "If you were a Catholic you could not hold your position in the public school here. This intensely Protestant community would find a means to put you out."

Hilda nodded.

"Everyone knows that," she said. "It is almost as much as my position is worth to be seen in a Catholic church. So I only sneak in quietly when I am perfectly sure there will be nobody there."

"But you *do* — sneak in; you do care to go," Mildred said eagerly. "O Hilda, don't you see that God's grace is knocking at your heart, and that you still have faith?"

But Hilda shook her head.

"Not as you understand faith," she repeated. "I don't think that I really believe anything — as people believe who are ready to make sacrifices for their belief, that is. But I confess that there's still something wonderfully attractive to me in your religion. When I came here to teach I said to myself that I would not be tempted to enter the church, fearing a revival of the old fascination. But I had to pass the church in going to and from school every day, and (perhaps I'm awfully imaginative) it has seemed as if some powerful influence was drawing me to enter, with a force I could hardly resist, whenever I came near the door, so that I had almost to run past in order to resist it."

"And you could," Mildred exclaimed, — "you could run away, when our Lord Himself was calling you!"

Hilda made a movement of protest. "That," she said, "is what I don't believe, — at least," she qualified, "when I am out of the church."

"But you believe it when you are in the church."

"I'm not sure of that." Once more the girl frowned. "I am certainly conscious of *something* — some influence which I don't find anywhere else. But it may be merely association, mental suggestion, my own emotionalism —"

"You know it isn't any of those things," Mildred said sharply. "How can you juggle with your intelligence and your soul in such a way?"

"I don't think I am juggling with either," the other answered a little wearily. "I didn't want to enter into this discussion. I have avoided the subject, as no doubt you've observed —"

"I've observed it very clearly."

"Well, now you see why. I knew that you, with your firm anchor of faith, could never understand the condition of one who has no such anchor. If I had been allowed to enter the Church when I was at St. Elizabeth's, no doubt I should now believe as firmly as you do. But, as it is, I can't forget the things I heard and read at college; and it would, besides, be very inconvenient, and upset my life terribly, to become a Catholic. So I simply try to put the subject aside as something that doesn't concern me. But occasionally when I am tired — and things were very tiresome at school to-day — I yield to the temptation to go into that little church, where the tranquil light always burns, and give myself a bath of mental rest and refreshment. I would never have told you about it if you had not seen me this afternoon; but, since you did see me, I wanted to explain my presence there, lest you should think me a possible convert."

Mildred looked at her with a faint smile.

"How afraid you are of yielding to the grace of God, — you people who hover

on the threshold of the Church!" she said. "But you need not be afraid of me,—of arguments or urging, I mean; for if you can close your mind to the Voice that speaks from the tabernacle, you would not be likely to heed anything I could say. But I can't believe that you will continue to close your mind to that Voice."

Hilda gave her an odd look, and was silent for a few moments.

"I don't think you know very much about me even yet," she then said. "But now that I have explained my position, we need not talk of the subject any more."

"That," Mildred told her, "is altogether for you to say."

(To be continued.)

Shanagolden.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

CALM sea, thy sweet breath's over Shana-
golden,

My dream hill, set with daisies Spring has
brought;

Home of a hoary bard in ages olden,

Who left his land a legacy of thought.

He saw sage kings where daisies white are
growing

In Shanagolden by the big sea's edge;

He spoke with saints where yonder herds are
lowing,

Their glossy necks high thrust above the
hedge.

He walked with queens down the slopes of Shan-
agolden,

When queens wore purple in a regal isle.

Now sleep they 'neath the oaks, vine-girt and
olden;

And o'er their dust the regal violets smile.

O Shanagolden, hill of youthful dreaming,

My Winter hither flies on darkling wing!

But, Shana-land, the daisies fringed are gleaming
O'er thy dream slopes. Ah, there 'tis always
Spring!

Letters from Home.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

XIV.—*Austin Markham to his Mother.*

MY DEAREST DEAR:—Yesterday was the first anniversary of the death of Sir Andreas, and we all went up to the abbey for the Requiem Mass for his soul.

One day, about a week ago, Ulfo mentioned incidentally that it was on the twenty-second of this month that his grandfather had died last year; and then I fancied I perceived an added quietness and gravity in Lady de Rouche. But she is always grave and quiet,—not austere silent nor melancholy, but untalkative and not a great laugh. Still, she can tell a queer story as well as anybody, and is not blind to the quaint side of things. Whether I was right in my idea of her being a little more silent, a little more absorbed in thought and memory, than usual, after Ulfo had told me about the anniversary, I don't know; but I think I was.

The night before last I had been to Lambton, one of the villages; and on the way home I overtook her in the park, returning from a long afternoon's visiting among the poor people. It was nearly seven o'clock, and the full moon shone through the black naked trees. A mild day of sun and south wind had changed; for the wind had turned into the north and it was already freezing. We walked on together, and presently she said:

"It was just like this on this day a year ago. In the afternoon he made me go out. The sunlight looked so bright from the windows, and he thought I had been kept in too long,—you see, I'm such a walking person. 'Go and see some of your poor people,' he said; 'and then you can tell me about them when you come home. Give them my love.' Of course he knew, as we all did, that he would never see any of them again. When

he sent his love it was like sending his blessing; for he had really been like a father to them for so many years,—their real father in the Faith to numbers of them."

Then she paused a little, going on with her thoughts, of which her words had been an uttered part. That was why she simply said "he," without noticing that she had not mentioned him by name.

"As I came home," she went on, "it had turned to frost, just as it has now; though it was much earlier,—only about five. When I got back to him I saw at once that he was a good deal weaker, but he made me tell him about all the poor folk I had seen. He was always fond of them, and I think they understood him better than his neighbors of our own class did. He thought them very good, and that was because he had always done so much to make them good. It is those who never try to do anything to make them better who talk so much about their faults. He didn't care for politics; but what politics he had were strongly Conservative, whereas his father had always been a Whig. But my father-in-law never liked the 'lower orders,' as he called them; in fact, he despised them, and thought, like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, that the poor in a lump are bad. My husband spent his life doing what he could for them. Of course we were, with our large family, poor enough for many, many years; and never have been wealthy. But he began, almost as a boy, doing all that he could to help them; and he never gave up, as so many do because of meagre results.

"It was because he spent so much that way, and on church-building, and so on, that this house has never had in our time the importance it used to have in the county. He was a very brilliant man, and with a fine gift for hospitality. Had he been able to afford it, this might have been a great social centre. As it was, he just mortified that taste, among fifty others. He never had money enough to

be equally a friend of the poor and of the rich. The people whom he did ask here were famous Catholics, like Montalembert and Lacordaire and (when we could get him) Newman. Such people don't come for fine doings, and it is not expensive entertaining them. To see them was his great delight and relaxation,—to hear how the business of the Church was faring in other countries and places. His own work was hidden away here, among these quiet fields; but it never made him narrow and parochial-minded. He might have been many things,—a man of letters, a leader of 'movements,' as they call it, a fine and stirring speaker; but he was simply one thing—a Catholic. People can't understand that: they think it a sacrifice, a hiding of your light under a bushel. And sometimes, being his wife, I was jealous for him—seeing men of much less mark made so much of. But he had a simple way of looking at things, and he thought God had made him a squire just as truly as He makes other men politicians or writers; and the place where he was squire seemed to him just his bit of God's vineyard. If he neglected it, who would attend to it? There have been all sorts of saints,—soldier-saints and shoemaker saints and king-saints and monk-saints: my husband was a squire-saint."

Then she smiled and added:

"And he was a married-man-saint. It is quite as difficult as being a hermit-saint, and isn't much talked of."

I ventured to quote to her a little thing my own special Cardinal, Cardinal Manning, had said to me.

"I have," he had told me, "a great devotion to the uncanonized saints. All Saints' Day is *their* feast, and I keep it with delight. It doesn't mean merely the day of all the saints whose names we know but who have no day to themselves in the calendar. It is the feast of the unknown servants of God,—fathers and mothers, wives and daughters, sons and brothers, of common life; priests who

were never bishops; bishops who were never heard of outside their dioceses; monks and nuns who were never abbots and abbesses; men and women of no importance; children who perhaps hardly outlived their First Communion; old maids that never had a vocation to 'religion'; nay, old bachelors that were never monks, — the rank and file of the Church's sanctity, whose Process lies *in petto* in Omniscience. To them I love to pray. No hagiographer comes teasing in between me and them, with officious comment. And they may be our own kith and kin, — men who wore top-hats, or navvy's trousers with string round the knees, or ladies in bonnets, or the nurses that used to hear us say our prayers. I love to ask *them* also for their prayers."

My friend listened.

"I like that," she said, as I meant her to. Like most vehement Newmanites, she is rather unsympathetic about Manning.

Then she made a little confession.

"And I do pray to him," she said softly; "for I know he is in heaven. But I pray *for* him, too; though in heaven he can need no prayers. I'm sure he is in heaven; but I can only do what he would wish done, and that is what the Church does. She goes on letting us pray for good men dead for centuries, because we can not *know*. There can be no public knowledge, unless her public seal of assured conviction is set on any dead person's sanctity; and that is only when miracles have attested it. I hope you will pray for him?"

We were near the house then; but before we went in she said:

"These days — so like the days this time last year, and yet so different for me — swallow me up in the memories they bring. No, my dear friend and cousin" (with her little smile, because of our remote common ancestor), "you need not try to tell me of your sympathy. Though it were thick dark and no moon, I could *feel* it without seeing. I thank you out of my heart. But I am not sad. One

is selfish, but even one's selfishness has limits, and faith sets them. I know whom he served, and that now there can be only the crown of justice that the just Judge gives so gladly. How can I grudge it? And as for loneliness, I feel none. He is not farther off. Though I can not find him in there when I go, I do not need to go anywhere to find him near me now. God is so much nearer to us than our clothes or our bones; and he who is with God is much nearer to us than when he was in the next room or at the other end of a table. How can I believe in the Communion of Saints and think God has taken him away? — Go in and change your feet at once. You always wear too thin boots for our dank clay roads and fields."

At dinner, though I was sure she never ceased to think of this day last year, she was as cheerful as ever. Ulfo had a funny story to tell, and Etthey capped it, and there was plenty of laughing. She laughed like the rest of us, and never put on any grim airs of seeming to think her sons and grandsons should not be merry because this night last year had been her dear husband's last on earth.

After dinner in the saloon, a word or two had to be said about the hour in the morning at which we must start for the abbey, and the arrangements for driving us thither; but it was all said briefly and simply, with a sort of plain matter-of-factness that I admired very much.

In the morning Sir Benedict and his sons and brothers came down, dressed in deep mourning, — Miss de Rouche has always worn black since I came here. And there was not much talking on the way to the monastery; still, there was no gloomy affectation of silence. The Requiem High Mass was most impressive. The abbey church is plain and austere, and the monks' singing was plain and austere, too. There was a large catafalque in front of the altar, covered with the pall used a year ago at the actual funeral; at each side of it were three big candlesticks, holding candles of ashy-colored

unbleached wax. I think the singing of the *Dies Iræ* was the most impressive part; and the "absolutions" at the end of the Mass, when the abbot in his white mitre went round the catafalque, aspersing it and incensing it, were the most touching.

The *Dies Iræ* is almost terrible. There is no mincing of matters in it: it is simply an inexorable presentment of the certainty and reality of judgment. There is no smug complacency in it, as in the Protestant funeral hymns, that seem to take it for granted that every dead person has lived in such a fashion that sleep and rest are all that remain for the tired soul. The facts may be very different, so the *Dies Iræ* does not blink them: it insists on the inevitable outcome of fact, — not brutally, but with an honesty that dares not palter with mere sentiment. It is the most wonderful poem,—a vision, almost a revelation, full of pictures that are as clear as a cloudless moon in a cold sky; not *one*, however, like the moon, but a whole sequence of pictures. There is no knock-kneed attempt to represent Omniscent Justice as blind; but, lest the picture itself should blind us who look, it turns our eyes to Omnipotent Mercy walking on earth up the steep hill from Bethlehem to Calvary.

We did not kneel in choir, of course; for the choir is part of the monks' enclosure and we were all together, men and women; but outside the screen, near the slab of stone that covers the coffin. There was something suggestive of similarity and correspondence between that plain stone and the plain simplicity with which the group of the dead man's family heard the Mass and said their prayers. Grief, even sincere grief, can be so emotional that it is a sort of demonstration, and is somehow shocking and repellent. And, of course, the Requiem in that abbey church did make up a picture that might well let loose and excuse emotion. But one could not help feeling that all were there to *do* something, not merely to

give way to reminiscence and sentiment. It was not a mere memorial service to soothe the living and testify remembrance of the dead,—a pretty homage of respect: it was a definite correspondence with the Church's belief that the living can *help* the dead, and most by joining in the oblation of the Victim who died once, like us, and is forever alive.

I did not drive back from the abbey, but Edmund and I walked down together.

"I wonder how it all struck you?" he remarked.

I tried to tell him.

"I thought you might not like it," he explained. "It might easily seem to you so grim,—the black vestments, the austerity of the whole thing. You Ritualists, I am told—"

"Keep a civil tongue in your head! I'm not a Ritualist, and I never was."

"Well, some of the Anglicans have a trick of making funeral services all whiteness and jubilation. My Uncle Christopher was an Anglican, and I was at his funeral. The altar was covered with white flowers, and the clergyman wore a white stole, and it all ended up in the *Te Deum*! Uncle Christopher was a very respectable old gentleman, and I'm sure I hope he is where he meant to go. But, in the course of seventy-five years or so, I expect he had laid up some matter for purgatory. He wasn't born an old gentleman, and he was an officer before he became a clergyman,—rather rackety in his day, they say. I must confess. I thought the *Te Deum* a bit premature. Of course if people don't believe there's anything but heaven and hell, charity constrains them to take heaven at once for granted; but it's assuming a good deal, in nine cases out of ten. The Catholic Church assumes nothing, but goes on the basis of reasonable likelihood,—realizing that even those whom God is not constrained by justice to condemn are by no means white enough, in most cases, for instant heaven; that they still owe a debt, and it has to be paid; and we can and should help them.

"White flowers aren't particularly typical of the condition of ordinary souls, but in the Protestant memorial services they are a graceful flattery. The Catholic Church won't flatter, however dead you may be. And especially are the white flowers and stoles at Anglican funerals a sentimentality,—a taking for granted that all you can do in presence of death is to talk pretty, and let facts be covered up in white and gold; whereas the Catholic Church is not in the least sentimental. She won't talk pretty about you because you have died, but recognizes a probability of your need for help, and calls us all to join her in giving it. Nothing is more perverse than the persistent determination of Protestants to pretend that the Church is sentimental. She is all matter-of-fact; she can't abide ceremonies that simply look nice and can't do any good. A Requiem is not meant to look nice, but to remind us that sin is sin; and forgotten sins, even venial ones, have to be expiated even by the saved; and that we are to go on helping, though a year or a hundred years may have elapsed since the dead man passed out of this world, since none can tell the amount of the debt or the duration of its payment."

Then we talked about his father, and it struck me as a fine and touching thing to see how the dead man lived in his son's respect; how potent the noble influence of his life was still; and how simply the young man assumed that, in just being a good Catholic, a man who might have been what is called great had fulfilled his part and satisfied God.

Ever your son,

AUSTIN MARKHAM.

FEB. 23, 1879.

(To be continued.)

ALTHOUGH it is the penalty of saints and poets to suffer much more than vulgar mortals, it is also given to them to experience joys of which the ordinary creature is as ignorant as he is incapable.

—Mrs. Craigie.

The Ivy Hedge.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXIX.

PRESENTLY. Madame Capella dragged Mary to the front of a window, and appeared to be examining little silver figures.

"You know what I feel; for you have sinned at heart. But you have found peace. How have you found it? You must tell me, and I will seek the same road,—the same road! Spracht guesses, and one day he will gain a way to know; but I will never bend to him. And now I will defy him, and free this foolish girl. He has been divorced many times. The world knows it. Why do I dare to anger him for the sake of a silly woman?"

"I will go with you." Mary's voice was almost joyous. "I can help to return your kindness,—your great, great kindness. If you are pleased with what I will say to Spracht, you will," she added earnestly, "throw your life at the feet of Christ and His Mother who are so near to us."

"Oh, save me! That is all I ask."

"We will go to Spracht."

"To the Windermere Hotel?"

Madame Capella seemed to have caught hope from Mary's words.

A moment after they had started in the car, Mary laid her arm on Madame Capella's, hesitatingly.

"But why should you go to Spracht? Mazzie Verney is so dazzled by your promise that she will keep away from him."

"No," said Madame Capella, clasping her hands dramatically,—"no! It is a penance. I will face him. Let him do his worst. At least I shall force him to say what he suspects."

Mary, who had a quick intelligence, understood that the feeling of Madame Capella was real; she was forcing herself to do penance. At the same time the prospect of a dramatic struggle with

Spracht, in the presence of a sympathetic witness, was not without its attraction to her.

"Mary," she said, "if he does not know—if he has not discovered the truth,—I promise to follow the Light. It will be hard; for your Church asks much,—much. But I will sacrifice all except my art—and that is never required—for peace. If it were not for you, I could not believe there was peace for any one like myself. But I will face this monster. I was mad when I urged poor McGill to right his wrongs and mine, and to take his revenge. I was mad! But I swear that I will take the full guilt before the world rather than that this wretched man shall suffer. If the bullet had killed Spracht!" Her eyes blazed. "If the bullet had ended his life! But, no, no, my friend, I should still be a murderess. Save me by your prayers from thinking of Spracht's death,—of longing for it, and being a murderess at heart." Tears rolled down the face of the actress; she was suffering intensely. "How can God forgive me? How do I know that He will forgive me? You have found peace. Help me!"

Mary put her hand into the right hand of the actress.

"We stand at great risk when we do not trust Our Lord," she said, unconsciously echoing the words of Thomas à Kempis. "If our wills are with Him, we may trust Him to do as He pleases with us."

"But I can't!" Madame Capella caught both of Mary's hands in her own. "I can't! I can't do anything until the stain of blood is taken from my soul, and the fear and hatred of Spracht from my heart."

"But, Madame Capella" (Mary was brought to earth by the stopping of the car), "the place to see this awful man is not in the drawing room of a hotel."

"There are several little parlors. I shall ask for one. I must have it over, now that I am in the mood."

"I hope that he is not there."

Mary's heart became faint—but of a sudden a light came into her face. She had been so confused by her emotions during this peculiar drive that she had not been able to think logically. Now a light came upon her, and for a moment she rejoiced over what was, she was sure, about to happen if these two met. She saw (Mary was beginning to live—not for herself, but through those she loved) that this actress was at heart true and genuine even when she was acting; and something like a smile crossed her lips as she imagined what might occur.

Madame Capella demanded of the magnificent attendant in the marble hall of the Windermere to be shown to a small parlor, and there she sent up her card to Mr. Spracht. She made her way slowly—not unobserved—to a small room, very rococo in its decorations. The fat golden roses and wreathed pillars looked down on tapestries woven with Grecian scenes.

"I've 'paged' Mr. Spracht. He's not in his room, but I've seen him lately in the lobby," said the boy in buttons.

After a short pause, Spracht, in a morning coat and holding a tall hat in his hand, entered.

"Charmed, ladies!" The accent had become modified, his figure was more erect; he was no longer the leader of the masses, but a man about town. His thick underlip, his unhealthy pallor, and the insolent gleam in the eyes had marked him as a fungus growth among men. This was Madame Capella's thought. "An honor," he said. "Present me, Madame—O Miss Coyne, from Orvisville? You were once engaged to that lout of a Trevanion. You did right to throw him over. May I sit down?"

Mary blushed furiously.

"I came, Mr. Spracht," Madame Capella began, "to say that I am about to interfere in one of your matrimonial affairs."

"Which one?" he asked, with a grin.

"I have taken Mazzie Verney under

my jurisdiction." Madame Capella visibly enjoyed the sight of the rage that came into his face.

"You?"

Then he laughed.

"You are attempting to do a very foolish and useless thing. The girl is devoted to me, and I shall make her my wife."

"For how long?"

"That will be as it suits me."

"You are shameless!" said Madame Capella.

"No, more shameless than many ladies and gentlemen of your profession. And there was a time, Mrs. Leipsiger, when your husband would have found a legal way of parting from you had he listened to me."

This threat seemed to take Madame Capella's power of speech from her, it was so cruel, so arrogant, so unexpected. The dramatic scene anticipated by the actress was a failure. All Mary's courage rose. She could not realize that the words coming from her lips were her own.

"In revenge, Mr. Spracht"—she looked straight into the eyes of this repulsive man who sneered at her,—“in revenge, Mr. Spracht, take under your protection my old friend, Mr. Sandy McGill—if you can find him.”

Madame Capella looked at her friend with her eyes open with horror.

"I shall find him one day, and then I shall know things,—things that I suspect, things that I have long suspected, things that I know. Look at the woman's face! You came here as her friend, but you have suddenly become her enemy. I know who urged the fool McGill to fire the bullet at me that killed Morton. You thought you would get even with me for doing your husband a kindness in supplanting your place with a more beautiful woman—"

Mary put her arms about the actress.

"Courage! Trust me!" she whispered.

Madame Capella caught the cue. The world seemed blank, but she saw again

Mary and herself at the foot of the Consoling Mother, and she childishly trusted. She threw her head back and stood in a superbly dignified attitude before Spracht. Even at that moment she saw herself, with a thrill of approval, in the heavily carved mirror on the opposite wall.

Spracht laughed again.

"A grand *scena*; Madame Capella! We shall soon know the last act. It may end with an execution. You ought to have learned to die well by this time."

"No fear! I shall die well when my time comes."

"It may come sooner than you think. The bullet that killed Morton—"

"Mr. Spracht," Mary interrupted him. He stared at her angrily. "Mr. Spracht, you can not have heard the coroner's verdict or read Dr. Vernon's testimony. Mr. Morton was not murdered. The bullet was not fatal. Dr. Vernon said that he was in a state of health—you'll find the Latin word in the newspapers—that made him very weak, and that he had been shocked in some way that led to his death. But it seems that he could hardly have felt the slight wound inflicted by the bullet. It's all in the report. The rumors against Sandy McGill are only rumors; and if he did fire the shot, it was harmless. I am speaking the truth."

Madame Capella turned her face for a moment.

"Ah," Mary went on, "you must have said something that shocked him!"

"I did!" Spracht seemed to enjoy the retrospect. "I hated that man. He used me as a tool, and treated me as a slave; and I really think I killed him when I told him that I had concluded to play my own game, and force a strike when I chose. You might just as well know this. You are probably right about the inquest. Children and fools like you always speak the truth. He made himself even. In his will, he threw money to me as he would throw a poisoned bone to a dog. He almost ruined me. But, then, I helped to *kill* him!"

Spracht rose, brushed his hat, and laughed and went to the doorway.

"My dear Mrs. Leipsiger, you will no longer suffer from my threats. It was very agreeable to make you suffer; for you are the guardian of Abe's precious money-boxes,—and a fierce guardian. But you will not suffer any more that way, and you can keep the idiotic shop-girl that caught my fancy for a moment. But this you will regret all your life. As an actress, my dear lady, it will haunt you. You failed to take the centre of the stage at the right moment. For once in your life you *failed*. A little Jersey peasant has all the honor of your grand scene. Your powers are failing, Bianca; you are growing old. Take my advice, Bianca: let your husband divorce you, and he'll find somebody younger. As for you, Miss Coyne, you've made a stroke by simply telling a fact that Mrs. Leipsiger and a lot of other people overlooked. I'll pay a little more attention to that silly sister of yours and her equally silly husband. No more pleasantries! I haven't time. I go to dress for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morton will be my guests. I shall telephone for them at once. You see, Miss Coyne, that after all, Spracht is Spracht!"

He went out smiling.

"O Madame Capella, he can't hurt Amy! You don't think he can hurt Amy?"

"No," said Madame Capella, with a long sigh,—a sigh of relief,—“no. Trevanion has a strong hand and a kind heart, after all, and he will see to that. My husband has always told me that he frightened Spracht from Orvisville.—It can't be true,—it can't be true! I haven't killed a man!"

"I should have told you the truth about the inquest, Madame Capella, but I was confused. Your duty is to tell that poor, half-crazed McGill, and let him go back to the priests at Orvisville. No doubt he has suffered, too."

"Oh, I could fly! I could ascend to heaven to thank God! But the stain is

on my soul still, Mary. How shall I begin to wipe it off?"

"I will show you the place of cleansing." Mary very often dropped into the phraseology of the Bible. "You will learn what it means to be sorry, to confess, and to be consoled. It is by way of the cathedral, where He dwells."

Bianca Capella, a new desire in her heart, followed her guide meekly.

(To be continued.)

The Ways of Life.

BY X. Y. Z.

HE saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction," and that immortal line of Tennyson, "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," are always in mind when I recall an incident of the Civil War related by a Sister of Charity, well known and much beloved in the city where I once resided. It was many years ago, and the characters of the story are probably all dead now,—united and happy, I hope, in a better world. I give the story in the Sister's words, as repeated to me by one who heard it from her own lips.

"After one of the fiercest battles, a wounded soldier lay dying in the hospital at—. Seeing me at his side, he rubbed his eyes, as if to wipe away the death film that was passing over them, and, summoning all his strength, whispered: 'Sister, I have three children—two girls and one boy. They have no mother or friends; when I am gone will you—will you take care of them?' The tears streamed down the poor fellow's cheeks: I could not restrain my own. As I said 'Yes,' his eyes sparkled with joy; he pressed my hand a moment, and almost immediately expired.

"In his breast-pocket, tightly rolled in a faded blue ribbon, we found a childish letter, which furnished the address of his

children, and with it three curls fondly taken from the heads of his loved ones. In a few days I received permission to write to the children, and have them sent to one of our houses. Unfortunately, the boy had already been adopted by a Protestant, who would not give him up. The girls were exceedingly bright children, and had evidently been brought up with pious care. In after-years they joined our community, and we were assigned to duty in the same hospital at —. I had told them, the first time we met, to pray to the Blessed Virgin that their brother might preserve his faith, and die a good Catholic, and I am sure they were never remiss in this duty.

"One evening a pale, care-worn young man descended from a carriage, and with the help of myself and another was assisted to a seat in the parlor, while a room was being made ready for him. His eyes wandered around the apartment, often resting on Sister — with a strange, sad glance. After a while the superior came and asked him some necessary questions, to which he languidly responded. As soon, however, as the other Sister inquired, 'Do you feel rested now?' his eyes brightened and he spoke in a firmer voice. Her younger sister, happening to enter the room, he turned around, fixed his eyes on her, and, in that melancholy tone that tells of the near approach of death, said: 'I fear I must die soon, but I should be so happy if I could see my sisters again. They were so like these two Sisters. Their names were Minnie and Lizzie; our father was a soldier and died during the war.' Here his voice sank, and tears spoke more than the words he could not utter. The two Sisters looked at each other for a moment in surprise, then exclaimed, 'Brother Robert!'

"Yes, it was the long-lost Robert! They had not seen him since that day when their father kissed them for the last time, and went to defend the cause he loved. It was sad, amid the joy of meeting, to

feel that parting was not far distant. Robert had long since abandoned his religion, but he had always worn a medal of the Blessed Virgin, the last gift of his dying mother. Daily prayers were offered for his conversion. After a few weeks' stay in the hospital, he became suddenly worse; the doctors declared that there was no hope of his recovery. Calling his younger sister to his side, he said: 'I must die, my sister; and something bids me die a Catholic.' The sister's joy knew no bounds; she embraced him, and wiped away the tears that coursed down his cheeks. The following day he made his confession, and toward evening passed to a better world, leaving the little medal to his sisters as the most precious souvenir he could bestow."

The Name of the Adorable Sacrifice.

WHILE the most ancient writers of the Church speak frequently, and with all desirable precision, of the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, they give to it other names than that by which it is universally designated at present. Among the terms or phrases commonly employed by the early Christians to denote what has always been the pre-eminent act of Christian worship, we note: "Liturgy," the "Breaking of Bread," the "Sacrifice," the "Oblation," the "Gathering Together," the "Mysteries," the "Sacrament of the Altar," and the "Lord's Supper."

Historically, our word Mass (*Missa*) appears in the fourth century as a technical name for the various parts of divine service, especially for the Canonical Hours. During the sixth and seventh centuries it became a technical name for the Holy Sacrifice itself, and gradually usurped the place of the other names thereof. These survived, however, in isolated instances, as late as the ninth century; but they disappeared entirely in the Middle Ages. As Kellner remarks in his "Heortology,"

"the term Mass does not owe its position to theology, but became established in the course of centuries by popular usage." When such usage received the sanction of the official organs of the Church, the word Mass was of course authoritatively taken into Catholic terminology.

As for the derivation of the word, its etymology was long a matter of controversy. Some Hebraists derived it from the Hebrew *missah*, signifying "oblation"; this was the opinion of the learned Baronius. Some Hellenists held that it came from the Greek *muesis*, which means "initiation." Others derived it, from the Latin *mittere*, *missa* (to send, sent), and justified the derivation by explaining that the priest *sends* the prayers of the faithful up to the throne of God. Nowadays it is generally recognized that *missa* comes from *missio*, just as *oblata* comes from *oblatio*, and *collecta* from *collectio*. Moreover, it is to be noted that the *missio* from which we get our familiar word Mass means not "mission," but "dismissal."

This last-mentioned fact is well vouched for by a first-hand authority, Bishop Avitus, of Vienne, who flourished in the early sixth century, between the ages of antiquity and the Mediæval period. Being asked by his sovereign, King Gundobad of Burgundy, what was the meaning of the word *Missa*, he replied that *missam facere* was the same as *dimittere* (to dismiss), and was used by the Romans both at audiences in the royal palace and at sittings of the law courts, to intimate to the assembly that the audience or session was at an end, and that they were free to depart. He added that the word was used in the same way in the churches. Avitus himself uses *Missa* simply for divine service.

Briefly, then, Mass, meaning dismissal, is one part of the ceremonial of the Holy Sacrifice; and, by synecdoche (a figure of speech in which the part is put for the whole), it was gradually extended to the entire Eucharistic Sacrifice.

An Interesting Discussion.

AN editorial article on the conversion of the Jews, in a recent issue of the *Lamp*, has provoked some interesting discussion. The latest number of that luminous periodical contains a letter from a Jew who is a convert to Christianity, though not to the Church. He signs himself, "Yours for the Conversion of the Jews, Israel Ben Michael." This contributor to the discussion is in hearty accord with the editor of the *Lamp* in the view that the field is ready for the harvest, but contends that the laborers must come into the field, not expect it to come to them. He writes:

One must know the peculiar features and difficulties in meeting with Jews. He must be very patient and forbearing. If he possesses much of that love of which St. Paul speaks (I. Cor., xiii), it will help to a speedier understanding. The two million or more Jews of the United States are worthy of consideration on the part of all those who profess themselves disciples of Christ.

The writer, though a non-Catholic, must admire the tenacity of the Roman Catholic Church in persevering in her work. On the east side and ghettos of Greater New York, the Protestant churches are abandoning their work or selling to Jewish or other congregations, but the Catholic churches stand. If these churches would have missions to Jews, with capable missionaries who are acquainted with the "Jewish controversy," there is no doubt that many Jews would be attracted and won to Christianity.

The nation of Israel is like the poor man fallen among thieves. We have received severe treatment. We need the wine and oil—the refreshing and healing influences of the Gospel—to restore us. The Good Samaritan must come to our assistance. We are too helpless and injured to go ourselves. Our priests and Levites and leaders can offer or give us little real aid. The Christian Church must run to our rescue and preach to us of the great Healer and Saviour. He, therefore, cries to her messengers at this time: "Go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Go, work in My vineyard to-day. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." His Holy Mother said: "Whatsoever He shall say unto you, do ye." (St. John, ii, 5.)

Further confirmation of the views expressed by Israel Ben Michael is to be found in a discourse which attracted considerable attention a few years ago, when it was issued in pamphlet form—"The Place of Religion in Good Government," by Dr. Max Pam. This eminent scholar gives it as his belief that "the mission of the Jew has been fulfilled." It was the Jew's function to preserve the belief in one God and a moral system divinely fixed. That, avers Dr. Pam, he has done. One other duty, too, was his—to keep alive the faith and hope in a Messiah. And there still remains to him the duty of accepting that Redeemer.

Commenting on the original article, Miss Katharine E. Conway says, in the *Boston Republic*, that she believes missions to the Jews would be successful, and adds this pertinent testimony:

There is, in America at least, a curious bond of sympathy between Catholics and Jews. In the great Jewish business houses in our large cities, even a slightly observant person must be impressed by the large number of Catholics employed. Boston priests have told the present writer of Jewish merchants writing to them regarding references for applicants for places, to know if these were *practical* Catholics, adding: "We want no other kind."

The reason for this might not be far to seek, and might be found to lie considerably on the hither side of the conversion of the Jews to the Church. But there is no doubt that an argument for the Faith underlies this choice of Catholic employees and servants. The Jews are keen enough to see this when it is put to them; but as for following the matter any further, that is another question. Faith is something other than understanding. For ourselves, while we have no doubt whatever that our way of salvation is more open to the Jews than most of them realize, we think, too, that the way will be a long and arduous one in most cases. The more reason therefore for making it straight by practical instruction, and alluring by good example.

Notes and Remarks.

The marble statue of Roger Bacon unveiled at the University Museum, Oxford, last month, during the celebration in honor of the great Franciscan, represents him in the habit of his Order, holding in his hands an astrolabe. Sir Archibald Geikie, the eminent English scientist, who unveiled the statue, referred to Bacon as "one of the most distinguished men that science has produced"; and Lord Curzon, in an address accepting the statue on behalf of the University, said that tardy reparation had been made for a long neglect. They were filling, by the erection of a statue to Roger Bacon, a gap in the history of science that had too long existed. It was a debt they owed to him and to science. Roger Bacon was one of the most universal geniuses which the world has ever produced. He foreshadowed, if not actually foresaw, all the most notable appliances of modern days. His range of study and of writing included theology, medicine, mathematics, botany, chemistry, moral and political philosophy. But the debt that the world owes to him is in that he was the father of experimental science; it was he who based its methods on induction.

Among the Golden Jubilees to be celebrated next year, not the least interesting will be the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of the old Christians of Japan. Father Raguet, Miss. Ap., of Urakami, gives this account of the event:

Until 1865, although the Catholic missionaries had been in contact with the Japanese a score of years, they were anxious to know whether any settlements of the heroic Christians of the seventeenth century still existed. On March 17, shortly after the opening, for the convenience of foreigners residing in Nagasaki, of the Church of the Twenty-Six Martyrs, canonized lately, some fifteen persons presented themselves to the missionary, Father Petitjean, telling him that they were "of the same heart" as himself. To the question, "And where do you come from?" they answered:

"We are from Urakami. At Urakami nearly all are of the same heart as we." And they asked him where the Holy Virgin, *Santa Maria*, was. At the sight of the statue shown them, falling on their knees, they said: "Oh, yes, that is surely *Santa Maria*! Look at the Infant Jesus in her arms!" And they added that on the 25th of December they celebrated His birth in a stable; that He died for us on the Cross, and at present it was the "time of sorrow" (Lent).

That, in spite of a persecution which had lasted two hundred and fifty years, hundreds of families, without any priest, had remained Catholic to the core,—this was, indeed, a glorious fact, and one well worth commemorating.

The Rt. Rev. Robert Codman, Protestant Episcopal bishop of Maine, is quoted as saying, in an address at the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of his diocese, that "much of the immorality and other forms of wrong and weakness existing to-day are due to the Protestant Reformation." He declared that if it brought blessings, it also brought curses. As to the former, the bishop would find it hard to enumerate them. As to the latter, they are too numerous to be enumerated. Luther himself deplored the evil wrought by his followers in Germany, and must have foreseen what would naturally result from the spread of the revolutionary doctrines to which he was committed. The Reformation, so-called, is bearing its natural fruit.

Asked how the present renewal of the spirit of bigotry in this country was to be accounted for, and how it happens that so many seemingly intelligent people give credence to every misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine or false statement against Catholics that appears in print, an old missionary friend of R. C. Gleaner, of the *Catholic Columbian*, answered: "Our system of education—the public kind—is to some extent responsible: it is rearing a generation who are so enamored of the printed word that, no

matter what is published it is believed because it appears in the livery of type." Then, turning to his scrapbook, the venerable priest read the following words of Sidney Brooks as a confirmation of the view expressed:

While the sum total of American intelligence is undoubtedly impressive, it is more by reason of its quantity than its quality. The American educational system has raised a great number of people to a middle-class opinion, which, when left to its audiences, is a fearsome thing. It marks out a nation over which it has gained control as a willing slave of words, a prey to caprice, etc. I know of no country where a prejudice lives so long, where thought is so active and so shallow, where a craze finds readier acceptance, where policies that are opposed to all human experience stand a better chance of captivating the populace, or where men who are fundamentally insignificant attain to such quaintly authoritative prestige.

This can not be called eulogistic; but Mr. Brooks is an Englishman and may not love Americans so cordially as they deserve. Still, we agree with the old missionary that there may be something in what the gentleman says.

A consoling sermon on the "Hope of Perseverance" was recently preached by Mgr. Benson at the Carmelite church, Kensington, England. The sermon was consoling, not merely soothing or anæsthetic. The suffering soul, at grip with the fearful problem of final perseverance, was simply pointed to the one possible source of relief—to Christian hope,—the duty and grounds of which the preacher eloquently showed. We quote from the *London Universe*:

First of all, it is not likely that Almighty God, who has given us so many graces in the past, will have given all those graces but to increase our condemnation. Have you ever considered the perseverance of God toward you when you were meditating upon the duty of your perseverance toward God? Say you have been brought up in the Catholic religion, and have come from one of those old Catholic families which are the glory and splendor of England. Have you ever considered that if one link had been broken you would not be a Catholic to-day,—that if one forefather had

been unfaithful, humanly speaking, you would not be a Catholic to-day? Three hundred years of divine perseverance was necessary in order that you should be able to enter upon the way of perseverance. Or you have become a Catholic in later life. You were brought up outside the Fold; educated, it may be, to hate and despise the Catholic religion. Have you considered the divine perseverance toward you in that you are a Catholic to-day? Is it probable—I do not say it is impossible—that Almighty God, who has taken such pains with you in the past, who has by such a gathering of circumstances brought about the improbable, that you are a Catholic to-day,—is it likely that He will relinquish that conflict without a struggle?

Our very fears, the preacher concluded, are a guarantee, as far as there can be guarantee, that we are in good case. Were there no fear, there would be ground for fear.

Reminding the Knights of Columbus, gathered in State convention recently at Quincy, Ill., that the strength of the Church in Germany was largely due to the Catholic press, edited and supported by the laity, Bishop Muldoon made a strong plea for similar support, on the part of the Knights, of the press in this country. The Bishop said:

The truly educated man radiates truth in great abundance. Educate yourselves for the duties that surround you by constant and serious study and reading. Be exact in your knowledge and sure of your position, and no man can dispossess you. No man can traduce you or your faith if your knowledge is complete and exact! At times we encounter Councils that have very little life in them, and that seem to have no purpose in their existence. They tell you they are searching for some good work to do. Their meetings are poorly attended because they are uninteresting, and they do not know how (they say) to make them more attractive. If such Councils would form themselves into agencies for the local Catholic papers, expend some energy in circulating Catholic literature, have debates upon Catholic subjects, they would thrive and grow.

There never was a people so inquiring and so willing to know the truth and to understand the tenets of the Church as the non-Catholics of America. Why not satisfy this curiosity and this desire for truthful information, and thereby

at least nullify the effects of malicious papers published to injure the Church? We complain bitterly at times of certain papers and certain preachers and ex-priests who vilify the Church. These will have no lasting effect, but they do demand a strong and clear answer. They are singing aloud their songs of sinfulness and meanness. We in many cases are silent and give forth no reply. We need Catholic heralds and Knights whose tongues are filled with the eloquence of Jesus Christ, whose hearts are strong with the Apostolic spirit, whose minds are clear with the knowledge that comes from the Seat of Wisdom. Will you be of this number? If so, subscribe, study, and read. An ignorant herald does more injury than good. Only those who know the truth should dare attempt to explain it.

When is the proper time to take up this work? Now! When you go back to your home towns, examine into this question and see what can be done by your Council. The Catholic Knight who is only a reader of the official organ is—I say without fear of contradiction—unworthy of the name he bears. You must be subscribers for Catholic journals. This means sacrifice, but sacrifice is part of the Knight's life.

Not all of this is flattering to read; but Bishop Muldoon is a man with the courage of his convictions, which he expresses with clearness and emphasis. He is also a warm friend of the K. C.

The will of the late Duke of Argyll contains a provision to the effect that "no heir professing the Roman Catholic faith shall be entitled to benefit by the reduction of debt on the entailed estates arranged for by the testator." "And yet the basic principle of the Duke's own religion," comments the editor of the *London Tablet*, "was the liberty of private judgment!"

There are sermons and sermons, even when some of them are baccalaureate sermons. We must own to a certain feeling of relief when we open a venerated exchange and find an inner page darkened with a baccalaureate or commencement address. It makes one page less of reading in weather of more degrees than most graduating exercises. Yet one such page we fell upon last week with delight. We

knew the speaker, had heard him give a baccalaureate, and were confident that in this latest effort was to be found full satisfaction. Nor were we disappointed. The sermon was given at a ladies' school (Trinity College), but its chief merit is its basic general applicability, because the subject of the sermon was prayer. The preacher was the Rev. Dr. Kerby. We should like to reproduce the entire discourse, but must content ourselves with quoting the following paragraph:

I can find nothing by analysis and I can learn nothing through reading which permits me to believe that a faithful Christian may slight prayer, or ignore it, or make it arbitrary or optional or of minor concern in life. Prayer is the most marvellous power in the world. The flippant may believe that they understand it, but I doubt if any saint ever claimed to understand it. He would be no wise man who thought that he did. Through prayer we can direct the power of the Incarnation in this way or in that way. By the imperial gift of prayer we can strengthen the defences of the Kingdom of God. Through prayer we can fight God's battles, free from every restriction of time and of place and of knowledge, limited only by the sincerity of our will and the merit of our personal consecration under the will of God. The greatest fact in Christian life is prayer. The greatest feature of our prayer is our attitude toward it. If we look upon prayer as a joy, as the fulness of the supernatural life, as the supreme expression of the soul, our prayer becomes power, glory, redemption, for ourselves and for the works which we serve. If we neglect prayer, or, through our indifference, misunderstand it, we can but live stunted lives and baffle God.

We like to believe that there are many non-Catholics throughout the country, some of them even ministers, who share the views which the Rev. Hamilton Schuyler, of Trenton, N. J., has had the courage openly to avow in the matter of bigotry against the Church. He thus registers his manly protest:

I desire emphatically to dissociate myself from the recent exhibition of violent denunciation and coarse abuse directed at Catholics. To ridicule and deride the distinctive dogmas and practices of Roman Catholics—beliefs and customs dear to them from inheritance and

training—is unpardonable, and serves merely to intensify bitterness and to enkindle anew the fires of religious bigotry. . . . The peace and harmony which we have so long enjoyed seem at present to be threatened by the recrudescence of the spirit of sectarian bitterness. As Christians, as churchmen, and as patriots, it is our bounden duty to abstain from saying or doing anything which may serve further to intensify this unhappy situation. Let us dissociate ourselves from any movements founded upon bigotry and sectarian hatred; and, while maintaining an attitude of jealous regard for the political principles upon which the commonwealth is founded, refuse to permit ourselves to be frightened by any spectre. Let us strive to set forth peace and good will among all of our fellow-citizens, and to discourage in every way possible tendencies to foment religious discord and bitterness. Thus shall we prove ourselves worthy spiritual descendants of those patriots who in early days established upon these shores the fabric of law and liberty, of equal rights for all men, and who, by the doctrine of a free church in a free State, which they imbedded in the Constitution, left us a heritage which has proved so fruitful a source of national strength and prosperity.

There speaks an intelligent patriot. May his tribe increase!

A pertinent comment on a noteworthy saying is made by the *Church Progress*. It is attributed to President Hibben, of Princeton, that in his annual address to the graduates of that institution he said: "I would not have you leave this place without some positive religious conviction. However slight it may be, cherish it as for your life." Excellent advice in itself; but, as our contemporary inquires,

How is a positive religious conviction possibly created in an institution which proclaims itself non-sectarian,—that is, without positive religious teaching, and therefore without positive religious conviction? With religion a matter of perfect indifference in such a place, is it to be supposed that such an atmosphere is calculated to strengthen any religious convictions students may have on entering the institution? On the contrary, is it not most probable that such conditions will positively destroy substantial sectarian belief?

President Hibben's hope is most commendable; his advice is most opportune. But the one is beyond realization, the other without effect. For how is it possible for the graduate

of Princeton to take with him that which he has not been taught,—that which, if he had, has been lost? Religious convictions can be strengthened only by religious instruction. They can not be put aside nor be permitted to run riot during a college course, and then carried off like medals of merit on commencement day. Religious indifference leads to infidelity; and the educational institution which sows the one, reaps the other.

True and well said. And though our worthy contemporary's comment may not come under the notice of the President of Princeton, we hope it will be read by a great many Catholic parents who are already considering where to send the boy next year.

An illustrated* pamphlet printed at the Catholic mission of Ningpo, China, in which the "grateful Bishop" who is its editor renders an account of what has been done with the alms sent by "our dear benefactors," presents a practical view of the function and worth of that important adjunct of missionary activity, the catechist. When the Bishop asks, "Why must our catechists have their salary?" visions of highly-paid functionaries may rise before the mind of those unacquainted with conditions in China. But they will be tempted to smile when they learn that the "salary" in question amounts to five dollars a month. To his query the Bishop answers:

Because they are not rich, because they have to live by their work, and have their family to provide for. If they consecrate their time, their energy, their devotedness to the mission, the mission ought in return secure a suitable existence for them. They ought to find with us means of livelihood at least equal to those they will find outside—for example, with pagan masters—in the exercise of a profession.

Just imagine for a moment a catechist with a salary too small to meet the ordinary expenses of a simple household,—a catechist who can not become ill without falling into debt: such a man will never be a zealous apostle. He has too many preoccupations with regard to the present, he is too uneasy about the future to have a taste for his holy calling. He has neither the liberty nor the wings which devotedness requires. He will, therefore, leave us to seek a

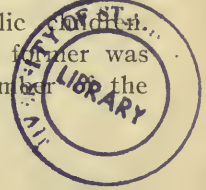
position elsewhere; or, if he remains with us, he will be a useless worker, and perhaps dangerous for the honor of the mission, because to get himself out of difficulties he may employ means which are not straightforward. Besides, it is certain bad salaries draw but indifferent workmen,—those who can not find another employment, because they are useless or lazy; and even when they are paid at a low rate, such servants always cost too much. The employment of catechist therefore, on account of its importance and the responsibilities attached to it, can not be confided to the first caller: it presupposes and needs prudent, zealous, capable men, who for that very reason ought to be paid in proportion to their qualities and to their services.

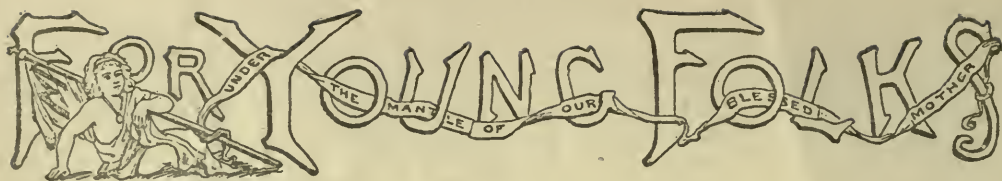
Where so little suffices, it is a pity that that little should so often be wanting,—that a few dollars should stand between so many souls and the blessings and benefits of our holy religion.

The reason why the home is ceasing to teach religion, according to the Rev. Canon Tucker, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, Ontario, is because the home is ceasing to be religious. As for schools, he declares (speaking on the annual report of the Sunday-School Commission of the Anglican Church) that "only two out of 150 entrance pupils in London knew the Golden Rule. Only fifty knew who condemned Jesus to death, and most of these spelled it 'Pilot.' That gives some idea of the effect of religious teaching so far as our schools go. This leaves it all to the churches."

We venture to predict that in less than half a century from now Catholics themselves will be saying: How different it would be with us had not the parochial school been maintained!

A study of the official statistics of births in Prussia shows that the population is steadily, though slowly, becoming Catholic. In 1875, of every thousand legitimate births, 603 were of Protestant children and 339 of Catholic. In 1911, the number of the former was reduced to 519, and the number of the latter increased to 408.





The Roses of Virtue.

BY ERNEST F. STONE.

WHEN Christ, in days of old, climbed up
The Hill of Calvary,
The precious drops of blood that flowed
Were spilled for you and me.

And everywhere, along the way,
A drop of blood was shed,
There grew, the Eastern legends say,
A rose of deepest red.

Let us who climb life's Calvary,
Which saints so bravely trod,
Gather those roses day by day,
And give them back to God.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

V.

WHEN the men were gone, the tea was brought at last by a big boy whom the gypsy woman called Tom. To Dick, he looked almost like a man; it was he who had brought the sack of potatoes a while ago. Tom was tall and thin, with a merry, sunburned face and sparkling black eyes. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore a red waistcoat and a yellow tie. His shirt was blue and his trousers brown. Dick thought he was quite beautifully dressed for a grown-up man. If only Uncle Jerome would dress like that, how nice he would look!

Well, here was tea at last! The lad with the sparkling eyes put the old black tray on a chair, which was only a wooden seat and legs, with the back broken off. Then he moved the chair, as carefully as any waiter, and put it near the old woman's bed. He brought a large heap

of straw from another corner, and pressed it into a high bundle for Dick to sit on, near the tea table; and, leaning across the bed, he lifted Lolo in his arms, and put her sitting beside Dick. Lolo had stretched her arms eagerly to him; and, as he lifted her over, she said something with that mysterious word in it—*bosho*.

"Tell me," said Dick, "what did she say? What is *bosho*?"

"Oh, she is always asking me for a fiddle of her own!" Tom explained. "And when we are rich I am to buy her one. There now, Lolo, wait for your piece of cake. Take the first piece, sir."

Dick, who had not been taught good manners in vain, lifted the blue dish in both hands, and held it toward the old woman. He was so interested in that queer language he was still talking to Tom.

"Please write *bosho* down for me," said Dick. He thought it would be a fine word for his diary.

"I can't write," replied Tom.

"But how do you spell it?"

"I can't spell."

"Didn't you ever have to do lessons?"

Tom roared laughing.

"No, little master. Our folk don't have no schools."

Dick was by this time trying to eat a piece of very solid cake, too hungry to wonder when he would come to a currant; and Lolo had a square in both hands, biting it after the manner of gypsy young ladies of her age. Tom was pouring out the tea into two tin mugs and a cup.

"How does one get to be a gypsy?" Dick asked. "If one was going to be a gypsy when one grew up, there would be no good in learning lessons now. I used to think I'd like to be a clown in the circus, you know; but now I think I'd like to be a gypsy—and go home for week-ends."

The sparkling eyes of Tom had given him courage to go on talking and explain his views about a state of life by and by. And now Tom, having poured out the tea, said:

"Yes, sir: when you are grown up, you can come back this way, and I'll teach you how to *chore* fowls."

"*Chore* them! What's that?"

"Oh, never mind! You and I will *chore* fowls together when you are a gypsy."

Then he was turning to carry away the large tin can in which he had brought the tea.

"Where are the - milk and sugar, please?" said Dick, calling him back.

"The sugar is in it,—boiled all together. So was the milk—goats' milk,—very good," said Tom. And he went off with his tea-can to fill some other cups.

Lolo had a tin mug in her hands now, and was greatly enjoying herself. The grandmother had also a metal mug. The cup was for the boy. But the tea was so black and so bitter that he could hardly swallow a sup. In his hunger he tried to eat a little of the hard flat bread, but his throat was too dry to swallow. So he had to explain that he could not take this tea, and asked if he might have a drink of water.

The grandmother sent Lolo for it; and soon the little figure in red, barefooted, came back along the grass with a blue-and-white mug full of clear water—which was spilling all the way.

Dick began to think tea at home would have been more comfortable. Lolo, having finished her meal, went to her favorite corner behind the couch, leaning on her elbows, and holding in her mouth something bright which she wore on a red string round her neck. The string was tight across her cheeks, and she was trying to hum a tune.

"Take that out of your mouth!" said the grandmother.

Lolo drew back her plump chin, and the bright thing fell out of sight inside the loose neck of her dress.

"I think I must go now," said Dick; and added politely: "I would like to come to see you again."

"They ought not keep you; it is too bad," said the old woman. "Tell them from me, my dearie, you must go home now. And ask for your pony."

Dick soon found one of the men outside. It was the big black man with the gold rings in his ears.

"I must go now, if you please," Dick said. "The—the—lady in there says I am to go; and I want my pony."

The man gave a low whistle of surprise.

"I don't see him," he answered, looking round, and biting a straw.

"The boys took him to get a drink, didn't they?" said Dick.

The man chewed the end of the straw for a while. He seemed to be in no hurry about anything.

"If that there pony has been drinking water all this while, you had better not ride him to-night," he said.

Dick stood, with the evening sunlight brightening his hair and dazzling his eyes. He looked up at the man, who went on chewing the straw.

"Please get him for me," persisted the boy. "Why can't I ride him, if they gave him water?"

"I said if he was drinking water all this time," said the dark man. "Before the races—where we always go, and we know—if they give a horse a pailful of water he loses the race. It's my opinion your pony will not be able to go. You'd best let him lie down now and go to sleep."

"He goes to sleep standing up, he does,—truly he does," said Dick.

"But you can't ask him to trot to-night. It would be cruelty to animals," said the man, feelingly, still chewing the straw.

"Oh, I wouldn't be cruel to Punch for all the world!" answered Dick, warmly. "He may walk all the way quite slowly if he likes. Please, where is his saddle? And can you put it on?"

"Let me see," said the gypsy. "What sort of a pony was it? Not one of those, was he?"

"No," replied Dick, looking at the caravan horses feeding. "Mine was the little fat pony. He has a lovely long, shaggy coat, he has; and a black mane and a long black tail."

"I'll go and look for him," said the man. "But you must stop here, just where you are."

When the man was gone a dog came,—a black dog with a slinking, slouching appearance. He smelled to Dick, who shrank away a little. Then the dog lay down on the grass, with his paws stretched out, and kept an eye on the boy. It was quite clearly his business to watch him.

Gypsy men and women came and talked to the little visitor. They said he had taken no tea, and asked if he would not stay to supper. They admired his white suit of clothes and his bright hair,—for every head in the camp was jet black. They even smoothed his jacket, and put his hair tidy. He wished they would not, but they did.

The big black man came back and asked if any one had seen the pony since he got a drink of water.

"Oh, please find him for me! I'll give you all my money, if you will be so good," Dick pleaded. "Oh, please, please do find my Punch!" Dick had put his hands in his pockets. He drew them out, saying: "Where's my money?"

There was not one coin anywhere in the pockets of his suit. Even his handkerchief was gone.

"What have you lost?" the gypsies asked him. And they said to each other: "Lost his money, he has."

Dick counted up all the money he had when he came out,—all his pocket money.

"It's gone," he said, "and the two big pearl buttons, and the medal I was keeping for mother, and my handkerchief."

One by one the gypsies joined in the search. Tom was not there. He had

never been in the group that admired Dick's white clothes and bright hair. The lad with the sparkling black eyes was all this time collecting the crockery, and seeing to the camp fire.

The women walked about, pushing the dry grass with their feet and looking down.

"Maybe," said one of them, "that pony of yours shook the money out of your pockets when you were riding."

"He did gallop on the grass," admitted Dick. "Then there's no use in looking. Never mind the money. I want to go home."

"Well, shall we look for the pony instead?" said the big black man. "Come along o' me and look round about the wagons. What did you say his name was? Would he come if you called him?"

"His name is Punch. But I don't think he would come," replied Dick, beginning to feel miserable.

"They do wander a long way, when they go off by themselves," said the gypsy man. "Or would he be hiding now? What's under this here wagon? Not there! S'pose we look among the bushes? Do you think would he walk round to the other side when he hears us coming?"

Dick thought this might be very funny for the big man, but not for him. The dog, with his tail down, followed them about everywhere, looking as if he knew a good deal, but was one of the tribe and was not going to give secrets away.

"Oh, here is a little hoss!" exclaimed the man when they came to the camp fire. "Is that yours?"

"No," answered Dick, sadly disappointed. It was just about the size of Punch, but it did not look so fat; for it had a close smooth coat of a tawny bay color,—quite a different color from Punch's long, shaggy coat. Besides, it had only a frill of a black mane and a short tail.

"You're sure that's not him?" said the man, with a twinkle in his eye.

Dick shook his head. There were tears rising.

"I did think for a moment it was my pony. But my Punch is a bee-ou-ti-ful pony, with a long thick coat, and not that color, and he has a black tail down to his heels, and heaps and heaps of mane."

"All right! Come along. That's the only one of the size we've got," said the man; and he called to a woman at the fire. "He says that's not his pony. What are you cooking for supper?"

"We are going to have boiled fowl and roast potatoes," said the woman, with a look at the small boy, who got a delicious whiff from the steaming pot as she uncovered it.

"Don't you think you'd better stop with us for supper, and the boys will hunt round for the pony after?" the man asked, stooping over Dick's sunny head, and noticing quite well how pale his face was. "You must be hungry. They say, you've hardly eaten a bit. Come now, you'll stop and have nice white boiled fowl and brown potatoes. Those fowls were a picture when I plucked 'em. Grey and white they were, speckled over all alike,—every feather speckled. 'Twas a pleasure to pluck 'em."

"That's the sort Uncle Jerome has at Beechwood," said Dick, innocently.

"Ah! Then you must wait and have a bit before you go," said the gypsy man,— "a nice white slice, and a bit of cold bacon, and some brown potatoes. Do you like brown potatoes?"

"Yes," replied Dick, beginning to smile.

"So do I," said the gypsy man. "I always did like them either roasted or fried. Now here is Ben Lee going to play us a tune!"

Dick dreaded the owner of the fiddle.

"I'd like to go and see Lolo," he said, "and Lolo's grandmamma."

"Do, then," answered the man. "Take the dog with you. Here, Pincher!"

Somehow, Dick felt that it was the dog that was taking *him*. The long, black dog, with the hanging nose and tail, came close to him and kept with him all the way. When Dick went into the tent, the

dog lay down outside, with his nose between his paws—on the watch. He was not the sort of dog one would want to make friends with. He was a business dog, and he and the gypsies understood each other.

At the farthest tent Lolo was dancing to the distant sound of the fiddle. She strutted about gravely, and leaned this way and that in perfect time with the rhythm of the music.

"Are you not going home, my dearie?" inquired the old woman, when the boy came back and sat down again on the heap of straw beside her couch.

"No, not yet. I am very hungry. They have asked me to have supper. And then they are going to find my pony. I—I think I am too hungry to go home."

"Then take your supper, my precious!" said the old woman. She seemed very fond of him since he ran between that cruel hand and her little Lolo. "Is your head hurting now, laddie?"

"No: it is all right, thank you!"

"Ah," said the old woman, "children" (she called it *chil-de-ren*) "soon forget hard knocks! They've plenty to get—poor dears!—before they grow up."

Dick thought over these words, and decided that it would be better to grow up before being a gypsy. If he had ever fancied that the camp would be an easier place than a schoolroom, he was beginning to know better now.

The fiddle in the distance was singing out a wild dance tune. Lolo came sweeping toward Dick, and caught both his hands:

"Dance," she said,— "boy, do dance!"

Up jumped Dick from his seat of straw, and he and Lolo danced together away out of the tent, and up and down on the grass in the evening sunshine. The dog never raised his nose, but watched them with sleepy eyes. Once when they danced away behind him, he jumped up and turned round; and, though he was kicking and scratching, his half-closed eyes still followed Dick.

In the dancing, the silver medal was shaken out of the neck of Lolo's red frock. There it hung on the red string. Dick stopped and took it in his hand.

"Let me see. It is Our Lady and the Holy Child."

It was, indeed, a beautiful round medal. He turned it over. The back was quite smooth, with just a lily engraved near the top; and across the middle was the word "D-o-l-o-r-e-s." The boy read it slowly letter by letter.

"What does that mean?" he asked.

But the child only gazed at him with her darkly-fringed eyes, very much as babies stare; and the old woman in the tent was fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

A Legend of St. Brigid.

Many legends testify to St. Brigid's power over the lower creation. Now it is a story of some wild animal pursued by hunters flying for protection to the convent lands, and living ever afterward in a domesticated state with Brigid's flocks and herds. Again it is a picturesque scene, such as the Saint on the brink of a pond with a flight of wild ducks fluttering round her, coming at her call, and allowing themselves to be stroked by her hand. A legend in which Reynard makes a creditable figure is one of the fairest of all.

While cutting firewood one day on the outskirts of a forest, a workman employed by St. Brigid saw a fox straying about, and thoughtlessly killed the animal, not knowing that it was a tamed creature, in whose tricks and gambols the king of the territory took great delight. On learning what had happened, he became exasperated, ordered the poor man to be put to death, and directed that his wife and children should be reduced to slavery. Shocked at the cruelty of the sentence, the man's friends ran to the Abbess and told her of the unhappy fate awaiting

her retainer and his family. Immediately she ordered her chariot to be yoked, and drove across the plain in the direction of the royal rath.

Passing through the forest, the Saint called to her a fox which she saw running in the distance; and, instantly obeying, it jumped into the chariot and quietly lay down, nestling in the folds of her garments. Having arrived at the king's residence, she entered the royal presence, and earnestly entreated that the poor man should be liberated from his chains, while she represented that he was not really accountable for what he had done, and pointed out how disproportionate was the heaviness of the chastisement to the lightness of the offence. The king, however, was inexorable, and declared that the prisoner should not be set free unless a fox equal in cunning and tricks to the one he had lost should be procured. Then, continues the legend, our Saint set before the king and his courtiers the fox which had accompanied her in the chariot, and which appeared to rival the former one in gambols and devices. Seeing this, the king was greatly pleased, and forthwith commanded the captive to be set at liberty.

The Abbess drove to her monastery with a glad heart, leaving her late travelling companion in high society at court, but with no injunction laid on him to give up his free life in the woods and dwell in bondage in the house of kings. So, when Reynard had finished his feats, playing and sporting for the great folks, he adroitly mingled with the outer crowd, and, in an opportune moment, scampering off to the wilds, "with the hosts of Leinster behind him, both foot and horse and hound," he speedily regained his freedom and his den. But the king did not go back on his bargain, and St. Brigid was held in great esteem by all.

HE that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he whom nobody can please.—*Colton*.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of Mrs. Meynell's essays, uniform with her "Collected Poetry," has just been issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—The MSS. of Roger Bacon, on exhibition at the Bodleian Library during the celebration of the seventh centenary of the birth of that famous Franciscan, attracted crowds of deeply interested visitors.

—The English publishers of Father Faber's works have signalized the centenary of his birth by issuing a cheaper edition of the eleven volumes, and of the "Life and Letters" of Faber, by Fr. Bowden.

—Many readers, we feel sure, will welcome the translation of "Beowulf" into modern English by Mr. John R. Clark Hall, published by the Cambridge University Press. His aim has been to preserve the rhythm of the original, and at the same time to make the rendering attractive to persons unfamiliar with Old English verse.

—The excellent translation of Frederick Ozanam's classic, "The Franciscan Poets of the Thirteenth Century in Italy," already noticed by us, is for sale in this country by Messrs. Scribner's Sons. It is a handsome volume, whose charm and scholarship will be appreciated by cultured readers. All large libraries should include a copy of it.

—A bright little pamphlet, calling itself "The Apostolate of the Future," issued, presumably, by the English Catholic Reading Guild, describes the methods by which that organization works, laying especial stress on the Library Service. Assuredly the record of what the institution has been able to do amply justifies hope for its future success, and should serve as a warrant and stimulus for the most generous Catholic support.

—"Give Us a Hearing!" is the striking title of four lectures by Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, happily described as "a straightforward answer to foul calumny and slander." The titles of the lectures are: The Catholic Church and Morality, The Celibacy of the Priesthood, The Truth about Convents, The Church and Civil Liberty. The amount and variety of information contained and the manner of its presentation render this pamphlet eminently serviceable and timely. It is a thorough refutation of the calumnies and slanders now repeated on all sides, not only by ignorant preachers and writers, but by persons who receive overmuch credit

for intelligence and fair-mindedness. "Give Us a Hearing!" is well calculated to open the eyes of all among them who are not wilfully blinded. It should be distributed broadcast. Published by the Toledo Record Co., 217 Nasby Bldg., Toledo, Ohio. Price, single copies, 8 cts.; by the hundred, \$4.50.

—In a compact little volume of some seventy pages, "Ireland at Lourdes in 1913" (Browne & Nolan, Ltd.), the Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P., gives a graphic account of a national pilgrimage that was of special interest to Catholics all over the world. A number of illustrations are helpful in fixing the local color.

—The new Psalterium Vespertinum, published by F. Pustet & Co., contains the Psalms for Vespers on Sundays and feasts of double rank. There are no notes in this work, but the numbers placed in the text indicate the modulations of the eight tones. The book will do excellent service in large choirs; for nothing is more important for the correct singing of the Psalms than that all who participate should begin the mediation and termination on the proper syllable, and do this without wavering or hesitation.

—Of the making of "sermon books" assuredly there would seem to be no end. Few of these, however, deserve more attention than the latest to reach our table—"Sermons and Homilies," by Edmund English, Canon of Westminster Cathedral and Missionary Rector of St. James', Twickenham. (Longmans, Green & Co.) The author modestly says of these sermons: "It is hoped that their publication may serve some useful purpose. Perhaps they may, to some extent, attain their chief aim, which was to promote clearness of thought in matters of doctrine; and, in practical matters, to provide a fresh setting for those venerable principles of the spiritual life which have been handed down in the tradition of the Church." On both counts the author is successful; his dogmatical discourses abound in that clearness of thinking which dogma, if it did not invent, has at least perfected; while the homilies reach the heart over new roads. Canon English's style is limpid, suggesting Matthew Arnold; yet this language has a glow which the Oxford don's too seldom achieved. As a model of the "invention" of sermon matter, of construction, of the telling use of Scripture, of admirable expression, this volume might with profit be studied by all who have, or shall have, the duty of breaking the bread of the Word of

God for the faithful. The author will have rendered a real service if, by force of his example, that ancient and noble form, the homily, shall come into more general use.

—As naturalists, John Burroughs and John Muir—"John of Birds" and "John of Mountains," as they are aptly termed by a recent writer—have deserved well of their fellow-countrymen and won the appreciation that is their due abroad. The contrast between the two friends is well brought out in the following paragraph from "Our Friend John Burroughs," by Clara Barrus. She writes:

Mr. Muir talks because he can't help it, and his talk is good literature. He writes only because he has to, on occasion; while Mr. Burroughs writes because he can't help it, and talks when he can't get out of it. Mr. Muir, the Wanderer, needs a continent to roam in; while Mr. Burroughs, the Saunterer, needs only a neighborhood or a farm. The Wanderer is content, to scale mountains; the Saunterer really climbs the mountain after he gets home as he makes it truly his own only by dreaming over it and writing about it. The Wanderer finds writing irksome; the Saunterer is never so well or so happy as when he can write; his food nourishes him better, the atmosphere is sweeter, the days are brighter. The Wanderer has gathered his harvest from wide fields, just for the gathering; he has not threshed it out and put it into the bread of literature,—only a few loaves; the Saunterer has gathered his harvest from a rather circumscribed field, but has threshed it out to the last sheaf; has made many loaves; and it is because he himself so enjoys writing that his readers find such joy and morning freshness in his books, his own joy being communicated to his reader, as Mr. Muir's own enthusiasm is communicated to his hearer. With Mr. Burroughs, if his field of observation is closely gleaned, he turns aside into subjective fields and philosophizes,—a thing which Mr. Muir never does.

In which abstention, we may remark incidentally, Mr. Muir displays a characteristic trait of the Scot.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Sermons and Homilies." Canon Edmund English. \$2.

"Ireland at Lourdes in 1913." Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P. 75 cts.

"Psalterium Vespertinum." 15 cts.

"Beyond the Road to Rome." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75.

"The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century." Frederick Ozanam. \$2.

"Maxims of Mgr. Benson." 50 cts.

"Funeral Addresses." Rev. Anthony Hayes. \$1.50.

"The Peacock Feather." Leslie Moore. \$1.25.

"Modernism and Modern Thought." Fr. Bampton, S. J. 60 cts.

"Blessed Margaret Mary." Mgr. Demimuid \$1.

"The Eighth Year." Philip Gibbs. \$1.35.

"More Joy." Bishop Von Keppler. \$1.

"Fred Carmody, Pitcher." Rev. Hugh Blunt. 85 cts.

"The Protestant Churches." Rev. J. C. Meagher, D. D. \$1.25.

"The Shield of Silence." Mrs. Henry-Ruffin. \$1.35.

"Stories from the Field Afar." 60 cts.

"The Narrow Way." Rev. P. Geiermann, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

"Half Hours with God." Rev. Joseph McDonnell, S. J. 35 cts.

"Saturdays with Mary." 35 cts.

"In the Heart of the Meadow." Thomas O'Hagan. \$1.

"Father Faber." Mr. Hale-Patch. 45 cts.

"England and the Sacred Heart." Rev. G. E. Price. 90 cts.

"The Pilgrims of Grace." John G. Rowe. \$1.25.

"Vocational Guidance." J. Adams Puffer. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Dom Gregory Murphy, O. S. B.; and Rev. Michael Kavanagh, S. J.

Sister Louise, of the Sisters of Charity; and Mother M. Gonzaga, Sisters of the Immaculate Heart.

Mr. John Tallavan, Mr. Edward Kelly, Mrs. L. Vogelbach, Mrs. James Buckingham, Mr. Michael Carthy, Mr. George McCloskey, Mr. Louis Cafferata, Mr. Daniel Dixon, Mr. Richard Hellman, Jr., Dr. D. Langan, Mr. William Igoe, and Mr. John F. Robinson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese Missions:

A. M. D. G., \$25; M. E. S., \$1.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 2

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On a Picture of the Holy Family.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

ONE, His very Mother, she
Holds the Child upon her knee,—
Him, the Second of the Three.
Unbegot ere time began,
Truly God and truly Man,
Infinite in finite span.
One, with lilies in his hand,
By the two is seen to stand,—
Was there ever aught so grand!
Thus, when Joseph's work was done,
Sat the Mother and the Son,—
Unity and three in one.
Joseph's house is surely blest,
Harboring such wondrous Guest,—
Oh, but what of Mary's breast!
What of her whose heart supplied
To His veins their crimson tide,—
Word made Flesh within her side!
Draw the veil of heaven and see
Where in heaven's height is she,—
Nearest to the Trinity.
And beside her very nigh,
On the other side of sky,
Joseph sure is standing by.
Christ, as though the Trinity
Were not home enough for Thee,
Ye are still a family.

It is the possession of an ideal which
is the real incentive to action; it is the
ideal alone which makes life worth living.

—Lord Halifax.

A London Pilgrimage.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

IT is the Sunday before the
feast of the English Martyrs.
This is why some four hundred
Catholics are gathering at three
in the afternoon in the open space before
the recently built courts of justice that
stand on the site of old Newgate Prison.
In that prison, in the days of persecution,
many confessors of the Faith died, humanly
speaking, in utter misery; but rejoiced
in their sufferings, and regretted only
that death robbed them of the chance of
going with their brethren to the scaffold.
From Newgate, others more fortunate
were brought out, through the fortified
gateway that once spanned the thorough-
fare, bound on hurdles, and dragged
westward by the straggling suburb of
Holborn and along the Oxford Road to
the gallows of Tyburn Tree, there to be
half strangled, and then cut to pieces
by the hangman. The way they went
is now a busy thoroughfare of fine shops
and great blocks of office buildings. The
country road of three hundred years ago
is the Oxford Street of to-day. But for
Catholics, who treasure the heroic mem-
ories of the past, this line of route is
London's *Via Sacra*, the way of the
martyrs to their triumph. For some the
painful way was longer still. They were
brought from the State Prison of the
Tower, and so were dragged through
the narrow streets of the city, before

they reached Newgate and the great western highway. Jolted along the ground, splashed with mud or smothered in dust, surrounded by an armed guard and a jeering crowd of enemies—so they went to their death.

Times have changed, and to-day these four hundred Catholics are gathered to honor their memory, and to preach the Faith they died for by bearing the crucifix along the martyrs' way to Tyburn. This pilgrimage was made for the first time last year. Then two hundred followed the crucifix in procession. To-day the numbers are doubled. Next year we hope for a thousand.

Father Fletcher, himself a convert from Protestantism, is here to marshal the procession. Twenty-five years ago he founded the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, an association of priests and laymen pledged to work and pray for the ransom of England from the bondage of heresy and unbelief. Mr. Lister Drummond, a London lawyer, also a convert, was his colleague in the foundation and the pioneer work of organizing the Guild. Mr. Drummond is also here to-day. To this priest and this layman we owe it that for some years there have been Catholic processions in the streets of London and its suburbs. It was Father Fletcher who first organized them and still conducts them. They are no mere parades. His idea was that Catholics must bring their religious emblems and their devotions in some form out into the public streets, so that the thousands who never enter a church might learn something of them. To those who predicted that he would only excite the hostility of bigots, he replied that he had confidence in the law-abiding character of the people of London, and in their respect for religion, and that there was no fear of disorder. And his confidence has been justified.

We have a police escort, a mounted officer, with four of the horse police and about a dozen more on foot. But they

have nothing to do in the way of protecting our procession: they are a guard of honor, whose only work is to stop or divert the traffic and clear the way for our progress. We are glad to have them with us, if only to accentuate the contrast between past and present. In the old days the officers of the law were escorting the martyrs to their death: to-day they are escorting the crucifix through the heart of London, with its four hundred followers,—a witness that the Faith of our fathers is "living still in spite of dungeon, fire, and sword."

The procession forms in the same order as the processions of Lourdes. In front, the crucifix, borne at first by Father Fletcher himself, then two and two, but with a wide interval between the two lines, some two hundred men; then the women. In the other processions there are, here and there in the long avenue formed by the two moving lines, a number of banners of churches and confraternities and statues borne on men's shoulders. But to-day only the crucifix is carried. In the other processions hymns are sung, but in the "Martyrs' Procession" only prayers are said,—the Rosary and the litanies.

The distance to be traversed is about three and a half miles, and there are three halting places on the way. First we diverge from the direct line to visit the church of St. Etheldreda. It is the only church in England of pre-Reformation days that has as yet been restored to Catholic worship. It was built by a bishop of Ely at the close of the thirteenth century, and is a gem of Gothic architecture. At the Reformation it was desecrated, and for three centuries was in Protestant hands. About forty years ago, the dissenting sect that then held it sold it, and it was bought by Father Lockhart and restored and reconsecrated. The beautiful traceried windows are now filled with memorials of our martyrs in stained glass. Kneeling before the altar where Our Lord is enthroned, as he was in the old days before the Reformation,

one feels that the possession of this thirteenth-century sanctuary is an earnest of the future, when other desecrated churches will be restored to the worship for which they were built.

We sing the *Adoremus* and the *Laudate*, and say a short prayer for the conversion of England, and the procession files out of the church and resumes its march, wheeling out into the main thoroughfare of Holborn. On the left a row of timbered and gabled houses, centuries old, still stands to show what the place was like in the days of the martyrs. From those narrow windows among the network of great beams, men looked out to see the hurdles go by, with the martyrs stretched upon them. What a change to-day! All the traffic of the thoroughfare stops for a while, and most of the men on the sidewalks uncover as the crucifix passes by. They are not Catholics, but they have learned to respect the symbol of our Faith, which not so long ago could not have been thus carried in public in London without provoking insult and riot. The processionists, beads in hand, are reciting the Rosary. As each five decades ends, the Litanies of the Holy Name and of our Blessed Lady are said; and so this public prayer continues for mile after mile. There is never the least sign of hostility or disrespect on the part of the spectators. Some look puzzled at the unwonted sight. Here and there a Catholic joins the procession.

Again we turn aside from the main line of route to visit a church—that of St. Anselm and St. Cecilia—in Kingsway. Here, too, there are memories of the past to inspire us. The church is a new one. It was built on a site given by the county council of London (and out of funds provided by that body), to replace an earlier church which had to be removed in order to open out the new north and south thoroughfare of Kingsway. The church thus removed was the oldest Catholic church in London. It had been the chapel of the Sardinian Embassy when London Catholics

could go to Mass in safety only under the protection of a foreign flag in the embassy chapels. It was burned and sacked in the Gordon Riots of 1780. It was restored with the help of the compensation paid for the damage done by the rioters.

Many of the fittings and ornaments of the historic church have been transferred to the new building. The old high altar is the Lady Altar. Here Leo XIII. said Mass when he visited London, as Mgr. Pecci, in the days when he was Nuncio at Brussels. The tabernacle of this altar has two doors. The one at the back could be reached from the sacristy of the old church through an opening in the wall. It was thus constructed after the Gordon Riots, in order to facilitate the removal of the Blessed Sacrament in case of another such outbreak of sacrilegious disorder. During the riots the ciborium with the Blessed Sacrament had been saved by a brave woman, who reached the church just before the first rush of the rioters, and took it away to the priests' house. So St. Anselm's has its memorial of the last fierce outbreak against Catholicity in London, on the eve of the repeal of the Penal Laws. Its pulpit is a reminder of the "Second Spring"; for when it stood in the old church Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, and Vaughan preached from it.

At each church there is the same brief service, the *Adoremus*, the *Laudate* and the "Prayer for England" said before the altar. At each halt some more processionists join us, and the cross-bearer is changed, laymen taking their turn to carry the crucifix after leaving St. Etheldreda's. A few hundred yards beyond Kingsway, the procession leaves the main line of Holborn and Oxford Street to follow the curving course of two streets that mark the old line of route westward. At this point the main thoroughfare, New Oxford Street, is a street opened out seventy years ago to shorten the great western artery of London. The old road, followed by the martyrs, wound through these nar-

rower streets, which were at one time the suburban village of St. Giles. We pass the parish church of St. Giles. In its churchyard were buried some of the martyrs who suffered in the reign of Charles II., in the days of the "Popish Plot."

Before returning to the main line of Oxford Street, we make our third halt at the church of St. Patrick in Soho Square. It is a new building on the site of a church built in the last decade of the eighteenth century. This was the first Catholic church in London opened with public and solemn rites since the Reformation. England, Protestant as it was, was then giving hospitality to many hundreds of the clergy of France exiled by the French Revolution. This had led to a new spirit of tolerance; and when Father Arthur O'Leary bought an old concert room in Soho Square and transformed it into the church of St. Patrick, it was opened with a Pontifical High Mass, at which were present, besides the Vicars Apostolic of England and several of the exiled French prelates, such a gathering of Catholic bishops as had not been seen in England for nearly three centuries. St. Patrick's thus marks another stage in the record of the revival of the Faith in England.

We have been more than two hours on the way when at last, after having traversed the whole length of Oxford Street, we reach Tyburn. The gallows stood at the junction of some country roads, close to what is now the northeast gateway of Hyde Park. The exact spot is marked by a triangle of brass let into the wood pavement, and enclosing a conventional representation of the gallows, with its three uprights and three cross-beams, on which twenty-four victims could be hanged together. Mr. Marks, the historian of Tyburn, estimates that during the centuries in which this was the execution place of London, about 50,000 men and women here died under the hangman's hands. It would be only a place of evil memories were it not for

the glorious episodes of the persecution. But during the century and a half from 1535 to 1681 the blood of martyrs sanctified it. The first, executed on May 4, 1535, were the three Carthusian priors, Blessed John Houghton, Robert Laurence, and Augustine Webster; the Bridgettine monk, Blessed Richard Reynolds, of Syon Convent, Isleworth; and the secular priest, Blessed John Hale, Vicar of Isleworth. The last—on July 1, 1681—was the Venerable Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh and successor of St. Patrick. He was not the only Irish martyr who suffered there. English and Irish blood mingled at Tyburn,—a happy augury for the united work of Irishmen and Englishmen for the conversion of England.

It is said that one of the martyrs predicted that one day an altar would be erected near the place of execution. The prediction has been fulfilled. One of the houses, just beyond the site of Tyburn, looking out upon the Park, is now Tyburn Convent. Here the Blessed Sacrament is exposed day and night in the convent chapel (once a drawing room), and the nuns pray continually before It for the conversion of England. The convent is to be the end of our pilgrimage.

The word is passed that the men are to form in double lines along the north side of the roadway, while the women pass between the lines into the convent for Benediction. We halt and form, and sing the hymn "Faith of Our Fathers." By this time the Benediction has begun in the chapel. We sing the *Adoremus* and the *Laudate*, and end by reciting the "Divine Praises."

So closes our pilgrimage. It inaugurates the season of processions in London. Every Sunday for the next five months there will be a procession somewhere in the great city and its far-spreading suburbs,—sometimes two processions on the same day, some of them far more numerous attended than this. But no other will traverse a region so full of inspiring memories of the heroic past.

Her Choice.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

II.



MILDRED proved a good prophet, not only with regard to her mother's liking Hilda Stratton, but also with regard to the social success which the girl achieved. Her beauty and charm, together with the fact that she came of well-known people—which in the South is still a social passport, irrespective of wealth—made her sought on all sides by those who move in what is known as "the social whirl"; and what with bridge parties, teas, dinners, and dances, together with her duties in school, she was speedily absorbed to a degree that prevented the Thayers, who were people of quiet tastes, from seeing very much of her.

"It is what I expected," Mildred told her mother, when the latter commented upon this. "She is so attractive that it is only necessary for people to know her for her to become very popular. But I am afraid that she is overtaking her strength by accepting so many invitations, considering that teaching is very exhausting work."

"I don't see how she can possibly keep up with her work as a teacher and go into society to such a degree," Mrs. Thayer remarked.

"She will have to give up one or the other," Mildred said, "unless—"

"Yes, unless?"

"I was going to say, unless some other mode of life opens to her."

"And what mode of life do you think may open?"

"The natural and obvious one for a girl so young and pretty—marriage."

"Ah!" Mrs. Thayer's tone showed an immediate increase of interest. "And whom is she likely to marry?"

"I don't know that she is likely to marry any one," Mildred replied; "but it

seems that there is at least one man who is anxious to marry her."

"And who is he? I hope he's a good match."

Mildred smiled.

"What do you think of Allan Fielding?" she asked.

"Allan Fielding!" Mrs. Thayer gasped. "You don't mean that *he* wants to marry her?"

"I mean that his attentions to her appear to indicate as much. And why shouldn't he?"

"Of course there's no reason why he shouldn't, except that the Fieldings are so rich, and he has been so spoiled, you know."

"Well, he is in process of being unspoiled very rapidly," Mildred laughed. "It's delicious to see the way Hilda treats him,—not disdainfully, but with a careless indifference which gives him no advantage over her other admirers. Everybody is laughing about it; and the general belief seems to be that she is playing a very shrewd game to bring him completely to her feet."

"What do *you* think?"

"I think that she is simply safeguarding her own pride. He has a wide reputation as a flirt. It's well known that he has amused himself with various girls. Hilda is plainly determined that no one shall say that he amused himself with or disappointed her. So she treats him exactly as she treats the other young men who flutter around her; and as often as not throws him over for one of them, without regard to the fact that he is the premier 'catch' of all this part of the country."

"And how does he take such treatment?"

"At first he took it with blank astonishment, then with sulkiness, and now he seems to have determined to win her in serious earnest—if he can."

"If he can! Do you believe she would refuse him?"

"I don't know." Mildred spoke doubt-

fully. "One can't tell what Hilda would do. She's rather unaccountable."

"She can't be so unaccountable as not to recognize what a match it would be for a girl in her position to marry Allan Fielding. He is rather attractive in himself, and think of his father's millions!"

"Most people would think of them to the exclusion of everything else," said Mildred. "It proves that there's something unusual about Hilda that I'm not at all certain how she regards either the man or his prospective millions."

"But if she married him she might become a Catholic, and what couldn't she do for the Church with all that money!"

"Don't dream such dreams," Mildred said, shaking her head and laughing.

But as she spoke, she knew that the same thought had suggested itself to her—flashing into her mind unbidden, as such thoughts will flash—when she first heard the gossip about Hilda and Allan Fielding. It was quite true that if Hilda married the man who now seemed so eager to marry her, she would be lifted at once into a position in which she could follow the dictates of her conscience, without needing to make the sacrifices which, Mildred felt sure, had much to do with her present attitude toward the Church; and it was also true that even a small amount of money from the Fielding millions would be of incalculable benefit to the struggling missions, schools, and churches of this most apostolically poor of all American dioceses. But even while she recognized these possibilities, Mildred shook her head in rebuke of herself, as she had shaken it at her mother. "I must not think of such things," she told herself sternly. "The only point to be considered is, how will this great worldly opportunity affect Hilda spiritually?"

It was a question upon which she had no light for some time longer. Hilda was as charming and friendly as ever when they met; but she held the other at arm's length, so far as her confidence was

concerned. What she meant to do with regard to the young man so liberally endowed with fortune, whose infatuation for her became more and more marked, Mildred was no more able to tell than any one else; although she had an instinct that Hilda herself knew very clearly indeed, and that, after having sufficiently reduced his vanity, and safeguarded her own pride, she would accept the brilliant opportunity offered her.

This opinion was justified when Hilda came in one day a little later, and, pulling off her glove, held out a hand on which a great ruby blazed.

"You know what that means," she said simply.

"It means of course that you have accepted Allan Fielding," Mildred answered. "I hope—O Hilda, I do hope that you will be happy!"

"How can I fail to be happy," Hilda laughed, her eyes as bright as the jewel on her hand, "when I shall have everything that I care for in life?"

"Including the man who gives it to you, I trust."

"*Cela va sans dire!*" The girl laughed again. "I'm not desperately in love with him—I don't believe I could be desperately in love with any one,—but I like him better than any other man I know, and I am sure we shall get on very well indeed. O Mildred" (there was a sudden change of tone, like the dropping of a mantle), "you who have always been sheltered from the rough side of life, from poverty and fear of the future, can not imagine what it is to have faced these things, and then suddenly to have the prospect opened before one of being secure from them, and never knowing them again!"

"You have faced them very bravely, Hilda," Mildred said gently.

"But with what inward fear, revolt, and loathing you can never guess," the other replied, shivering a little, as her eyes grew dark with the shadow of pain. "How often I've wished that the women who are raving about the dignity of

self-support, and the desire not to be dependent on men, could be placed in the position of the woman who *must* work to live, and so learn by bitter experience their folly and ingratitude! I hope I have borne myself bravely, as you say; but I've always hated the slavery of poverty, and I've always determined to take the first chance that offered to escape it."

"And yet" (Mildred regarded her meditatively) "there are slaveries worse than that of poverty."

"I suppose you mean that marriage might be one of them. But there's where you are mistaken. In the first place, there really *is* no slavery worse than that of poverty; and, in the second place, marriage is not the bondage that it used to be, you know."

"I don't know. Marriage must always remain what God made it."

"Oh" (Hilda shrugged), "I know the Catholic point of view! And in the matter of marriage being indissoluble, I agree with it. But I was alluding to other things: the greater freedom in the relations of married people, the independence of the woman, her right to do as she pleases—"

"Has she such a right after she has undertaken certain obligations?"

"My dear Mildred, please don't mount the pulpit; for there's really no need of preaching to me. I intend to fulfil all reasonable obligations, and to make myself so charming that Allan will always be of my mind, so there will be no room for disagreement. I consider the woman a fool who, having a man in love with her, can't manage him like this,"—and the slender fingers made a significant movement of twisting something unseen around them.

"You are very clever, Hilda," Mildred said; "but I'm afraid that, like a great many clever people, you overrate your abilities sometimes. I'm quite sure that you have reduced Allan Fielding just now to a state of perfect submission to your

wishes; but you can't expect him to remain in that state always."

"I see no reason why he shouldn't," Hilda said carelessly. "It is a state in which he is very happy, and the best way to manage men and children is to make them happy. Incidentally, of course, I intend to have what I need for my own happiness."

"And that is?"

"First, what I have secured — the assurance of never again suffering for want of money, of being able to do whatever I please, and go wherever I like; and, second, I intend to obtain peace of mind and soul by entering the Catholic Church, as I have always wanted to do."

This announcement was so unexpected that Mildred fairly jumped.

"Hilda!" she gasped.

"Well," Hilda said coolly, "surely you are not surprised? I gave you credit for more penetration. The desire to enter the Church has been growing in me ever since I came here. It has been, as I told you once before, like a strong attraction drawing me with a force I could hardly resist. And yet I had to resist it; for I knew that if I became a Catholic I should lose my situation, I should be forced to go away, to earn my bread somewhere else; and, being poor and unknown, I would become one of the great undistinguished mass of workers, and have no social opportunities, no means of ever making a marriage such as I knew to be possible here. So I was obliged to keep away from the Church, to turn a deaf ear to the insistent call—"

"O Hilda!"

"Yes, I know what you think. I know that you would have urged me to become a Catholic at any cost. But, you see, I couldn't; the cost would have been too great. Then Allan Fielding appeared, and I knew at once that my great chance in life had come, and I made a bargain with God. I promised that, if I were able to marry him, I would enter the Church,

and do all the good I possibly could with his money. So now I am bound to keep my word. For although it's probable I might have married him without making any such promise, still there's the fact that I did make it."

"The way certainly seems to have been opened for you, whether because of your promise or not," Mildred said. "But don't be too sure that there's no trial of courage yet before you, no sacrifice yet to make. It would be strange if you were spared everything."

Hilda looked startled.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "The way is clear now."

"Again, don't be too sure. You may have to choose yet—"

"Choose! Between what?"

"Well, possibly between God and *that*,"—and Mildred pointed to the brilliant ruby on the hand before her.

For an instant Hilda turned pale, and then, recovering herself, laughed a little mockingly.

"My dear," she said, "your love of spiritual drama leads your judgment astray! There's nothing less likely than the necessity for such a choice. Allan Fielding is altogether a modern young man, which means that he neither knows nor cares anything about religion; besides which he is far too much in love with me to object to anything I choose to do."

"Nevertheless, you had better have a clear understanding with him. Bigotry sometimes crops out unexpectedly. And if *he* has no religion, which I am quite ready to believe, his father—who is a self-made man, of little culture—is a strident Methodist, of the old-fashioned type."

"I am not marrying his father."

Mildred did not reply. "But you are marrying his father's millions," although the words sprang to the tip of her tongue. She was silent instead for a moment, and then—

"Take my advice," she said earnestly,

"and tell Allan Fielding at once what you intend to do. It is his right to know."

Hilda looked mutinous.

"I'm not certain of that," she said. "My soul is my own, and it is my affair exclusively if I decide to save it by entering the Catholic Church."

"It is not your affair exclusively since you've promised to marry him. You must give him a chance to decide—"

"Yes?"

"Whether or not he wants a Catholic for a wife."

"Mildred, how perfectly horrid you are! And if he should decide that he doesn't want one, what would you expect me to do?"

Mildred considered the lovely flushed face for a moment with her clear, candid eyes, before she said quietly:

"There is only one thing that I could expect, if the choice were made as clear as that. You would never turn your back on God, Hilda."

"I don't see how you can say so, when it's exactly what I have been doing," Hilda returned bitterly. "And God knows me too well to expect anything else of me. That's what I told Him when I made the bargain I've spoken of. 'You know that I am a coward,' I said: 'I can't face sacrifice and hardship. But even cowards may be worth saving; and so, if the way is opened to me to come with ease, I'll promise to bring all that I possibly can.'"

"Hilda, I give you credit for not realizing how shockingly irreverent all this is. But, if you don't mind, I'd rather not listen to it."

"I'm sure God is not so easily shocked as you are," Hilda said. "He made me, you see. But never mind! All that I was trying to express is that you mustn't expect heroic sacrifices from me. I'm not made for them. But I haven't the faintest expectation of any being demanded of me; for I can't imagine anything of less importance to Allan Fielding than what religion I profess."

"Unless it should happen to be the Catholic," Mildred said. "At least that is the case with most Protestants: they draw the line there."

"I don't think Allan will draw a line of any kind, so far as I am concerned," Hilda said confidently; "but I will sound him on the subject at the first convenient opportunity, since you are so insistent about it."

"I am insistent because I think you should know where you stand. And if you should be forced to choose—"

"I refuse to consider such a possibility," Hilda interrupted, as she rose and began pulling on her gloves. "I am sorry I told you anything about the matter," she went on. "You don't understand. People like you can't understand people like me. We are too different. The spirit of the martyrs is in you, and you would delight in sacrifices; but for me—"

She paused and looked away with eyes that seemed suddenly filled with something like fear.

"I read a story once," she said, "which made a deep impression on me,—perhaps because it was dreadful, or perhaps because I recognized some possibility of myself in it. The story was of a woman who was like me, inasmuch as she was poor, and loved the world, and knew that she was made to adorn it. But she also loved a man who loved her, and offered her everything—except honor. I don't remember the details of her struggle, but at last she yielded; life was too hard, and she chose the way of ease and happiness. But the point of the story, to me was that before taking the final step she went to one of the great basilicas (it was in Rome), made a farewell visit to all the chapels and shrines, and finally was heard to murmur, as she knelt in last reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, 'Good-bye, Jesus Christ!'"

"O Hilda!" cried Mildred, who was deeply shocked. "What an awful story! And you could find any likeness to yourself in it!"

"There must have been a likeness, or it would not have impressed me so much," Hilda said. "I felt the forces as if they were battling within myself—some of them, you see, I knew so well,—and even the last terrible touch came home to me. I knew myself capable of making such a choice, such a farewell as was described in that story."

"I don't believe it!" Mildred exclaimed passionately. "You are doing yourself the greatest injustice. I am sure you could not be guilty of making a choice which would mean eternal banishment from God."

"I hope you are right," Hilda sighed; "but there was an echo of myself in that story which has kept it in my mind for years. However, there was really no reason why I should have shocked you with it," she added more lightly; "so pray don't think of it any more. Nothing so dramatic is going to be demanded of me; but if it were—"

"You would make a right choice. I can not doubt that."

"I hope that you are right," Hilda said. "But you had better pray for me, and don't be too certain of what I would choose."

(To be continued.)

After-Wisdom.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

WE are so wise in youth we read
The symbols of the years with ease;
We know the magic in the seed,
The secrets of the trees.

But when the Springtime days are gone,
We question sun, we question shade;
We find new meanings in the dawn,
And in the eve portrayed.

Not till the Autumn days are nigh,
And passed the heartaches and the tears,
We know how rainbows filled the sky,
And joy and love the years.

Jules Verne.

A RECENT biographer calls attention to the fact that, while there have been few writers whose lives were less complex or complicated than was that of Jules Verne, there have been fewer, nevertheless, concerning whom more legends have been propagated. According to some Continental journals, for instance, the famous author was nothing more or less than a Polish Jew. His original name, they pretend was Olschewitz. This name, derived from *olscha*, Polish for alder (which in old French was Vergne or Verne), was thus translated by the novelist, who was born at Plock, on the Vistula, in Russian Poland.

Verne himself used to smile at this account of his origin, and paid no attention to it; but, some months after his death in 1905, M. Georges Montorquell published in the *Eclair* a transcript of the novelist's certificate of baptism; and thus effectively exploded the legend. According to the baptismal register, Jules Verne was born at Nantes, in the Lower Loire district, on February 8, 1828. His father, Pierre Verne, was a lawyer, whose forebears were magistrates, soldiers, and sailors. Jules' mother, a La Fûye, was born at Morlaix, Finistère in 1800; and her ancestry discloses no more traces of Polish Jews than does that of her husband.

In default of a Hebrew origin, it was determined to give Jules Verne a Protestant one; and, as a matter of historical fact, very many readers of his multiplied tales of adventure never suspected that he was a Catholic. But it is also an historical fact that he was born, lived, and died a member of the Church; or, to be exact, though born, like the rest of us, a pagan, he was baptized a Catholic the day after his birth, as is proved by the register of the Sainte-Croix church in Nantes. On the occasion of the novelist's death, some nine years ago, a Catholic journal of Amiens published this statement:

"He lived a retired life, surrounded with the attentions of a loving wife, who was proud of him. He felt the inroads of old age, and spoke of his end without any bitterness or regret. When it drew appreciably near, he sent for the priest, admirably manifesting the religious sentiments which as a good Breton he had always kept vivid. On similar occasions he had procured for more than one friend the succor of religion. God rewarded him by granting him the same grace."

A third legendary report that obtained rather general credence was that Verne had never travelled, and was, in fact, the most sedentary man in France. It goes without saying, of course, that he did not make the extraordinary voyages of which he wrote; but he knew Holland and Denmark, Morocco and Algeria, England and Scotland, Spain and Italy; and even crossed the Atlantic to visit America. Judging from the local color apparent in many of his stories, and the minutiose fidelity of his descriptions, his readers might readily believe him to have been far more extensively travelled than he really was.

Verne began his studies at the Little Seminary of Nantes, and prosecuted them later on at the Lyceum of that city. He was a good student, his strong point being mathematics; although he merited honorable mention also in literature, philosophy, and Latin. On receiving his B. A. degree, he went to Paris and followed a course of law lectures. He received a licentiate in law in 1849, at the age of twenty-one; but felt no inclination to follow that profession, and in preference became the secretary of Perrin, administrator of the Comic Opera and the Lyric Theatre. Admitted into intimate friendship with the younger Dumas, he composed with him a little play, *Pailles Rompues*, which was produced in the Historic Theatre with fair success. But he became discouraged by the difficulty he experienced in dealing with theatrical managers, and soon began

to write short stories for the *Musée des Familles*. Several of these novelettes—"A Balloon Voyage," "Wintering in the Ice-Floes," etc.—were plainly preludes to the series of "Voyages Extraordinaires" that came from his pen so prolifically in later life.

His father, however, desired to see Jules settled in some more serious position than the precarious one of a writer, and so in 1854 purchased for him a seat in the Exchange and launched him on the career of a broker. Jules devoted about ten years to this profession, though he still kept up his literary work to some extent. But in 1863 he one day said to his colleagues of the Exchange: "Boys, I think I am going to quit. I have written a new style of novel. If it succeeds, it will, I am certain, be the opening of a vein worth working. I shall work it and continue to write novels while you fellows deal in stocks. I rather think that I'll make the most money." His friends laughed at him, but he rejoined: "Laugh away! We'll see who laughs last."

His confidence proved to be well founded. The novel of which he spoke, "Five Weeks in a Balloon," was an immediate success and a great one. It was translated forthwith into a dozen different languages and was read by everyone. Verne had evidently discovered his forte; and, fortunately for him, his publisher, Mr. Hetzel, himself a writer of distinction, gave him excellent advice. One of Verne's cherished projects was the writing of a series of novels depicting the manners and customs of his time. Hetzel advised against such a work. "Don't make the mistake," he urged, "of scattering your forces. You have practically discovered or invented a new style of romance. Stick to that furrow and you will amass both fortune and glory, provided you don't wander away, as so many others have done, into divergent paths that lead nowhere. Come, shall we agree? Dating from to-day, you will let me have two novels a year."

And he at once drew up, and both of them signed, a contract to that effect for twenty years,—a contract later on prolonged to the end of the novelist's life—that is, for forty-one years,—and even longer than that, since the Hetzel house has published several posthumous works of their great story-teller.

In the course of the next year appeared "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth"; and in the years following: "From the Earth to the Moon," "The Adventures of Captain Hatteras," "The Children of Captain Grant," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "Michael Strogoff," "A Floating City and the Blockade Runners," "Around the Moon," "Hector Servadac," "Dick Sands," "The Fur Country," "The Mysterious Island," etc., etc.

Perhaps the most thoroughly successful of all these scientific romances was "Around the World in Eighty Days." It appeared first as a serial in a Paris daily, the *Temps*. Everybody became interested in the vicissitudes of Phileas Fogg's trip, so much so that the correspondents of the English and American papers used to cable the instalments of the story from day to day to their home offices.

It is interesting to note that even in 1872 the value of advertising was duly appreciated. When Fogg was forced to burn the woodwork of his steamer in order to stoke the furnace effectively enough to increase his speed so as to arrive in London on time, Verne received most attractive offers from English, American, and even French steamship lines, if he would select one of their boats for the successful carrying of his hero across the Atlantic. Verne rejected all the proposals, wisely declining to make an advertising medium of his romances.

From that date his vogue became universal. The greater number of his works were translated into all European languages, and even into Chinese. A goodly number of shelves in the author's library

were filled with copies of these translations, and one can readily understand that it was with a certain legitimate pride that he pointed them out to his visitors. He was pardonably proud also of a gold-headed cane which reached his home in Amiens one day, with this letter from the Boys' Empire League, of London: "We are very glad to send you this cane, with its inscription telling how highly you are esteemed by thousands of boys in England. Our pocket-money, as you may guess, is not very much; so our gift must not be judged by its intrinsic value. We know very well that you will appreciate it all the more as being the result of a great many small subscriptions."

During the last two decades of his life Verne was so lame that he walked with difficulty, and he naturally became a more home-keeping character than ever. His lameness came about in this way. Returning to his residence one evening in the spring of 1886, he had just turned the latchkey in his door when he received the discharge of two rapidly fired revolver shots. The novelist turned upon his aggressor, who still held his revolver in hand; and, with fully as much sorrow as astonishment, recognized his nephew, Gaston Verne, for whom he had always shown a warm affection. This unfortunate young man — he was only twenty-six — had been suffering from brain trouble for some time, and had escaped from Blois, despite the strict surveillance of which he was the object. His uncle simply put him in charge of the physicians and said nothing of the assault. One of the balls from the revolver, however, was securely lodged in his leg and could not be extracted; hence his lameness.

Of the sixty-three novels which constitute the series of Verne's "*Voyages Extraordinaires*," the greater number went through multiplied editions, and several of them — such as "*Around the World in Eighty Days*," "*Michael Strogoff*," and "*The Children of Captain Grant*" — were very successfully drama-

tized. The first mentioned lent itself to a great spectacular play, which had a run of four hundred nights in 1874 and 1875; and was again presented for several hundred consecutive nights during the Paris Exposition of 1878. The theatrical managers are said to have realized three million francs from its representation. One of the novels, "*Le Docteur Ox*," also achieved success as an operetta, into which it was transformed in 1877.

As explanatory of the truly wonderful popularity of this writer's works, some critics say that the French reading public had grown tired of the pale copies of Dumas' stories that were published in the early fifties, and welcomed the novel fiction which Verne had the good luck to invent, or at least to rediscover. While this may partially account for his vogue in France, it fails, however, to explain his popularity throughout the rest of the world. The real cause of that universal popularity would seem to be the innate love of adventure which animates the great mass of mankind. Every reader who was youthful, either literally as to years, or equivalently in feelings and affections, succumbed in the last half of the nineteenth century to the thrall of this marvellous story-teller, who recounted the most extravagant scientific happenings with all the matter-of-fact detail and realistic verve of a reporter on a modern newspaper. Jules Verne was an exceptional novelist in another respect also: he created no female characters. Thackeray introduced "*Vanity Fair*" to the world as "*a novel without a hero*"; Verne, whose first great success, "*Five Weeks in a Balloon*," was published in the year of Thackeray's death (1863), gave his readers a whole series of romances, all of them without a heroine.

From the very nature of the stories, their vogue was, of course, destined to be ephemeral. Very many of Verne's scientific fictions have become in our day quite prosaic scientific facts. The twentieth-century world took far less interest, last

year, in the actual circling of the globe by the American journalist, Mr. J. G. Mears, in less than thirty-six days, than did the world of 1872 in the imaginary circling of it by Phileas Fogg in eighty. Submarines, electric lights, automobiles, and air-ships exist nowadays not merely in the fancy of the novelist: they are commonplace entities no longer potent to thrill with wonder; so the young people of the present can scarcely realize the charm which those of us who were young when Jules Verne was in his prime derived from the multitudinous products of his facile pen.

Verne himself entertained no illusions as to the influence of his books or the brevity of their life. When consulted on these points, he replied: "To be frank, I don't at all believe that the 'Voyages Extraordinaires' have exerted any influence on the rising generation, or formed in it a taste for travelling. It is with my novels as with all others: either they are not read at all, or, as soon as they are read, are forgotten." As for the strangeness of the adventures, he said: "No matter what I invent, I shall always be on this side of the truth. There will always come a time when the creations of science will surpass those of the imagination."

To sum up, Jules Verne, if not a genius pure and simple, was an author whose wonderful talent was an excellent substitute for genius; he brought science into the realm of fiction and furnished admirable recreation to many millions of readers; and he wrote nothing in any of his numerous works that was offensive to morals or good taste. As a recent biographer declares: "He remains a writer very French in the originality, suppleness, and vigor of his literary genius, who always gives first place to noble sentiments, to uprightness, duty, and pity for the unfortunate; thus showing his great heart, Christian through and through, and fascinated by the good, the true, and the beautiful."

The Ivy Hedge.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXX.

MOLLY TREVANION had been kindness itself during the days that succeeded the death of her husband's father. All differences between Trevanion and herself seemed to have been forgotten. Mary Coyne was frequently with Mrs. Trevanion in the evenings of these days of sorrow, and Molly learned to admire her sincerity and simplicity. Trevanion had told her of his engagement and its breaking off; but Molly was too broad-minded, too sure of herself—shall we say 'too modern'?—to have any feeling other than curious interest for the woman who had been her rival. Later she loved Mary.

Once or twice Molly asked herself, "How could she ever have distrusted George in any great matter?" She herself did not distrust him. She knew that he had disappointed her, but she knew, too, that, allowing for the state of public opinion in her own country, she had expected too much from him. He was kind and strong; but how many kind and strong men were there who believed that it was their stern duty to make money grow from money! To condemn that duty as wrong would be to brand him as "un-American." Her father had often said: "Molly, I shall never let you marry a man who isn't rich. If an American at thirty-five is not fairly well off or on the way to riches, it means that he has no real money value; and, with men of common-sense, nothing counts to-day except money. You can't pay for good music or build churches or hospitals without money. Poverty or a struggling existence means weakness."

In all her father's circle there was no dissenting opinion. When Morton's brother Welby lost a great slice of his fortune by a collapse in sugar, his wife asked

for a divorce, because he was not able to support her in the style to which she had been accustomed. She had during the earlier years of her life earned a frugal existence by teaching in a district school; but after she had become Mrs. Welby Morton two thousand dollars a month was necessary for her existence. Nobody had condemned her—that is, nobody in Molly's circle—except Mrs. Welterman and the idealistic Isaac. And Molly did not condemn Trevanion for his views about money. People in Orvisville were gauged according to what they could buy or what they did buy. Of course this standard was not openly confessed; the newspapers wrote, like Emerson, about the beauties of the simple life. Oh, yes, the beauties of the simple life! And they often said not only that a man was a man "for a' that," but they went further than Bobby Burns and announced frequently that a man was more of a man "for a' that." Their language on that point was always beautiful.

At the school in which Molly had been instructed, none but the daughters of wealthy parents could be received. No one talked of money; but bankers and railway presidents were always supposed to belong to "good" families, and the boast of the school was that only daughters of "good" families could be received. Molly then, from her education, was in no frame of mind to detest violently Trevanion's desire to make the most of money, and to found one of the richest families in America, with the "boy" at its head. She had believed that he was different from the good and respectable people around him, and she was disillusioned,—that was all.

One night as they sat with Mrs. Trevanion (Molly had brought her violin), Mary Coyne said:

"I believe that you, Mrs. Trevanion, have 'the passion for perfection,'—I have learned those words from one of our Catholic books."

"Do you really mean that?" (Molly

blushed with pleasure.) "Oh, you dear! I can't endure anything less than perfection in my music, even if it is only a little phrase I must play. That is why I hold the cello in such reverence. It requires a genius to get a perfect tone from the cello."

"I meant as to life,—I meant that you had the passion for a perfect life."

Molly shook her head.

"Perhaps I have; but, you see, I have never been taught what the perfect life is. We Protestants have no saints. I must confess that Emerson has done a lot for me,—though there's no harmony in him: he's all treble."

"I don't know," said Mary, puzzled. "But perfection in the love of God is the great thing."

Molly didn't answer. She began to play, with great breadth of tone the "March of the Men of Harlech," so loved by Mrs. Trevanion.

In the meantime Trevanion became more and more dissatisfied with himself. The praise he had lived on in the beginning began to cloy him. Nevertheless, if a day passed without some complimentary allusion to him in the local press, there was "really nothing in the papers." And he turned over the New York journals in disgust; for they, too, had almost forgotten him, after they had good-naturedly hailed him as an uplifter of the down-trodden and a leader of the just. He believed very firmly that he was both. A sense of his own justice, the result of a well-spent life, never failed him. He took praise as a matter of course; and, like a steady diet of partridge, it tired him. Nevertheless, he missed it if it ceased to come.

Suddenly he was awakened. The Trac-tion Company, in which Morton had been a leading stockholder, and in which Carlin also had interests, made a stroke in the Councils, and a great part of what ought to have been public property—ground, in fact, on which Orvisville had an option for a public park—fell into the hands of the Company. This stroke meant much

to Carlin. As a public park, the place would be dead to the crowds who attended picnics, enlivened by whiskey or beer. As a private park, it meant that Carlin and the others interested would be enabled to call the place "Paradise" or "Luna" or an "Inland Coney Island," and extract coin from its sylvan beauties, improved by the sale of hot sausages, and cold beer, and enlivened by such proceedings as, in our times, make the groves of Daphne attractive. To veto the bill meant, for the Mayor, the withdrawal of several big contracts already promised. It meant, too, that the trolley line could not be made to pass near five hundred cottages recently built by him for his workmen, and rented to them at an excellent profit. He knew that his veto would mean acclamations from the Socialists, who stood at present for the material well-being of the people.

Father Cook opposed the scheme, because it meant, in a factory town, organized carnivals of vice. Dr. Wortley agreed with him, because, he said, picnic grounds retarded the culture and mental progress of the masses; Mr. Jensen, because it would attract the idle young man and the pleasure-loving young girl to meet at a place where "drinks" were sold. Eliminate the "drinks," and Mr. Jensen, in whose pews most of the Select Council sat, would have no objection. Arthur March, almost alone, cried out, whenever there was a chance, that unless the Mayor vetoed the bill he would be guilty of the direct theft of a breathing place, so much needed in a growing industrial town. When Trevanion read Arthur's word "theft" in print, he signed the bill. Then the storm broke. The New York papers, echoing a trenchant letter of Spracht, who saw his chance, fell upon the Mayor of Orvisville. He was no longer the "white-haired boy" of his journalistic nurses. He became all at once a full-grown demon. Pictures, not creditable to his honesty, were made by caricaturists. The local press trampled

upon him. The Select and Common Councils and the trolley road were forgotten. It was the petted, the "pure" Aristides of Orvisville who had sold the people! Arthur March, in a long letter, tried to throw the blame on Carlin and the political leaders. It was in vain.

Trevanion was invited to commit harakiri; to hide his head among the despots of the benighted East. The local band even went so far as to play "The Rogue's March," as if by accident, when it passed his house on the way to the anniversary celebrations.

All this aroused Mrs. Trevanion's spirit, which had been almost crushed by the death of her husband. At first she was angry with Trevanion.

"It's to build fine houses and tombstones after you're gone that you're doing this! I went to the graveyard yesterday, and when I saw the great tombstone, with praying angels, you've put up over 'Ivy Hedge Morton,' I said to myself that I'd rather see my man lying under the plain grass, as he is, than crushed down by the weight of the ill-gotten marble. I mind me of one of the stories of our old clergyman, David Vach. Dave was a hard-working man, like your father, but he got little good out of it. The times were against a good man who knew only how to work and be humble. And when the minister tried to find a place in the cemetery for Dave, there was none to be found. There were towering tombs everywhere,—broken crosses and spires, angels and urns; but hardly a spot for old, thin, tired Dave to get into. The place was like a grove of granite and white marble. But at last a little spot was found; and the old minister didn't preach: he stood still, looking down at the narrow, neat mound of clay, and he just said: 'Well, David Vach, you've had a narrow time right through life, and you have a narrow place in death. But never mind, old friend! I can see a day dawning when you will rise out of your narrow bed and call out to all those big people,

"Elbow-room for the poor!" And don't you, Georgie, be one of those that are to be elbowed out of the way when the Great Day comes. O my son, why did you do it?" she asked, her bright keen old eyes blinking a little.

"To tell the truth, mother," he replied, "I hated to lose money on those houses. But, more than that, Arthur March *dared* me to do it."

Mrs. Trevanion chuckled.

"After all," she said, "you're something like me. I never *would* take a dare."

Whenever she read or heard of a deadly insult hurled at the Mayor her son, she found a parallel text of denunciation in the Scriptures and cast it at his enemies; for blood is thicker than water, and she loved the scent of battle. Finally the Mayor became so unpopular—he was threatened by impeachment by a faction, influenced by Spracht—that he confined himself to routine work; and just before the time of the nominations, when the would-be impeachers had thrown up their case, he resigned.

Molly would not allude to the subject. She discouraged all attempts to talk about the political declension of her husband. At first she was horrified, then secretly rejoiced. She began to perceive that Trevanion had been shocked out of the conviction, which the sudden advent of riches had fostered, that he was infallible.

On a Sunday afternoon in the spring, Molly saw Trevanion roll up a newspaper and toss it angrily into the waste-basket. She had just entered his study, and this little piece of energetic action was reflected in the mirror at the side.

"I'm sick of life, and tired of everything except you and the kid," he said. "I'm the most misrepresented man in the country!"

"Naturally," she replied. "It happens to us all sometimes. We must take the world merely as the world."

"Shakespeare said that, I suppose; but it's hard. Were you walking?"

"Yes. The daffodils are up, — lovely

little green pegs upside down. I've been to Vespers and a sermon at the Catholic church."

Trevanion frowned.

"Do you know, I am coming to realize that that old Church is beginning to appear everywhere? Welterman tells me that his Isaac has gone into a priests' college, and his mother doesn't seem to mind. Think of it! The son of a Jew and Jewess becoming an apostate!"

"Now, George!" she said, smiling,— she had been smiling at him often of late. "You don't know what the word 'apostate' means. And if you did, it wouldn't apply here. Isaac Welterman has never been a Jew in religion; he is, like his wife, simply a Jew in race, which to-day is an entirely different thing. The Son of God was the Son of a Virgin of the House of David."

Trevanion started, and looked up.

"Molly, do you know it never occurred to me until now that you were really a Christian, — I mean," he added hastily, "you have never talked much about your beliefs. I have always thought that you had no beliefs, only very strong opinions."

"I don't think I knew the difference myself until lately." She took off her hat, and opened her violin case. "I shall try the Plain Chant. Here's a bit of the *Magnificat*—though it wasn't made for the fiddle."

He listened, his face gradually gaining the old look of strength and goodness.

"It's fine!" he said. "Do you know, Molly, that this—this—but you won't let me talk about it—this—shock—"

"The decline and fall," she added, drawing little trills from her violin. "Go on!"

"Has made me feel that I am not worth much."

"You're worth more than ever to me!"

"Molly!"

She ran through the first few lines of the "Amaryllis" and said:

"George!"

He liked the sound in her voice. It echoed the spring-like note in the music.

It was like the first sweet rain of April to him.

"I've been thinking a great deal of late." She put down the violin and leaned against the piano; her eyes, with a glad light in them, fixed on him. "Father Waldron gave me a clue to-day."

Trevanion lost his look of joy.

"As I've just said, the Catholic Church claims too much, Molly. You'd better keep away from it. You can't have much respect for an organization that sends these mobs of pagan Sicilians into this town—from a Catholic country. That ought to be enough. They are simply heathens!"

"For us to sweat in the works," she answered quietly.

"They're a menace to Protestant civilization."

"My dear, you *must* have some gleam of reason in you, although you're only a man. Have you ever lived in certain districts in the South? Do you know White Pine Crown, where papa's hunting lodge used to be? Have you heard how most of the Protestant Negroes there live? Suppose we Protestants cease for a while to throw stones at the Catholics in Italy until we have Christianized White Pine Crown? I've been to hear a sermon on 'St. Francis of Assisi,' and I find that I am in love with perfection."

"Then you'll have to leave me out, Molly," he said rather wistfully.

She ran toward him.

"O my dear," she whispered, "I love you when you look—well—as if you were a little boy—and lost—"

"I have been lost," he answered. "Molly, you were right: we must be different enough from other people—" he broke down lamely,—"to live for other people."

Her eyes shone. She picked up her violin and played some phrases from the *Magnificat*.

"If you are willing, Molly, let us give fifty acres of land beyond The Hills to the city, to make up for what I helped to—to—steal from them."

He set his lips tightly,—it was hard to say.

Softly Molly played the chant. Her eyes were hidden by their lids. She did not want her husband to see her tears.

"And—"

"This good St. Francis will teach us what else to do," she said.

The strains of the *Magnificat* rose louder. She turned to conceal her tears.

"I will look for the daffodils!" he exclaimed, going rapidly from the room.

She followed him just as rapidly. A few minutes later they were dancing like two children on the sprouting roots that remained of the Ivy Hedge.

(To be continued.)

Two English Castles.

IN the south and in the far north of England there are two castles having more than ordinary interest for students of history. That of Bamborough, beside the quiet little town of the same name in Northumberland, overlooks the dark waters of the Northern Sea. That of Arundel is in Sussex, one of the fairest of the counties washed by the English Channel.

According to legendary accounts, Bamborough had its beginning far back in British times; and these traditional stories are supported by the fact that underneath an ancient cemetery, marked Danish on official maps, there was discovered in recent years a still older burying ground, encircled by boulder-stones arranged in a fashion typical of the ancient Britons. Therefore, one may, if so inclined, agree with the old annalists who contend that Bamborough was once the "Garde Joyeuse" of Sir Lancelot of the Lake, Arthur Pendragon's bravest knight and cruelest foe. Passing centuries have not dissipated the belief that Bamborough was for a time the residence of Guinevere the Fair, and the resting-place of Iseult of Ireland. Tradition has it that Sir

Lancelot brought thither Arthur's queen when he rescued her from the fire of Carlisle and Iseult when she journeyed from her home across the sea.

From Bamborough, too, Oswald sent to Columba's monastery of Iona for missionaries to convert his pagan subjects; and from Iona came the Irish monk Aidan to fix his bishop's chair in Lindisfarne under the protection of Ida's Castle. When nought was left of Oswald but the "white hand" blessed for its charity by Aidan, another king, Ceolwulf, resigned his crown for a cell in Lindisfarne.

Old Ceolwulf built it, for his fault
In penitence to dwell.

In Lindisfarne likewise St. Cuthbert, the apostle of the Lowlands, died after a long life of labor and prayer; and from it Colman passed to Ireland after the Synod of Whitby. Later on, the Danes came; and the monks were obliged to fly, carrying with them the relics of St. Cuthbert, till at last these were laid to rest in Durham cathedral.

Bamborough Castle has been the temporary residence of two English queens, Philippa, wife of Edward III.; and the unfortunate Margaret of Anjou. King David of Scotland besieged it in the twelfth century; and two centuries later Archibald Douglas followed his example. It is said that Arundel Castle was built by the order of King Alfred, and it is supposed to be one of the strongholds which he caused to be erected against the inroads of the Danes. It originally belonged to the Fitzalan family; but by the marriage of Mary Fitzalan (sole heiress of the House of Arundel) to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, the estate passed to the House of Howard. This gentleman and his son Philip were executed by Elizabeth,—the first for attempting the liberation of Mary Stuart, the second for his adherence to the Catholic Faith.

Like Bamborough, Arundel Castle was the residence of two queens. Adeliza, widow of Henry I., married the owner of the castle; and when Stephen usurped

the throne, the dowager-queen welcomed her stepdaughter Matilda to her home. Stephen intended to besiege the castle; but, owing to the eloquence of Adeliza he consented to allow Matilda to withdraw to the Continent. It was also besieged by General Fairfax and the Parliamentary Army, but the siege was of short duration. There are many interesting traditions and beautiful legends relating to Arundel Castle.

Popular Patron Saints in France.

WHILE the France of to-day is, unfortunately, not at all so Catholic as in olden times when the country gloried in the title, "the eldest daughter of the Church," it is a grave mistake to suppose that the anti-clericalism of the government and many of its officials really represents the sentiments of the great body of the people. In many a corner of the Gallic Republic the Faith is just as strong as in the ages that built her magnificent cathedrals or sent enthusiastic armies to fight for the Holy Sepulchre. One exemplification of this sturdy Catholicity is found in the popular images of the saints chosen as patrons of the different handicrafts, trades, and industrial arts. M. Charles Baussan writes interestingly of some of them in the Parisian *Semaine Littéraire*.

When the farmer, whose patron in the springtime was St. Isidore the ploughman, becomes in autumn the harvester whose patron is St. Peter-in-Chains, he is eager to taste his new corn or wheat. Filling a sack or two with the threshed grain, he loads them on his donkey or in his cart, and proceeds to the grist-mill,—windmill or water-mill, as the case may be. At the miller's, as at home, he finds pinned to the wall, above the calendar near the window, the picture of a saint,—the patron saint of the millers. This patron is not everywhere the same. Most frequently it is St. Victor, the soldier-martyr, who carries the mill-wheel; some-

times it is St. Catherine of Alexandria; while in central France the patron who is represented as watching the turning of the millstones is St. Ours of Loches, the traditional inventor of mills. Whether the picture be that of St. Victor, St. Catherine, or St. Ours, there is found in it, alongside the saint or in the background, either a stream of water or the white cross of the vanes that turn with the wind.

The trip from St. Isidore to St. Victor or St. Ours does not terminate the journey of the grain. Here it is at the baker's, and once more it changes its saint. Among all the patrons of the trades in France none was ever more popular than the patron of the bakers, St. Honoré. Never a baker in the olden times but had his own picture of this hero of holiness. Even nowadays there are many who still have it in evidence on their premises. Should you go into one of the old-style bake-houses of the provinces, you will probably find a little statue, with the golden crosier, of the good Bishop of Amiens.

The bakers studied the life of their patron long and well, and their pictures of him commemorate different marvels thereof. Thus, certain images show him celebrating Mass; at the moment of the Offertory, a heavenly hand appearing above the chalice presents him with the altar-bread. It was doubtless this miracle that determined their choice of St. Honoré as their patron. While they kneaded the bread that sustains the body, they mused on the true Bread of life,—surely a beautiful accompaniment to their daily labor.

The saint is invariably depicted as a bishop, wearing a mitre. Sometimes he carries a crosier, and at times a crosier in one hand and a baker's shovel in the other. In a few of the images, the shovel holds three small loaves of bread. Occasionally, too, is seen a loaf or a cake in the bishop's hand. Pastry cooks, indeed, follow the bakers; and, though some of them regard St. Michael as their patron, the great majority march under the standard of St. Honoré.

The butchers, like the tanners, have for their patron St. Bartholomew, who was flayed, or skinned, alive. His pictures show him carrying the knife that effected his torture, and sometimes also with a human skin carried under his arm. He bears, too, of course (as do all the patrons of the trades), the tools of his particular handicraft, either the butcher's or the tanner's. Among the grocers, as among many other merchants and artisans, we find St. Nicholas with his salt-box; the fishermen have St. Peter with his boat and nets.

The brewers have placed the sign of their trade, the fork with which the malt is stirred up, in the hands of St. Arnoult of Soissons. As he was a knight before becoming a monk and later on a bishop, his pictures sometimes show a suit of armor under the episcopal cope. Other pictures, recalling the period when he was a hermit, give him as a companion the wolf that he brought back to his abbey. Whether as Abbot of St. Médard, however, or Bishop of Soissons, he is made by the brewers a brewer. They have placed in his hand with, and sometimes without, the crosier, the fork used with the malt, and, occasionally, in some of the more recent pictures, a hop-vine.

The cooks, of course, could have no other patron than St. Lawrence. His picture shows him with all the insignia of the diaconate—the cross, stole, and Gospel; he carries the purse from which the deacons used to distribute alms to the poor; and, needless to add, the grid-iron is in evidence. It is a coat of arms easily understood by cooks and others.

The pork-sellers, the French *charcutiers*, always designate their shops thus, "At the Sign of St. Anthony." This is another very popular French patron saint. The St. Anthony in question is not the solitary of antique engravings, bearing on his tunic the primitive form of the cross, and holding a crutch in his hand. He is a French monk clad in a sombre woollen frock; there is a pig near him; and he is

ringing a little bell, unless, as in some pictures, the bell is attached to the pig's neck.

This naïve image is a veritable picture of old-time life in the France of other days; it tells more of that life, and perhaps tells it better, than a volume of history. In the Middle Ages, hogs were raised not only in the country districts but in towns and cities. They roamed all about the streets. Their number became almost everywhere too great, and they gave rise to many quarrels and accidents. Police ordinances were drawn up to prevent this vagabondage. In towns and cities, people were obliged to keep their pigs in an enclosure. At the same time—and we may be permitted incidentally to regret the passing away of those charitable Christian laws—an exception was made. The pigs of the poor, and those of the first religious Order to look after the poor (the Antonines, so called from their patron, St. Anthony), were exempt from the new law.

Only those hogs had the freedom of the city. They were allowed to roam about the streets as usual, on condition, however, that they wore a bell about their necks. Morning and evening the bells tinkled before the houses, and the housekeepers never failed to throw out for their hungry visitors the refuse food they sought. The pigs of the Antonines accordingly waxed fat at small cost; and when they were fit for the butcher, they provided choice morsels for the aged, the orphans, and other unfortunates.

Smile as we may at the crude and simple picture of St. Anthony and his pig, does it not, nevertheless, suggest a charming bit of sociology? The monks, the shopkeepers, the tradesmen's wives; then the aldermen, councillors, and public authorities; an entire city, whole-heartedly and with one accord, paying a debt of charity to the poor,—the sight may well evoke other emotions than hilarity, and even teach a needed lesson to philanthropists of the present day.

Splendid Work.

A QUARTERLY that we wish were a weekly, or at least a monthly, so interesting are its contents, and so important is the work to which it is devoted, is the *St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly*, issued by the Superior Council of the Society, New York city. Two very interesting papers in the present issue deal with "Social Service in Hospitals" and "Volunteer Visiting Nurses." Two great Catholic hospitals—one in New York and the other in the city of Washington—investigate the home conditions of all patients received in the free wards, and organize and carry out a thoroughgoing system of relief. At St. Vincent's, in New York, they find employment, furnish food and clothing, defray travelling expenses, pay rent, and place dismissed patients in convalescent homes. "Providence Hospital in Washington maintains a milk station, furnishes coal, groceries, and clothing at wholesale prices to partially dependent families, personally known and investigated by representatives of the hospital. In addition, a day nursery which can accommodate forty children is maintained; and cooking and sewing classes are conducted." There is also a kindergarten, where useful arts are taught; and a start has been made on a free circulating library.

The Volunteer Visiting Nurse movement has been taken up in Paterson, N. J., by the organization of the Catholic graduate nurses. They are known as St. Luke's Guild, the special feature of which is to keep a current record of the free time of all Catholic nurses, whose services will be placed at the disposition of the Catholic charity organizations of the city. The nurses will, in answer to a call from any quarter, serve the sick poor either in the hospitals or in their own homes. The various women's organizations of the city will co-operate with the nurses by providing all linen supplies which may be needed.

Another great movement of a similar nature is on foot in Chicago. This is the establishment of what is, for sake of ready understanding, at present described as a Catholic Hull House. The object of this institution, which will be a community house conducted in connection with old St. Patrick's Church, will be to take care of the "homeless, friendless, and jobless" young men and women of our Faith in Chicago. Thus far, the plans of this immense project are just forming; but the work has the support of many of the most prominent Catholics of the city, from the Archbishop down. Dr. Anna Dwyer, who is accorded the credit of inaugurating the scheme, is quoted as saying:

For seventeen years I have wanted to have established in Chicago a place where newcomers of all classes could come and find the very spirit of hospitality, encouragement, advice, uplift, and aid; where they would feel that Chicago people, a composite host of kindness and welcome, had reached them a hand. And finally, thanks to Archbishop Quigley, who, I know, has always felt the big need there is for such a place, we have at last realized our desire.

Already the first steps have been taken. A nurse—a Sister of Charity of St. Joseph's Convent in St. Louis—has arrived, and will take charge of our day nursery that is to be opened as soon as possible. She is not in the work temporarily, like so many of the day nursery nurses here: she has been trained in the work and is with us for good.

The part of town we have selected is especially advantageous, because, besides being the geographic centre of the city, it is close to two depots—the Union and the Northwestern stations. We intend to organize a body akin to the Travellers' Aid Society, with persons stationed at the depots to look out for young men and women who arrive here alone and do not know where to go. . . . We are to have every kind of department. Together with educational advantages, there will be plenty of arrangements for recreation and gymnasium work, besides a dining room, dormitories, and other things. . . .

These are just our plans. As yet, we have nothing to show save our spirit and will to succeed. But our strongest Catholics have come forward, and we hope soon to prove the plans.

All this is splendid work, a credit not only to the individuals who engage in it but to our common humanity.

Notes and Remarks.

The suggestion that all public institutions—prisons, hospitals, soldiers' homes, etc.—be supplied with Catholic literature, to counteract the influence of the anti-Catholic literature with which so many of these institutions are flooded, is excellent, but by no means a new suggestion. It has been tried, and proved a practical success. For years past we have been sending papers, magazines, pamphlets, and, when funds permitted, books to a number of State institutions; and not unfrequently we have had the gratification of hearing of conversions of life or to the Faith as a result of reading the literature provided. If our people realized the amount of good that might be accomplished through the periodicals, pamphlets, and books of which we have now so abundant a supply, the apostolate—the title is deserved—to which attention has again been called would be in a flourishing condition everywhere. As we have said more than once, it ought to be organized on a diocesan basis. Until the work is systematized in some way, and a larger number of persons are made to realize its importance, and induced to contribute to its support in a practical manner, no great results can be expected. The advantages of such organization as we suggest are too obvious to require explanation.

Members of the Order of Mt. Carmel, and all other clients and admirers of St. Teresa, will learn with gratification that the Sovereign Pontiff has issued an Apostolic Letter dealing with the celebration of the third centenary (in April next) of the saint's beatification. Especially grateful will be the approbation of her doctrine concerning the more advanced stages of Christian and religious perfection. "As regards mystical theology," says Pius X., "Teresa discourses about those higher regions (as it were) of the spiritual life with such ease that

there she seems to be in her proper sphere. There is no secret of that life which she does not penetrate and disclose to us. Advancing through all the degrees of contemplation, she reaches such sublime heights as are inaccessible to all except those who have experienced and are acquainted with the divinest affections of the soul. Yet she says not one word which conflicts with exact Catholic theology; and she sets out everything with such facility and clearness that the most distinguished doctors of her day were astonished to find the mystical theology which was vaguely taught by the Fathers of the Church here and there through their works, gathered together by this saintly woman and arranged systematically. For our own part, when we review the errors which are so prevalent in these matters at the present day, we consider specially important not only the accuracy with which Teresa, when describing the mystical motions of the soul, distinguishes between the human element and the divine, and marks off precisely the functions of the intellect from those of the will, but also her insistence on the need of these motions' being accompanied by the exercise of all the virtues."

One result of this Papal tribute to the thorough orthodoxy of the great Carmelite will probably be a revival of interest in her published works, a result sure to be fruitful of glory to God and beneficial to souls.

Knowing that among his auditors at Clongowes College there were men of various political views, Mr. John Redmond, in his eloquent address at the celebration of its centenary, delicately refrained from making any allusion to recent events in Ulster. In concluding his speech, however, he could not refrain from repeating that neither he nor any of his colleagues had any desire to see in Ireland a nation which is not founded upon the most absolute religious toleration for every creed and every class.

"They lie who say that Irish Catholic Nationalists desire to establish a religious ascendancy in this country. We simply claim what we have not had for hundreds of years—equality for our people and our race and our creed."

In proposing the health of Mr. Redmond, at a banquet on the same occasion, Fr. William Delany, S. J., said that he had great sympathy for the Orangemen who opposed Home Rule, because he knew that from their very childhood they had had drilled into them hatred of the Pope and all that belonged to the Pope. The Orangemen of the North, he declared, should be won, not crushed.

A century of revolt has done—what? Yes, it has almost succeeded in robbing the working-class of its hopes of heaven; but certainly it is as far as ever from making the working-class the masters of this earth.

In these striking words Bishop Keating, of Northampton, in a sermon called "The Gospel of Revolt," preached before the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament in Southwark, summed up the effects of the system of economics and philosophy, and the ethics of revolt, which are now being preached to the laboring class. Citing Portugal as the latest instance of a country throwing off the "yoke" of religion, he pointed out what a poor exchange that country had made. The Bishop concluded his stirring address by explaining the reasons for confidence in that "popular leader," Christ, and the gist of His social gospel. Said his Lordship:

It is far beyond any other social gospel that anybody has preached or can preach. And what is that social gospel? It is this, in His own words: "Be not solicitous what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or wherewith ye shall be clothed; but seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all these other things will be added unto you." That is the social gospel of Jesus Christ; and in that social gospel, so far from religion finding no place, on the word of God you have it that religion must hold the first, almost the only, place in any social gospel that is to be socially successful. Let, therefore, you put your trust in our Lord Jesus Christ; and once for all turn away from that lie that religion is

not good for the workingman, or is even a hindrance to the workingman. Religion is the hope of the workingman. It is by obeying your conscience, it is by practising your religion, it is by living up to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount—paradoxical though they may seem,—it is in this way, and this way alone, you will find any salvation either in this world or in the world to come. As the holy Apostle St. Paul puts it firmly and unmistakably: "Godliness is profitable to all, being the promise of this life as well as that which is to come."

We concede that the Bishop would not make his point with a Socialist; it presupposes faith. But let our people hear more sermons of this type, and they will have more faith, which is, after all, the great support of life.

The decision recently made by the Supreme Court of the United States regarding the civil validity of the vow of poverty—for that was really the point at issue—is one of far-reaching consequence. "It removes for all times," says the *New York Freeman's Journal*, "any cloud resting on the title to millions of property. Henceforth it will not be possible for relatives of deceased members of religious communities to put the Church to great expense in defending in the civil courts legacies such as that on which the Supreme Court has just passed."

The test case was one in which the relatives of a deceased religious contested with his Order the right to his property. Their claims were sustained by the Minnesota Federal Court of Appeals, which held that religious have not the right of bequeathing property to their Order, the reason being that such bequests are against "public policy." On this point the Supreme Court's decision is especially illuminating. Speaking through Justice Hughes, the Court announced that "the lower Court had fallen into error by not distinguishing between the religious and civil nature of vows. It was pointed out that, under the organization of the religious Orders, a person was permitted to withdraw civilly, although his or her

withdrawal in a religious sense was a matter of conscience."

Thus an important matter is definitively settled, openly and above-board, in a manner that reflects credit on our highest judicial tribunal, as well as on the superiors of the Benedictine Order, who, at great pains and no small expense, have laid the religious world under obligation.

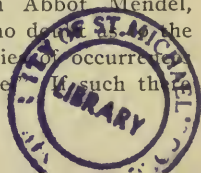
Writing, in the *Fortnightly Review*, of the real trouble in Mexico, Mr. J. M. Kennedy seems to be following the old-time salutary counsel: "Put yourself in his place." As a result we have this pregnant paragraph:

It is well known that the Mexicans dislike the Americans. In 1846 the latter secured the possession of Texas by supporting a revolt there, acknowledging the independence of the alleged Republic which was set up, and subsequently annexing the State. The Mexicans not unnaturally suspect that Dr. Wilson and his supporters intend to seize a further large slice of Mexican territory by supporting the revolutionaries in the North, acknowledging the independence of a possible republic in Chihuahua and Sonora, and subsequently including this territory within the boundaries of the United States.

Admitting that President Wilson and his supporters intend nothing of the kind, one may still grant that the Mexican suspicion is not preposterously ill-founded.

There is nothing surprising in the conclusions with which Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, LL. D., sums up his article, "A Century of Scientific Thought," in a recent number of the *Catholic World*. At least this will be the judgment of Catholics for whom the "problems" put by science were often answered in advance by faith, and later solved by science to the same result. But Sir Bertram's words are noteworthy. He says:

Now all that we are learning daily from science, perhaps most of all from biology, under the influence of the remarkable facts first discovered by the Augustinian Abbot Mendel, does certainly seem to leave no doubt of the existence of those orderly series of occurrences which we call "laws of nature" or "such that



be, they must either be the result of the ordinances of a Lawgiver or they must be the results of blind chance. It is the same problem which confronted Paley, stated in a somewhat different manner. He was obliged to consider whether the watch came to be as it was by blind chance, or because it had been made to tell the time by an intelligent artificer. We are asked to decide whether the laws under which life works out its ends are the result of blind chance or come from a Lawgiver. In their essence the two inquiries are identical; and those who would have elected for blind chance under the Paleyian dilemma will do so now; whilst those who think that law and order and progress are inexplicable, not to say impossible, without a Lawgiver and an Orderer, will hold the conclusion at which Paley arrived, that the world shows forth its Creator in unmistakable language.

Many other issues, all of them interesting, arise in connection with this matter, but with none of them can I find space to deal. What I have been anxious to show is that the argument which held the field before the storm, when the lake was comparatively calm, now that the tempest has raged over it, still remains; restated as we may suppose the waters of the lake to have rearranged themselves during the commotion to which they were subjected, but essentially the same, and the same because founded upon what we can not but regard as being the Eternal Verities.

The old-time boggy about the so-called conflict between science and faith ought by now to be as dead as the proverbial doornail.

The *Christian World*, a sectarian English journal, has a correspondent who is not afraid, apparently, to shame the devil by telling the truth. We hope the sophisticated members of the Protestant Alliance will take some of his advice to heart; and could wish that the same advice might reach not a few American non-Catholics. Here are some brief extracts from one of his letters:

Henry Ward Beecher used to say that there are some people who think they are good Christians mainly because they hate the Catholics. It is certainly true. I have met them myself in Liverpool and in Ulster. . . . I feel increasingly that our aggressive attitude has hurt us much more than it has damaged the Romans. . . . I wonder if the day will come when Protestants will publicly repent and humiliate themselves

for violating Our Lord's command [as to charity], so far as our Roman brethren are concerned? . . . I am afraid we have contended earnestly for other than "the faith once delivered to the saints." We have circulated reports, apparently true in themselves, but which, stripped from their context and divested of their atmosphere, become in their telling insidious lies.

Guilty on all the counts, is the obvious verdict; but it comes with special force from a Protestant jury-box.

The Toledo (Ohio) *Record* points a good moral in this fashion:

The nation-wide protest of the American Federation of Catholic Societies against the offensive and suggestive poster is still fresh in the minds of Catholics. At the time the protest was instituted there was much speculation as to the effect it would have on the gigantic advertising organization. Many people of sound sense were incredulous; they scoffed at the idea of protest, because, they explained, it would do no good. But it *has* done good. The Poster Printers' Association has not only planned to make the suggestive poster impossible, but has even raised a fund for displaying educational and patriotic posters in all towns of over 3000 inhabitants.

On the whole, perhaps the day of the "silent contempt" treatment has passed, and a fairly good motto for Catholic and other victims of slander, injustice, etc., would be a slight variation of David Crockett's watchword in the War of 1812, to wit: "Be sure you're right, then protest."

The recent celebration of the seventieth anniversary of the birth of that noble man and Christian — true poet, unselfish patriot, devoted publicist — John Boyle O'Reilly, recalls the glowing appreciation of him by Dr. John Talbot Smith, in a series of articles on "Old Times in Catholic Journalism," contributed to the *Extension* magazine. We quote all but a few sentences:

Before me stood a man of not more than medium height, with a head like Jove's, "haunting dark eyes," as the novelists say; a beautiful, manly, poetic face, an athletic figure, and a manner so charming that the memory of it

lingers at this moment like a real presence. Here was a born leader of men, witty, eloquent, handsome, frank, engaging,—a man with whom all Boston was then in love for the splendid qualities which distinguished his personality. . . . He was then the most brilliant journalist in Boston. The Puritans had honored him with the office of singing the praises of Plymouth Rock on Pilgrim Day, and he had shone pre-eminent on that occasion. He had made of the *Pilot*, always a force in New England, a new engine for the development of the Irish race at home and abroad, and for the honor of the Faith. The strength and wit of its editorials, the grace and power of its departments, the interest of every page, were famous around 1880. Writers of all faiths gathered about him. He was the interpreter of Irish character to the sombre Puritan mind of New England, and the interpreter of the Puritan to the rather scornful Irish. Both parties loved him, and for his sake strove to understand each other.

There were many good and great men in Boston at that time, but of them all I think John Boyle O'Reilly was the greatest, in his poetic gift, in his journalistic power, in his noble wit, in his power over the people, and in his charming personality. With twenty years of ripening, what would he not have been at the threshold of age? He passed away in his prime in the year 1890, deeply mourned by all New England, and indeed by a large section of the English-speaking world. I saw his funeral, where was gathered the host of all that was great and successful in the land; and many a tear was shed by people of every race when he was laid to rest.

Our alert contemporary, the *Sacred Heart Review*, does not attribute any undue importance to the critical studies of Mexicans which are being contributed to the *Outlook* by that paper's special correspondent in the war-worn Republic to our south. Mr. Gregory Mason, the correspondent in question, with that air of finality which usually distinguishes a two-weeks' visitor (from the U. S.) in a foreign land, disposes of some large questions in this fashion:

We need not pat ourselves on the back for this superiority. It is slight cause for self-congratulation to be superior to a savage; and the Mexicans, by and large, and granting the presence of an educated upper stratum among them, are a race of savages. Their art is the art of savages, their religion is filled with the

superstitions of a primitive people. Eighty-five per cent of the population of Mexico is illiterate.

The *Review* obviously ought to be impressed—but it isn't. It remarks that the poor Mexicans must have deteriorated notably since Mr. Frederick R. Guernsey made his really worth-while studies of them for the Boston *Herald* some years ago. After Mr. Mason's caricature, Mr. Guernsey's portrait is worth quoting:

A contrasting point of Mexican and American small towns is that here we have no hoodlums or toughs. People are too polite to be disagreeable. The insolent swaggerers of the pavement, the tobacco-spitting brutes of the street corners, and the small bad boys, old in deviltry, are not in evidence in the Mexican small town. Even the poorest peon you meet answers a salute with the grace of an old hidalgo. . . . The Mexican woman is reposeful and religious. She is a home goddess, still believes in her ancient faith, and is the cheerer and counsellor of the men.

We are more than pleased to note in the "Rules and Regulations" of the Diocese of Toledo, Ohio, the following wise and eminently Christian injunctions with respect to marriage:

The marriage of Catholics must be solemnized in accordance with the laws of the Church, with a Nuptial Mass.

High noon or evening weddings are not in keeping with the spirit of the Church, which has inseparably attached a most touching and efficacious blessing to the Nuptial Mass.

Senseless display and theatrical effects in connection with the bridal procession are not in keeping with the reverence due the Sacrament of Matrimony, and may not be tolerated.

Certain practices, such as rice-throwing or, what is worse, the attaching of suggestive placards to the bridal carriage, and other such "fool tricks," are so vulgar and irreligious that the good Catholic sense of every parish should absolutely do away with them.

The last-mentioned practices are so senseless that their gay perpetrators may reasonably be suspected of stunted, or missing, mentality. Nowhere so much as at a wedding is the practical joker a "hopeless boob," or what the English call a "blooming idiot."



Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

VI.

THE small gypsy child gazed at Dick while he admired her medal, until the sound of the distant fiddle became too much for her, and she said impatiently, "Dance, boy!" and pulled the medal out of his hand and began jumping in rhythmic time, while the round bit of silver flew about on its red string.

When they were tired of dancing, they went to supper. The sun had gone down, and at the smell of the boiled fowl and onions and roast potatoes Dick was as hungry as a starving animal. Lolo seemed to have no fear now of the rough fiddler, who was sitting with the rest on felled tree trunks in the firelight. Perhaps—poor child!—in the wild life of the camp she counted quick escapes only part of every day.

A bowl of stew had been carried away to the tent for the grandmother; and the boy and girl crouched together on a log to eat out of one large plate, which the boy held on their knees. They were given nice white slices; but, alas! the boiled chicken was reeking with onions and herbs. Still, it was good.

"*Kushto habben!*" Tom whispered.

The Rommany words Dick heard were but few; it was explained to him that *kushto habben* meant "good eating." These people seemed not to like to speak their own language before the little visitor. Perhaps it was a secret, and they wanted no one to hear it. Some one asked for a *bitti lun*, and that was "a bit of salt."

The supper was very satisfying for a

hungry boy. He had as much as he could eat. The only thing wrong with it was the presence of too much onion and the absence of forks. Dick thought it was wonderful how soon one got used to eating with one's fingers. Of course Uncle Jerome or Mrs. Bonny or daddy or mamma would be shocked to see him just now; but if they came to supper with the gypsies, they would have to do without forks, too.

One of the men asked another if the goats had been put in the wagon.

"Do the goats sleep in the wagon?" inquired the boy.

"No, not always," somebody explained; "but when we are on the road they can't walk fast enough."

It was really so pleasant by that fire that Dick hardly knew how to say he must go. He waited from minute to minute. He did not notice that the night was darkening. The pipes of the men glimmered as they smoked. They called them *swayglers*, and the *kávi* was the kettle. Not far off, some of them were whispering or muttering in their own language. Some little English words—like "and" and "the"—came in; but all the rest was an unknown tongue.

"Come!" said a gypsy woman with a large red cloak about her. "It is time for you to get into the wagon now."

Dick did not stir. He could not imagine that she was speaking to him.

"Yes, you," she said. "It is time for you to go to bed—Lolo, be off to your granny! Come along, youngster!"

"I must go home now. Where is my pony?" said Dick, standing up.

There was a loud laugh. They told him he must stay till to-morrow. "*Tácho!*"

"I must go back to Uncle Jerome!" cried Dick, desperately.

"You can't, young man," they said.

"You have to stop here to-night. That's *tácho*."

"What is *tácho*?" said the bewildered boy.

"*Tácho* is 'that's a fact.' You can't undo it. Well, you've got to stop to-night, *tácho*!"

"Don't put him where the goats are," said the big man with the earrings and black hair. "Put him in one of my *vardos*" (wagons).

"I want to go home!" repeated Dick in a fright.

"You can't!" said the rough man (the fiddler).

He kicked about the ashes of the fire, and made it blaze; and then snatched up a big stick, and came in chase of the little boy in white. Dick fled to the woman in the red cloak, and found himself carried off bodily and pushed up the steps of the wagon.

When he looked back, the big man with the earrings was shaking his fist in the direction of poor Dick.

"Quick! quick!" said the woman. "Get in before any one comes after you."

Dick disappeared into the van in a moment. It was in two compartments. The woman brought him into the farther one, where there was a faint glimmer of light from a very small window at each side, screened with muslin. She groped about, struck a match, and lit a lantern. This compartment of the van was something larger than a box and smaller than a bedroom. There were a basin and jug and even a three-cornered piece of looking-glass. Clothes, smelling very dusty, were hanging up everywhere; and a mattress was on the floor under one of the windows.

"Good-night, laddie!" said the woman in the red cloak; "sleep well!" And she began to go away with the matches and the lantern.

"Oh, please don't go!" cried Dick, catching her by the cloak. "I want to ask you something."

He followed her along the van to the

door. The smoke of the fire was blowing that way, and the men were shouting a song.

"What is it?" she said, with just a touch of a woman's pity. "Don't be frightened."

"I want to ask a question."

"Yes."

"Please, does that very big gentleman with the earrings sleep in this wagon?"

"No."

"Or the — the — the gentleman that plays the violin?"

"No. They won't get to sleep at all to-night."

"Because, if they wanted to come here," he said, "I'd rather sleep on the roof, if you please."

"Good-night, laddie!" she said. "They won't come near you. They will be with the horses."

"Do they sleep in the stable?" he asked.

"No, my dearie! we haven't got a stable. Now go to bed. Good-night!"

She closed the door of the wagon, and he heard the click of the lock. He groped his way back to the inner compartment, and shrank from the touch of the hanging clothes, as if people were hiding there.

A fur rug was rolled on one end of the mattress, and he felt a blanket and a sheet. But he was too frightened to undress. He knelt down on the floor of the wagon, and said his night prayers in the dark among the old clothes and the stuffy smell.

It was his own fault that he was here — he felt sure of it now. In going away alone on the pony, he had done what Uncle Jerome would never have allowed him to do. True, he had not been told not to take Punch out alone; yet he knew it was wrong. That was why he had told the gypsy woman he was not good to-day. And now it had come to this! He was alone in the night among strangers, miles and miles from home. No wonder he sobbed his night

prayers through in a tearful whisper, dreading that some one outside might hear his grief and trouble, and be angry. He kept very quiet. But, oh, how he sobbed, kneeling on the floor of the van, asking for help, begging to be taken home,—oh, to be taken home—to be there once again! His father and mother and Uncle Jerome seemed so very far away, as if they were at the other end of the world. And they did not know where he was. That was what seemed the worst of all. They had no idea where to come for him. It seemed a small grief to have lost Punch, when he himself was lost, and might never be found again.

"P'raps it is disobedience to do things one knows one would be stopped doing if people knew," thought the small boy, whose conscience was pricking with the thought that it was all his fault. "Oh, I wish I had not done it! I wish I was at home!"

He made his tearful act of sorrow. It was a great comfort that his heavenly Father—our Father—knew quite well where he was. He had been well taught, and could not fail to remember that the Divine Presence was with him even amid the stuffy darkness of the gypsy wagon. So he finished his prayers, and lay down on the mattress with a few sad little sighs.

"Holy Mary, be a mother to me! O my good Angel, take care of me this night!" And then, being tired out, he soon began to feel sleepy. The men had ceased singing; perhaps they were taking a rest. Everything was still with the deep stillness of the country. The small boy's troubled mind became a dreamy blank. He fell asleep.

He woke, not knowing where he was, with a queer creaking noise going on, and a movement of the bed and the floor. Why was his room in Uncle Jerome's house noisy and shaking? No, this was not his own bright room. There was no big window—only a little dim square of glass, and white curtains closed fast.

Where was he? What were those odd shadows like, shapes of people climbing on the wall? Ah, they were clothes hanging up! And he was not in a bedstead, but down on the floor. A sense of great trouble was on him, and he could not think yet what the trouble was. Then he remembered the gypsy camp like a horrid dream. He sat up. It was no dream: it had all really happened. And here he was in the wagon. That was the trouble. He was spending the night with the gypsies, and no one at home knew where he was. And Punch was lost!

Now he realized what it all meant,—the creaking noise and the shaking, and the tramp of horses all the time in front. It seemed to have been going on a long time through his dreams. The wagon was moving. Where were the gypsies going? Where were they taking him? He would never know his way home in the morning, if they went away miles like this, in the dark. He lifted himself up to the little window and peeped out. The wagon was travelling along a road; he saw the hedges and trees going by in the night.

He pushed aside the white curtain, and put his forlorn little nose flat against the glass, which quickly became hazy with his breath. Then he rubbed the window with his sleeve, and looked out again. The trees were swinging by like great shadows. And all the time the slow tramp of the horses went on, while the wagon creaked.

He felt his heart beating with fright. He would be lost now for the rest of his life. He would never get home again. It made him no happier to hear, now and again, a dismal snore from beyond the door that led to the outer compartment. There were some gypsies asleep in the other part of the wagon. He was afraid to walk about, lest he might wake them. So he stood with his cheek against the cold glass inside the muslin curtain, rubbing away the haze of breath so as to be able to see out. And still the van trav-

elled along, and still the snoring came from beyond the partition.

Suddenly there was a light outside—many lights. He rubbed the misty glass, and saw the bright windows and the doorway of a country inn. At the same moment a man shouted to the horses, and the wagon stopped.

"Whoa, then,—whoa!" another voice called to other horses farther back; and in front some one else shouted: "Whoa there!" The whole caravan was stopping on the road.

A group of gypsy men passed by. They were going to the inn for a drink. The snoring beyond the partition had become persistent and peaceful.

The boy went slowly to the door in the woodwork, and gently opened it. In the dim light he saw two large bundles in scarlet cloaks on the floor,—one at each side. He held his breath. Some one was climbing to the wagon door beyond. A key was put in the lock and taken out again. Dick flew back noiselessly to his mattress and crouched on it, listening. He heard a key put into the lock again. Perhaps some one was trying different keys to open it.

This time the lock turned, and a foot-step came into the wagon, and all along to Dick's corner. The small boy was lying down now, with his face to the wall. He had shut his eyes in sheer fright. He wondered if this was the big man with the earrings. Some one stooped over him, and a hand caught him by the shoulder.

"Wake up!" said a voice in a hoarse whisper.

(To be continued.)

Little Venice.

When Columbus discovered South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco the Spaniards found an Indian village built over the water on piles. As it reminded them of Venice, they called it Venezuela, or "Little Venice."

A Good-Natured Emperor.

The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria was very fond of going about Vienna disguised as a simple citizen,—sometimes in a carriage, but often on foot. One day he was out for a drive, accompanied by a single servant not in livery, and held the reins himself, as was his custom. As he was returning home a shower came on, and a young sergeant signalled him to stop.

"I wish you'd let me ride into the city with you," he bawled. "I've got on a new uniform, and can't afford to spoil it."

"Jump in," said the Emperor good-naturedly. "Where have you been?"

"Oh, I've been to see a gamekeeper, who is one of my particular friends; and I tell you we had a capital breakfast!"

"Is that so? Pray what did you have?"

"Guess."

"Well, soup?"

"Yes, we had soup, but we had something better, too."

"Sour-kROUT?"

"Better than that."

"Calf's tongue, probably?"

"Oh, better even than that!"

"I give it up," said the Emperor. "You will have to tell me."

"Well we had a nice, fat pheasant, my friend, taken from the Emperor's preserves."

"I'll warrant you it was a good one," answered Joseph. "I've eaten some of those very pheasants myself."

"Indeed! Yes, it was first-rate."

By this time they had reached Vienna, and the Emperor asked his passenger where he should leave him. The sergeant mentioned his street and number, then said:

"You have been very obliging, my good friend; and if I ever have a chance to repay your kindness, I shall certainly do so. And I beg you to tell me your name before we part."

"Turn about is fair play," answered the Emperor, with a smile. "You may do the guessing now."

"I should call you a military man."

"Yes, you are right. I am."

"A lieutenant?"

"Better than that."

"A captain?"

"Guess again, please."

"Not a colonel?"

"Rather better than a colonel."

"My goodness, sir! are you a field-marshal?" asked the soldier, now ready to faint with chagrin.

"I outrank a field-marshal."

"Oh, can it be——" the other stammered.

"Are you his Majesty the Emperor?"

"At your service," said Joseph II.

The man fell upon his knees.

"O your Majesty!" he implored, "can you forgive me? Pray let me get out and walk home; and I beg you, for the sake of my wife and children, to spare my life."

"Fudge!" said his Majesty. "I have not enjoyed anything so much in a long while. I will set you down at your own door, and I hope your breakfast will not disagree with you."

And thus ended what might have been a serious matter, if it had not been for the good sense and kindly nature of a wise monarch.

The Painter of the Madonna.

It was a sad day for the world when the great Raphael was stricken down with a fatal fever. Over-wearied and heated, he was sent for to go to the Vatican in order to consult with the Pope about some alterations he desired made in certain paintings. The *loggia* was full of draughts, and the painter's frail body was not able to resist the illness which followed such exposure.

He seems to have known from its first approach that he could not survive, and made haste to put his affairs in order, bequeathing all his art treasures to his friends and pupils. His tomb had long been waiting for him in the Pantheon,—that famous building which in ancient

heathen days was dedicated to the worship of all the gods, but which in later years has been the last home of many Christians. He arranged for Masses for his soul, and then received the last Sacraments and patiently awaited death. He died on Good Friday—the day of all others, we think, that he would have chosen for the great change,—and, after thirty-seven beautiful and useful years, saddened the world by leaving it.

Everywhere the sorrowful tidings spread that the Painter of the Madonna, as people loved to call him, was no more. The Pope, on hearing of it, ordered that everything possible should be done to honor his friend's memory.

For a number of days the delicate young face of Raphael, now more refined than ever, was viewed by throngs of people; while above it hung his wonderful unfinished "Transfiguration," the greatest picture in the world, still damp with the fresh colors placed there by the beloved painter himself. Never were greater crowds seen in the Eternal City than when the funeral cortege, the "Transfiguration" borne aloft in it, sadly wound its way to the Pantheon.

This painting had much wandering and many strange adventures, but was finally carried again to Rome—its home,—where, in the Vatican, it remains to-day, the subject of reverent admiration.

And its painter? All that is mortal of him awaits the angel's trump under the altar of the chapel in the Pantheon, guarded by a beautiful statue of Our Lady, whom he loved so well.

The Flowers' Mission.

AS in the wood I walked one day

When light the shadow chases,

The flowers along my lonely way

Sprang thick in truant spaces.

"O tell me why your loneliness

These forest byways graces?"

They nodded back, "We grow to bless,

And fill up empty spaces."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A list of Roger Bacon's works and those attributed to him is given in the collection of "Bacon Essays," just issued by the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

—The last of Emily Lawless' poems, revised shortly before her death, are privately printed by Messrs. Truslove & Hanson, London, under the title, "The Inalienable Heritage, and Other Poems."

—"Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church," by Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B., just published by Sands & Co., London, is a study of the cathedrals, collegiate churches, holy wells, and other remains of the pre-Reformation period in Scotland. The substance of the book is reprinted from articles in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* and THE AVE MARIA.

—A "constant reader" of the *Athenæum* having taken the trouble to point out that in a recent review two well-known professors were referred to as "Mr.," the editor merely replies that "all professors do not care to be called professors, and that some of them have been called 'Mr.' for the last twenty years in the *Athenæum* without apparently being aggrieved. Such honors seem to us excessively emphasized in this present world of vulgar personal advertisement."

—"A Modern Franciscan," by Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M. (Benziger Brothers), is the life of Father Arsenius, O. F. M. Born in France in 1859, John Eeix (the family name of the future Franciscan) entered religion in 1879; labored in his native land, where he founded the friary at Le Puy, until 1891; served as guardian of the friary at Clevedon, England, from 1891 to 1893; filled a similar office in Montreal from 1893 to 1895; became Provincial of his Order in the last-mentioned year, and died in 1898. An edifying book and an interesting one as well.

—From the Catholic Truth Society, London, come "Oratorian Biographies" and "A Boy Scout's Christmas." The former volume, by different authors, contains a sketch of the Congregation of the Oratory and biographies of St. Philip Neri, B. Juvenal Ancina, Baronius, B. Antony Grassi, B. Sebastian Valfré, Father Faber, and Cardinal Newman,—a volume as edifying as it is replete with vivid interest. The second book is a somewhat belated Christmas volume, containing, besides the title

story, two other tales: "Arthur Beaufort's Christmases," and "John Hendon's Christmas." The statement that their author is the Rev. David Bearne, S. J., is a guarantee of their excellence and charm.

—The British Museum has brought out a volume containing "the Coptic texts, with translations, of an interesting and important series of ten martyrdoms, Lives of great ascetics, discourses on asceticism, and the history of Abbatôn, the Angel of Death, etc.," written in the dialect of Upper Egypt. Dr. Wallis Budge has supplied a preface and Introduction.

—"Blessed are Ye!" is an authorized translation of a devotional work (a 16mo of 127 pages) by Père Paul Donceœur, S. J. It is essentially a paraphrase, in the form of a dialogue between Our Lord and a disciple, of New Testament teaching on such subjects as the One Thing Necessary, Poverty, Purity, Sincerity of Heart, etc. Fr. C. C. Martindale, S. J., contributes an interesting and appreciative preface. Sands & Co. and B. Herder, publishers.

—"Heroes of the Dawn," by Violet Russell (The Macmillan Co.), is a collection of wonder-tales of prehistoric Ireland,—“stories of ancient days when magic and mystery and the folk of the other world were part of everyone's life and everyone's belief.” The tales are rife with adventure and enchantment; and, incidentally, exemplify the worth and charm of truthfulness, courtesy, chivalry, generosity, and other characteristics of the old-time Celtic heroes. A score of illustrations, four of them colored, by Beatrice Elvery, are helpful in precisionizing the congruous local color.

—While the heroine of "The Love-Story of Gaynor Dace," by Kirke Brampton (R. & T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers), is a non-Catholic throughout nine-tenths of her recorded career, her story, as told at considerable length in this interesting novel, is an eminently Catholic one. The Chelstons are a typical Catholic family of the old English, pre-Reformation régime; Gerard Hambrough, a soldier cousin and the novel's hero, is virilely Catholic through and through; and a number of the subsidiary characters are practical and consistent adherents of the Old Faith. This does not at all mean that the novel is either a goody-goody or a controversial tale; severe critics, indeed, may think that one or two scenes are not quite proper reading for "the young person," but the prevailing atmosphere is a Catholic one;

and problems, trials, temptations, and falls are looked at and solved and met and recovered from in the normal Catholic fashion. The action of the story is leisurely—the book contains about one hundred and thirty thousand words,—but the interest never flags, and the character development is both charming and natural. Poetic justice is scarcely satisfied with the indefiniteness in which the fate of Suzette is shrouded; and there will be some readers dissatisfied with the denouement, forgetting that the “living happy ever after” is still better effected in eternity than in time; but the general verdict should pronounce this novel a good one. No price is given.

—“The Word of God Preached to Children,” by the Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. (Joseph F. Wagner), is an octavo of 378 pages, containing one hundred and forty odd sketches of sermons on the Creed, the Means of Grace, and the Commandments. In the author’s preface we are told that sermons to children should be: “(1) solid and well prepared; (2) in clear and simple language; (3) practical; (4) delivered in a familiar and lively manner, and made interesting by interspersing appropriate comparisons and anecdotes; and (5) short rather than long.” Father Girardey has endeavored to conform to his own rules, and the result should be of genuine assistance to the catechist as well as the pastor of little folk.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers’ prices generally include postage.

- “Heroes of the Dawn.” Violet Russell. \$1.75.
 “Blessed are Ye!” Père Paul Donœur, S. J. 60 cts.
 “A Modern Franciscan.” Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M. 90 cts.
 “The Word of God Preached to Children.” Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
 “Sermons and Homilies.” Canon Edmund English. \$1.35.
 “Ireland at Lourdes in 1913.” Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P. 75 cts.
 “Psalterium Vespertinum.” 15 cts.

- “Beyond the Road to Rome.” Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75.
 “The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century.” Frederick Ozanam. \$2.
 “Maxims of Mgr. Benson.” 50 cts.
 “Funeral Addresses.” Rev. Anthony Hayes. \$1.50.
 “The Peacock Feather.” Leslie Moore. \$1.25.
 “Modernism and Modern Thought.” Fr. Bampton, S. J. 60 cts.
 “Blessed Margaret Mary.” Mgr. Demimuid \$1.
 “The Eighth Year.” Philip Gibbs. \$1.35.
 “More Joy.” Bishop Von Keppler. \$1.
 “Fred Carmody, Pitcher.” Rev. Hugh Blunt. 85 cts.
 “The Protestant Churches.” Rev. J. C. Meagher, D. D. \$1.25.
 “The Shield of Silence.” Mrs. Henry-Ruffin. \$1.35.
 “Stories from the Field Afar.” 60 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rt. Rev. John Lucey, of the diocese of Little Rock; Rev. James Kiernan, diocese of Natchez; and Rev. William Keane, S. J.

Sister M. Joseph, of the Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Innocent, Sisters of Charity.
 Mr. Arthur Bock, Mrs. Matilda Clements, Miss Agnes Myers, Mr. James Dwyer, Miss Mary Kern, Mr. Archibald Kelly, Mr. Charles Kelly, Mrs. Mary Kuhn, Mr. G. W. Bauer-schmidt, Mr. Bernard Berndsen, Mrs. Mary Magilligan, Mrs. Julia Behen, Mr. C. J. Bonroe, Sr., Mr. James Campbell, Mrs. Mary Kane, Mrs. Nancy Kelly, Mr. Herman Claes, Mr. Charles De Hatre, Mrs. Margaret McGowan, Mr. Edward McGowan, Mr. Joseph Eufinger, Mr. A. F. Harig, Mrs. Catherine Driscoll, Mrs. Gertrude Daddy, Mr. August Hartmann, Mr. Lawrence Walsh, Mr. Maurice Walsh, Mr. William Morgan, Mrs. Bridget Shields, Mr. C. J. Thomas, Mr. William Taylor, Dr. D. Langan, Miss Lucy Hammil, Mr. Edward Wolf, and Mr. Albert Wack.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days’ indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

“Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee.”
 For the Chinese Missions:
 Friend (Muskogee, Mich.), \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 18, 1914.

NO. 3

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At Dawn.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

AT dawn a band of silver binds
 The heavens to the rugged height,
 And a purple mist of morning winds
 A pall for the departed night.
 A tracery of branches lies
 In bars against the kindling east;
 The sapphire cloud-wreaths slowly rise
 Like incense offered by a priest.
 Thou God of Might! all things proclaim
 Thy majesty at early morn,—
 The tree-clad mountains chant Thy name
 When in the east a day is born.

The Santissima Annunziata.

BY A. RAYBOULD.

THE Santissima Annunziata, or "the All Holy Annunciation" (it is never called otherwise; even the tram conductors are scandalized and offended if the "Santissima" is omitted, and the very name is music to Florentine ears) is still, as it has been for the last six hundred years, a centre of religious life in Florence. Who, having visited it, has not felt the spell of that faith and devotion of which the very air of this old church seems full? Who, having once looked upon this picture of the Santissima Annunziata, can ever forget the loveliness of that face, supposed to have been painted by an angel's hand? It would seem as if

Our Lady, condescending to the art-loving instincts of her children in this city of art and song, had given to Florence not merely a miraculous picture, but an image of herself more lovely than an artist's dream.

Built in 1250, the church of the Annunciation has survived the vicissitudes of time; and, though now modernized, still holds the traditions of the past, and is to the Florentines that same beloved shrine and home of prayer which it was to their mighty forefathers in the ages which are past. It was erected by the Servites—the "Servants of Mary,"—an Order founded in the thirteenth century by seven noble Florentines, who, despising the world's vanities and setting their hearts upon higher things, devoted themselves to the service of the Queen of Heaven; and who, moved by a tender piety toward Christ's Mother, used to meet every evening in the chapel of St. Zenobio, there to sing together the *Ave Maria* as the sun sank to rest behind the Tuscan hills. This chapel of St. Zenobio, the first cradle of the Servite Order, stood upon the spot where Giotto was soon afterward to raise his wondrous tower, the far famed Campanile, that gem among the art treasures of Italy.

The Servite Order, destined to honor in a special manner the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin, could not fail in devotion to the mystery of her Annunciation; finding in Mary's "Fiat" the keynote to her martyrdom, and hearing in the Angel's message the prophecy of all the Mother was one day to endure.

This subject of the Annunciation seems also to have had some special hold upon the stout hearts of those Florentines of old, seeing with what consummate art and tender devotion the early masters have portrayed it, and how frequently, in this city of faith and art, it occupies the most important place in both altar-piece and fresco. It is not, then, surprising that when St. Alexis Falconieri and Bonfilius Monaldi, of the Servite Order, determined to build on the outskirts of Florence a sanctuary in Our Lady's honor, that it was under the title of the Annunciation that the building was begun.

When this church was completed, an artist was employed to paint a fresco of the Annunciation upon one of its walls. Who this artist was seems uncertain. Hare calls him Pietri Cavalini; but in the authorized account of the shrine the name is given as of one Bartolomeo; who, after prayer and fasting and having received the sacraments, began in fear and trembling to paint the desired picture. The legend relates further how, having painted the background and the Angel, and having filled in the details of Our Lady's figure—the hands folded in her lap, the blue mantle which almost covers the red under-garment, the quaint old-fashioned chair on which she sits,—was overcome by fear when he came to paint the face and desisted from his work. His ideal of what that face should be was so far beyond his power of expression!

Next day, however, being strengthened by prayer and the reception of the Holy Eucharist, he determined to make one more effort to accomplish his task. Having, with this intention, taken up his paints, he set to work; but sleep overcame him. When he woke, ashamed of his sloth, he seized his brushes. But when he looked at the picture, he saw—oh, wonder!—the Virgin's face was already painted and finished in every detail,—a face so perfect and lovely that it seems not a picture but the living embodiment of a human soul. One sees in the upraised

eyes the reflection of that vision of divine love revealed to the humble Maid of Nazareth; and the half-parted lips seem still to utter that "Fiat" which was to change the face of the world.

This picture, painted six hundred years ago, still strikes every spectator as unearthly and divine. Remembering that it was painted before Fra Angelico, before even Giotto, it is impossible to deny the miracle of its art. So beautiful is it that Michael Angelo—a no less stern realist than consummate artist,—when asked for his opinion, answered: "If any one told me that this picture was painted by human hands I should say that he lied; for human art and understanding could never reach the lofty conception which this image reveals. Therefore, I am not afraid to assert that this heavenly face has been painted through a miracle, and is the work of an angel's hand."

Of the beauty of the picture this is the highest testimony. Of its spiritual meaning as a revelation of divine secrets, how describe it? It seems as if the soul of the Immaculate looks through those eyes,—that pure soul going forth in an ecstasy of love to meet the Divine Spirit which descends. In gazing at this picture one understands a little of that mystery of the divine overshadowing,—of that mystic union between the Creator and the creature which bridged heaven and earth and gave to us the Son of God.

The news of the miraculous painting of this image was soon noised abroad; crowds hastened to see it, and in a short time it became, what it has never ceased to be, the centre of the religious life and feeling of Florence, and a source of countless favors to all who prayed before it. Saints and artists, princes and poets have alike knelt at this shrine, and have found here the inspiration or succor which they needed. We can imagine the saintly Fra Angelico praying before this picture, and dreaming of those fair angels and Madonnas of his, which seem to us to-day

to have been painted not on earth but in heaven. It was in this chapel that Our Lady appeared to St. Philip Benitius; here, too, that Blessed Juliana Falconieri made her vows and received the religious habit. It was before this sweet Virgin that St. Aloysius consecrated himself to Our Lady by a vow of virginity, and here that St. Charles Borromeo celebrated Mass when he was in Florence. In the ages which have passed, many princes and Popes have prayed before this shrine; and in the great days of the Republic, when Florence was in all her splendor, her rulers vied with one another in showing honor to this church of the Annunciation, then as now so dear to the hearts of the people. Perhaps of all the shrines of Italy, though not the best known, it is the most beloved. Even to-day the little children throw kisses to it as they cross the piazza in front of the church; and when the picture is to be unveiled—which occurs rarely, not once in a year perhaps,—the knowledge that this is to take place has to be kept a secret; for otherwise the church would be besieged, and it would not be possible to restrain the enthusiasm of the people.

I saw the picture by a mere chance. It was on the occasion of the consecration of all the sodalities of Florence, and I had been told privately that this ceremony would take place at a given hour. But in order to see the miraculous image we had to wait in a remote corner all through a long ceremony, and to submit to an hour's jostling in the crowd before attaining our end. I must acknowledge that my devotion was somewhat diminished by the fact that the clothes were nearly torn from my back, and that I had been pushed and knocked about until I felt ready to faint. But at last our perseverance was rewarded, and we were able to see this wonderful work of art. I shall never forget the warmth and enthusiasm of the hymns sung, as with one voice, after the ceremony, by the hundreds who filled the church, nor the cries of admira-

tion and devotion which rose from the crowd as one or another caught a glimpse of the miraculous picture.

It may seem hard that this most devotional picture should be kept covered; but it is certainly right and proper that it should not be exposed to the vulgar gaze of the ordinary tourist, to whom nothing is sacred; or to the impertinent criticisms of the unbelieving, to whom all Catholic devotion is a matter of contempt. It is quite sufficient desecration that the devotion of those who come to pray should be disturbed by those vulgar sight-seers to whom even the house of God is but a museum,—though I must acknowledge that, of all the churches in Florence, the Annunciation is the one in which one feels least the invasion of the tourist.

The shrine itself is rich beyond description. The altar is of silver, and thirty or forty massive silver lamps hang before it. Most of these lamps are kept constantly burning, as also the great wax candles which are offered by the devout. The pillars of the church are almost covered with costly ex-votos. The church is in basilica style, and is very beautiful,—too ornate perhaps, and not in accordance with the stricter tenets of art; but the whole is harmonious and grand. And the church possesses many art treasures. Chief among these is Perugino's wonderful *Assumption*, in the second chapel on the left,—hung, unfortunately, in a light which makes it hard to study this sublime masterpiece.

But to the Catholic who enters the church of the Santissima Annunziata, all art, and indeed all human interest, will soon be subservient to a wonderful sentiment of devotion, to which few can be insensible. You may go into the church to admire its works of art, but you will stay to pray; and it is no more possible to escape the subtle atmosphere of devotion which pervades this sanctuary than, having once seen it, is it possible to forget the unearthly picture painted on its walls. Indeed, the church of the

Annunciation exercises a sort of spell over nearly everyone who enters its precincts. One is drawn there as by an irresistible force; and, once there, is compelled to pray and to remember that most sweet Virgin whose presence seems to hover over this hallowed spot.

To those who see the picture for the first time, it may come as a disappointment that it is divided into three apparently meaningless partitions (one of which remains a blank), that Our Lady's figure is crowded into the extreme right-hand corner, and that the heavy jewelled crown takes away somewhat from the beauty of the head; but these superficial defects can easily be forgotten when one looks into that heavenly face, which seems ready to speak and to tell us secrets of Heaven.

Her Choice.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

III.

ALTHOUGH she called herself a coward, Hilda did not, as a matter of fact, lack courage when she chose to exercise it; and it was not long before she found an opportunity to tell the man she was engaged to marry of her intention to enter the Catholic Church. They had been discussing their plans for the future—plans which included a journey around the world, that had long been Hilda's most unattainable dream of delight,—when Fielding said, with a laugh:

"I wish we could be married quietly, without any fuss and feathers, and sail away at once. *That's* what I should like. But of course a woman wants her white satin and bridesmaids and the Wedding March, and all the rest of it."

"I suppose that is what woman in general wants," Hilda replied; "but it isn't what this particular woman wants, or what she intends to have. For I am going to enter the Catholic Church, and

that means that we shall have to be married by a priest, as quietly as you could desire."

Allan Fielding's mouth and eyes opened simultaneously in amazement.

"You are going to enter the Catholic Church!" he ejaculated. "You must be joking! you *can't* be serious!"

"I was never more serious in my life," she assured him. "It's a step I've been thinking of taking for a long time."

"But why?" He stared at her with an astonishment that was clearly beyond his power of expression. "Why should you want to become a Romanist, of all things?"

"Because the Church fascinates me, and satisfies all the instincts of my nature," she answered. "And also, incidentally, because I should like to save my soul."

"You surely don't believe that you have to join that Church in order to save your soul?" he demanded incredulously.

"I'm quite sure that I do,—that there's no other way for me to save my soul," she replied. "But observe that I say *my* soul: I am not speaking of the soul of any one else."

"Well, it's all nonsense!" declared Mr. Fielding, with true Protestant dogmatism. "You can save your soul just as well in any other church. It doesn't matter what you believe, but what you do."

"And how are you to know what to do unless you know what to believe?" she asked. "My dear Allan, don't you see that conduct must be guided by law, and a law that can make itself respected, or there's no way to distinguish right from wrong?"

"No, I *don't* see it. A man's conscience tells him plainly enough what's right and what's wrong."

"But if your conscience tells you one thing and another man's conscience tells him a different thing, where is your court of appeal?"

"Haven't got any, and don't need any. Oh, chuck it, Hilda! Who wants to argue about religion?"

"Not I," Hilda replied. "There's nothing further from my desire than argument: I simply wanted to tell you what I intend to do."

"And will you also tell me" (his tone was more grave than she fancied) "why you intend to take such a step at this particular time?"

"It strikes me that when one is beginning a new life is a very appropriate time to embrace a new religion," she answered, in light contrast to his gravity.

"I don't agree with you," he returned. "I don't think it is at all appropriate for you to become a Romanist just when you are about to become my wife."

There was a moment's pause, in which Hilda was conscious that her heart gave a very disagreeable throb. And then—

"What has the one thing to do with the other?" she asked coolly.

"You must know what it has to do with it," he answered. "I'm a Protestant, all my people are Protestants, and we don't like Romanism. It's a most objectionable and—er—unpopular religion."

"Oh, unpopular!" Hilda's lip curled. "Has it ever occurred to you that the early Christians had to endure a good deal of unpopularity, even to the point of being thrown to lions?"

Mr. Fielding waved aside the early Christians and the lions.

"All that was long ago," he said, "and hasn't anything to do with what we are discussing. As for your becoming a Romanist, I'm obliged to tell you that it really won't do. My father would never stand for it,—never in the world!"

"Now what do you mean by that?" she demanded. "Your remarks are so cryptic."

"I mean in plain English that he would certainly refuse his consent to our marriage if you entered the Catholic Church; for he hates a Catholic worse than the devil."

"Being probably on better terms with the latter," Hilda remarked; but added quickly: "Excuse me! I shouldn't have said that. Well, and if your father refused his consent, what then?"

"Then I don't see how we could afford to marry," the young man answered. "I have no means independent of him; and I'm afraid I haven't much capability of making my own way in the world. I certainly couldn't ask you to share poverty with me, and a long, hard struggle, while I was making it—"

"No: poverty and a long, hard struggle wouldn't suit either of us," Hilda agreed. "We are both made for the easy and pleasant ways of life. Oh," she cried with sudden bitterness, "what a tragedy it is to have a soul that sees the higher vision, and to love the world with a consuming passion!"

"I don't think there's any tragedy in it except what you choose to make," Allan Fielding told her. "I don't know much about souls and the higher vision; but the world's an uncommonly good place, when one has plenty of money with which to enjoy it. There are people who, even with money, don't know how to enjoy it. But we'll know—eh, Hilda?"

"Yes, we shall know," Hilda answered, even while, with a curiously divided consciousness, she was almost impelled to cry, "*Retro me, Satanas!*" For she had not a doubt of the source and nature of the temptation offered her; and, with a mingling of anger and despair, she recognized that Mildred had been right in foretelling that she was not to be spared the conflict which her soul shrank from and dreaded. She had tried to make a bargain with Heaven, and this was the answer: that she must choose between God and the world,—that escape from choice there was none.

And meanwhile she became aware that young Fielding was again speaking.

"It's not difficult to understand why your advisers should think this an appropriate time for you to enter the Catholic Church," he was saying significantly. "No doubt they think it would be a fine way of getting in touch with the Fielding millions."

Hilda turned and looked at him with

chin uplifted and eyes bright with anger.

"May I ask of whom you are speaking?" she inquired. "Whom do you take to be my advisers?"

"Why, the priests, of course," he answered unhesitatingly. "They are always after converts and money, you know."

"I don't know. My knowledge on the subject is evidently less exhaustive than yours," she replied. "But I can tell you this: I have never spoken to a Catholic priest since I left the convent school at which I spent a short time five years ago."

Again he stared uncomprehendingly.

"Then what on earth has put such ideas into your head?" he asked.

"Nothing 'on earth,'" she answered. "Their source has been quite clearly elsewhere. But we need not discuss that point. The only point necessary to be settled is, whether or not you are willing to grant me, what I am sure you would claim for yourself, the boasted Protestant liberty to choose the religion that suits my individual taste."

To this he found for a moment some difficulty in replying; and Hilda was tempted to smile as, lifting both hands, he rumbled his hair with a gesture of perplexity. Then—

"The principle is all right," he acknowledged; "but as a matter of fact, when it comes to choosing a religion, all Protestants make an exception of the Catholic Church. But see here!" A bright thought evidently struck him. "Perhaps we can compromise. My family are Methodists, and you want to be a Catholic. Now, why shouldn't we meet halfway, and agree on the Episcopal Church? Those people will tell you that they are as much Catholics as the Romanists themselves; and they have certainly got all the trimmings—crosses, processions, vested choirs, everything—"

"Except true Orders and sacraments," Hilda interrupted. "No, thank you! I could never be satisfied with a sham in place of reality. The sham may satisfy

those who know no better, but you see, I *know*—"

She broke off abruptly, and an indescribable change came over her face,—the change of one who recalls what can not be put into words. Indeed she suddenly realized that words were useless,—that she and this young man might talk forever without understanding each other, or at least without his understanding her; for she was not mistaken in thinking that she thoroughly understood his position and point of view. Even the idea of compromising their different opinions, by neither of them getting what he or she preferred in that home of compromise, the Episcopal Church,—how natural, how Protestant it was, and how amusing! Fielding was startled, and also much relieved, when she unexpectedly burst into laughter.

"It's really too absurd," she said, "that we should be spending time arguing about religion, without the faintest hope of convincing each other. Let us drop the subject—at least until I decide whether or not I'll throw you over for the Catholic Church."

"You'll not do that," he declared confidently. "What can the Catholic Church offer you in comparison to what I am offering?"

"Very little here, certainly. It offers, of course, a great deal elsewhere—"

"Oh, so do all the other religions, and on easier terms!" he laughed, as he rose, stretching himself with frank weariness. "Come, forget about it! Awfully dull subject religion, any way! And all this while the car is standing at the door waiting your pleasure. Let us take a spin out to the country club."

"I'll put on my hat in a minute," said Hilda.

It was not until a day or two after this conversation that the girl who stood—and knew that she stood—at the parting of the ways, brought herself to face the decision which must be made, in spite of the shrinking of her soul, which, in

matters of this kind, was essentially the soul of a coward. All her easy confidence in her ability to twist Allan Fielding around her finger had vanished. With the intuition of a really clever person—for it is only the stupid who make some mistakes in judging character—she knew that she had touched a point where he would not yield, where all the influences which surrounded his life combined to render him adamant. It was necessary, then, for her to yield, unless she meant to renounce all the brilliant opportunities offered her. And at the mere thought of such renunciation her heart grew sick within her. It was impossible, she told herself passionately,—impossible to turn her back on ease, wealth and pleasure, on all that her nature most ardently desired, and to face poverty, obscurity and hateful toil, in order to enter the Catholic Church. Fielding's mocking words came back to her, as if again spoken in her ear: "What can the Catholic Church offer you in comparison to what I am offering?" Well, the answer to that was easy: it offered the way of sacrifice here and eternal happiness hereafter; but she shrank from sacrifice, and the thought of eternal happiness left her cold.

"Who knows with any certainty that there *is* a hereafter?" she said to herself. "And if there isn't, what ineffable folly it would be to give up everything in the only life of which we are certain, for a dream, an illusion! And yet there have been times when I have felt sure of the existence of eternity,—as sure as I am of time, and when I have realized what an eternal separation from God would mean." She shuddered a little, and then rose with a resolute expression. "This is intolerable!" she thought. "I must have it out with myself, once for all; and, to test myself thoroughly, I will go where the Influence that calls me has always been strongest, and I'll make up my mind there."

She gave herself no time for change of

purpose; but, leaving the house, went as swiftly as her feet could carry her to the church, where she had crept in so often for rest and refreshment when tired with the strain of a hated life, and where she had wildly striven to make a bargain with God. She had not crossed the threshold since she learned the folly and failure of that attempt—her whole mental attitude was one of intense resentment against the Power that had placed her in so hard a strait,—but she was no sooner within the door again than the well-known Influence once more asserted itself: peace seemed borne to her like the calm flow of a great tide, and she sank into a seat with a sense of rest such as she had not known for days. It was very familiar, this effect of the tranquillity which abode here. But never before had she been so keenly conscious of it; never before had every faculty of her soul responded as it responded now. The silence which she had always felt to be like silence nowhere else—as if it held and guarded divine mysteries—stilled the turmoil of her soul in an indescribable manner; and, leaning back against a pillar, she yielded to the Influence which appealed to her so powerfully.

And as she yielded, as her consciousness seemed to sink down to some inward recess and centre of her being, and to be quickened there into a new and strange alertness and vitality, she had a sudden vivid sense of touching the border of things unseen. The realization of a Presence, a Personality, made itself felt as never before: she had the feeling of one who stood before a veil which in another moment might be drawn aside by a powerful hand, and something revealed which would make choice inevitable, indecision ever after impossible. And then she knew that this was not what she wanted: that she feared the supernatural with all the fear of a cowardly and worldly heart. "If it touches me, it will never let me go again!" she thought, and with the thought panic came. She sprang up,

almost falling in her haste, and fled from the church like one pursued.

The next day Mildred received a note, the contents of which did not surprise her very much.

"My dear," Hilda wrote, "I am going to be married immediately and very quietly to Mr. Fielding. I shall be glad if you will be present at the ceremony, which will take place to-morrow in the Episcopal church. But I shall not be surprised if you do not care to come; for I know that I have disappointed you badly. Perhaps I have disappointed myself also; but it is well to know the truth about oneself, and after this I shall have no more illusions concerning the spiritual side of my nature. Frankly, the sacrifice demanded of me was too great: I could not make it, and there was no other way than this. I am sure you despise, but you need not pity, me. I have made my choice with open eyes.

"HILDA."

There was a great horror in Mildred's eyes as she laid down this note; for under its cynical frankness she seemed to hear again — what ears attuned to spiritual vibrations may hear so often — the sad and terrible words, "Good-bye, Jesus Christ!"

(The End.)

Indian Pinks.

BY MARION MUIR.

BORN of the battle days
 With music in the air,
 Where is the stalwart race
 That called thy valleys fair?
 Gone, like the rose's breath
 By a forgotten stream.
 Only the lips of Death
 Answer us in a dream.
 But desert flowers know,
 Through unrelenting years,
 How often twilight glow
 Was sown with secret tears.

Letters from Home.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

XV.—*Austin Markham to Lady Pimlico.*

DEAR VERONICA:—Yes, I had seen by the papers that Gibbie had been given a peerage; but I did not know what the title was to be till your letter came to-day. I suppose "Pimlico" is to mark his sense of the fidelity of the constituents who have three times sent him to Parliament, and also in recognition of his owning a street or so thereabouts.

My best congratulations to you both. I think he was quite right to accept; and of course you urged him to do so, since you were to lose tons of precedence by it. Now you will have to step down from your lofty state as a Duke's daughter, and figure as a lowly Baroness. Instead of going into dinner before all the countesses, you will be continually surveying Lady Leadenhall's yellow velvet back; and every view of it must remind you of your heroic sacrifice for the sake of Gibbie's children, especially as they are the late Mrs. Gibbie's and not your own.

You say Chick is to follow his papa's trade of politics, Bilbo insists on being a sailor, and Raffles is to be a soldier. Well, we all know that constituencies like "honorable" candidates, especially if they are Liberal constituencies such as Bilbo would woo; and a little handle to your name never stops your promotion in army or navy.

Those three youths and their sisters ought to rise up and call you blessed for not letting their father say "No" to this honor. It is an honor when it comes, as now, unsought, unbought, and as a reward for years of hard and patriotic duty.

You ask how I am getting on, and are keen enough to feel sure that I like my "new" Church (only it happens to be elderly, which no one ever called *you*, my dear, and lived to tell the tale). I haven't forgotten that you were one of

the very few who frankly told me I was right to give over calling myself a Catholic, and really get myself made one. But, then, you are not Anglican, and outsiders see most of the game. You are a sort of Dickensian Christian, with your cult of teeming kindness in season all the year round, while his seemed to come in with the turkeys.

I certainly think you were better employed writing to your friends than "going to church to curse your neighbors." Personally, when I used to go to Commination service of an Ash Wednesday, it seemed to me I was being invited to curse *myself*, and it frightened me out of my wits. Still I hoped that "Them as is above" (as dear Dolly Winthrop called them) would never take me at my word, and say "Amen" to the curses.

"What do you do instead?" you ask. I can answer that and your other two questions together, since you want to know what a day of my life here is like, and also why we should think it "gratifying" to the Almighty to see us eating specially plain food, and making ourselves uncomfortable for forty days. As you modestly observe, you are only a stepmother and you like to see the three lads and their sisters comfortable; whereas He would rather see His children comfortable forever than for a few minutes.

Instead of comminating our neighbors or ourselves either, we go to Mass, and have ashes put on our heads. The priest makes a little cross with them at the top of your forehead, and says, "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return." The ashes are neither dirty nor cindery, and are made by burning up some of the palms blessed on last Palm Sunday. The ashes are blessed, too, at the beginning of the Mass. Everything the Church ever gives you—candles, holy water, palms, and so on—she blesses first with noble and simple prayers, that it may serve the spiritual turn for which it is destined. You will see for yourself that ashes and

the cross strike for us the keynote of Lent. The business of it is double: penance, and the patient, unhurried consideration of Our Lord's Passion and death. The Friday of each week is the echo and reverberation of it.

You don't like penance, you say. In one sense we aren't meant to. It's medicine, and it's not demanded of patients to smack their lips over pills. To swallow in obedience is enough. I suppose you mean you don't see any good in it. Why, then, do you doctor your poor people? And why do they swallow your powders and draughts? For their good. They are supposed to have sense enough to put up with an untasty mouthful for the sake of health. Eh? They don't vilify you for a tyrant who likes to make them uncomfortable; and you don't consider yourself at all a bully, "gratified" by the annoyance your powders can inflict. How you praised Simon Doddle for actually coming to ask for a dose, without waiting for you to detect his need of it, and insist upon his gulping it down! Perhaps you will say it is not quite certain that penance does cure every penitent's diseases; whereas, my dear, it is notorious that every one of your pills has wrought an instant and a permanent cure. Eh?

I wonder if you'd like the idea of penance better if we called it by a newer-fashioned name? Suppose the Church only called it "training"? I never heard you scoff at Chick or Raffles for training. I have seen them almost starve themselves, and you looked proud of a manliness that could dock pleasant superfluities for weeks together to secure a better chance—of what? St. Paul had been at Corinth, and knew what training was for—"a corruptible crown": a bay-leaf crown or an ivy wreath. He evidently liked the training as much as you do, and hadn't a word to say against it. But why should it not also be manly to train for a crown that happens to be incorruptible? Is it greedy to aim at a crown that you can gain without depriving any one else of it?

The things Raffles and Chick used to deny themselves weren't wished, any more than a mutton chop. "Why," cries Lady Pimlico, "is a red herring so much holier than a slice of sirloin?" I should like to have seen Chick's face if you had argued that way against *his* training! Are your *entrées* at Blackmore seasoned with iniquity? Yet Raffles and Chick in training might wave them aside for weeks, and hear no gibe as to the superior sanctity of repulsively underdone beef. There's nothing in the Ten Commandments about *entrées* any more than there is about meat on Fridays.

You insinuate that a plain woman who keeps them may hope to get to heaven. If only plain women are to get there, what can save you? I trust that a good many who were not plain, and perhaps didn't always keep all the Commandments, may have arrived there. If so, penance certainly helped them. Don't you think it wants a bit of training—that keeping of the Ten Commandments? Do you really pretend that it is easier to keep them than to win a boat-race, for instance, and so can demand no training? Anyway, *our* mother the Church doesn't think so, if Chick's stepmother, Lady Pimlico, does. Says the Church:

"My dears, it isn't easy at all, but it's worth while. Without training you'll never do it. So you must please acquire a habit of denying yourselves some lawful superfluities because I say so. That will be practice in obedience and practice in self-restraint. I'm not going to order you to do anything striking. You needn't abjure all goodies for weeks and weeks; you won't be asked to make light-weights of yourselves, in spite of my elderly sister Nature, who has made some of you bulky and heavy enough. As to food, I shall not insist on anything very heroic or difficult. I don't propose to starve you: merely training, my good children. Training isn't suicide by slow (or quick) starvation. To tell the truth, it is your soul I chiefly aim at. But it does happen

that you have a body, and it must learn to know its place. To overweigh and override the soul isn't its place. And, as it's not very far from your body to your soul—they do travel together at close quarters,—one really *can* get at your soul now and then through your body.

"So I repeat that you are to refuse yourselves permissible things on occasion,—not always; that would be too harsh a universal injunction. Yes, my dears, permissible things. I don't say you are to refuse yourselves the breaking of the Ten Commandments on occasion (during Lent, on Fridays, and vigils of certain feasts, for instance). God has told you you are to keep them all the year round, and they are above my province. If I said, 'Mind, you must keep them during Lent,' it would sound as if I were agreeing that no one would be expected to do it all the while. That would be funny training. No: the things I bid you abstain from occasionally are things permissible in themselves. The things God has ordered you to abstain from in the Ten Commandments are impermissible.

"Now, my dears, as to food. Of course it would be civil to pretend that none of you care sixpence what you eat, or how often or how much. If I were a flattering, strange lady, I might pretend it; but, dear me, am I not your mother, and perfectly aware that you are not angels without stomachs or palates? So I step in and say, 'On such a day you shall all go without something that most of you like'; and I fix on meat. It isn't necessary to life and health on seven days of each week,—not for most of you. (Doctors assure me that one day's rest from it in seven is an excellent thing for your poor overworked digestions. Of course if your own particular doctor says you need it every day, you may have it.) It isn't necessary for everybody every day; and it is a stimulating, *bumptifying* sort of food, that is sometimes apt to strengthen your body so unduly as to make it a bullying, domineering brother to your

soul. Let it be meat. On certain other days I will tell you to eat it only once; and on certain days you are to have only one unfettered meal, with the quantity left to yourself; and the other meal shall only be of a prescribed quantity, and so on.

"Thus, my dears, I achieve two or three ends. (1) I remind you that you are *not* absolutely your own master,—that you are at present *in statu pupillari*, and have to 'knock under' till you have attained your majority, which will be when you have, as the Romans used to say, gone over to it yourself. I remind you of your mother and mistress. You may be so placed in the world as to have to do all the commanding and ordering about; and I trouble you to remember that you, too, must obey and be ordered about. (2) You are made to remember that you have a soul as well as a body, and that the sister soul is not just the slave of the brother body. (3) You get a little nudge (not a fierce, killing blow) to warn you against self-indulgence and (hem!) greediness,—in nobler words, that 'the body is more than the meat.' (4) In fine, these small restraints are an illustration of discipline, a recognition of the principle,—to which, as you are all Catholics and believe in grace, I will add a little reminder that every obedience brings a grace with it, and so strengthens your soul."

Well, my dear Veronica, is this superstition or does it sound rather like common-sense? Please understand that it is not quite the account of the reasons for "penance" I should give if a priest were examining myself. It is only half an account, and not very supernatural.

As for a day of my life here, there's nothing striking to say. And, as this letter is already so long, I shall, after all, not try now to give you a specimen.

My love and congratulations to Gibbie and all of the others who are at home.

Your affectionate old friend,

AUSTIN MARKHAM.

FEB. 27, 1879.

(To be continued.)

The Ivy Hedge.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXI.

THE affairs of "Madeline La Clare et Cie," as the firm called itself on paper, began to prosper. The shrewd Madame Capella forgot her caprices and put aside her acting when she entered the atelier and became Mrs. Abe Leipsiger.

"My wife takes to religion as if she had met a new friend," Mr. Leipsiger said to Welterman. "I wish she had done it years ago. She really seems to think she has duties. There was a time when she had only passions and prejudices. And she is cheerful, too. Sometimes she declares that she ought to have been the Mother Abbess of a convent. What do you say to that?"

"If I know anything about Bianca, I'd pity the convent!" Welterman said dryly. Seeing fire in Leipsiger's eye, he went on hastily: "I don't object to religion, but I don't like the kind that one must be thinking of every day in the week, and that's always interfering with the little ways that you are used to. Ikey's got that kind. Be religious on the Sabbath, I've always said. If you take care of the Sabbath, the Sabbath will take care of you during the rest of the week. And there's Trevanion knocked out of the mayoralty just because he made a little deal that benefited us all. What does he do? Does he hit back? No! He just gets under the influence of impractical religious people, and wastes his money in profit-sharing. What do a lot of his men do? They're so pleased with the prospect that they go off and marry. That's all it comes to. Instead of being able to get labor cheap, and have a strike or two when you were over-producing, we'll all have to pay what he calls 'living wages.' It's nothing short of immoral, I say. His underhand tricks have killed

the big idea of the most splendid department store in the world. And Bianca turned you against it."

"Suppose we leave Bianca out of the question?" observed Leipsiger, chewing the end of his cigar. "I know what you think of Bianca; and, before she got into what she calls a 'state of grace,' she told me pretty frequently what she thought of *you*. Now she just says you are too insignificant to be talked about." (Welterman gasped.) "She's taking a cool ten per cent out of Madame Madeline's shop, which you made your Julia give up. I just came in to say, in a friendly way, that Ikey is a brick, no matter what you say against his religion; but that Herman had better be kept in college or put in jail. I will not have him loafing about my stage door with that fool of a Jack Morton. I won't put up with it a day longer, I tell you. They're both half drunk most of the time. If Herman were anybody else's son—"

"Herman is just sowing a few wild oats,—that's all. You're an old woman, Leipsiger!"

"All right! That's the way you people talk. But if you encourage that cub of yours in idleness by giving him money, don't blame anybody but yourself if I lose my temper some day and boot him out of my place."

And Leipsiger went off, haughtily raising his hat.

"Julia's put him up to it. Herman's being led astray by that brute of a young Morton."

Molly was soon informed of the complaint that Leipsiger had made. Welterman was only too glad to tell of the insidious way in which Morton was undermining the morals of his son. She went over to call on Mary Coyne, whom she regarded as a wise young woman. Mary was reading in the parlor of her mother's apartment.

"Something must be done about Jack, and I've been thinking that you might help by rousing Amy's spirit."

Mary closed her book, drew the curtains, and put Molly into a big chair before uttering more than a few words of welcome. There was such a smiling deliberation about her actions that Molly marvelled.

"One would think you had nothing to worry about, Mary."

"You have left me very little. To provide for the present and future of Hubert and Walter as you have done has removed a frightful weight from my mind. I feel grateful every time I think of it."

"It was so easy! You see, Trevanion let me turn that big house over to the Home for Old Working Men and Women. He realized that the boy and I didn't need fifty thousand dollars a year to live on. No social position is worth *that*." (Molly raised a very happy face.) "And, of course, it's easy to pay Jack's income and your mother's stipend and live fairly well. We don't keep eighteen servants now. They were in one another's way. I've come about Jack and Amy."

Mary sat down and clasped her hands, not speaking for several moments.

"Oh, I was so unhappy about them! You know how childish Amy is,—how carried away by the frenzy of the time for amusements. And Spracht threatened to strike me through her." (Mary shuddered.) "It would have been easy, with Amy's ignorance, thoughtlessness, and love of luxury and gaiety, to help him,—easy enough, indeed. Sometimes we are so utterly helpless, even when we love most; and Heaven knows I've loved Amy with all my heart ever since she was a little baby!"

Molly nodded. She thought, with a pang, of her own brother Jack. Had she ever loved him enough,—as much as her music, as much as what she called her independence?

"I know,—I know!" she said. "But you often find that the little brother who seemed so much like you, so easy to understand, grows up and becomes a stranger,—so much of a stranger that you don't

seem to speak the same language. Even parents find this so. What can be done? How could I have influenced Jack? He was told that he must sow his wild oats, as the saying is. I tell you the world is all against boys; it takes them to itself, and public opinion pushes them forward until they are lost."

"It is that way not only with boys, but with girls, I assure you," Mary said sadly. "I felt as if Amy had actually raised a wall against me. She had become so frivolous and—well, what old-fashioned people would call 'fast.' What could I do? My work claimed me every day. Besides, I bored her by my seriousness; and so I put the case before my saints—St. Francis of Assisi and the two saints who knew this world well and were so near to the other world: St. Francis de Sales and St. Jane de Chantal."

Molly looked amazed, and then laughed outright.

"Oh, you dear, simple soul!" she exclaimed.

"Simple soul or not, it worked,—worked to perfection."

"This is better than Christian Science at its best."

"Much better,—I can assure you of that. To-day Amy rushed into our place in New York. 'I've wired to our uncle in the West,' she said. 'I shall take Jack away from this town and make him work. We must get away from here and make a fresh start. I'm sick of all this froth myself; and, if Molly will only give us a start, we'll go in for sheep farming.'"

"Give them a start? Of course I will,—anything to get them out of the vicious circle of their friends. I am so glad of the proposed change,—blessed change! But why sheep farming?"

"Amy read about it in a magazine, and the uncle made money through sheep in the Argentine. Mother took the boys over to visit the Marches after dinner; and I am waiting for Jack and Amy to come, with their plans for the future fully developed."

Molly leaned back in her chair and laughed again.

"It will take a lot to make a man of Jack. And you think your saints have done all this?"

"I have told you so."

Molly looked serious.

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. I begin to believe that. You Catholics are a strange lot—but sensible, after all, and logical. If it is not worth while to pray, what's the use of praying at all? You think it is worth while. St. Francis of Assisi certainly thought so; and his virtues are as real as those of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, aren't they?"

The bell rang. Mary touched a button, and the inner door flew open. Amy, attired in a travelling dress, entered; Jack followed her, gaily imitating the shrieks of a locomotive.

"You here, Molly! We were just talking of you." He kissed his sister. "You won't smell cloves this time, Moll: I'm on the water wagon."

"I call that *vulgar*!"

Amy took off her long feather boa, tossed it on the nearest chair, and threw her arms about Mary.

Jack went on:

"It's the picturesque language of the sheep ranch. I say, Moll, I'm booked for the barbarous life, and I think I'm going to win; in fact, I'm sure of it. Amy threatened me." (He winked.) "Her language was 'awful indeed.'"

"What I *do* say is this," observed Amy, firmly. "Since I spoiled my educational career for this man, and since education and culture roll off him like water off a duck's back, we've no business among fashionable people. Only the cultured have a right to belong to the leisure classes; and, since I broke off my course in the High School, I can never, never hope for culture. It's work for us,—and hard, honest work. Mother nearly had a fit when I told her that to-day; but I

can assure you I was much happier broiling chops for poor dad in the old kitchen than I have been any time since. And Jack's got to learn this if he expects me to stick to him."

"My dears," said Molly, kissing them both, "I love you so much! Only try hard to make good, and I'll help you all I possibly can."

Then all of a sudden Amy began to cry,—sobbing aloud. And her tears were hardly dried before Mrs. Coyne and the boys entered. Jack Morton, who had just been lectured into a state of great sensibility by Amy, was drying his eyes and trying to appear natural.

(Conclusion next week.)

Mission Work in Paris.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

AT a moment when the deplorable result of the general elections in France creates a feeling of disappointment among the right-thinking portion of the nation, it is well to look to the "silver lining" that exists somewhere at the back of the clouded atmosphere. One fact, alas! seems certain: the Catholics of France have not yet learned to band themselves together on a political basis; moreover, in the great battle that has just been fought, the want of union and lack of activity of the Conservatives no doubt helped to bring about a result that is fraught with peril for the future. Too often they allowed personal preferences and secondary considerations to hamper their action.

But let us hasten to add that, though insufficiently united and disciplined as regards politics, the French Catholics are, from a purely religious and charitable point of view, worthy of admiration; thus the manner in which priests and people have faced the new conditions brought about by the break with Rome is a cause of surprise to the enemies of the Church.

It is now seven years since the separation of the Church and State reduced the former to beggary. Not only she has not lost ground, but in Paris her influence has marvellously extended. This was strikingly demonstrated only the other day when the *Assemblée de l'Œuvre des Chapelles de Secours* took place under the presidency of Cardinal Amette; facts and figures, impressions and anecdotes, largely quoted, gave a most interesting and enlightening picture of the mission work that is going on in the Paris suburbs at the present time. This work is absolutely unknown to the passing tourist, whose knowledge of the capital of France is limited to its wealthy and fashionable quarters; it resembles the evangelization of heathen countries in its methods; and is, on the whole, inexpressibly consoling and encouraging in its results.

Our American readers are probably aware that one of the social ills of modern France is the steady exodus of the peasants, who thus leave their homes and congregate in the big centres,—in Paris especially, where certain suburbs have now the population of large towns. Our object here is not to enlarge upon the moral and material evils of this exodus, nor on its manifold causes, but merely to show what has been done in Paris to meet the emergency. The eminent Academician, M. Henry Bordeaux, had undertaken to draw up the report that was read at the meeting of May 13; it is at once an eloquent and moving picture of secular generosity and ecclesiastical zeal.

Since the break with Rome, seven years ago, that deprived the Church in France of her rightful property, she has been called upon to face a difficult problem,—how to supply a population that goes on increasing from one year to another with adequate places of worship. A few statistics are necessary to convey some idea of the increase of the Paris population within the last century. In 1802, the diocese had 800,000 inhabitants, 125 parishes, and 422 priests. In 1906, the

800,000 inhabitants had increased to 3,800,000, but neither the parishes nor the priests had swelled in proportion: there were 148 of one and 765 of the other. The situation seemed a critical one, and, humanly speaking, without an issue. The enormous faubourgs, where the working classes have their homes, were without chapels and priests, and the beggared Church of France needed all her resources to support the works that already existed. To create others seemed impossible.

But the spiritual famine of the congested suburbs appealed to Cardinal Richard; and to provide for them he founded the *Œuvre des Chapelles de Secours*, which was taken up by his successor with unexpected results. Since 1906, in spite of poverty and persecution, twenty-five new parishes have been founded,—ten within the fortifications and fifteen outside of them. Besides this, twenty-five *Chapelles de Secours* have been built for the benefit of the people who live at a considerable distance from the parish church; and at the present moment seven new parish churches are being erected, under the patronage of St. Michael, St. Dominic, Ste. Jeanne de Chantal, St. John, St. Landry, St. Louis, and Blessed Joan of Arc.

In order to provide for these new churches and chapels, the Cardinal disposes of a sum of half a million of francs that is the outcome of yearly subscriptions, gifts, *quêtes*,—voluntary contributions, that speak volumes for the generosity of our Parisian Catholics. It would be impossible with this sum to erect cathedrals; and many of the *Chapelles de Secours* are merely plain iron buildings, light, airy, convenient rather than beautiful. Sometimes—at Le Pré St. Gervais, for instance—it has been possible to do better; and in this irreligious and revolutionary suburb, the attractive aspect of the new church has certainly contributed to make it popular. To work these outlying parishes, priests with the instincts of a missionary are needed. Their spirit and methods must differ considerably from those of

the *curé* of fifty years ago, whose duties were well ordered, hedged in by long-established custom and invested with a certain dignity that led him to wait at home for his parishioners to come to him. The *curé* in the Paris suburbs of to-day goes in and out of the crowded streets and wretched tenement houses; he is at first insulted as a matter of course, but gradually he is welcomed, and in most cases he ends by becoming popular.

In spite of the penury of priests that is making itself felt even in the diocese of Paris, the faubourgs, with their dense population, so hopelessly ignorant, appeal to many generous souls. It needs some courage to take the plunge, especially if the young priest to whom the post is offered has been used to more civilized and tranquil surroundings.

In 1911, a church was being built at Le Petit Ivry, one of the worst-famed faubourgs, that lies just beyond the fortifications. At the pastoral retreat, the subject of a *curé* for this outlying post was broached. "Who will be the apostle of the Petit Ivry?" asked the grey-headed superiors.—"Certainly not I," whispered a young priest, the Abbé Garin, to his neighbor; and, as ill luck would have it, a few hours later the post was proposed to the same Abbé Garin, who, genuinely alarmed, asked for a delay to think the matter over. Before giving his answer, he decided to have a look at the place; and he started with a clerical friend, older than himself, who so far had given him no encouragement.

After a long journey by tramway, the two priests arrived at Le Petit Ivry. The children were just then leaving school, and the visitors found themselves the objects of much attention. The reception given them was not very promising. The boys hooted, jeered, and hissed the *curés*, who, followed by their insulters, made their way to the future church. It stood in a bit of waste ground, and had neither a door nor an enclosure; moreover, that day black smoke from the neighboring

factories hung like a pall over the miserable houses, and the general aspect of matters was gloomy beyond words. The priests, facing their ill-disposed followers, then tried to make friends, but in vain. The boys ran away, frightened; and their elders stared forbiddingly. Evidently a black cassock was a novel and most unwelcome sight.

The two priests returned to the tramway in dead silence.* Some time passed before they exchanged a remark. Then the elder spoke: "I gave you a bad piece of advice when I said that it would be madness to come here. You are young and strong, and we did not become priests to amuse ourselves." The next day the Abbé Garin wrote to accept the post, which he has now occupied for more than two years.

The story of his apostleship is worth telling. The new parish to which he was appointed may be roughly divided into two parts. In one, a collection of wretched huts and cabins serve as a home for about 2500 persons, whom their miserable condition condemns to live in these primitive shelters. The rest of the parish has the ordinary aspect of a Paris suburb. There are big houses, generally filled with workmen's families, who, although more comfortably lodged than their poor neighbors, exist only at the price of incessant labor, and to whom a case of illness means serious loss and difficulty. The spirit of the place is detestable. The workmen are rabid Socialists and virulent anti-clericals; no ray of supernatural light brightens the dark sky of their hard lives.

Ivry Centre, which, until two years ago, served as the parish of Le Petit Ivry, is over two miles distant, and very few of the so-called parishioners ever visited its church; they lived and died, were born and were married without having recourse to the ministry of priests, whom they hated without knowing why.

In May, 1911, the first stone of a chapel was laid at Le Petit Ivry; and a few

months afterward the Abbé Garin took possession of his post. He tells the story of his beginnings with delightful simplicity: "From the moment when I had said 'Yes,' I began to go every day to Le Petit Ivry. But how hard it was to get in touch with the people! Of course I began by trying to win the children, and I managed to attract a few by giving them medals and pictures. But they were evidently astonished and alarmed, and I had to answer the queerest questions. For instance: 'What is the name of the Madame who is on the top of a little cupboard in the church?'—meaning the statue of Our Lady that stands behind and above the tabernacle. I had to tame, by degrees, these frightened little ones, who, when I was reading my Office, used to steal up and touch my cassock, then run away, saying to their comrades: 'The *curé* is not *méchant*: I touched him and he said nothing.'"

On November 16, 1911, the Archbishop of Paris came and blessed the chapel. There was a large congregation that flocked thither from the neighboring parishes. The people of Le Petit Ivry merely looked on, but they made no hostile demonstration. The new sanctuary was aptly dedicated to Our Lady of Hope.

Abbé Garin set to work bravely, but his difficulties were great. In December, 1911, about eight or ten out of his 13,000 parishioners came to Mass on Sundays. He then tried, on Sunday evenings, to interest them by luminous pictures and projections that conveyed religious instruction under an attractive form. The *Messe du Cinéma*, as the people promptly called the evening meetings, was a decided success. Then he founded a "patronage" for boys and one for girls, where the children came willingly; and, as he had foreseen from the first, the little ones of his rough flock were the first to rally round him.

Their elders were harder to move. The news that the *curé* was going to build a "parish hall" awoke their anti-clerical

hatred, and from that hour the Abbé was persecuted night and day by their fiendish animosity. He was publicly insulted and reviled, pursued in the streets, calumniated and ridiculed; the walls and even the pillars of his poor chapel were covered with disgusting inscriptions. Once an individual made an attempt to strike him; but the young priest's firm attitude awed his enemy, and the onlookers admired his utter absence of fear. By degrees his kindness to those who appealed to his charity, his calmness under fire, and his absolute indifference to personal danger, won over some of his parishioners, and reduced the others to silence.

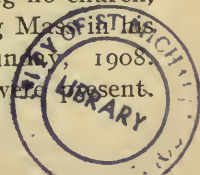
Two years have now passed, and if Le Petit Ivry has not yet become a paradise, it is no longer an inferno. Two hundred people, on an average, attend Mass on Sundays, among them a few men. In 1912 seven men made their Easter Communion; and in 1913 their number had increased to eighteen. In 1912 there were fifty-seven First Communicants; in 1913 there were seventy; and in 1914, eighty-five. One hundred and twelve babies were baptized in 1912, and over one hundred and fifty last year. Four hundred little children, boys and girls, now attend the "patronages" and *catéchismes*, with the consent of their parents, who are required to sign a paper to this effect.

The parish hall, which his people call the *curé's* Casino, serves as a centre for the different associations and gatherings founded by the Abbé Garin. Here are a library, a dispensary, a singing class, and other classes where young girls are taught cooking and needlework. An association of "Savoyards" meets here once a week; and the association of the Ladies of Charity of the parish holds its monthly gatherings in the *curé's* Casino. Last year the Abbé Garin sent thirty boys and the same number of girls, in two groups, for a holiday among the mountains. Not only did they come back bodily refreshed and strengthened, but the bonds of affec-

tion and gratitude that bind them to their *curé* were thereby made stronger.

In a meeting of the Catholic students of Paris, the Abbé Garin spoke with his usual simplicity of his work: "I have so far not been stopped by want of money. Providence has never failed to provide for my necessities, sometimes in an almost miraculous way." He owned, however, that he must rely solely on the gifts that come from abroad, his parishioners, one and all, being very poor. He spoke of them with touching affection: "However perverted these people appear, they go to those who love them. Let us love them as they wish and as they deserve to be loved, and let us forgive them some of their acts. When I am discouraged or in a bad humor — this happens too often — I wander to the waste land where some of my people live in cabins and in huts, where life is so hard and death comes so often. I compare my life — which, after all, is full of consolations — to that of those poor people; I bitterly reproach myself for being cowardly and disheartened, and I bring home a store of strength."

Another example of mission work in the Paris suburbs may be found at the outlying parish of Pavillon-sous-Bois, that stands on what was the famous Forêt de Bondy. Here, six years ago, the Abbé Alfonsi, a *vicaire* of Plaisance, was sent to found a new parish. It was not an easy task. A large proportion of his future parishioners were, he discovered, very poor people, with no stable occupation, who came and went incessantly; the others were less miserable, and worked in Paris, where they spent their day from seven in the morning till seven at night. They were the most intelligent and civilized portion of the parish, but could be found at home for only a few hours on Sundays, and were, in consequence, difficult to reach. There being no church, the new *curé* began by saying Mass in his dining room on Easter Sunday, 1908. Five women and one man were present.



A tiny chapel was opened some weeks later; and finally, early in 1909, the first stone of a new church was laid.

The ceremony took place in a threatening and stormy atmosphere. During the whole time, from two hundred to three hundred anti-clericals, among them the local authorities, sang the *Internationale* and other Revolutionary songs outside the enclosure, with a formidable accompaniment of drums and trumpets. Within the enclosure, which the enemy more than once attempted to enter, the Catholics were closely massed, singing *cantiques* with extraordinary spirit, accompanied by a band from Paris. No wonder that one of those present found the noise "deafening." Benediction was given in the little oratory; all the doors were left wide open, and the determined attitude of the Catholics happily awed their adversaries, who never since that day have attempted a similar demonstration. Now and then they give vent to their feelings by writing insulting inscriptions on the outer walls of the church, at which the Abbé Alfonsi only laughs. "They kill no one," he observes.

The new church, dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, is a large edifice, and is often filled to overflowing. It accommodates about 1200 people; and during the Paschal retreat several hundred men, most of whom had worked in Paris all day, assiduously attended the sermons. Again, as at Le Petit Ivry, we must quote a few figures. In 1908, the *curé* gave the last Sacraments to only eight sick persons; in 1911, to forty-five; now nearly a hundred dying Christians claim his ministry every year.

Round the church are grouped a number of social and religious works on a large scale,—a savings bank, a dispensary, two schools, one of which is directed by nuns; conferences of St. Vincent of Paul; associations for men, women, young girls and boys; several *patronages*, etc. Two priests now assist the Abbé Alfonsi in his arduous task. They begin by

getting in touch with the children and with the sick. It is thus that they end by influencing the families. A powerful means of apostleship is the monthly *Bulletin Paroissial*, a periodical that the *curé* scatters broadcast among his flock, and that keeps them informed of all that takes place in the parish. Another happy invention are the frequent circulars that the young men and boys of the *patronage* are encouraged to distribute. "By means of these circulars," says the *curé*, "I draw people to special functions,—to a retreat, for example; I fill my *patronages*, and thus I often modify the mental attitude of my parishioners."

The cases of Abbé Garin at Le Petit Ivry, and of Abbé Alfonsi at Pavillon-sous-Bois, are by no means exceptional; and the spirit of initiative displayed by other Paris missionaries is no less admirable. Let us add that the generosity of the Catholics has so far been equal to the demands made upon it, and there seem no signs of its flagging.

The general aspect of French politics is disquieting enough. The action of the atheistical teachers in the primary schools is raising another generation of free-thinkers and Socialists. But, here and there, the work of God is being carried on with an energy and a cheerful generosity that bring hope into the darkness. And nowhere is this action more visible than in the outlying suburbs of the capital of France. Paris, the city of pleasure and of evil, may be said to be as truly "a city of saints."

To be misunderstood even by those whom one loves is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand; it is the cruellest trial reserved for self-devotion; it is what most often wrung the heart of the Son of man; and if He could still suffer, it would be the wound we should often be inflicting upon Him.

—*Amici*

Saved by an Insect.

BY A. M. K.

THE Abbé Peter Andrew Latreille, of whom the following story is told, was born in 1762 and died 1833. He was a voluminous writer on various subjects of natural history, but it was in entomology that he became perhaps the highest authority in the world. He was an associate of Lamarck and Cuvier and a predecessor of Agassiz.

Previous to 1792, Latreille had published some writings on insects. He was then a young priest at Brives-la-Gaillarde; and, together with the curés of Limousin, was arrested, because he refused to take the oath of the Republic. He was taken to Bordeaux in a cart, and was later to be exported to Guyana and executed. Arriving in Bordeaux in the month of June, he was confined in the extemporized prison of the Grand Seminary till a ship should be ready to take him into exile. In his "Histoire des Insectes" Latreille himself tells us how his life was saved.

"I was detained in the prison of the Grand Seminary, and shared a cell with an old sick bishop, whose wounds a surgeon came every morning to dress. One day, while the surgeon was performing his usual work, an insect came out of a crack in the boards near my corner. I seized it immediately, examined it, stuck it into a cork with a pin, and was jubilant over my find.

"Is it a rare insect?' asked the surgeon.

"Yes, indeed,' I replied.

"In that case you should give it to me.'

"Why, pray?'

"Because I have a friend who has a fine collection of insects and he would be greatly pleased with it.'

"Very well, then: take him this insect. Tell him how you came by it, and beg him to let me know its name.'

"The surgeon at once went to the house of his friend, who was none other than

Bory de Saint Vincent, a naturalist who was much occupied with the study of insects. He was then only a young man, but became famous in his later years. In spite of all his researches, however, Bory was unable to classify this insect."

The next day the surgeon told Latreille that, in the opinion of his friend, this insect had never been described and named. In this answer Latreille at once recognized the adept. He asked for pen and paper; but, these being refused, he gave the following oral message to the surgeon: "I surmise that M. Bory de Saint Vincent must know me by reputation. In fact, he must have done me the honor to read my works. Tell him that I am the Abbé Latreille, and that I am condemned to die in Guyana, before having published my 'Examen des Genres de Fabricius.'"

On receiving this news, Bory at once took steps to have Latreille liberated from prison, his uncle Dayclas and his father going bail for him. His incarceration was an injury to science, and his death would be the greatest loss. But he was not to die. On being liberated from prison, he joined his friend and began the completion of his great work. Meanwhile the vessel which was to carry him into exile left port, and foundered in sight of Cordova, the sailors alone escaping. Soon after this Latreille's friends managed to have his name removed from the list of the condemned.

The little beetle that saved Latreille's life belongs to the order of Coleoptera, and subsequently Latreille described it as new to entomology, and gave it the significant name of necrobia. This name, derived from the two Greek words, *νεκρος*, meaning death, and *βίος*, meaning life, was given by Latreille to signify that it had brought him life from death.

SELDOM can the heart be lonely

If it seek a lonelier still,—

Self-forgetting, seeking only

Emptier cups of love to fill.

—Havergal.

A Catholic Atmosphere.

MUCH is said amongst us of the paramount necessity of preserving in our schools what is aptly termed "a Catholic atmosphere"; and, that this Catholic atmosphere may not be lost, it is stoutly claimed that they should be Catholic not only in name but in reality. But there is a place where a Catholic atmosphere is even more necessary, more important, its absence more hurtful and its presence even more effective, than in the schools. We mean the Catholic home. A Catholic atmosphere in the schools most certainly we must have; but its effect can be, and unfortunately often is, nullified to a great extent by lack of a Catholic atmosphere in the home.

We want, above all, this truly Catholic atmosphere in the home. We want it primarily for our children, upon whose efficient Catholic training the future of Catholicity depends. But we want it also for ourselves, if we are to live good, healthy Catholic lives. We shall not find this Catholic atmosphere around us, outside our dwellings or outside our churches; far from it. The atmosphere in which we live is of a nature to stifle all faith and all spirituality with the murk and mist of materialistic ideals and practices. We also, as well as our children, need a Catholic atmosphere in which to live and breathe; and we must make it for ourselves in our homes,—in the place where we live, where our most intimate hours are passed.

Now, what do we mean by this Catholic atmosphere? The metaphor is easy to understand. The atmosphere is the air surrounding the earth; the air which we breathe, and which is so necessary for the life of our bodies that, if we are deprived of it for a few minutes only, we die. So it is with the Catholic atmosphere. Take it away, and before long Catholic life languishes, and eventually dies.

And if you ask in what does this Catholic atmosphere consist, we may

appeal again to the physical atmosphere from which this figure of speech is taken. The air, as we know, is composed of various elementary gases combined together. The spiritual Catholic atmosphere which is so necessary to vigorous Catholic life is also composed of various elements, which may be summed up in these three: faith, reverence, and love. These are the three elements, forming the Catholic atmosphere, which Catholics have nobly striven to maintain in their schools; and these three, faith, reverence, and love, should be the spiritual atmosphere, sweet and healthy and spiritually invigorating, of every Catholic home.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the extreme importance of this Catholic atmosphere in family life. The want of it, as we have already said, is enough to nullify and destroy the work done in the school. How often priests have this sad experience—that children, apparently good and pious as long as they are attending school,—children who go regularly to Holy Mass and the Sacraments, fall away quickly, and often "go to the bad" altogether, when school-days are over! It is because there is no Catholic atmosphere in the home; because those three elements of which it is made up, faith, reverence, and love, are wanting in the daily life of the family.

Even before a child leaves school, the sad difference between school and home has a noticeably deteriorating effect. A child can not be expected to take so seriously the good religious teaching received from teachers and priests when it sees that teaching, and all Catholic practice, neglected and (by act if not in word) flouted at home. How many children, for instance, fail to be in their places in church during vacation time! This is a sad fact; but it is a not uncommon fact. We know the reason,—it is no puzzle: there is no Catholic atmosphere in the home.

Our country is not a Catholic country: it has no Catholic atmosphere like Ireland

or Tuscany, or parts of Switzerland and Germany. No sweet image of Mary Queen of Heaven, or of her Divine Son upon His Cross, looks down upon the wayfarer on country road or busy street. Hence the Catholic atmosphere in the home—to repeat it—needs amongst us most particular and careful cultivation. Sometimes, in some sickness, oxygen has to be supplied to the patient. We are in a similar position. Outside, we can not breathe. There is no spiritual atmosphere that will supply our needs: no faith, no reverence, no love,—that is, none of these diffused abroad and common property like God's sweet air. We must get these things, and keep them in our dwellings; we must infuse them into our family life.

How shall we do it? It is a simple matter, if we have a good will. The very statement of what a Catholic atmosphere consists in will suggest the means of producing it in our homes. Faith, reverence, love. We must first have them ourselves. Faith,—a firm, staunch faith in God and in all He teaches us by His Church; faith which will express itself in action,—in regularity at Holy Mass, at confession and Communion; in care about prayer; in observance of Catholic practices.

The Catholic home ought to be full of faith; and of faith made evident, so that one could tell that a house was Catholic as soon as one entered it. In some houses we can tell this; in others every sign that the inmates are of the Faith is out of sight. Pious objects, together with pious practices, should abound in every Catholic house. Children should be taught what they mean and how to use them.

But this means that there must be faith—strong, living, *perceptible* faith—in the parents. Without this, the Catholic atmosphere will not be *diffused*: it will be like the oxygen shut up in its cylinder. Then reverence, inculcated by example and by precept,—by instant rebuke, firm and unyielding, though at the same time gentle, of any irreverence or real carelessness on the part of the

younger ones in regard to sacred things. And above all love—love of God, led up to, secured, and cultivated by the visibly expressed love of all that belongs to Him: of Holy Church and of all that she makes use of in her rites and ceremonies; a tender and affectionate love to Jesus and Mary and patron saints. Let the love of all these burn as a fire in the heart of the Catholic mother, and her children will also take fire at it.

Indeed, it is necessary, in these unbelieving days in which we live, when men are going away from Christ, when sin is thought nothing of, when the spiritual life is stifled, and the supernatural in no way grasped, that we Catholics should make sure that our homes, like cool oases in the arid desert, shall be filled with the pure air of Catholic faith and Catholic reverence and Catholic love, and watered with refreshing dews of grace that prayer and piety will assuredly bring down from on High.

The Kikuyu Controversy.

ALTHOUGH little is said or written in this country about the Kikuyu controversy, it still holds a leading place in the discussions of the religious public and press in England. To the June number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. T. H. S. Escott contributes a rather interesting paper, entitled "Comparative Christians and Heathen Critics," in which we find this paragraph:

Rival projects of reunion now divide British Christendom into two opposite and mutually embittered camps. That represented by the Bishop of Zanzibar would amalgamate Anglican Ritualism with the doctrines, ceremonies, and discipline of Rome. On the other hand, the Mombasa and Uganda prelates hold, like those of their way of thinking at home, that the Protestantism of the National Church can be maintained only by making common cause with the Free Churches wherever the two come into contact with each other. How widely spread is this view may be judged from the fact that while these lines are being written the Protestant Episcopalians of the United States

are intent on dispatching to England representatives for consolidating their cause.

Just what may be the writer's facilities for learning the inner workings and varied activities of the Vatican, we do not know; but he has this to say of Pius X. and his Secretary of State:

Meanwhile the sequel of Kikuyu is as close an object of attention to the Vatican as were the Tractarian movements of more than eight decades since. At the time of the Anglican Orders Commission, Cardinal Vaughan's disclosure to Pope Leo XIII. of the distance separating the immense majority of Anglicans from Rome thrilled with surprise that successor of St. Peter. It determined his present Holiness, Pius X., to avoid any ignorance of the same sort. He has, therefore, been accurately informed about the kaleidoscopic phases of the Kikuyu affair by an authority no less astute and adroit than the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, whose quick brains and world-wide experience gave his master from the first as exact an insight into all details as was gained by the Archbishop of Canterbury after his conversation with the Bishop of Zanzibar.

It is pleasant to have this Protestant writer's assurance that the Vatican is so thoroughly informed about the Kikuyu incident, though we can not help wondering how he knows this. Being "astute and adroit," Cardinal Merry del Val will learn with interest the effect of the controversy on the converts to Anglicanism in Africa, as described by Mr. Escott; for it is an obvious sequel to the whole discussion. "All this time," he writes, "the more thoughtful among the catechumens or half-fledged converts to Christianity in Africa could not help contrasting the reputed religions of the English people with the quasi-spiritual eccentricities then in high favor with English society. An intelligent Mohammedan residing near one of the clerical storm-centres of South Africa was describing the pleasure with which he read the New Testament. 'Parts of it,' he said, 'are most beautiful; but I do not see what the people round here called Christians have in common with this book.'"

Notes and Remarks.

One reason why the United States Public Health Service proves so efficient is that its officers are unhampered by politics or partisanship. It seems never to occur to any one to make inquiries as to their nationality, political creed, or religious views. Besides, their salary is not high enough to excite envy. What wondrous work they have done, and are doing at the present moment! As soon as the bubonic plague invaded New Orleans, even before the facts were given in the daily press, Surgeon-General Blue and Surgeon Creel were on the spot to fight this dread "black death" of history. Their knowledge, skill, and devotedness tend to allay consternation and panic throughout the country; but there is no telling what may be due to their swift, decisive, and effective action. Considering that in previous centuries there have been almost world-wide epidemics of bubonic plague, resulting in unprecedented loss of life, our country is to be congratulated on its Public Health Service, and its officers are well deserving of public gratitude.

Accidents in which large numbers of lives are lost—railroad wrecks, mine explosions, collisions at sea—impress everybody; but how few persons realize the sum total of automobile mortality! Hardly a day passes that the newspapers do not report one or more of these tragedies of the road. The Monday morning papers especially are sure to chronicle several deaths as a result of accidents to automobiles, or of recklessness, carelessness or incompetency on the part of their drivers. The killed and injured include numerous pedestrians as well as occupants of cars. No fewer than twenty-nine deaths were caused by automobiles in New York city alone during the month of June. The record for the year of the whole country is sure to be astounding.

And yet the wonder is that more persons are not killed or maimed, considering that, besides speed maniacs, all kinds of incompetent people are driving cars, thus endangering their own lives and those of all who get in their way. Most of the automobile accidents undoubtedly come under the head of avoidable, and should bring about means for their prevention. Severe punishment for reckless driving, and a harder test for qualification for those who are to be trusted at the wheel, would be the surest way of lessening the number of automobile tragedies.

A good word for the Mexicans, from whatever source it comes, should not be without a general welcome in these days of highly-colored and highly unreliable newspaperism. The following tribute is especially welcome, because of being both spontaneous and impartial. It is a doctor of the Methodist brotherhood who writes from Guanajuato:

To say that the cry "Down with the Gringos!" is on the lips of every Mexican is grossly unjust. . . . A most kindly spirit was shown by Mexican public officials and soldiers at the time of the departure of American refugees from the coast cities. I can not speak too highly of the Mexicans with whom I have dealt in these trying times. No people could more strongly commend themselves to one's gratitude or affection.

And it is a journal of the same persuasion, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, which gives this bit of truthful testimony what publicity it can.

If the powers-that-be in New York city need backbone in dealing with the anarchists who have centred there, the remembrance of the Haymarket massacre in Chicago twenty years or so ago should supply it. These miscreants ought to be taught that the law is not to be defied. Failure to enforce it, or any show of weakness in doing so, is simply an encouragement of their pernicious activities. If there is no legislation to check the production of anarchistic literature and

the flow of anarchistic speech, of which the bomb and the torch are the logical resultants in action, then the sooner such legislation is enacted, the better. It is high time that the apostles of revolt against social order were suppressed. The dreadful occurrence on the upper East Side of New York on the Fourth of July is a warning to the whole country—to self-seeking officials, to the rich who despise the poor, to employers who in any way oppress those who depend upon them, to crack-brained sociologists (would-be reformers who need reformation themselves), and, not least, to the honest and law-abiding poor who earn their bread by labor, not to be influenced by the revolutionary teachings of men claiming to be their champions. The warning should require no repetition.

From the *Newark Monitor* we learn that Flag Day was observed in Trenton, New Jersey, this year with exceptional demonstrativeness and vim. Among the features of the celebration we note that "little red schoolhouses dotted the grand parade, and scores of Bibles were displayed." We trust it is not uncharitable to surmise that these specific features were incidentally meant to emphasize the strictly Protestant character of the demonstration; and that the paraders flattered themselves that they were getting the better of their Catholic fellow-citizens in general, and Trenton's zealous Bishop in particular. If so, they deceived themselves. In an interview to a Trenton journal, the Bishop calmly states:

I was very much pleased with the demonstration made by the federated societies, and with their orderly marching. I hope that they will continue this every year, so that patriotism may be excited in the rising generation. This is necessary for the perpetuity of our free institutions. The "little red schoolhouse" and the Bible have nothing to fear from Catholics. We want the public schools to be improved and religion taught therein. It would please me very much if Protestants, Catholics, Jews, and those of no religion, would appoint a committee

whereby religious instruction could be imparted in the public schools without injury to the conscience of any of our citizens. What I desire is peace and charity. We are all Americans, and there is no reason why there should be any friction. Flags were displayed on my house and on the Cathedral, and the chimes played "America" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" during the procession. I did this in honor of America and of my two uncles who died as soldiers in the Civil War.

Even thus quietly was the wind taken out of the sails of the vociferous eulogizers of the little red schoolhouse and the so-called open Bible.

It is related of a certain well-intentioned parson, whose sermons were of a not ungenerous length, that, when he one day asked a parishioner what part of a certain particularly elaborate effort he liked the best, the devout pew-holder replied, "The conclusion." With a totally different meaning one might say the same with regard to the sermons and lectures—and, indeed, the novels—of Mgr. Benson. Each single work by him closes like an epigram, with the pith and point almost in the last word. In the novels, as in "Come Rack, Come Rope," "Initiation," and others, this characteristic takes the form of a superlatively wrought climax. In a recent lecture on "Modern Miracles," a public function at which Mr. Chesterton was chairman and Mr. Belloc proposed the vote of thanks, Mgr. Benson concluded thus: "When a man says, 'I know that miracles do not happen because they can not,' the only possible answer is, 'I know that miracles can happen because they do.'"

It is so uncommon to find even faint denunciation of frankly anti-Catholic books in non-Catholic papers that we have read with no less surprise than gratification the *Church Times'* review of a recent novel in which the Church in Ireland is grossly misrepresented and her clergy outrageously caricatured. To quote (in part) what the non-Catholic writer has to say of this

production: "The story is much more angry and malevolent than was its predecessor; it is much more of a mere Protestant attack on the Church of Rome in Ireland. . . . The description of the Roman Catholic priest is too coarse and crude, and Mr. — [the author] is as far from understanding the *Ne Temere* decree as the average Protestant agitator. . . . It is because we believe that Mr. — has allowed the polemical spirit to warp his judgment that we say that the book is disappointing. One may have strong views on the influence of the Church of Rome in Ireland without descending to write so offensively as in a passage which appears on page 357."

This novel, like its predecessor, is published by the Macmillan Co., of London, a firm whose members are evidently under the impression that English-speaking Catholics may be insulted with impunity,—an impression of which steps should be taken to disabuse them.

Among the notable papers read before the recent convention of the Catholic Educational Association was one on "Correlation and the Teaching of Religion," by the Rev. James A. Burns, C. S. C., Ph. D. Dr. Burns laid down in clear and incisive terms the reasons underlying correlation, and aptly illustrated by examples its practical bearings. The result, on pedagogical grounds alone, is an unavoidable indictment of schools wherein religion is not made a normal part of the curriculum, and, by a similar implication, full justification of the schools wherein it is. The general resolutions adopted by the Association show the expected loyalty to interests of Church and country, and are marked as well by an academic moderation of tone in their expressions on current and burning issues.

A great deal of truth crushed to earth has already risen; and robbery has often shown that, like murder, it, too, "will out." Modern scholarship has hurt nothing

so much as it has hurt false history. One by one we see the bogies go down,—not seldom, too, before the attack of those whose fathers set up these same strawmen. One of these, for example, was the “darkness” of the early and Middle Ages; another, the ground-down life of Catholic England. On this latter point recent authoritative scholarship makes interesting revelations. A writer in the current *Holy Cross Magazine* (Anglican) observes:

In pre-Reformation times, the working classes were perhaps as prosperous as they have ever been in England. Not only were they prosperous because wages were good and the cost of living low, but there was a government supervision of the rights of labor which we to-day ignorantly think is a product of this enlightened twentieth century. Acts of Parliament fixed a minimum wage for laborers,—a minimum which was said to be often exceeded by the actual wage received. The comparative value of the wage received has been investigated by Professor Thorold Rogers, who says that “at no time in English history have the earnings of laborers interpreted by their spending powers been so considerable” as during the reign of Henry VII.

Facts supporting this contention are supplied in abundance, as also for the further point that “the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII., and the wide confiscation under Edward VI. of properties devoted to religious and charitable uses, drove the working classes to beggary. Elizabeth’s Statute of Laborers reduced the laborers’ wage to a bare subsistence, their rate of pay being fixed by Justices of the Peace.”

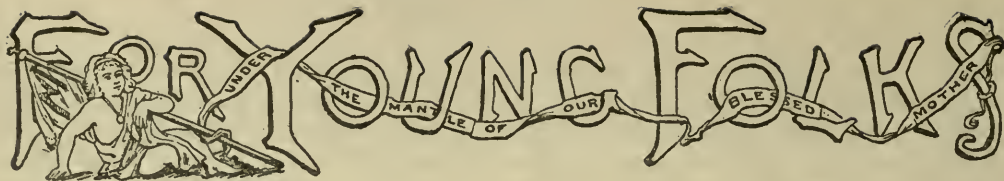
It is a commonplace among critics of American men and manners that, as a compensation for the theoretical democracy of our government, our citizens are extremely fond of high-sounding titles and dub themselves therewith in associations of any and every kind. On the other hand, over in England titles are apparently losing their prestige. Commenting on the truth that the value of a peerage was in the power it conferred of making laws or preventing laws being made, the London *Catholic Times* remarks:

“Outside that power, titles are meaningless. They confer no excellency on the holder. To have a title such as was given in the Court of China or of King Mithridates would make any man smile with contempt. Our own titles are not more sensible; and it was one of the foreseen results of abolishing the hereditary principle in legislation that titles and all the craze of caste and snobbery would die under the growth of greater intelligence. Once the peers are abolished, the peerage abolishes itself. It is as much out of date as a baron in chain armor along Regent Street. No social code, no social respect, can keep alive the system of titles when those titles have no value. The innate sense of mankind laughs at them and drops them.”

Not bad democratic doctrine this from a representative upholder of a Constitutional monarchy.

While disinterested allegiance to a worthy cause is a virtue to be admired, there is justice in the plea made by the *Church Progress* for more liberal advertising in the Catholic press by our educational institutions. Concluding an editorial on the subject, our contemporary declares: “It is beyond dispute, therefore, that the Catholic press is doing much for the upbuilding of Catholic higher education; that it is greatly contributing to its wider and better appreciation; that it is stimulating a more generous patronage in the way of pupils, and consequently conferring untold benefits. But what of the beneficiaries? Do they realize these facts? Do they appreciate them? In many cases, yes. In not a few, no—that is, if material reciprocation be the standard of measure. The press can’t live on compliments any more than these institutions can exist on free scholarships. The best proof, therefore, of appreciation for the work of the press is a paid-for publicity during the vacation period.”

Wise educators will do well to take note of this suggestion.



A Swallow's Nest.

BY L. H.

ONE day in spring, the story runs,
When birdlings build a nest,
A tiny swallow sought and found
A charming place to rest.
And where, my children, do you think
The birdie stopped that day?
"Upon a pretty tree or bush,"
I'm sure you all will say.
But no: she flew right in a door
That opened from a hall,
Where hung a crucifix antique
Upon the smoke-stained wall.
Within her beak she held a thread,
Her nest's foundation strand;
And lo! her little feathered form
Went right to Jesus' hand.
And in and out the swallow flew—
The inn's most welcome guest,—
Till in our Saviour's outstretched hand
There lay a pretty nest.
Now what to her were chilly winds
That swept the Tyrol land!
'Twas always safe and warm to her
Within that sheltering hand.
Ah, we, my children, like the bird,
When weary may find rest—
Not, like the swallow, in His hand,
But close to Jesus' Breast.

THE crystal must be either dirty or clean. So it is with one's hands and one's heart—only you can wash your hands without changing them, but not hearts or crystals. On the whole, while you are young, it will be as well to take care that your hearts don't want much washing; for they may perhaps need wringing also when they do.—*John Ruskin.*

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

VII.

"I AM awake," said Dick.
"Hush!" the voice whispered.
"Don't make a noise. Jump up."
Dick was up in a moment. This was a kind voice. He was hurried along the wagon, past the dismal snores and the red-cloaked bundles; and he saw the light of the open door and felt the air. The three steps were gone; but the gypsy lad took him up with a strong arm, and sprang down onto the road. He caught a glimpse of a scarlet waistcoat, a brown face, and a yellow handkerchief about the neck; also he got a sparkling smile of encouragement from a pair of black eyes. The gypsy boy Tom had come for him.

Dick's next sensation was being carried like a bundle at a rushing pace; and then he was on the back of a pony, holding to its short frill of mane, while Tom mounted behind him. They were away at once, cantering along the grass by the side of the road. The gypsy held him safely. And how that pony went! Dick was right in thinking it was the smooth animal with the light tawny coat. Could Punch ever have gone like this one? The pony behaved nobly. He sprang along in a glorious gallop, leaping the small trenches that drained the grass. There was very little light. Both the gypsy lad and the wonderful pony seemed to have a knack of seeing in the dark.

They had gone a long distance, and made three or four turnings, when the gypsy said to the pony: "Easy, easy, boy,—easy does it!" And they settled down into a trot. The animal plunged his head and flung it up, and wanted to

whine and neigh; but the gypsy, who knew all the ways of horses, quieted him in a moment with, "Whish! hush!" And the pony seemed to understand.

"Are you taking me home?" asked Dick, holding to the front of the saddle. He felt almost sure the gypsy was rescuing him, because all his ways were so kind.

"Yes, master," said Tom from close behind him. "The wagons have come a long way to-night; but I know all this country like the palm of my hand."

"And you know where Beechwood is?"

"I'll find it, little master, as well as the pigeons find their way home."

"Does any one know?"

"No one knows," said the gypsy, except old Meg Stanley,—that's Lolo's granny. Old Meg gave me a lot of keys to try the door, and I was to sneak you off home. Else they wanted to keep you days and days, and make old Jerry pay up lots of money."

The small boy shuddered. He wondered who old Jerry was.

"You see," she gypsy went on, while they trotted along in the dark (and he did not mind now going on the hard road, where the hoofs made a merry noise in the night; for they were far from the caravan),—"you see, you stood up for the child; and the old granny—she can't move since she got taken bad—wanted to pay you back like; and she's got a good heart, she has; she's done many a good turn for me."

"But what will they say when you go back?" the boy asked.

"I don't care a straw!" replied the gypsy.

"They will be angry, won't they?"

"No man among them," said the gypsy, "has more than two fists—and I reckon so have I."

The small boy clasped his neck with delight and gratitude. He was held safe on the springing saddle.

"You are a great hero," he said. "You are like Jack the Giant Killer and St. George."

"Never heard of 'em," responded the gypsy.

After a while Dick asked:

"Is it the middle of the night?"

"No: it was half-past ten by the clock yonder at the Bull Inn. We shall be at the *boro ker*—"

"The what?"

"The big house, I mean—before twelve."

There was another pause in the talk, but none in the trotting and walking of the pony. The next question was:

"What shall we do? Uncle will be gone to bed."

"I reckon he won't," said the gypsy—"not to-night."

This troubled Dick a little. If Uncle Jerome had gone to bed, it would be nice for him to slip up to his room and be safe asleep; and then they would find him in the morning and not know when he came home. There were doors open all day at Beechwood in this warm weather. Dick would have much preferred not to meet any one, and not to be asked any questions to-night. He wanted with all his heart to be home, and never, never to see a gypsy camp again. But how was he to face Uncle Jerome and everybody else?

"Why don't you think they are all gone to bed?" he said.

"Because," answered the gypsy, "they must have been hunting high and low for you all day; and they would be up all night if you were not home."

After this there was a long silence. Dick gave a slight sniff.

"What's the matter?" inquired Tom. "Cheer up!"

"I wish I could get in by the roof," answered Dick, miserably.

Tom laughed, and gave the reins a pull. The pony stopped.

"Will you come back to the gypsies?" he said.

"Oh, no!" almost shrieked the startled boy.

"All right, then, young sir! Get along,

Punch, — get along!" And off went the pony again.

"'Punch,' did you say?" Dick asked, breathlessly. "'This is not Punch?'"

"Yes, it is," said the gypsy, stoutly.

Dick could have fallen off with the shock. Oh, what a delightful surprise! Perhaps Tom had let him know at that moment just to cheer him up.

"Not *my* Punch?" said Dick, doubting again. "Maybe you have got another Punch of your own."

No: the gypsy said it was the little master's pony and no other. The men wanted to keep him for the caravan, so they clipped him during the afternoon, and the hair under the long coat was of quite a different color. Dick had never seen a horse before and after clipping, or he would have known this. They had also cut the mane and tail, which would sell for good horsehair to stuff somebody's bed. Oh, poor Punch! Dick could almost have cried.

"Did it hurt him?"

"No, not a bit. And don't you fret, little master: it will all grow again."

This cheered Dick up, and he began to feel so happy in having his own Punch once more, that he did not mind half so much facing the blame he would get for going away.

"You see," the gypsy explained, "they wanted you not to know the pony again,—wanted the police not to know it if there was a reward out one of these days."

"And did Lolo's granny tell you to bring away my Punch, too?"

"Well, no: I think the old lady forgot all about him. She just said to get you safe home. But, then, I thought, little master, you'd fret your heart out for losing your pony. And they had no right to *chore* from a *chavo*."

"What's that?" said Dick.

"Well 'to *chore*' is called in the law 'to steal'; and you are a *chavo*. So I brought Punch away, too; but I wasn't going to let you know till you got a surprise when his hair grew."

"You *are* good!" said Dick, fervently.

"Nobody never told me so before," observed the lad, laughing.

"What is your name? I shall put you in my diary."

"My name? Tom."

"Tom what? Haven't you another name?"

"I dunno," said the gypsy lad. "I never had no other name that I knew of."

"Well, Tom, when I am grown up, you must come and live with me."

"Not unless you live in a caravan, sir."

"That's a pity," said Dick, feeling that tastes differed. Presently he added: "Give my love to Lolo and her granny, won't you? Tell Mrs. Meg I said 'Thank you!' She's very good."

"Right you are, sir!" returned the gypsy. "And here we are now! Yon is the big house. We'll get there along by these bushes in two whisks of a lamb's tail."

Of course Dick was glad to get home. But how his heart beat when he knew it was so near! The stable clock, like a voice that he knew, chimed beyond the trees, "ding-dong, ding-dong!"

"That's the half hour," said Tom,— "half-past eleven. Your Punch is a good un to go."

Then at a gateway Tom jumped down, and led the pony, saying, "Hold tight, sir!" And, by a curving path among bushes, they soon came out on an open space of the garden, and saw the lawn and the two great cedars, and the house with all the windows bright, and the doors under the pillared portico standing open.

A crowd seemed to be in the hall. Tom was going to lift Dick off the pony.

"No, please, thank you!" he said; and himself slipped down to the ground. But he felt weak and dizzy, and the light of the hall dazzled him. "Good-night!" he called to Tom.

And the next moment everybody at once was telling him what a naughty boy he was. The stately Williams went out

to the pony. Mrs. Bonny was rubbing her eyes with her black silk apron. Uncle Jerome's man, Charles, was marching the runaway toward the stairs. Everybody in general seemed to be at the same time hugging and blessing him, and telling him he was a bad boy. But there was no Uncle Jerome anywhere.

Dick felt worn out with the fatigue of the long day; and the very steps of the stairs seemed to be moving, so tired was he with the long ride. And how the light made his eyes blink!

"Where is Uncle Jerome, please?" he said, pulling himself up the last of the polished steps by a tug at the big banister. They were on the landing, which was like a gallery, with a view of the big, bright panelled hall below.

"The master is out with the police, looking for you," answered Charles, with severity. "What have you been and gone and done *this* time?"

"You mustn't say 'been and gone and done,'" said the sleepy boy,—"*at least I mustn't, Uncle Jerome says.*"

"All right, youngster! Your uncle will teach you some grammar directly. This way, sir!"

And, before he knew where he was, Dick was plunged into a warm bath and then hurried into bed.

Still no Uncle Jerome.

Mrs. Bonny brought him a bowl of hot bread and milk.

"I have had supper, thank you!" he said, lifting up his bright head from the pillow, with his eyes almost closed.

"Where you were,—with the gypsies?"

A very sleepy, "Yes," came from the pillow where the head was down again.

"Oh, you naughty boy!" Wait till the master talks to you! What did you have for supper?"

"Chicken and roast potatoes—lots—ever so nice—and onions—and—they have no forks."

The disgust of the housekeeper of Beechwood was beyond words.

"Did any one ever hear the like!"

She gave a grunt and took the flat candlestick to carry it away.

"Please, don't go!"

"What is it?"

"Good-night!"

Mrs. Bonny smiled. She stooped and kissed his forehead.

"Good-night, my sweet angel! Oh, you are a naughty boy!"

"And please," said Dick, "will you say good-night to Uncle Jerome?"

"Yes; but you must go to sleep this minute. Perhaps the master will look in when he comes home, and you'd better be asleep."

"I won't pretend," said Dick, loftily.

"No, don't,—that's a good boy!"

"And, please—"

"Don't bring me back again," said Mrs. Bonny, becoming angry.

"Please, all I want to say is—Has Punch gone to bed? That is really Punch. He doesn't look a bit like Punch, but he really is himself."

Before the sentence was finished Mrs. Bonny was gone with the candle. Dick was in the dark, except for the light from the window, which made a bright patch on the wall with leaf-shadows round it; for the moon was rising.

Dick's tired eyes were fast closed in a moment. He fancied he heard the tramp of horses, and the bed was going creaking along. He started and woke. After a few minutes he was dreaming again. The face of the big man with the earrings was looking at him through the darkness, and once more he jumped and was wide awake. He had hardly shut his eyes again when he was out on Punch; and, at the sight of a bright light, Punch, with a great start, went tumbling with his rider down a vast depth. He started again and was wide awake. Uncle Jerome had come home, and was holding a light in his hand and bending over the bed.

"Good-night! God bless you!" Uncle Jerome said, putting a cool hand on his forehead, and then stooping to kiss his face.

Dick clung to his neck and answered: "Good-night!"

This was the greatest surprise yet. It puzzled the boy more than anything that could have happened.

"Sleep now. I shall talk to you in the morning," said Uncle Jerome.

(To be continued.)

The King's Gifts.

Many years ago in a country of the Far East there lived two brothers who were soldiers; the one was rich and miserly, the other poor and generous. The latter resolved to better himself; and putting away his uniform when peace was declared in the country, became a gardener, and sowed sweet turnips.

When the seed came up there was one plant greater than all the rest. It continued to grow larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing. At last it got so big that it filled a cart, and the gardener knew not what to do with it. Finally he thought: "If I sell this turnip, it will bring no more than any other; and as for eating it, the little ones are better. The best thing is to carry it to the King as a mark of respect." So saying he yoked his oxen, drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the King, who was very much astonished, asking him all about himself and his turnip. "I am a poor soldier," answered the gardener. "When the war was ended, not to be idle, I laid aside my red coat and set to work tilling the ground. I have a brother who is rich, but because I am poor he forgets me." The King took pity on him, saying, "You shall be a poor man no longer." Then he gave him gold and land and horses and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard this, he got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the King, and thought he would have a much larger return for it.

The King accepted the miser's offerings very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more wonderful than the great turnip. So the soldier, who had stood bowing before his sovereign, was forced, much to his disgust, to take the turnip home with him. He must have been disposed to "turn up his nose" at the King's strange gift, but of course that would not do.

Lessons of the Alphabet.

The author of "Golden Sands" reminds us of a number of wise counsels suggested by the alphabet. Our lives would surely be happy, as well as useful and meritorious, if we were always careful to avoid:

That undisciplined spirit, which carries everything to—X S.

Looking upon the possessions of others with—N V.

Exulting over a fallen—N M E.

Shirking all the difficult duties, and fulfilling only those that are—E Z.

A haughty, repellent manner, which may be alphabetically described as—I C.

Thinking that acquaintances have no good qualities, because at first sight we don't—C N E.

If our young readers can not make out all these maxims we confess we can not—C Y.

How Yucatan Got Its Name.

An early exploring party of Spaniards, passing the great peninsula at the south entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, made a brief landing to inquire the name of the country, but neglected to ascertain if they were understood. "What is the name of this country?" was asked of the first native they met.—"*Juca tan?*" ("What do you say?") was asked in turn, in the native tongue.—"They say the name of their country is *Yucatan*." And this name the peninsula has borne ever since.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A Latin Bible, Flemish illuminated MS. in four volumes, dating from the fifteenth century, was sold at auction last month in London for £180.

—"Lourdes," a series of articles contributed to THE AVE MARIA a few years ago by Mgr. Benson, forms a new and valuable addition to the Catholic Library issued by the Manresa Press, London.

—A complete catalogue of the publications of the English Catholic Truth Society has been issued, and may be obtained on application to the manager, 69 Southwark Bridge Road, London S. E. The variety and excellence of these publications would doubtless be a surprise to many Catholics.

—The first three volumes of the Spiritual Classics of English Devotional Literature are: "The Spirit of Father Faber," with a preface by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell; "The Spirit of Cardinal Newman," preface by Fr. Martindale, S. J.; and "The Spirit of Cardinal Wiseman," preface by Dr. Barry.

—The publishers of Father Faber's works do not exaggerate in asserting that the spread and influence of them have surpassed all records. Only seven years after his death, the French translations of his books had sold to the number of nearly 90,000; the German, 55,000; the Russian, 45,000; the Flemish, 6000; and large editions were also exhausted in Italy and Spain.

—"The Church in the Netherlands," by Lady Acton; and "The Church in Portugal," translated by Fr. Kellet, S. J., are welcome additions to the new series of penny pamphlets issued by the English C. T. S. and happily entitled "The Church at Home and Abroad." They should prove a valuable means of enlightening both Catholics and non-Catholics as to the religious conditions of the various countries with which they deal.

—From Frederick Pustet & Co. comes "The Theory and Practice of the Catechism," a translation, by the Rev. J. B. Culemans, of the second German edition of the excellent treatise with which Drs. M. Gatterer and Fr. Krus, S. J., have enriched catechetical literature. Although written primarily for seminarians, the work may be studied with profit by all, old or young, who are interested in or occupied with catechization. We note with pleasure that the article on the "Preparation for First Communion" takes account of the need of

modifying the old discipline in harmony with the legislation of Pius X. regarding the Communion of little children. An octavo of about 400 pages, well printed and substantially bound.

—"Jones and Smith Discuss Socialism," by S. Shell (Huntington, Ind.: Our Sunday Visitor Press), is a brochure of forty-six pages, containing a dialogue that has already appeared in *Our Sunday Visitor*. A popular exposition of a system that is many-sided, and a readable confutation of that system's principles, the publication is well worth while.

—Two issues of *Catholic Missions* are before us, representing the revival in a fresh and attractive form of the official organ of British Catholic interest and activity in the work of the Association for the Propagation of the Faith. We note that the new venture has been given the cordial blessing of the Holy Father, and bespeak for it the support which it deserves of the entire English-speaking world.

—An attractive series of Lives of the Saints for young folk is published by R. & T. Washbourne. We have received six volumes: "Heroic Boys and Girls," "For Valour," "British Jewels," "Peasants who Have Won Crowns," "Rulers who Were Subjects," and "What Changed their Lives." Each is a duodecimo of about 120 pages, well printed, and neatly bound in pleasing colors; and containing from eight to eighteen readable sketches of saints, young and old, male and female,—more than fourscore in all. The compiler, whose initials, "L. M.," are appended to the brief Introduction of each volume, is to be congratulated on the text; and the publishers, on its setting. No price is given.

—Catholic lovers of Dickens will be pleased with the following letter, contributed to a recent issue of the *London Catholic Times*:

It may be interesting to your numerous readers to know that the author of "Barnaby Rudge" paid a visit to the Cistercian Abbey of Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire on Christmas Eve, 1858, and stayed at least one night. In *All the Year Round*, May 21, 1859, will be found his impressions of this memorable visit. He describes the sudden death of the guest master, Father Lawrence; and, in concluding, says: "We who were present knelt round the dead body while the Prior offered up a prayer for the repose of the departed soul. Try all I will I can not blot out that calm, settled, rigid face from my memory, or shut it out from my sight. I am here joined by the Abbot with whom I have a long conversation principally, of course, concerning the melancholy event of the night. I learn that Father Lawrence had a predisposition to disease of the heart, and that, on the day

of his death, he had undergone some extra excitement in his anxiety that the consecration of the image should go off well. The sound of wheels warns me that the time of my departure has arrived; and I take leave of the Abbot who, in his farewell, expresses many kind wishes that I shall come at some more favorable season and renew my intercourse with the Order. Perhaps I may; for though I was enabled to see but little of the ordinary lives and habits of the monks, never were the events of a few hours so firmly impressed on my mind as those which I spent 'Out of the World.'

—"What Shall I Be?" (America Press) is sub-titled by the author, the Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J., "A Chat with Young People," and throughout it has the easy familiarity of conversation. It is a heart-to-heart talk on the subject of vocation,—luminous, pointed, personal, and evidently done *con amore*. The idea of vocation accepted is that of a recent Decree, approved by the Holy Father, in which the requirements are set down as being "a right intention," "such fitness of nature and grace" as will enable one to discharge the duties of the state one assumes. Fr. Cassilly is at some pains to refute the notion that a special interior inclination is a prerequisite. Pastors and teachers could peruse this little work with much profit, and we should be glad to see it in the hands of all our "young people."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Theory and Practice of the Catechism." Gatterer-Krus. \$1.25.

"What Shall I Be?" Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J. Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.

"Heroes of the Dawn." Violet Russell. \$1.75.

"Blessed are Ye!" Père Paul Donœur, S. J. 60 cts.

"A Modern Franciscan." Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M. 90 cts.

"The Word of God Preached to Children." Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.50.

"Sermons and Homilies." Canon Edmund English. \$1.35.

"Ireland at Lourdes in 1913." Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P. 75 cts.

"Psalterium Vespertinum." 15 cts.

"Beyond the Road to Rome." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75.

"The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century." Frederick Ozanam. \$2.

"Maxims of Mgr. Benson." 50 cts.

"Funeral Addresses." Rev. Anthony Hayes. \$1.50.

"The Peacock Feather." Leslie Moore. \$1.25.

"Modernism and Modern Thought." Fr. Bampton, S. J. 60 cts.

"Blessed Margaret Mary." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.

"The Eighth Year." Philip Gibbs. \$1.35.

"More Joy." Bishop Von Keppler. \$1.

"Fred Carmody, Pitcher." Rev. Hugh Blunt. 85 cts.

"The Protestant Churches." Rev. J. C. Meagher, D. D. \$1.25.

"The Shield of Silence." Mrs. Henry-Ruffin. \$1.35.

"Stories from the Field Afar." 60 cts.

"In Quest of Adventure." Mary E. Mannix. 50 cts.

"A Child's Prayers to Jesus." Fr. W. Roche, S. J. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Bernard Hillen, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Joseph Nunan, diocese of Los Angeles; Rev. Charles McFadden, O. S. A.; and Rev. Andrew Bourque, C. S. C.

Mother Irene, of the Sisters of Charity; and Mother M. Ursula, Order of St. Ursula.

Mr. William J. Sparrow, Mr. A. R. Elder, Mr. John Doyle, Mrs. Catherine Gray, Mr. Michael Flannery, Mrs. James Whitfield, Mrs. Julia Behen, Mrs. Anna M. Newton, Mrs. McKiny, Mr. Michael McGeehan, Mr. Charles Rombach, Mr. J. P. Bryson, Mr. Walter Beasley, and Mr. Patrick F. Carthy.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions:

Friend (Muskogee), \$5.

The Ningpo mission:

N. N., \$25.

St. Joseph's mission, Wei-Hai-Wei:

Friend (Alleghany), \$3.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 25, 1914.

NO. 4

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The Magdalene's Offering.

BY ST. JOHN DAMASCENE.

SHE her Saviour sought;
And, finding, meekly dared
To bathe His feet with ointment sweet—
The spikenard she prepared.
That offering of the heart
Thou didst not then disdain;
Then, O my Lord, to me accord
Her part to act again:
In faith to clasp, to hold,
To kiss, with banished fears,
To balm those feet with unguents sweet—
The spikenard of my tears.
Yea, let these tears for me
Become a healing stream;
'Tis I that crave the cleansing wave,
'Tis Thou that canst redeem.

A Great King and a Famous Jewel.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.



WITH the Peace of Wedmore in 878," says a modern historian, "began a work even more noble than the deliverance of Wessex from the Danes." This solemn peace, or "frith," recalls to our minds a truly Christian King, a ruler who put aside every personal aim and ambition in order to devote himself to the welfare of those whom he ruled. Alfred, fitly surnamed "the Great," was an ardent warrior and dauntless leader, as the records of the earlier years of his reign abundantly prove.

To such a one it must, indeed, have been no small sacrifice, with a disorganized England before him, to forego all his dreams of the recovery of the West Saxon overlordship. Nevertheless, he generously relinquished his most cherished hopes, and set his feet upon that humbler path of duty to his subjects which has made his name famous, not for victories, but for "good works"; not for the extension of his dominions, but for those daily toils and unceasing labors by which "he secured peace, good government, and education for his people."

"All that he retained," observes the writer above quoted, "was his own Wessex, with London and the country round it, and with the districts north of the Thames which the Mercian King Wulfere had long ago torn away from Wessex, but which the peace of Wedmore restored to Wessex again." By every means in his power he provided for the defence of his realm, bringing about a closer union between the dependent kingdoms of Kent and Sussex; setting his son-in-law, Æthelred, an energetic and courageous ruler, to guard the country against incursions from the North.

The daring of his vigorous manhood, and the spirit of adventure which had made him in youth the first huntsman of his day, gave place to a graver form of activity; and restlessness was transmuted into a constant surrender of self and every selfish interest. He quietly and unostentatiously lived for the benefit of others; and if lacking, as some have said, in those imaginative qualities which

mark the higher statesman, he yet contrived to accomplish marvels through his indefatigable industry, and that conscientious ordering of each moment which alone could have enabled him to find ample time amidst the cares of state "for the daily duties of religion, for converse with strangers, for study and translation, for learning poems by heart, for planning buildings, for instructing craftsmen in goldwork, for teaching even falconers their business."

His methodical temper, minute attention to detail, and keen eye for men, undoubtedly contributed not a little to the success of his administration. His choice of instruments, moreover, was singularly happy; whilst his rapid recognition of, and eagerness to reward, merit in any station were sufficiently justified by the political and educational results he achieved. For instance, Denewulf, who subsequently became Bishop of Winchester, was said to have been a swineherd in the forest when Alfred, struck by his quick intelligence and ready wit, took him home and trained him at his own court in those branches of knowledge best suited to such a mind and character.

Alfred was pre-eminently a religious man,—one who in moments of depression found consolation in the music of the Psalms; who delighted to jot down, in a little book he carried about with him, a prayer, a pious legend, or story of some saint or holy person, such as that which tells how good Bishop Aldhelm sang sacred songs when travelling. St. Aldhelm was the earliest Saxon writer, and he loved to exercise his ingenuity in composing inscriptions for Our Lady's churches and altars. Here is one example:

Let Mary's prayer this house of God protect,
Which to her name and triumph we erect;
The Word of God, Light of the Father's light,
Our nature took of her, a Virgin bright.
O gentle Lady, thou wilt not despise
Our bended knees, pale cheeks, and weeping eyes!

Alfred himself was a faithful servant of Mary, ordering her feasts to be cele-

brated in a becoming manner. Nowhere, perhaps, is this good King's deep religious tone of mind more plainly shown than in his legislation. The Laws of Ine and Offa were codified and amended by him; "justice was more rigidly administered, corporal punishment substituted in most cases for the old blood-wite, or money fine, and the right of private revenge curtailed." That tendency, so prevalent throughout Europe during the ninth and tenth centuries, to unite in "frith-guilds," or peace fraternities, though stringently repressed on the Continent, was met in a totally different spirit by the kings of England. In fact, the system of "frank pledge," or free engagement of neighbor for neighbor, was gladly accepted as the basis of social order, at a time when frequent and devastating Danish incursions, and an increasingly feudal temper amongst the nobles, rendered an isolated existence most perilous for the freeman.

No one recognized more thoroughly than Alfred himself the common responsibility of the members of the frith-guild side by side with that of the kinsfolk. The ties that bound together these peace brotherhoods—or confraternities, as we should now call them—was scarcely less close than the ties of blood. "Let all share the same lot," ran their chief law. "If any misdo, let all bear it." On the other hand, they were mutual aid and defence societies, conducted on lines of the truest and most Christian, because most Catholic, charity.

We can well understand how urgently such associations must have appealed to a man of Alfred's practical, straightforward, and grandly moral bent of mind. He also possessed in a very marked degree that great quality of a great ruler—the power in politics as in war, or in his after dealings with letters and learning generally, of simply taking what was closest at hand and making the best of it. Like the artist of poetic story, he had grasped the fact that "that is best which lieth

nearest." From the materials round about him he built up his kingdom, and few rulers have ever chosen braver or more energetic coadjutors. This is specially evident in his educational enterprises. Asser, the Welsh bishop; John, the Saxon monk; Grimbald, the accomplished French scholar from St. Omer,—all these were not merely men of gifted minds, but masters eminently fitted to fill their several positions.

Alfred, moreover, was devoid of narrowness in any shape or form; and, deeply desirous as he was for the betterment of his realm and people, his outlook was wide, and his interests extended far beyond the boundaries of his own small island. His relations with France were close and cordial; envoys bore his gifts to the distant Churches of India and Jerusalem; whilst each year without fail a deputation was dispatched by him to carry Peter's Pence to Rome,—a proof, if proof were needed, of his loyalty to Christ's Vicar on earth.

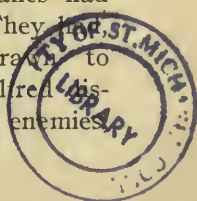
We read that "he sent a Norwegian shipmaster to explore the White Sea, and Wulfstan to trace the coast of Esthonia." He was also inspired to throw open to his subjects those wide fields of knowledge which till his day had been limited to the clergy. This could be done only by writing for them in their own tongue. He accordingly set himself to the task, taking the popular manuals of the age, such as "The Compilation of Orosius" (the one accessible handbook of universal history), the Pastoral of Pope Gregory, the writings of Boethius, etc., and translating them into English. "Do not blame me," he exclaims with a delightful candor, "if any know Latin better than I; for every man must say what he says and do what he does according to his ability." His literary work gives us interesting glimpses into his mind and character. Here his luminous faith reveals itself in an outburst of thanksgiving for the Divine Goodness; there the mention of Nero evokes denunciation of the abuse of power; every-

where his kind, genial nature, his ready humor, his pleasant discursiveness, his love of song, are apparent.

"As he translated the tales of the heathen mythology," says a modern historian, "he lingered fondly over them, and expanded them." He was a charming conversationalist, and was wont to discourse delightfully about the adventurous life he had led in his earlier years. Even during the most crowded days of his crowded existence, we have already seen that he found leisure to learn by heart the old folk-ballads of his race, and to ensure their being taught to the young nobles in the palace school which he had founded. But this brief sketch of "the King at whose court, at whose impulse, it may be in whose very words, English history begins," leads us to the consideration of that most curious "relic," as it has been termed, of Anglo-Saxon times, long known as the "Ælfred Jewel."

An ornament of such extreme costliness and skilled workmanship must undoubtedly have been executed for some person in an exalted station; and the occurrence of the name of Alfred in the Anglo-Saxon inscription "would alone justify the belief," says a reliable authority, "that the relic once belonged to the founder of England's greatness." "Ælfred ordered me to be worked," is the inscription in modern English. It may be remarked in passing that the quaint old use of the personal pronoun is twice found in similar inscriptions on a gold ring of about the same date. And the supposition that the celebrated jewel associated with his name did in very truth belong to the great King is rendered almost a certainty by the fact that it was dug up in the immediate neighborhood of Athelney, whither Alfred with his small band of followers had taken refuge.

After several reverses, the Danes had again sworn to leave Wessex. They had, as a matter of fact, withdrawn to Gloucester. But scarcely had Alfred rebanded his troops, when his enemies



encouraged by the arrival of fresh hordes athirst for plunder, reappeared at Chippenham, and thence "marched ravaging over the land." Terror, panic, and untold devastation prevailed during that mid-winter of 878; and it was not until the spring that Alfred could with prudence rally the thanes of Somerset round his standard. From the island fortress he had hastily raised when compelled to retreat amongst the marshes of the Parret, he had been closely watching the movements of his foes. The sequel is too well known to need repetition here. How he gathered fresh troops as he moved on through Wiltshire; how he encountered the Danish host at Edington, and in a great battle defeated it there; how the pagan leader, Guthrum of East Anglia, was baptized as a Christian, and peace was restored,—all are matters of history.

The theory has been advanced by some learned authorities that the absence of the regal title from the inscription on the jewel "is an argument in favor of dating its manufacture before 871"; but again it has been suggested, and with more reasonable grounds of probability, that the jewel was made some time *after* 878, and presented by the King to the abbey which, in gratitude for his victory over the Danes, he had piously founded on the isle of Athelney when peace had been finally secured by the solemn "frith" at Wedmore.

It was in the year 1693 that the "Ælfred Jewel" was discovered, during some excavations, about three miles distant from the isle of Athelney, which, it is scarcely necessary to add, lies very near the meeting place of the rivers Tone and Parret, the mound called to this day King Ælfred's Fort commanding the junction of the streams. About halfway to Bridgewater, on an estate known as either Newton or Petherton Park, then the property of Sir Thomas Wrothe, the jewel, which is now perhaps the greatest treasure in the Ashmolean Museum, was dug up in the park, and some five

years later passed into the hands of an uncle of Sir Thomas. This uncle, Colonel Nathaniel Palmer by name, in his turn bequeathed it to his son, who carried out his father's wishes, and presented it to the Bodleian Library; and thus it has ever since remained the property of the University of Oxford.

Many technical descriptions of the jewel, the first dated 1698, have been given. The following, by a learned authority, briefly and clearly states the character and appearance of this ancient relic. "An oval framework of gold" encloses, we are told, "an enamelled plaque, which is protected by a thick slab of crystal. The figure is in cell-work, the colored enamels being separated, and the outlines traced by means of vertical partitions of gold attached to the plate which serves as the base, and is engraved with a floral design on the back. The open work lettering passes all round the sloping edge of the crystal, except where a monster's head projects from the point of the oval, and provides a socket for a thin rod that was originally fastened by a rivet still in position."

The late Dr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, believed the Ælfred Jewel to be the head of an "cæstal [of the value of] fifty mancuses," such as the good King sent with a copy of his translation of Pope Gregory's Pastoral to every bishop's See in his realm. It is impossible to determine with any degree of certitude the exact nature of an "cæstal"; but its Latin equivalent, *indicatorium*, leads us to conclude that it was a small rod, or pointer, to be used with the volume, and perhaps even inserted in the binding.

It is interesting in this connection to notice that, in Lye's "Dictionarium," "cæstal" is described as a "bookmark," whilst in Toller's edition of Bosworth's "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary" it is said to be a tablet for memoranda, consisting of two waxed leaves joined together by a hinge, and framed or covered with gold,

to the value of fifty mancuses. That the Ælfred Jewel had originally a rod, or pointer, of some stout but perishable material inserted in the socket, is obvious; and it may well be, that of the royal gift to Athelney, the *œstal head* alone survived. Not one, however, of the existing copies of this translation of Pope Gregory's Pastoral (i. e., those belonging to the Sees of Canterbury, Sherborne, or Worcester) retains any pointer of a similar description; but it is worthy of record that in the preface Alfred makes special mention of John, the Mass priest, "one of his teachers of Latin,"—the Saxon monk from Corbey who had gone to be abbot of the new monastery at Athelney, in order the better to co-operate with the King in his work of education.

Opinions are widely divergent concerning the central figure of the jewel, some believing it to be a representation of St. Cuthbert or St. Neot, or even the Vicar of Christ; whilst others suppose it to be the portrait of our Divine Lord Himself in glory. In any case, nothing is sufficiently distinctive for purposes of identification; though the two sceptres which are certainly discernible, may also be found as attributes of Christ, the Eternal King, in the Gospels of St. Chad, which bear the date of the latter half of the eighth century; and also in that exquisite gem of the illuminator's art, the famous Book of Kells.

Comparison with a golden *ouche*, or brooch, formerly in the Roach Smith Collection, and discovered in London, proves beyond a doubt that portraiture in the same style and material was not unknown on jewelry at that time, both in England and abroad; indeed, a piece of work very similar to the Ælfred Jewel, probably found in North Germany, is compared by Dr. Franz Rock with Hiberno-Scottish productions of the seventh and eighth centuries. Moreover, the contents of our museums give abundant evidence, that enamelling, as well as other elaborate methods of decoration,

was practised, both in England and Ireland, with remarkable success before the year 900. As a matter of fact, the renowned Ardagh chalice, which is enamelled by three distinct methods, belongs to that period.

"The influence of an art best represented by discoveries on Irish soil may without difficulty," says a reliable authority, "be traced to the Ælfred Jewel itself"; the so-called *boar's head*, which holds the socket at the base of the jewel, being nothing but an example in the round of what is more often seen in the illuminated MSS. of the Irish school. Parallels in metal are less frequently found in England than in Scandinavia, but are even there attributed to Irish influence.

The fact that the enamelling is the least satisfactory part of the Ælfred Jewel is the strongest possible argument in favor of its insular origin. The Anglo-Saxon goldsmiths, history tells us, were famous; and a craft that could produce the wonderful jewelry of the Kentish graves, in the seventh century, would be quite equal to producing the Ælfred Jewel at the end of the ninth, when Christianity had brought civilization, art, and literature in its train. But the Celtic workers in enamelling were far more skilled than any of their fellow-craftsmen in England; and thus it was that, owing to the noble-hearted zeal of the sons of St. Patrick, the artistic influence of the Irish school spread through the whole of Northern Europe, culminating about the year 900.

We know that Irish pilgrim monks settled at Glastonbury; and, therefore, it is not surprising to learn that, some years ago, another rare example of Celtic art, in the shape of a remarkable open-work brooch of gilt-bronze, was discovered in Pitney churchyard, Somersetshire. The front is slightly convex, and is ornamented in a most graceful manner with an animal form, which can be distinguished amidst the interlacing curves. In style, it differs altogether from the early Anglo-Saxon treatment of animal

forms, and bears a very close resemblance to the design of a bookbinding preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and doubtless found in Ireland. Its date is not determined; but the binding is, if anything, a little later than that of the Pitney brooch. The subject of Celtic art is of fascinating interest, and its impress upon the famous relic of a famous Saxon King is unmistakable.

The Ivy Hedge.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

XXXII.

MRS. COYNE, attired in mauve and lavender, with what seemed to be a fluffy paint brush sticking up from her hat, took in the scene at once.

"You may well blubber, Jack Morton!" she began. "You've ruined my daughter's career,—that's what you've done. Everybody knows that I never intended her to marry you."

"We had bread and the nicest raspberry jam ever you tasted at Mrs. March's," said Walter, confidently, from beneath his white eyelashes at Mary.

"And sponge cake!" added Hubert, artlessly.

Mrs. Coyne promptly stopped the two boys, who retired behind Mary's chair, and remained quiet.

"I planned an intellectual career for my daughters,—a career befitting the daughters of a clergyman. I slaved myself to death. What happens? One marries into a wealthy family, preferring the fleshpots of Egypt to the higher life; and just when she has a chance of being in the best society, and having everything that money can buy, she rushes off out West, to be dependent on one of my relatives—"

"Not at all!" Molly cut in. She could not help thinking that prosperity and all the conveniences of the new apartment house had deprived Mrs. Coyne of the

frugal dignity of former days. "Jack and Amy will have a good start and a reasonable income. Amy is doing the right thing, I think, by going to her uncle, who must know the country and the ways of the country very well."

"But do you think, after all that I've done, that I can sleep at night (I've often dreamed that I saw Amy in her graduation dress, receiving the plaudits of the best people in Orvisville) when I know that my child is driving sheep to water in blizzards, and at evening breaking the ice for them to drink? She who might be reading her valedictory to-day, or at least driving in her own motor car! And Mary? What can I expect from Mary? She's good, I admit; but she might be the daughter of an emigrant, to judge her by her tastes. Instead of playing nice pieces on the piano in a gentle way, she's off with Madeline La Clare, the daughter of our washerwoman! I call it un-American!"

"Mother," cried Amy, "you forget that even my 'diploma' wouldn't have saved the boys from an institution! Let us be glad that your home is not broken up."

"You're upset," interposed Jack. "We're going to be the richest people in our part of the country—Amy and I. You'll come and visit us."

"The truth is," said Mrs. Coyne, mollified, "you never did understand me, but I'd have died sooner than broken up my home. Arthur March, Molly, is going to marry Madeline La Clare, and look after the business in New York; the mother has just told me. And I heard Mrs. March say that you're giving up, Mary. Is it true?"

"Yes." Mary was helping Amy with the teacups. "I intended to tell you to-night. Molly here has left me nobody to work for, so I'm going to Italy for a while with Madame Capella."

"What for?" asked her mother, sharply. "I hope that you're not thinking of being an Italian nun! It's un-American, I say.

I've suspected *that* since Mrs. Trevanion said that you would make a good Sister. One daughter feeding sheep and another walled in among Dagos!"

"Drink your tea, mother!" commanded Amy.

"You're going to the Portiuncula," whispered Molly, "to pray at the tomb of St. Clara—"

"For light," responded Mary. "I must learn how to love God by giving myself to Him and His children. It is the only way for me. And if I learn that lesson I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that I have done my best to resolve in a small way the problem of our lives."

Mrs. Coyne, more placid for an interval, sipped her tea.

"Quince roll!" murmured Hubert to his brother. "We haven't had quince roll since the day father died."

"It was bully!" murmured the innocent Walter.

"I can't have you dropping tears in your tea!" said Amy. "Mother, you'd try the patience of a saint! You mustn't mind what children say."

"Race is race," responded Mrs. Coyne, faintly. "You always did understand me better than any one else, Amy. I know I'm too sensitive."

There was silence.

A smile crossed Mary's face.

"There is one thing I have promised to do. When I paid Mrs. Trevanion's hundred dollars back (you know it all, Molly?) she took it only on condition that I'd go over to New York with her for a solid week of music. Think of it! One dream of her life—the dear old soul!—will be fulfilled."

"If I hadn't my music I'd go mad, I sometimes think, Mary." Molly took her hand. "The misery of the world oppresses me, and I can do so little! The times are all wrong. When I begin to look and *see*, I feel that a great change is impending. Who respects the law to-day? All decisions are examined and

attacked. It reminds me of that strange time before the French Revolution, when the trial of Beaumarchais showed how reverence had departed from France. I'm not learned, you know; but I've had to read up, because I'm studying the first violin part in 'The Marriage of Figaro.' There's a storm coming, I feel certain of it, and the way out of the turmoil seems closed."

Mary went over to the side table and opened a little book,—at a page in the "Countess Cathleen."

"Read this," she said.

And Molly read:

"He never closed a door
Unless one opened. I am desolate.
Because of a strange thought that's in my heart.
But I have still my faith. Therefore be silent;
For surely He does not forsake the world,
But stands before it, modelling in the clay,
And moulding there His image. Age by age,
The clay wars with His fingers, and pleads hard
For its old heavy, dull and shapeless ease.
But sometimes—though His hand is on it still—
It moves away, and demon hordes are born.

"Demon hordes!" repeated Molly. "There are many Sprachts. But, as Trevanion says, we *must* fight."

"We must fight," said Mary, remembering, without a pang, the time when Trevanion and she had said this among the ruins of their world. "We must fight,—each in his own way."

"And you will go for strength to the tomb of St. Clara!" Molly sighed. "You know best. And after that?"

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Nearly at sunset on the next day, when the western sky was dropping a curtain of larkspur purple across the radiant begonia pink above the horizon's bar of flashing gold, Trevanion and Molly stood on The Hills. They could see the groups of "commuters" hurrying from the station, laden with packages, exchanging greetings, and bustling into carriages and automobiles; there were groups of guests from New York, to be in time for the hunt, dinner and ball. The hunt was gradually becoming an institution, and several of

the arrivals showed red jackets under their overcoats. When Welby Morton, Molly's uncle, came down to the hunt, he always wore his "pink" (as he called it) as a mark of his sportsmanship. The Weltermans' car passed, a gay group overfilling it. It was to be a gala night on The Hills.

"All the tiaras of the grand-ducal families will be worn at the ball. But you'll not be there. Really, Molly, aren't you giving up too much? Welterman tells me that the cost of the decorations will be tremendous."

Molly smiled.

"There will be a competition drill of the tiaras. Whose is the biggest now? Mr. Reginald Haricourt and Lady Alicia Crawford, having no tiaras, will be the judges; and to-morrow the *Gazette* will chronicle the glories of rank and privilege and wealth. And there will be more discontent in the town among what Major Walcott calls 'the lower classes'; and a greater desire for tiaras and what they represent among 'the middle classes,' to which the grandees insist that people with limited means, like Major Walcott, belong."

"It is rotten! But you know, Molly, if something really good hadn't spoken within me, backed by you, I'd never have been content to take our little house, and give up all the display in which our neighbors delight. The beggar who climbs on horseback must have a very strong grip not to ride to—"

Molly gently put both her hands over his mouth.

"There's Mrs. Coyne," he went on. "See what ease and comfort and a kind of luxury have done for her. She has become querulous, foolishly ambitious, and complaining. I'm convinced that you'll have to find some other way of making people better than by placing them above all material worries."

"People must have decent houses to live in," said Molly, decidedly. "It is hard for them to be civilized or moral if

they're crowded together. We must build more new houses—with larger gardens, by the way. But if you make a woman like Mrs. Coyne idle by giving her leisure, you do her wrong. She is kept healthy in mind and body by reasonable work. When I saw Walter in a Highland costume and the other one in an up-to-date Lord Fauntleroy suit going to a children's party, I determined to transport that family back to the old house, where, owing to the opinion of the neighborhood, Mrs. Coyne will not be ashamed to let the boys tumble about in sensible, everyday clothes."

Trevanion chuckled.

"You're not a real uplifter! What becomes of her culture? She will not have time to go for her favorite novels to our famous library."

"She has 'Walter Scott' at home, and that's enough for any reading woman with housework to do,—and the *Gazette*! Since your mother has come to live with us, I've learned lots of things. There's one thing she can't teach me, though,—and that is, what to do with the shiftless wives and daughters of the men in the oyster canning district. They are kindly black people, but they have neither religion nor morals. Talk of your Sicilians! And here's Mrs. Walcott wasting my time—two hours this morning—trying to make me contribute to the conversion of the Cubans! I once saw in Florida a congregation of French nuns who had taught the Negro women the honest household arts in the frugal Norman way. I wish they could come here. Perhaps Mary Coyne may help later. I'm sick and tired of the paid uplifter!"

Trevanion looked at the darkening bar of gold, and smiled.

"Mrs. Coyne came to the office to-day to say that she was going back to the old house and garden. She was not without regrets at the failure of Amy's prospects. As she was going away, she said that, like David, she was old and had been young, but never had she seen the children

of the just deserted or their seed begging bread."

"It's a fine saying; but we are not all children of the just," replied Molly.

"I have heard

A sound of wailing in unnumbered hovels,
And I must go down, down—I known not where."

They stood where the ivy hedge had been, not far from the little house called the Lodge, where they now lived, and where the boy floated on the golden waves of love. The evening air was very still. They could hear the voices of two young men almost at the foot of the hill. Trevanion saw that they were on their way home from the works. They wore the blue "overalls" in vogue.

"That's George Trevanion!" he heard one of them say. "And that's his rich wife! They've gone out of their fine house to live almost as plainly as we do."

"What fools!" returned the other, in a high baritone. "They've given up what we're all working for—and what we'll fight for after a while, if these blasted slave-drivers keep on bloodsucking our money from us. But the Trevanions are fools, all the same."

"There's gratitude!" said Trevanion, his kind eyes glowing fiercely. "We must fight—"

"We must fight against ourselves," replied Molly. "We must fight to lose ourselves in others and find God. We have begun: the ivy hedge is gone!"

(The End.)

An Answered Prayer.

BY WILLIAM AUGUSTUS MAGUIRE.

MAIDEN Mother, be to me
A Mother in thy sympathy.
There was a time thou, too, didst feel
Grim sorrow's steel.

Loving Mother, night is here,
And I will welcome every tear
That falls. 'Tis sweet with thee to weep
One's soul to sleep.

Letters from Home.

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

XVI.—*Austin Markham to Lady Pimlico.*

DEAR VERONICA:—I am glad you liked my *ad hominem* apology for Lent, fasting, abstinence, etc. As you judiciously observe, you are a "mere heretic," and anything more orthodox would have been sure to bore you.

So your nephew Redenham has become a Buddhist, and your sister is quite edified! One can always be edified when one has a mind to it. I remember she had *not* a mind to it when your correspondent changed *his* religion. Then it was "a feeble thing for a young man to cast away the light of the Reformation and walk back into the mists of the Dark Ages." I suppose it isn't walking back to adopt the religious teaching of a mystic who lived six hundred years before Christ.

She thought it a "symptom of defective patriotism for an Englishman to revert to Roman Catholicism; a slur on his country that he should abjure the English Church." But Redenham is not un-English or unpatriotic, or slurrish to her Majesty the Head of the Church, in fetching his creed from the farther East. She thinks it, you say, "so striking that a young man in his position should pay so deep an attention to such subjects as to"—abandon the faith of Christ.

You also, I think, are somewhat impressed. But, then, you are not an "Evangelical Protestant Christian," as your sister calls herself. Your appreciation seems to be of the "mental activity" Redenham thus proves himself to be exercising. Is it not a little funny the quaint way you Reformed Christians have of always taking it as a sign of mental activity when any one gives up Christianity? What clever beggars you assume agnostics must be! And now Redenham has suddenly become clever, too.

Yes, I have read the books he has been lending you. But since you admire the Indian ascetics and their mysticism, I will beg you to recollect that they *were* ascetics and mystics; that what they did see they never would or could have seen out of fat, overfed eyes. To quote your own phrase, they have no "Exeter Hall oiliness or beefiness." Orientals never do think a full diet of meat essential to spiritual illumination; they don't worship meat,—even the golden calf wasn't veal. They don't sit with their stomachs on their heads, but take it for granted that fasting is an aid to spiritual vision; whereas the Western heretic is certain that your fasting man must be blind, and that only they who will eat meat seven days a week can see God.

Do be as wide-minded toward ascetics who happened to believe in Jesus Christ as you are willing to be to those ascetics to whom the knowledge of Him never came. You recognize readily that the Eastern yellow-robe, with his beggar's bowl and lean, empty body, walks on a higher plane than the well-bath'd, spruce clubman, and diner-out, wooing digestion with a silver'd pill.

How about the desert saints and hermits, the Carthusians and the mendicant friars? How about St. Celestine and St. Simeon Stylites? Must they be unworthy of sympathy because they knew Him to be God whom you call God's Son? You can understand that Gotama under his tree saw a great light because he had nothing in his inside. Simeon on his pillar had nothing in *his* except the dews of forty nights. Must he have seen nothing just because he gazed not at the "light of Asia," but at the Light of the World?

For my part, I am sure that had Gotama not lived six centuries too soon, had he been able to walk in the cornfields or sit on the hillside by the Poor Man of Nazareth, he also would have been His disciple. Instead of his own Eightfold Noble Aryan way, he would have learned

and taught the Eight Things Blessed of the Supreme Master. However that may be, we have come three times six centuries *after* Christ taught; and, though I can not see retrogression in turning through the ages back to Him, it seems a sheer self-disinheritance to push back beyond Him, pass Him on the way, and join oneself to another figure, however nobly groping for a light that had not then arisen.

Lignum Crucis arbor Scientiæ. How odd that the Cross should stand as a detested symbol of mental slavery to numbers who confess themselves to have been redeemed upon it; and that now, when the legend of Buddha's tree should be translated for the West, and brought over here to England, it should be welcomed by many people as a great and touching embodiment of spiritual and mental emancipation!

The Christian ascetics and mystics are ignored or despised as Obscurantists fumbling in an obsolete nightfog. At the first word of the name of Gotama, ascetic and mystic, folk cry: "Lo, the Enlightened One!" I can not tell a bit whether there will be many converts to Buddhism here and in America; whether it will be taken up at all, or taken up as a fad and a fashion, or taken *in* and assimilated as a real belief by many in search of a creed. But, if the latter, I am certain the converts will not come from Catholicity. They who adopt a creed that isn't really a creed at all are not the people who have one already; and to Catholics the ascetic idea does not come as a discovery. He who has believed that Christ is God will never exchange Him for the Buddha. But the vague Protestant Christian who has never had any definite answer to the question, "What think ye of Christ?"—for him there may be a danger, especially as the Buddhist teaching is sure to be edited for the Western taste. And the fact that Buddha never speaks of God may make the Buddhistic philosophy all the more easily welcomed by people who do

not want to have definite, dogmatic ideas about Him.

As for the Lent of modern Catholics living in the world, it is not asceticism, but only a reminder of the principle of asceticism. Nothing strikes me more than the contrast between the real *practicalness* of the Church and the sentimentality attributed to her. Her beliefs and principles never change, nor will she allow the slightest tampering with divine Commandments; but her own regulations she modifies just as common-sense and common need demand. Thus in more leisurely times she allowed more festivals, especially as her feasts were the breathing days of the poor and enslaved. Now the people make their own holidays, and need no one's help to amuse themselves; and she allows more days on which all who choose may work. So the modern Lent is much easier than the Mediæval Lent. That which would have seemed to robuster, less weakly ages a mere discipline would be hardship now, and she does not intend to lay down a rule of universal hardship. Absolute asceticism is a counsel of perfection, and she will never rule counsels of perfection obsolete. In the cloister there is still the absolute asceticism, and perhaps plenty of it here and there outside. Only she will not impose its rigor as a universal obligation.

Lent (among many other things, it is a time of preparation for the great Easter duties; a time of unhurried recollection and consideration of the Passion; a time of candid reading of the Tragedy of sin and its consequences; a time of survey of one's travelled road and the road still to travel; a time of spiritual *stock-taking*), — Lent, I say, is just a calm reminder of the *principle* of asceticism, and of the universal need of penance and discipline.

Some of the ways in which the Church's unromantic practicalness illustrates itself would amuse you a little. Before Lent begins, a letter from the bishop is read

aloud at Mass; and at the end of it there are plain and quite domestic explanations of what the people may eat and how often. There is one set of regulations for those who are bound to fast, another for those who are excused from fasting but not from "abstaining." You are told when you may use lard and when you may use dripping.

I can not help enjoying your sister's edification over her Redenham's being a Buddhist. How she used to despise the dirty, lazy monks! I wonder if she knows how many millions of Buddhist monks there are? How she moaned over the letter she once saw pinned before a shrine in Italy! Some benighted one had written down his needs or hers, and left them there for the Madonna to pray for while he worked, or while she cooked her children's dinner. I suppose there are no praying wheels in Buddhist countries? How personal was her animosity against his Holiness the Pope! But his Beatitude the Dalai Lama is all right. They who venerate the Roman Pope as the Vicar of Christ *must* be idiots or hypocrites! How about the hundreds of millions of Redenham's new coreligionists who revere the Thibetan pope as the reincarnation of Gotama the Buddha? Eh? Well?

Good-bye, my dear Veronica!

Yours affectionately,

AUSTIN MARKHAM.

MARCH 5, 1879.

(To be continued.)

LET us not grow weary of the salutary restraints of Christian life. Let us not cast wistful glances toward Egypt, from whose bonds we have been rescued, nor long for its fleshpots. Let us glory in our Christian heritage; and, above all, let us not be guilty of the mockery of leading pagan lives while making profession of Christianity, recalling to mind what the Apostle said to our Gentile forefathers: "Ye were once darkness, but now light in the Lord. Walk as the children of light."—*Cardinal Gibbons.*

A Generous Silence.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

"ALL women talk too much," observed James Walker, with conviction. "I am not blaming you. I merely state a fact."

The door had just closed on the master of the house, who was being carried by two servants to his room.

"I've got into the way of chattering since the accident," said Elsie, "to amuse poor Uncle Frederick. It would be so very dull for him, shut up in the house all day long, if I did not run in and out and tell him all about what is going on."

"I quite see that," replied her cousin; "but it seems to come naturally to you, all the same."

She looked a little pained.

"I am not finding fault," he added. "I only want to point out that this is the reason why a man can never trust a woman with a secret."

"O James! But surely it is one thing to chatter about domestic affairs and quite another to tell somebody else's secret."

"I doubt if any one who was habitually unguarded in conversation would be able to discriminate."

"Then you believe that I am utterly deficient in a sense of honor?"

"I didn't say so."

The ringing of Sir Frederick's bell came as a fortunate interruption. Elsie caught up her knitting and hurried away to amuse him till dinner time. Most of her time was spent nowadays in trying to prevent his mind from dwelling on his injuries.

To a healthy, active man who had lived all his life out in the open air, this sudden confinement to the house was particularly trying. Vainly his friends endeavored to cheer him with the assurance that things might have been con-

siderably worse. The chauffeur had been killed upon the spot, and everyone declared that it was little less than a miracle for Sir Frederick to have escaped with nothing worse than a shaking and a broken leg. No one except himself seemed apprehensive of any serious consequences. The local doctor felt satisfied that his patient's progress, though slow, was all that could be desired.

If Elsie would interest and amuse him, and prevent him from thinking too much about himself, all would be well, they told her. When she was not amusing him, he lay and wondered what would become of her if he should die. He was absolutely devoted to the girl whom he and his late wife had adopted in babyhood to fill the place of an unsatisfactory only son. They treated her as a daughter and called her niece, though in reality she was only the orphan child of intimate friends.

She knew very little of James' early life. He had left home on some voyage of discovery, much against his father's wishes, directly he came of age; and for years he might have been frozen to death at the North Pole, or eaten by cannibals in Central Africa, for anything they knew to the contrary. His name was never mentioned in Elsie's hearing, and every photograph of him was hidden from her sight. Then suddenly the newspapers announced that he was famous, and his mother cut out and pasted in an album the printed notices of his courage and success.

His father, however, who prided himself on his consistency, steadily declined to be proud of him.

"An Englishman's duty," he maintained with gentle firmness, "is to reside on his estate, and interest himself in local matters."

Even when a boy, James had never taken the slightest interest in any of the doings of little Lowthorpe. His father could not understand him. Perhaps his mother did. She died with his name

upon her lips; and her last request to her adopted daughter was that, if ever it were in her power to do so, she would bring about a reconciliation between Sir Frederick and his son.

The opportunity came when the news of Lady Warren's death reached him in Upper Burmah; and he wrote to his sire a sympathetic letter, which Elsie answered in slightly warmer terms than those which her uncle dictated. A correspondence ensued, resulting in an invitation to Lowthorpe; and James Warren, hero and prodigal, consented to return, after twenty years' absence, to his father's house.

The outward reconciliation between the two men was an easier matter than had seemed possible to Elsie's inexperience; and in any little difference of opinion which occasionally arose between them during the course of conversation she tactfully played the part of peacemaker. At first James treated her with distant courtesy and condescension. She seemed a harmless little person,—a useful house-keeper. It was not until his father's extravagant praises aroused his spirit of antagonism that he took upon himself to criticise.

To Sir Frederick's way of thinking she was beyond all criticism, and he never doubted that his son would fall in love with her at once. She was so pretty and so good and had such a happy disposition. On every possible occasion he enumerated her qualities and charms. How cleverly, since her aunt's death, she had regulated the household! How wisely she relieved the poor! How intelligently she read the *Times*! How sympathetically she sang!

James listened to all that his father had to say, and he fell in love—but it was not with Elsie. Her simplicity struck him as shallowness, her amiable qualities seemed to betoken a want of character. The doctor's sister, who called each afternoon to inquire after the invalid, attracted him far more. Here was a woman who could

understand and appreciate; she reminded him of his mother; and he, who was usually so reserved, talked to her by the hour about his travels and his varied experiences.

During his first few flying visits to Lowthorpe it was Miss Stapleton whom he looked forward to seeing again; and when, in consequence of his father's motor accident, he arranged to stay on permanently and undertake the superintendence of the stable, it was Miss Stapleton whom he invited to assist him in exercising the horses.

Elsie was glad. She was very fond of Annie Stapleton, and thought it only natural that James should prefer her friend's society to her own. There was no jealousy on her part, as there had been no thought of marriage. Elsie had long since decided that, in the event of her uncle's death it would not be upon any earthly lover that she should bestow the affection of her heart. For the present there was no doubt as to the direction in which her duty lay.

Her cousin's strictures upon her talkativeness, although they pained her for the moment, in no way checked the flow of lively conversation which was Sir Frederick's greatest recreation. She knew exactly all that it would interest him to hear. She consulted him as to the setting of the flower-beds for the spring, drawing plans and coloring sketches in order that he might be able to judge of the effect. She asked his advice about the distribution of her charities in the village. She made him laugh by measuring round his hand the foot of the stocking which she was knitting, "to see if it would be large enough for the garden boy's grandmother." She was his constant companion during all those days and weeks of semi-convalescence, and no one guessed that it was any effort to her to think of things to talk about.

When the weeks grew into months, and the patient took a decided turn for the worse, Dr. Stapleton began to fear that

there must be something more the matter with him than a shaking and a broken leg. He asked for the satisfaction of a second opinion, and a specialist was telegraphed for from London.

During the visit Elsie took refuge in her arbor of the Sacred Heart at the far end of the garden, praying that she might conform her will to the will of God. Everything around her served to remind her of the kind friend whom perhaps she was about to lose. With his own hands Sir Frederick had helped to build this bower for her when she was quite a little girl; on her tenth birthday he had given her the beautiful statue to place in it; by her side, at the time of his wife's death, he had knelt and asked that in all things the most holy, just, and lovable will of God might be done. She must imitate his courage now, and prepare herself to go to him directly the specialist should leave. She had not heard approaching footsteps, and was not aware of the vicinity of James and Annie until they had passed the half-closed door.

"You understand me!" James was saying. "You are the only woman I have ever known whom I could ask to share my life."

"Dear James," was Annie's answer, "I am so very,—very happy."

Elsie concluded that they were secretly engaged, but she did not feel surprised; she had, in fact, been expecting such an announcement for some time. When they wished her to congratulate them they would doubtless tell her. Till then she dismissed the subject from her mind.

The sound of scrunching gravel beneath the wheels of the doctor's carriage was the signal for her return to the house. She pulled herself together resolutely; yet there was still a paleness and a trembling, and a visible effect of tears, as she stood beside her uncle's bed.

"Poor little girl!" said he. "I wonder how you will get on when I am gone? My only comfort lies in the thought that James will take my place."

"Oh, do not let that trouble you, dear!" said Elsie, bravely. "God will take care of me."

"I believe He will," returned Sir Frederick, reverently. "If I did not believe that, I should not die in peace." Then, after a pause: "They say that marriages are made in heaven. I pray that yours is. If I had lived I might have been selfish about parting with you; so it is all for the best. Did not St. Ignatius say that, if only one really understood, one would never wish anything that happens to be different?"

For answer she pressed her cheek against the palm of his hand, and kissed his fingers one by one as she used to do when she was a little child. There was something about the fingers—that another saint had taught—to let the movement of each represent an act of virtue; but her head ached and she could not recollect it now.

Sir Frederick pursued his own line of thought:

"I used to doubt if James was a marrying man. He has been such a wanderer that it seemed unlikely he would ever settle down; but lately he has taken more interest in the estate. You never hear him talk now of rushing off to Tibet or California, or any of those distant places, do you?"

"No," whispered Elsie. "I do not think he wants to go away again."

"He is a good man, I believe," Sir Frederick continued,—“an upright, honorable gentleman. I always wanted you to have the very best. Now tell me, dear child, and pardon a dying man's curiosity, has he proposed to you yet?"

"Oh, no!" said Elsie, as she turned away and blushed.

"I am glad of that. I like him all the better for his diffidence. I don't think anything but the best would ever satisfy you, eh?"

"No," said Elsie, with decision. She had long ago felt that.

"Well, then, we have not much time

left. There is the question of money, and my will to be made. Originally I left everything to James. Then I left everything to you. Now, with your consent, I want to make another will which will do justice to you both. The right sort of husband does not care to owe his position to his wife. It would not be fair to place him in that predicament, would it?"

"Oh, no!" said Elsie again, her thoughts flying to Annie Stapleton.

"And yet, if I had not talked this over with you first, I was afraid that you might some day be surprised to find that I had left the property to James."

"But, uncle darling, of course I always thought you would do so! Your own son; whilst I, although I love you as a daughter, am really no relation at all."

"You should have had the place, though, and James knows it, if he had not shown a proper disposition."

Elsie winced, a little uncertain as to what might be meant by "a proper disposition."

For the space of five minutes there was silence. Sir Frederick broke it.

"Now will three hundred a year be enough for you for charity and pin-money? That is what I want to know."

"More than enough," said Elsie, with the thought of holy poverty uppermost in her mind.

"Then that's all right. And there'll be the legacies to the servants. I've sent for Fison. He ought to get here before long. I want to have these money matters finished off."

There was a notebook beside him, in which he jotted down some names and figures; then he fell back upon his pillows and closed his eyes.

"I'm tired. No more business now till the lawyer comes. Talk to me, dear! Prattle on about anything. It soothes me just to hear your voice."

James, passing along the corridor, and pausing for a moment at his father's door,

could hear the ceaseless flow of words.

"She seems incapable of holding her tongue," he thought. "It would never have done to take her into our confidence, as Annie wished."

He dreaded the effect of his father's knowing that he was again about to thwart his wishes. A son's portion he had long ceased to expect.

"We shall be poor," he said to Annie; "but I don't think the governor can do less than leave me just enough to live on."

The uncertainty of his prospects caused him much anxiety; but, as Sir Frederick never broached the subject, it was not possible for James to do so.

Just one month after the solicitor's visit the will was read, and everyone except Elsie was taken by surprise.

"I always understood that Miss Elsie was to have the place!" said an old servant who had known her from childhood. "Surely there's some mistake!"

The servants could not understand it at all. Neither could James. He knew that Elsie must feel Sir Frederick's death far more acutely than he could do, and the loss of her home would come as an unnecessarily additional blow. He went up to her at once.

"This is rather a shock," he said.

"Not to me." She was quite calm.

"You knew? Impossible! What do you mean? When was it settled?"

"The dear uncle talked to me about it just after the specialist had left, before Mr. Fison came. Are you not pleased? I hoped that you and Annie would be so happy living here."

He looked at her searchingly.

"What has Annie told you?"

"Nothing. I know only what you told her as you passed my bower that day."

"What day?"

"The day the specialist came."

"Do you mean to say that you guessed that we were engaged and yet you never mentioned it to my father?"

"O James! You don't still doubt that I have any sense of honor?"

He looked away. He could not meet the honesty of her eyes.

"This was not my affair," she explained: "it was somebody else's secret."

His conscience smote him. He was penitent and remorseful. Taking both of her hands, he said:

"Dear child, how I have misjudged you! Can you forgive me? I see now that I owe everything to your generosity."

"There was no question of generosity," she answered simply: "it was mere justice. I thought of what your mother would have wished."

For the first time James realized that she was distinctly lovable.

"But what will you do?" he asked. "I can not turn you out. You must live with us till you marry. I know that Annie—"

She interrupted him:

"You are very good. But I have made my plans,—at least Father Barry is arranging them for me. As soon as possible I am going to the Sisters of Charity at Mill Hill."

"As a postulant? Elsie! Impossible! I can't imagine you in a convent—my little chatter-box! The silence alone—"

"Perhaps it will be a relief," sobbed Elsie, "not to be obliged to talk."

No just judge or jury would render a verdict after hearing only one side. In a court of justice the representative of the defendant and his witnesses always have the same consideration as those of the prosecution. Therefore, no sane man or woman should condemn—in thought, word or action—an accused person after hearing only one side of the story; and as there is only about one chance in a thousand that the other side will ever be heard, one should forever hold his peace, and not let his respect for an accused person be diminished a particle. This is the duty not only of a true Christian but of every rational being.—*Anon.*

In Remembrance.

(S. M. R. July 23, 1910.)

BY M. K.

OUT from the sweetness of some meadow grove
A lark to-day into my garden flew,
And, resting near a rose-of-Sharon bush,
Sang to it all the gladness that he knew;
He trilled but to the Sharon rose tree there
His lilting melody of meadow mirth,
Not knowing of my sudden singing heart
Made vibrant by his summer song of earth.
From out the sweetness of your convent home,
In tones more tender than the lark e'er knows,
You carolled all the gladness of your heart
Before the altar of the Sharon Rose.
You sang but to the Maiden Mother there
Your wondrous melody of prayerful mirth,
Not knowing of our heaven-singing souls
Made vibrant by your summer hour on earth.

Reminiscences of Noted Converts.

THE following reminiscences of two well-known servants of God, now gone to their rest, can not fail to interest our readers; while incidentally are to be found therein charming traits of a still more distinguished man.

In the "Life and Characteristics"* of the late Bishop Curtis appears a delightful letter written by him in 1872 from the Birmingham Oratory, England, to friends in Baltimore. The letter is a long one, containing the outpouring of supreme joy and happiness, and is replete with interest. Only the last page, however, which refers to the late Monsignor Croke-Robinson, enters into our sketch. The Bishop—or, rather, Mr. Curtis—had just been received into the Church by Dr. Newman, later the great Cardinal, and he writes as follows of the then Mr. Croke-Robinson:

"I must use up the rest of my paper by telling you about a man who is just

* P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

opposite to me, on the other side of the corridor. *He* is somebody!—an Oxford Fellow, head of a large congregation not far from here. But he has been a great sinner! I am nothing in comparison. He had incense, copes, and closed chasubles, and half a bushel of candles burning all at once. I don't know what he didn't do. And all under the Bishop of Lichfield's nose. He came over to America, and wanted to know why something was not done with me. And here in his own diocese was this man, and plenty more, doing what I never dreamed of doing!

"This poor soul and I came here by the same road. Neither of us could find out what we were obeying, and both looked out for something to obey. Neither could find anything he felt entirely safe in obeying save the Holy See. Like me, he groped about, hoping to find something else, because he did not fancy at first the being obliged to receive any and everything the Holy See had said or might say. But it was no use, so he gave in at last, and came here to be made over into a little baby. And, again like me, he does not find the process dreadful at all. He comes and talks to me, and asks me what he will have to do. He is so simple-hearted and ready to believe what he is told that I am half inclined to tell him that the very first thing done to him will be to give him a tremendous flogging; the next to put him down in the cellar for a week, and so on, and so on; I think if I did he would believe me, and begin to prepare himself for it all. You know I put on a very superior sort of air as being in the Church some time before him. He thinks the Ritualists here have run out their line and will smash up soon, which has been my opinion also for some time.

"But you must have had more than enough of nonsense. I am coming home ere long, and am going to do just whatever I am told. . . . I have written a deal of fun, but indeed I am as happy as a beggar. . . ."

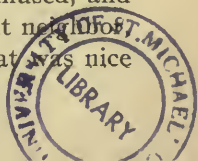
From the pen of the Rt. Rev. Monsignor

Croke-Robinson come not less interesting words, written to a Visitation nun of Wilmington, Delaware, on February 4 of the present year,—some weeks only before his sudden but well provided death. The holy and learned ecclesiastic gives on his side some early impressions of his friend, the late Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, D. D.:

"I see in the *Ecclesiastical Review* of January, 1914, an advertisement of the Life of Bishop Curtis, second Bishop of Wilmington; I have ordered the volume at once.

"I am able to give you one or two incidents in his life, connected with myself, which I am sure will interest you considerably. I went to the Oratory, Birmingham, in 1872, being a clergyman of the Established Church of England (about five miles off at the time), for the purpose of reception. There I met the then Mr. Curtis, who had been received into the Catholic Church the day before my arrival. I need not say that for some days we were together, and became as intimate as if we had known each other all our lives. I was struck with his singular knowledge of Patristic literature. He quoted St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, etc., as if he knew them by heart. I was also struck with his all-round ability and earnestness. He quite lifted me up!

"Here is something amusing about him. He had a habit of sometimes expectorating,—I suppose a common one of those days, if not of these. Anyway, it was not one of Father Newman's (for of course he was not Cardinal for years afterward; so I wrote Father Newman). Indeed, that is a mild way of putting it; for the Father was peculiarly fastidious in such things. And I remember that I was watching, with one or two others, what would be the effect on the great man of this habit, by no means discontinued at recreation. Will you believe it? He was amused, and made a joke about it to his next neighbor, Father Ambrose St. John! That was nice



of the great man, and raised him in my estimation.

"We lost sight of each other for some years, till one Sunday evening (I am unable to recall the date, but he was not a bishop then) I was told by the sacristan immediately after my sermon at Spanish Place (a very old Catholic mission here): 'A gentleman wants to see you.' And it was Father Curtis, who was acting as chaplain to Archbishop Gibbons (he was not Cardinal then), *en route* either to or from Rome. I went to his hotel hard by, and spent two hours, perhaps more, with the two. It was, indeed, a treat. I shall never forget Father Curtis looking at his watch at about 11 or 11.15 p. m. and saying to Archbishop Gibbons: 'Well, Bishop, we must quit!'

"I never saw him again; but once more he came in a sort of way into my life. A devoted friend of mine, a Father Palmer, was travelling in America, on a begging tour for his new parish or mission. He was struck down with apoplexy in the streets of Baltimore, and, strange to say, Father Curtis was sent for, and arrived in time to give him conditional absolution and Extreme Unction.

"I think that perhaps these few facts will interest you. I am looking forward with great interest to the arrival of the volume. I am sure that it will stimulate me to fresh endeavor, just as he did in person. God rest his soul!"

Is it not true that the humility and childlike simplicity of the truly great form not the least part of their power in God's service?

THE electric light and force are only supplied by the continuous exertion of the dynamo; if it relax an instant, there is darkness. It is so with life, every instant of which is furnished to us by special act of the Almighty. So, too, is it with our worldly goods and fortune, each day's enjoyment of which is renewed to us by the same Providence.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

A Timely Utterance.

WE have more than once had occasion to comment on the excellent Catholic apologetic work that is being done by the English non-Catholic gentleman, Mr. G. K. Chesterton. A distinguished American counterpart of G. K. C. in this respect is Mr. Bird S. Coler, a Methodist, whose admirable book, "Two and Two Make Four,"—a book that should be known to all our polemics—is being supplemented by timely utterances on vital questions of American policy and practice. Addressing a Catholic audience in New York city recently, he had this to say on a favorite topic of his:

I have found in the parochial schools the saving principle which has been eliminated in the public school system. I have found in them a secular education which, in every recent test, has shown superior efficiency over the public school education. I have found the idea of authority dominating moral instruction, and the idea of Divinity vitalizing moral instruction. I have found the idea of personal responsibility to God pressed home upon the mind of youth. I know no other way of making good citizens. I can say that, in its parochial school system, your Church has built an institution that makes for the conservation of the American ideal of life and government.

Mr. Coler is not the only non-Catholic admirer of our parish school system and methods. Praise of them is heard on all sides; and our inestimable advantage in having an army of religious men and women devoted to educational work has frequently been pointed out. A professor in Harvard College publicly declared some years ago that Catholics themselves did not seem thoroughly to appreciate this advantage. Of late, leading members of various sects have been advocating in season and out of season the establishment of denominational schools. They do not hesitate to declare that by no other means can high standards of morality and citizenship be maintained. Opposition to our parish school system is now almost exclusively confined to

bigots. If the ill-will of this class seems stronger just now than formerly, the simple reason is that Catholic progress has temporarily intensified it. As the *Catholic Standard and Times* observes in a recent editorial:

Alarmed at the enormous increase in juvenile crime, it is being reluctantly acknowledged now by many eminent educators that it is a mistake to leave a blank for the name of God in the curriculum of the public system; and that at least moral instruction of some character, if we would have our children develop into good citizens, is an absolute necessity. The Lutherans and Episcopalians have established schools in connection with their churches. Even many Presbyterians are now advocating the establishment of denominational schools....

The parish school is the very corner-stone of the Church. It trains the boy and girl in those virtues which alone can fit them for their life work. It makes them true children of God, and teaches them that there is only one lesson of supreme importance in this world: to know, love and serve God, is, first and above all, the reason of their existence. The Church has not forgotten that it profiteth nothing if we gain the whole world and lose our souls.

The parish school is no less the sure foundation upon which a good citizenship can be built. The man who does not know how to serve God will not know how to serve his country. That citizen is truest to his flag who is most loyal to God. With the Catholic, patriotism is not a sentiment. It is not something to make the heart thrill on Independence Day when the band plays and the small boys make the welkin ring with the toy pistol and cannon cracker. Patriotism means that love of country which prompts strict observance of law and proper respect for civil authority. It is as much a matter of conscience as is any other virtue, and is not based only on natural obligations. The Catholic, if he be true to the principles taught in the parish school, is the best type of American. It is only necessary to point to the latest testimony to that fact, afforded at Vera Cruz, in order to establish the truth of the conclusion.

When will an American statesman set himself to the surely compassable task of evolving a school system that will provide for religious instruction in harmony with the creeds of conscientious parents, and relieve them at long last of the double burden of taxation for educational purposes?

Notes and Remarks.

Representative educators everywhere, it is gratifying to notice, share the opinion of Prof. F. W. Förster in regard to teaching sex hygiene in schools. At the annual convention of the National Education Association in St. Paul, Minn., at the beginning of the month, speaker after speaker denounced such a course for public schools, and was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Educational journals on both sides of the Atlantic contain similar protests from editors and correspondents. The fad will probably pass, but Prof. Förster's words are worth repeating; they were written when the agitation was just beginning:

There are plenty of modern mothers who are aware of the necessity for instruction in matters relating to sex, and who are perhaps anxiously awaiting the suitable moment. It is a great deal more important, however, that they should make their children acquainted with what Sailer called "The Strategy of the Holy War,"—that they should train them every now and then to deny themselves some favorite article of food, or to accomplish some heroic conquest of indolence, or to practise themselves in ignoring pain.... The principal and dominating feature of sexual education should not be an explanation of the sex functions, but an introduction to the inexhaustible power of the human spirit, and its capacity for dominating the animal nature and controlling its demands.

Irish exchanges report a resolution recently adopted by the Dublin Vigilance Committee relative to the menace, to morality and public decency, embodied in the unrestricted circulation of evil publications. In a letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the secretaries of the Committee declare:

The sale of journals and periodicals—some of them of an openly indecent kind—is fast becoming a scandal as well as a menace to public morality and decency. And we feel sure that the law could be invoked to punish the offenders. We would, therefore, suggest to your Excellency that the matter is worthy of the serious consideration of the law officers.

Even if it be found that the law is defective, it is a case in which increased powers should be sought from Parliament in order to protect the public, especially the young, from the contamination of these vile publications, which are permitted to be sold apparently without any effort being made to punish the offenders.

Obviously, a similar appeal might well be addressed to the Executive of this country. If existing laws, State or federal, are not specific or comprehensive enough to cover the cases of several notorious publications that are debauching the minds and characters of tens of thousands of Americans, then it is clearly the duty of our legislators to formulate and pass statutes that *will* cover them. We are not enamored of the multiplication of laws, but drastic amendments to existing statutes as to libellous and indecent publications seem to be imperatively needed.

Father Bernard Vaughan usually has something interesting to say, and it is always graphically said. Some utterances attributed to him we should be just as happy to have attributed to some one else, but that is another matter. Given such a theme as he takes in "The Rich Fool," the sermon which he preached at Westminster Cathedral on the 7th ult., he is apt to be at his best. The parable, it will be remembered, is of the man who would pull down his barns to build larger, never counting on Him unto whom is all dominion, and whose "mighty messenger," as says the old miracle play, is irresistible Death. And so Father Vaughan was moved to say:

There is only one Master of the household of creation, and He can ring His servants up at any moment; and, unlike other servants, His servants have to answer the bell at once. We are all servants. We are often told by the lordly great that servants ought to know their place. And so they ought. We are all the servants of God; and, no matter whether we have the prizes of this life in our holding or are members of the sweated league, we are all His servants, and we can not say, "I have so many acres and such barns and such estate and such health and such prospects and such cellars and such deli-

cate viands and so many positions and servants and such retainers that I can live on for many years." When God presses the button, so to speak, the bell is heard and it is answered. The man who would speak like that is a consummate fool for forgetting God. I know that some one here would say: "Father, perhaps he did not know there is a God." Well, to charge him also with not knowing there is a God is not merely to call him a fool, but an idiot. "The ass knoweth his owner; the ox knoweth his owner; the dog knoweth his owner," and every sane, normal man knoweth his Owner—God. How can any man, especially possessing the good things of this world, fail to realize the personality of His Maker?

And if he does so forget, his epitaph is written—God Himself has said it—"Thou fool."

The infamous crime which cut short the lives of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his consort, though attributed to Serbs, is nowhere more sincerely mourned than in Serbia. The most irreconcilable of the Archduke's political enemies respected him as a man of the highest personal worth. His unselfishness and sincerity were never questioned. He was a generous friend of the poor and the unfortunate, a constant benefactor of educational and charitable institutions, and not less devoted to his religion than his wife, whose piety was saintlike. Both had attended Mass on the day of the assassination. That crime, which shocked the whole civilized world, will hardly bridge the gulf that separates Bosnia from Serbia; but it can not fail of a good effect on all countries, large and small, whose rulers must realize how powerless they are of themselves to stem the tide of anarchy.

The Benedictine and the scholar spoke when Cardinal Gasquet, replying to an address of welcome on his return to England, said: "I think that, without pride, I may claim to have worked with my whole heart and soul at whatever may have appeared to be in the best interests of religion in general, particularly in regard to England. I have striven to carry out

as my motto the saying of Holy Scripture: 'Whatever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Looking back over the past, I can not but admit that I have frequently fallen below my ideals; and, although during the past few weeks I have had to listen to pleasant things about what I have done and of all I am supposed to know, I am only too conscious of what I have not done and of all the vast fields of knowledge about which I am ignorant."

His Eminence declared that one point of the address to which he was replying (the address of the Duke of Norfolk on behalf of the Catholic Union of Great Britain) gave him peculiar pleasure—"where you single out, under the guidance of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, the 'spirit of peace' as the characteristic note of the influence of St. Benedict; and, by implication—at least I like to think so,—you would suggest that my work in the past has made for the same. Nothing has pleased me more during the past few weeks than the kindly letters I have received from non-Catholics. Many of them have been my friends for years, and from many I have naturally differed on various important religious questions. But though we have often spoken plainly, I believe never without charity and respect for conscientious convictions. To-day, so far as I know, I have not—I won't say an enemy—but even one whose heart feels sore against me for aught that I have written or spoken. If any good is to be done, it can be accomplished only by the spirit of peace."

The Rev. A. W. Van Duine, of Chicago, has a clear head, and no doubt a good heart goes with it. For when his brother ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church, gathered in General Synod at Asbury Park, N. J., were working themselves up to a pitch of violent and voluminous protest over the action of President Wilson in attending the Pan-American Mass in Washington, Dr. Van Duine with-

stood them to, their teeth in this wise: "Let us suppose a body of Catholics, assembled as we are here to-day, should pass a resolution of protest that Woodrow Wilson belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Wouldn't they have the right to take such action, if we have the right to pass such a resolution as this?" And, reminding his excited brethren of their principle of private judgment, this fair-minded and courageous divine went on to say: "We have always believed in the right of a man to do as he pleases in these matters; and I know that if I were President of the United States I should do as I pleased, and so would you. And here the Dutch Church sets itself up to dictate to President Wilson where he shall worship and where he shall not worship!"

It only remains now for the brethren to prove—or assert—that Brother Van Duine is a Jesuit in disguise.

Under the caption, "Bracing Ourselves Up," the *Weekly Freeman*, of Dublin, speaks hopefully of the signs of the times in Ireland. "Even the keenest friends of the Irish movement," it declares, "were not prepared for the wonderful manifestation of national activity and determination which is marking the birth of Irish legislative independence. Even a twelvemonth ago no one could have foretold what this day is bringing forth of organization, of effort zealously directed, of self-sacrifice, of efficiency in the political and educational field." Of two movements in particular the *Freeman* speaks in terms of the highest praise: the rebirth of the Total Abstinence campaign and the organization of the Irish Volunteers. Of the former it says:

There has been seen nothing in recent years like the colossal Total Abstinence demonstration in Dublin last Sunday. The finest public arena in Europe—the greatest thoroughfare in these countries—was filled from end to end with the Total Abstinence demonstration, and a procession representing all Ireland, and of which a low estimate would be fifty thousand persons, marching to this arena to refund the

movement which Father Mathew began, and which had tremendous influences on the Ireland of his day, and, indeed, ever since. It is not too much to say that Father Mathew, by stemming the drink evil, really saved Ireland midway in the nineteenth century. The burning zeal of that time lessened, but Ireland never again relapsed into the habits which Father Mathew broke down. There has been since too much alcoholic drinking; but the great Capuchin really scotched the demon of drink, loosened his hold on the nation, scattered a full half of his power, and he has never regained it. Now this movement is to resume and complete Father Mathew's work. Ireland should not now rest content until it is a sober nation,—until drunkenness is esteemed a deep, personal disgrace, and a sin against Irish nationality.

At a large meeting of the International Abolitionist Federation Conference last month in London it was agreed that the employment of women police in all large cities is almost a necessity. It was explained that they could not be substituted for policemen; but that, properly trained, they could support the work of the police, and render service which men neglect or naturally avoid as much as possible. The Conference is composed of sociologists, economists, and scientists in all parts of the world, and has done untold good, of which little or nothing is said in the newspapers. Many of the papers read at the London meeting were as practical as could be desired. One physician, in winding up a discussion of the best means to prevent the spread of disease, dryly remarked that, after all, "hygiene was made for man, not man for hygiene." The Anglican bishop of Winchester made a notable declaration of the importance of dealing with moral evil by moral forces, not by material means.

It is often asked why Government publications are not circulated among the press. They ought to be, instead of being mailed to partisans at home by politicians in Washington. We refer in particular to the organ of Congress, the perusal of which would be informing and sometimes

surprising to the average editor. The public bears the expense of the production of this periodical, and ought to be made more fully cognizant than it is of the contents thereof. The people never hear of many sayings and doings at the Capital that would be of great interest to them. The organ to which we refer should, therefore, be supplied gratis to the editor of any paper or magazine who deserves to have it.

A recent book of essays, "Ideals and Realities," by Edith Pearson, furnishes a writer in the *Irish Catholic* with matter for a most interesting sketch of a striking personality, Caroline Chisholm, known as "The Emigrant's Friend." A devoted Catholic, indeed a woman of singularly holy life, Mrs. Chisholm looked upon her work as an apostolate, into which she entered with a zeal as indefatigable as her capacities were remarkable. South Australia was the great field of her missionary endeavor. How she succeeded is best revealed in the following anecdote related by Miss Pearson:

One day she was "held up" by bushrangers. She was taking a party of emigrants out and away beyond the towns and beaten tracks, seeking the needed employment of their labor; and had gone ahead on her famous mare, "Captain," to find a suitable camping ground. Directly the bushrangers looked at her face and heard her voice they said: "You are Caroline Chisholm. May our hands wither if we touch you or your party! Go on, and God bless you!"

The writer in the *Irish Catholic* thus concludes her sketch:

Such was the reverence which the services of this disinterested and earnest woman had inspired in the minds of desperate and reckless men,—men to whom no life or property, other than hers, was sacred. Eventually she was enabled, with the help of the then governor of the colony, Sir George Gibbs, to establish in Sydney a home for the immigrant girls then arriving in numbers, and previously exposed to fearful moral perils. She formed also a system of registration offices, now extending all over Australia, for securing employment for men and women servants, as well as a system of small holdings for agriculturists, which

enabled the development of the land. At the end of the first seven years' existence of this latter organization she had settled as many as 11,000 small farmers in New South Wales, who so honorably discharged all their obligations to her and others that it is recorded that the eventual loss to her was only £1 18s. 6d. It must be remembered that very many of these—probably the majority—were Irish, most of whom were exiled from the land of their birth by the terrible famine of "Black '47," and by a land system unequalled in iniquity in any part of the world.

A Bill for the abolition of vivisection, just presented to the English House of Commons, may be welcomed as presaging greater regard for human life and more general avoidance of all forms of cruelty to the young and the defenceless. "It shall not be lawful," the Bill recites, "to subject any animal to vivisection,—that is to say, to perform on any live animal, with or without anæsthetics, any experiment or demonstration or inoculation of a nature to give pain or suffering, either directly or in its after effects," for any scientific purpose. It is claimed that what the surgeon has learned through vivisection amounts to very little, and it is contended that the ruthless use of animals even for the benefit of humanity is a form of barbarism. Cardinal Manning, it will be remembered, was strongly opposed to vivisection on precisely the same grounds.

It is remarkable that Cardinal Newman, scholarly recluse as he was, has left us in his writings such a body of practical thought that hardly any actual question arises but something apt from his pen may be found to fit it. In this hour of the dawn in Ireland—as yet not a clear and cloudless dawn—we are reminded of his glowing words of prophecy, spoken a half century ago and already partly fulfilled, as to the destiny of Erin in days to come. He is speaking of the site of a university:

I looked toward a land both old and young,—old in its Christianity, young in the promise of its future; a nation which received grace before

the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes toward a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic toward everyone else.

The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situated in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing university, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders and servants were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers and the fountainhead of their Christianity, students are flocking from East, West, and South, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered; and last, though not least, from England,—all speaking one tongue, all owning one Faith, all eager for one large, true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry over all the earth "peace to men of good will."

A noble vision. May its realization be not too far distant!

Truthful as well as terse is the statement made in a recent sermon by Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo. "I can advertise," he said, "in every paper in the city that I am to speak on a certain day on Catholic doctrine,—that I am going to tell what the Church believes and teaches; but men will not come to hear me; and even if they do, they will not believe what I say. But if I became an apostate . . . you could not get a hall large enough to hold the crowds that would flock to hear me attack the teachings and doctrines of the Catholic Church."

This is not a very flattering estimate of a considerable portion of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, but an absolutely correct one, nevertheless.



Out of a Job.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

"PLEASE tell me why you are discharging me, sir. I have always tried to do my work well."

"You know well enough. You are two clerks in my shop here. One of the two is robbing me. Which one it is I don't know, so I discharge both."

"But I don't want to be accused of being a thief."

"No back talk! I've spoken the last word. You have your wages. I owe you nothing. Go and be hanged elsewhere—, if perchance 'tis you who are the dishonest one."

At this the boy burst out crying, as he left the office of the grocery store where his employer had just accused him.

He who was thus put out of his job was a lad about twelve years of age, Jacques Biron. His leanness, and his pallid face spoke of privations endured for some time and of habitual fatigue. About a year before, his father had died; and, on reaching home after the funeral, he found his mother and his two little sisters sobbing as if their hearts would break. The poor mother was crushed by grief for her lost protector, and anxiety for the future of herself and children. At the sight of her distress Jacques had suddenly felt himself become a little man. He had flung his arms lovingly about her neck, saying:

"Don't cry, mamma dear! I'll work for the three of you: and, with the help of our Blessed Lady, we'll be all right."

True to his promise, he had secured a position in a grocery store, and would have been very happy there had not the proprietor given him as fellow-clerk

a good-for-nothing youth, who, besides being a spendthrift, was a liar and a thief. Every time he was at fault, he accused Jacques, who, on his side, was too scrupulous about denouncing the young rascal.

And so Jacques left the grocer's store, and sauntered down Rivoli Street, without paying attention to anything that was being done or said by the people who thronged it.

"Poor mother!" he kept saying to himself like the refrain of a song. "Poor mother! How can she pay the rent, with me out of a job? I can never dare go home and tell her that I've been discharged. But I can tell my other mother, Our Lady, all about it; and I will, right away."

So saying, he hurried to the church of Our Lady of Victories, knelt down and unbosomed himself to the best friend of boys or men, the Help of Christians.

"And now," he said, "I must be up and doing. There's no lack of stores hereabouts. Let me try for a job in one of them."

He left the church, and walked down the street.

"Don't you need some one, sir, to run errands, or to help in your shop?" he asked a druggist.

"I? Not at all. But possibly such a position can be found. Who are you? Where are you from? And what are you doing?"

"I was a grocer's boy, sir."

"That so? Let me see your certificate of character."

"I haven't one."

"Ah," said the druggist, "that's bad! You ought to have one. Why didn't your employer give you one?"

"Because—I don't know. I didn't ask him for one."

"Well, my lad, run back and ask him now."

Return to the grocer and ask a certificate? Never! So he continued his inquiries for a position, but without any success.

The daylight was fading, and, as the shadows grew deeper, Jacques felt his distress and his solitude increasing. Yet he kept on walking, looking now for a resting-place—some corner wherein he might sleep. Turning into a side street, he saw ahead of him a lantern such as builders and contractors light in the evenings to warn passers-by that the way is obstructed. By the feeble light, Jacques saw that a house was being torn down. Groping his way over the piles of debris, he was soon inside, thinking that here at least he could find a place to sleep. Sure enough, he found a door leaning up against a side-wall, and forming, with an old billboard, a sort of cupboard. He entered, threw a plank on the floor, placed his cap on it to serve as a pillow, stretched himself out, and, overcome with fatigue, was soon fast asleep.

He did not know how long he had slept when he was awakened by the sound of voices which seemed to be harsh and fear-inspiring. He pinched himself to make sure it was not a dream. No: he was awake. There were men talking close by.

"It's a good job to pull off," said one. "And the thing is, not to miss him."

"Good Heavens!" thought Jacques, believing they were speaking of him. "What of my eight dollars,—my wages for the week!"

He was thinking of his mother's distress should he lose this money that was to help pay their rent. Swiftly and noiselessly removing his purse from his pocket, he dug a hole in the dirt with his fingers and buried his treasure.

As he finished, one of the men was saying:

"He always leaves his office at two o'clock, and goes home by way of the Louvre and Rivoli Street, and then comes along this sidewalk."

"Yes," replied the other; "but the trouble is I don't know him. Suppose I attacked some one else?"

"Oh, you can recognize him easily enough! He wears a soft hat and a frock-coat, and he carries a cane. He is big,—twice as big as you. We are two. There are no policemen about. You grab his cane. When he turns on you, I'll trip up his heels and stuff a handkerchief in his mouth. We'll go through his pockets and empty them. Of course if he resists, we'll finish him. The river is handy."

Looking through a crack in the door, Jacques saw the two men, one of whom was just pulling from his pocket the handkerchief which, later on, was to help him in his commission of crime.

So a man was to pass this house,—was coming toward it now perhaps,—was walking unsuspectingly along, yet drawing nearer and nearer to death. And would not Jacques do anything to save him? Every minute increased the man's danger; but what could be done?

Fortunately, the two robbers separated. One hid behind a broken wall, while the other walked toward the street.

"Now's the time!" said the boy to himself. "I must act."

Just opposite to him was a hole in the wall through which he could reach the street. Yes, but how could he get to the hole safely? At the least noise the men would fall on him. Then there came a rumbling sound from a distance. Perhaps it was a carriage. If so, while it passed the house its noise would deaden any sound he might cause. In the meantime he removed his shoes so as to make as little noise as possible. The carriage was coming rapidly nearer, and soon it drove by. Jacques sped to the wall, let himself through, and found himself on the street.

It was deserted, but the noise of carriages could be heard at a distance. Proceeding quickly toward Rivoli Street, he soon saw a form approaching. It took clearer shape, and showed a man. He was big and strong-looking, and he wore

a soft hat and frock-coat. Moreover, he carried a cane.

The lad hurried to meet him.

"Sir, sir," he said, "don't go this way! Don't go by that house that's being torn down. Take some other way."

"Why should I?" asked the gentleman in surprise.

"Go around some other way, sir, I beg you!"

"But *why*? What reason have I for doing so?"

"There are two of them, sir, — two assassins."

"Two assassins! Well, I'm not afraid of them," he said, brandishing his cane.

"They're waiting for you."

"And I for them."

"Look, sir!" persisted Jacques, excitedly. "By turning down this street, you'll avoid them."

The more the boy insisted, however, the more suspicious grew the gentleman. What was this lad doing, at two o'clock in the morning, if not helping out some robbers or marauders? This other street which he was desired to take was probably just the one he should avoid.

"Come, come! Be off with you!" he said, as Jacques faced him as if to prevent his proceeding.

"No, no! You must not pass, sir!"

"I mustn't, eh?"

And, seizing the boy by the shoulder, he swung him out of his way. Jacques waited merely long enough to say:

"Well, then, sir, hold on tight to your cane. They're going to grab it." And then he started running in the direction from which the gentleman had come.

"Hold on tight to your cane," the latter repeated wonderingly.

What interest could the boy have in giving him that bit of advice? As long as he had insisted on his taking another way home, the boy had been distrusted; but now the big man was sorry he had repulsed the lad! He turned round to call him back, but Jacques had disappeared.

The gentleman continued on his way.

Suddenly he put his hand to his breast pocket. It was the first day of the month, and the cashier of the paper of which he was the editor had paid him his salary that evening. He assured himself that the roll of bills was safe, and then with a vigorous step proceeded toward his home.

A few moments later there was a cry:

"Help! Murder!"

The big man had met the robbers. Thanks to Jacques' parting caution, however, the programme as arranged by the criminals was not carried out. To seize the cane, upset the man, and gag him while they rifled his pockets, were the three movements the robbers had planned. But the fellow who attempted to seize the cane received a blow from its butt end that felled him to the ground. He was soon up again, however, and the two desperadoes were pushing their victim hard, when the noise of hurried footsteps quite close at hand was heard. The police, summoned by Jacques, were swiftly on the scene, though Jacques arrived before them and was shouting at the top of his voice. The robbers, frightened by the coming of the rescuers, let go of the gentleman and fled. They were caught, nevertheless, and immediately taken to the station.

"My poor boy, how truly I beg your pardon!" said the editor to Jacques, as the two of them followed the police and the prisoners in order to testify against them.

"Oh, it's all right, sir! I'm glad you didn't get hurt."

"Well, is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir. Perhaps you could get me some work by which I could help to support my mother."

"You may count on that. But that's for the future. Don't you need something at present?"

"O sir, if I only did not have to sleep outdoors!"

"So you haven't a lodging? Pretty poor, I suppose. Come to think of it, you are barefooted."

"My shoes," cried Jacques in triumph,—
"I took them off so as to make no noise,
in order to warn you, sir. I left them
in the torn-down house with my money.
I'll show you on our way back."


The next day in one of the principal
papers of Paris there was an account of
a midnight assault. And the editor con-
cluded his article thus:

"This narrative has been dictated to me
by my defender, a lad of thirteen, whom
I engage in my service. In looking after
his education, I hope to make a good
reporter of him. The brave little fellow
has saved my life, and he shall not find
me ungrateful."

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

VIII.

 was bright day when Dick
awoke in his own little white bed,
with the honeysuckle smelling
sweetly outside in the warm sunlight;
for the window was wide open. The statue
of the Blessed Mother and the Child was
opposite on the shelf that filled the corner;
on each side were fresh flowers in glasses
of clear water. His few books were on
another shelf,—only big ones, with
pictures as well as print. His riding whip
was on the table,—a very light one,
that never hurt Punch; there was a
silver horse's head on the top of it. Two
balls were also on the table, and—yes,
there it was in all its glory standing up
against the wall—the flat blue writing-
book. The bedroom walls were papered
in white with rosebuds.

Oh, how nice it would be to wake up
to all this, if one had not that trouble
about yesterday! What was Uncle Jerome
going to say? He had promised to talk
to him. Uncle Jerome did not seem angry
last night, and did not say one word in a
loud tone. He had only wished him good-
night, and told him to sleep now, and
said, "God bless you!" and put his hand

on his forehead. And yet Dick felt that
something unpleasant was in that assur-
ance that he would "talk to" him in the
morning.

The stable clock began to strike: one,
two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,
nine! How late this was for getting up!
Just then the door opened, and Charles
looked in.

"Master said we were to leave you till
you woke," he said. "Get up now, Master
Dick. You are to have breakfast in the
housekeeper's room."

There was something cold about the
voice of Charles this morning; it was
slow and firm; and his face had a
superior air, as if he could hardly look at
the young gentleman who had kept the
whole house anxious till half-past eleven
last night. The housekeeper's room was
in itself a very nice place, but Charles
had mentioned it severely. Then he with-
drew and closed the door after him, as if
there was no more to be done for such
a boy.

When the half hour struck, Dick had
washed and dressed and said his morning
prayers. He was rather pleased to get
on so well without any help. Outside on
the polished staircase he met the man
with a brush and an armful of his master's
clothes. From this landing, or gallery,
one could see down into the hall where
the rows of portraits hung, and where
the walls were panelled with oak. It was
often used for a huge sitting-room. There
were tables and chairs, soft rugs of
Eastern colors, and a grand piano. Every-
thing looked neat and in order under the
morning sunshine.

"Am I all right, Charles?" Dick asked.

"You're not all right, Master Dick;
I should say you're all wrong," replied
Charles.

"I meant my hair."

"Oh, that's right enough, sir!"

"Then what isn't right?" inquired the
small boy.

"Everything!" said Charles. "Wait
till you hear the master!"

"What's Uncle Jerome going to say?" Dick persisted.

"What *isn't* he going to say? That's more like it. Now I'm busy, sir; and your breakfast will be served in the housekeeper's room."

Poor little Dick felt troubled by the formality and threats of Charles, who used to be so willing a friend, from the moment the first button was to be put into the right hole in the morning until the last button—generally a stiff one in a shoe—was twisted out at night.

It began to dawn upon Dick that he was in disgrace. This impression grew when he found his way to the housekeeper's room, where, as the man said so stiffly, his breakfast was served. Till now it had been always a pleasant place. The store cupboard was off it, and one had only to open the cupboard door to get delicious whiffs of spicy fragrance. There were many shelves inside, and a white marble table under a cool window covered with a grating. That was where the jam-puffs and cheese-cakes came from.

By another door one could get down a passage leading to the large tiled kitchen. Halfway along the passage there was a back door; and if one went out there and across a yard, one came to the dairy, where maids with sleeves tucked up were skimming cream and churning to make butter. In the dairy were tables as white as ivory, and pails shining like silver. The walls were tiled with squares of china; and low down there was just one long border of picture-tiles in white and blue. The dairy was a fascinating place.

But the housekeeper's room was more cozy to sit in. There was a rocking-chair, which was the very thing for a boy of six who did not like sitting still. He made it go faster and faster till it nearly flung him out. Every chair ought to have rockers, he thought; or at least there ought to be an arrangement for swinging round, like Uncle Jerome's chair in the library.

Another delight of the housekeeper's

room was a canary, which sometimes hopped about and picked up sugar and crumbs. And there were pictures of Uncle Jerome as a young man with black whiskers, and "daddy" as a child on a rocking-horse, and all the aunts and uncles as girls and boys. Mrs. Bonny had been a long time "in the family." She could tell stories about "daddy" when *he* was six years old, while Dick swung the old chair to and fro, and the canary sang on the sash of the window.

The ornaments and furniture of the housekeeper's room were more lively than the things in other parts of the house. She had two china zebras on the mantelpiece, and a dog with orange spots, and a shepherd and shepherdess,—beautiful dainty creatures, with pale yellow hair, and pink and green china clothes. Then the tablecloth alone showed a cheerful taste; for it was bright red and blue in squares that one could have played draughts on. And there were stiff white muslin curtains to the window, and scarlet-flowered geraniums standing thickly on the sill. Mrs. Bonny herself was quite as nice as her room. She had apple cheeks and gold-rimmed glasses, and her white lace cap was perched like a pretty little dish cover on top of her smooth grey hair. She had a black silk dress of many folds, and her waist was the largest ever seen.

It was to this room that Dick came down; and the owner was not there. A white cloth was across one end of the table; on it were bread and butter, an apple, and a cup of milk. Dick looked at the little spread, and his forehead puckered. Why had they not asked him if he would like toast? He did not want an apple; he did not want cold milk; in fact, he did not want anything. He wondered what the gypsies were having this morning. The truth was, he had taken so much boiled fowl and potatoes last night, at an hour far beyond his usual bedtime, that he had no appetite for any sort of breakfast to-day.

There was a rustle of silk, and Mrs. Bonny looked in.

"May I have some tea this 'morning," he said, "and a little toast,—French toast, please?" That was Dick's name for toasted bread with one side brown and the other side white and buttered and held bubbling to the fire. It was his highest idea of a dainty.

"Master Dick," said Mrs. Bonny, "if you don't eat good food, I shall call Jane to take it away."

Dick, much overawed, got up on the chair and faced the bread and butter and 'milk.

"We had such nice brown potatoes last night!" he said, thinking the lady would like a conversation on cookery.

"Don't talk to *me!*" said Mrs. Bonny, sharply. "My heart's been in my mouth since yesterday. You naughty boy, you don't deserve any breakfast at all!"

Then she swept out of the room, and shut the door after her. And this was his friend who had so often fed him on cheese-cakes and jam-puffs!

"I must have been very bad," Dick began to think. "They are all vexed with me. And what will Uncle Jerome say?"

Perhaps it would be possible to put off seeing him,—to slip away to the woods and live for a day or two like Robinson Crusoe.

He was still thinking of this when the butler looked in. The face of Williams was always serious: to-day it was sepulchral. His politeness also made Dick nervous.

"Will you be so good as to step this way, Master Dick?" And he held the door open.

"Where to?" asked Dick, slipping down on the other side of the chair.

"To the library, if you please. Master wants you."

"Oh, no, Mr. Williams! I'd rather not. I am going out. I am going to see Punch."

"Orders is orders," said Williams. "You'd better come along at once, sir."

"Is he very angry?"

"Well, he did take on dreadful about

you being lost last night, Master Dick," answered Williams. "But all you've got to do now is to face the court-martial same as the soldiers do. Don't keep me standing on my feet, sir, please! I was on 'em seven hours yesterday, all along of the upset you gave us. Come along like a man, Master Dick."

"I'm coming," said the boy, finishing the milk slowly, holding the big cup in both hands and looking up at Williams over the top of it. When there was not another drop to drain, he set it on the table, and permitted himself to be led away.

They went along a passage, and across the panelled hall. Williams opened the well-known door of the library, and pushed him in, saying at the same time, "Master Dick!" as if he were announcing a guest at a party. Then the door softly closed.

Dick looked a little flushed, but otherwise fresh as a daisy; for he had found a clean white suit on the end of his bed that morning; and he had taken so much trouble washing and brushing that his hair was shining, and his cheeks had a gloss of soap.

Uncle Jerome turned toward him. He was at the table, seated on that round chair that was so very nice,—the chair on which it was Dick's delight to twist about, if he was in the library alone. For one could stretch one's feet straight out, and swing round in any direction by pushing a hand against the table. Uncle Jerome never tasted the full joys of that library chair, for he always kept his feet on the floor.

"Come here, my lad," he said.

Dick went to him at once, and put out a hand, which was taken and held.

"Good-morning, uncle!" He gazed straight up at Uncle Jerome. The uncle said nothing; he just sat looking at Dick, and holding the small hand.

At last Dick thought it would be best to say something, but not about yesterday. So he said:

"I got up and did my hair all by myself."

"So it appears," responded Uncle Jerome, dryly, without any answer to his coaxing smile. The smile faded away. Uncle Jerome was serious. "Wait a bit!" he said when the small lips were just parting to speak again.

Dick waited.

"Now," began Uncle Jerome, still holding the hand which felt so warm and small in his, "you are going to tell me in your own way all about yesterday."

The pair of blue eyes looked up quite straight, as if Dick were counting the hairs in the uncle's bushy grey eyebrows. But no word came. Dick was wondering what would make a grown-up person least angry, — at which part of his adventures he could begin.

"Now don't be afraid," said Uncle Jerome. "You would not be a coward, would you?"

"No, sir," replied Dick, with a shake of his fair hair and a timid little smile.

"Very well. Now you are not going to be a coward. You are going to tell the truth bravely, without any excuses. When I was a boy — I really *was* a boy once, Dick, though you can't imagine it, can you? — when I was a boy and I got into 'a scrape,' my father (who, I think, was the best father that ever lived) used always to give me a chance to tell him all about it in my own way. But I was not to make excuses, and you must not either. Now let us begin. Were you a good boy yesterday?"

"No, sir," replied Dick, with a solemn look coming into his truthful eyes.

"You came home, my lad, at half-past eleven at night, I am told," continued Uncle Jerome; "and the boy who brought you back said you were with the gypsies. Now tell me all about it, and say why it was not right to go off alone like that."

"Cos, sir — I mean bee-caws — I took Punch, and I shouldn't have gone without Jackson. But it was Punch that went to the gypsies, — truly he did."

"Now, now! You are making excuses," said the uncle, gravely.

"I fell off bee-caws the saddle turned. It was bee-caws Punch swelled himself out, he did; and so the straps, you know — Dodds calls them the girths, — were not tight. And then I fell off, and Punch went to the gypsies, — he did."

"Very bad!" said the uncle, shaking his head gravely; "a shocking lot of excuses! Wasn't it wrong to take the pony at all — eh?"

"Yes," said Dick, feebly. "I'm sorry I did, bee-caws they cut his hair, — they did." And he looked tearful at the thought of Punch.

"You may go, sir!" said Uncle Jerome, and he pointed to the door.

(To be continued.)

A King's Forbearance.

The Duke of Orleans ascended the throne of France, and was to be henceforth King Louis. His accession had been disputed, and there were grave fears that his power would be overthrown. One thing saved it — his charity toward his enemies. "Now," said his friends, "you can punish all those who have so long ill-treated you." — "No," replied the monarch; "the King of France knows not nor cares for the insults offered to the Duke of Orleans." This had a great effect upon his enemies, who ceased to trouble him, and he reigned in peace.

A Distraction.

THE blessed procession was nearing,
And May, with a flushed little face,
Though her mamma beside her was kneeling,
Sat firm and erect in her place.

The fair little forehead was puckered,
The eyes wore a shadow of pain;
That something was wrong with her darling
To mamma was certainly plain.

So she whispered: "May, God will not bless you
Unless you are going to kneel." —
"Oh, yes, He'll forgive my distraction!
He knows that I've got a sore heel."



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I, 48.

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The Seasons.

BY E. BECK.

'TIS good to live when skylarks soar
Far in the blue with bursts of song,
When thrushes from the hedges pour
Their melody the live day long;
When, saffron-gowned, the daffodils
Dance to the piping of the breeze;
When gorses glow upon the hills,
And daisies nod upon the leas.

'Tis good to live when roses red
And pearly white and paly gold
Along the roads their perfume shed,
O'er hill and vale, through wood and wold;
When lilies languid, white and tall,
Lure honeybees and butterflies;
When ringdoves in the woodlands call,
And cloudless are the summer skies.

And life is good when rustling grain,
Gold yellow, on the uplands sways;
When bramble leaves along each lane
And winding pathway burn and blaze;
'Tis good when frosts to bare boughs cling,
And winds of winter strike the sod,—
If every passing season bring
Us nearer still to heaven and God.

As there is no true devotion to Christ's sacred Humanity which is not mindful of His Divinity, so there is no adequate love of the Son, which disjoins Him from His Mother, and lays her aside as a mere instrument, whom God chose as He might choose an inanimate thing, without regard to its sanctity or moral fitness.—*Faber.*

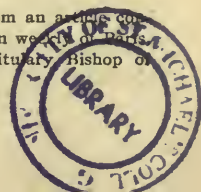
The Cult of Our Lady in Polynesia.*

IN a valley on the Provençal coast I used to see in other days, and saw again quite recently, an image of the Blessed Virgin erected by pious hands on a miniature promontory overlooking a pond. It was called Our Lady of Oceanica. Many of the missionaries who were to set sail for the Southern Pacific visited it before leaving their native land. One evening I saw a missionary bishop with a group of young religious standing in front of the statue. They were singing, in the language of the Fijians, a hymn in praise of Mary. It was as a voice from overseas, the echo of the prayers which arise from the Southern Ocean to the throne of Heaven's Queen.

Notwithstanding the persecution that has emptied so many monasteries and convents, and despite the fact that the statue of Our Lady of Oceanica remains forlorn and almost forsaken on the hillock by the pond, I fancy that the echoes still rehearse at eventide, in that Provençal valley, the rhythmical prayers of the Christianized savages. For it is far-carrying, that voice which proclaims the praise of Mary among those Pacific isles.

Oceanica at one time seemed destined to remain forever under the dominion of Satan. And now the standard of the Cross, unfurled by the valiant apostle of

* Translated for *THE AVE MARIA*, from an article contributed to a recent number of the *Marian weekly* of Paris, *Notre Dame*, by Mgr. Joseph Blanc, Titular Bishop of Dibon.



Wallis, is being borne from one conquest to another. Soon, throughout the whole archipelago, Christ's Mother will be known and loved. It is often said that the Oceanians are merely big children. Children, at any rate, have the habit of loving their mother; and the Blessed Virgin is assuredly loved by such Oceanians as are Catholics. And the cult they render her, despite all the efforts of sectarians to wean them from it, is one of the missionary's sweetest consolations.

Let us take a stroll along these Tonga shores, and traverse these villages hidden amid cocoa-palms in the archipelago which received from its most famous explorer the name of Friendly Islands. When we meet any of the islanders, there is no difficulty in recognizing among them the children of Mary; for all the Catholics wear the medal of their Mother, and on religious festivals use their rosary beads as a necklace.

Before Pius X. granted to the faithful of the whole world permission to wear a medal in place of the scapular, the neophytes of Oceanica enjoyed that privilege, accorded to them by a special indulgent. Some critics may possibly see in this fondness of the Polynesians for medals and the ostensible wearing of the beads a reminiscence of their pagan habits, a survival of the amulet superstition. The criticism would be ill-founded; for, as a matter of fact, the natives attach no superstitious idea whatever to the pious objects to which we refer. And the Catholic neophyte is fully able to answer the Protestant who talks to him about adoring images; telling the Protestant in question that the images are not honored for themselves, and that their sole value consists in what they represent and in the blessing they have received.

There may have existed at the beginning of the missionary work among these people a certain apprehension about proposing to the veneration of the newly converted pious pictures, and especially statues. It was natural that the mission-

aries should dread a reversion to their idolatrous instincts. It took but a brief period, however, to make it plain that the faithful understood very clearly the explanations of the catechism.

Moreover, if, at some very remote period of their history, the Polynesians were really idolaters, there survives no monument in wood or stone to bear witness to the fact. When Christian missionaries first visited them they found neither painters nor sculptors. And when the natives saw pious pictures and statues, they readily recognized the religious use to be made of them. It was necessary only to warn them against one naïve prepossession: they were inclined to believe that each picture and statue was an absolutely faithful copy of what it represented.

Showing a native one day the picture of one of our "black Virgins" in the *Lives of the Saints*, a Protestant remarked: "You see how full of lies this book is! The Mother of Christ wasn't black."—"Not only was she not black," replied the Catholic; "but we don't know what her face looked like. That picture is a sign of her, not a portrait."

Although only signs, however, these pictures are treated by the neophytes with all due respect. The Protestants who criticise this respect do not, nevertheless, always ignore its true and legitimate meaning. A heretical chieftain, for instance, upbraiding his people, among whom were some old Catholic women, for too much gossiping, said to the Catholics: "You who wear the image of Mary,—do you think it respectful to her to discharge above her medal all the evil words that you can lay your bad tongues to? Mary, whose picture you bear, didn't speak like that."

There is no cause for wonder that Catholics should deserve such reproaches. Veneration for the saints rarely results in Oceania—or elsewhere—in imitating them perfectly. And the Protestant chief, while no doubt thinking himself very ironical,

was really testifying in favor of the cult of images. He recognized therein the virtue of a check which, if it does not always stop license, at least notably restrains it.

One rarely possesses such certitude of a man's bad faith as to warrant accusing him thereof. Although it seems clear that many of the Tonga Protestants know well enough the nature of the veneration which Catholics pay to pious pictures, one must be slow in imputing to bad faith their persistent opposition to such veneration. It is rather an effect of blindness, the fruit of sectarian pride and weakness of spirit. And it is to the same causes we must look for their opposing and ridiculing not only the images of Mary, but Mary herself.

This is one of the greatest troubles and sorrows of the missionary. He discerns therein an artifice of Satan, who can render obscure the clearest truths when they are holy in themselves and in their effects. A notable circumstance in this connection is that in Polynesia the enemies of Our Lady have not even the false excuse which the apparent strangeness of this or that Gospel text furnishes as a pretext to other heretics who condemn Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The famous interpretation of the word "Woman," used by Our Lord in addressing His Mother, has been exploited at a great rate for this purpose. In Polynesia, however, there exists no such strangeness. Our Saviour's employing the word does not at all impress the islanders as queer, incongruous, or surprising. In their own vernacular, children call their mother the "old woman," as does the husband his wife; and it is not a colloquial or slang use of the word. It is a regularly received idiomatic expression at which no one dreams of being surprised. Moreover, the mother of a chief becomes by that very fact one of the nobility. Accordingly, the Catholics have plain sailing when they argue with Protestants about the inconsistency of the latter in refusing to

honor the Mother of the King of kings.

The phrase, "the brothers of Jesus," which needs to be explained to Europeans, possesses no ambiguity for the Polynesians. With them the word *tokoua* (brother) is applied indifferently to a real brother and a mere cousin. In Polynesian tongues, or dialects, words denoting relationship have a much less fixed and determinate signification than in European languages. The islanders will speak, for instance, of nephews as being the children of their uncle, as well as of their father and mother; and both uncles and parents refer to these young folk as *fanau*, the children. A boy calls his uncle *tamai* (father) and his aunt *fae* (mother) just as naturally as he gives these names to his veritable parents. It is accordingly easy enough for them to understand the title of father attributed to St. Joseph.

If the Tonga language, however, possesses some advantages so far as teaching Marian doctrine is concerned, it has also in this, as in many other respects, its deficiencies. To explain the Immaculate Conception, for instance, the missionaries had to coin an epithet hitherto unknown in the native vernacular. They told their neophytes that Mary was *imakulata*, was conceived *imakulata*. As a result, some of their audience, thinking that the teachers had declared Mary to have been conceived *i makulata*—that is, in, or at, *makulata*,—naïvely inquired where this city or town, Makulata, was situated.

New-coined words had to be freely resorted to in dowering Tongan piety with the Litany of Loretto. In the series of its beautiful invocations there are a number of figurative phrases, which have no corresponding connotations in the Tonga language. The figure, for instance, which designates Our Lady as Tower of Ivory had to be rendered by an arbitrary term. The invocation is rendered by *Fale ebulenea*: *fale* means house, and *ebulenea* means nothing at all—to uninstructed islanders. The missionaries might, of course, have substituted for it the native

word, *lei*, which means ivory; but, as the only ivory the Tongans are familiar with is that of whales' teeth, the combination, "house of whales' teeth," would have been rather bizarre.

Linguistic difficulties, however, have not been effective in preventing genuine devotion to Mary among the Polynesians. The example of Our Lady has even inspired some elect souls to leave all in order to follow in her footsteps. Working side by side with the French Sisters of the Third Regular Order of Mary who are installed in the apostolic vicariate of Central Oceania, there are, for instance, about forty native Sisters belonging to the same Congregation. And very effective Sisters they are, too. They are held in the greatest respect by the islanders generally, even the non-Catholics honoring them profoundly. The influence they exert around them is even superior to that of the European Sisters. If a school, for one reason or another, is in danger of failing, all that is necessary is to send to it a native Sister or two, and forthwith the danger ceases and the prospect brightens.

The missionary Fathers in Tonga attribute much of the gratifying success which has crowned their labors to the protection of Our Lady and to the solid devotion to her which they have instilled into the hearts of the islanders. The general recitation, thrice a day, of the Angelus, the universal daily saying of the Rosary, the special services during the Blessed Virgin's special months, May and October,—these and similar pious practices are patent proofs that not the least fervent and loving of Our Lady's children in this twentieth century are the simple islanders who blend their praises of her name with languorous breezes of the Southern Pacific.


FAR more real good would be done for God's glory and the salvation of souls if more time were spent in prayer.

—Father A. H. Law.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

I.

T was an October night, still and clear, and a great peace lay on forest and lea. As yet the moon had not risen, though a faint silver sheen was thrown up in the east on the clouds that had scarcely lost the tender violet of sunset. Far away in the west, the mountains raised their delicate, soaring outlines in darkest purple against the ethereal topaz of the sky. From the beech woods in the vale came softest murmurings and the croon of the wood pigeon's tender notes, with now and again the airy, ever-new cadenza of a mocking bird, like a smile set to music.

On a low hill that rose smooth and grassy from the surrounding woods stood the Johnson home,—a big rambling house, that, for all it was not many years old, had been added to as time went on, until it covered a good deal of ground and was quaintly irregular in shape. The front looked south, and the deep porch, closed in at both ends, provided shelter against heat and cold, and lent a certain dignity to the appearance of the dwelling; but the back ran into two long wings, and ended in a network of outhouses that reached almost to the great barn at the far end of the enclosure.

A light showed behind the curtains of one window, the only sign of waking life within the building. But out on the porch steps, talking very low, sat a man and a woman, brother and sister,—the only ones of the big family who, after a long and strenuous day, would forego an hour of sleep for the beauty and the peace of the October night.

They had been silent for a while, watching the mounting silver behind the woods; and then, as the first edge of a great golden moon showed above the treetops, Alice Johnson turned to look at her

brother, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Must you really leave us, Romey?" she asked wistfully. "We have all been pretty happy together."

He did not answer at once. In the growing moonlight his face showed sad and set. It was a fine young face, with dark eyes and strong, well-moulded features; and just now it expressed a kind of regretful resolve.

"It's like this, Alice," he replied at last. "I can't tell you exactly what is wrong. Maybe there is nothing wrong at all. But I can't stay at home another day. We have been happy together, you and I; but the others—why, they scarcely seem to belong to us now! We are all on different trails; and they" (he turned and glanced at the house),—"they trip me up every minute. And I guess I am in their way just as much as they are in mine. Not you, sister!" he added quickly. "If it was just we two—my! I'd never want to move from the place. You know that all right, don't you?"

For all answer Alice laid her hand on his and gave it a little squeeze, and then there was silence. They often came out to enjoy it for a little space after the busy, loud-talking brothers and their wives had retired.

These two, the youngest of the long family, had always led their life a little apart from the rest. And they came, on their mother's side, from another stock; their father having lost his first wife, and married, rather late in life, a woman much younger than himself. She was a French-Canadian, of a good old family, fallen in fortunes, but preserving, through all, the graciousness and brilliancy of the old Latin temperament. This the second Mrs. Johnson had transmitted to her two children, together with the half-dormant capacities for the ideal things of life which stirred in herself, and made her, not discontented, but inwardly wistful and hungry in the rather dry, materialistic atmosphere of her husband's home. Her three stepsons, almost grown up when she

entered it, were well pleased to have a capable cook once more, and occasionally praised some dish that was to their liking; that any woman should ask more from her men folk never entered their heads. No word of affection was known to them; they had received no caresses and expected none; and when they caught their stepmother kissing and petting her own children they were inclined to protest against such silly extravagances. She died a few months after Alice's birth; and thenceforward her boy and girl, though living in harmony with the others, were in reality very far apart from them.

Alice had for some time past foreseen and feared the coming separation; but it was only on the evening of this October day that Romey had announced his intention to the rest of the family. They had just returned from the annual camping expedition,—a delightful holiday, which closed the labors of the year, and was utilized to lay in the winter provision of meat. Every man who carried a gun license was entitled to shoot three buck. Some were more and some less fortunate; but this year a fine bag had been made, to which Romey had contributed rather more than his brothers. The meat was preserved by being plunged into an ice-cold stream for a day and a night and then hung up to freeze; or, if the weather were too soft for that, was temporarily salted down to be sweetened and frozen later. The camping was a delightful "let-up" after all the work of the summer. Some neighbors' families always joined the party; and for a fortnight or so the woods rang with young laughter in the daytime and echoed to many a sweet old song at night.

Now the moment had come to prepare all things for the winter, and on the evening in question the women had been making out their lists of groceries. In a day or two Sam and George would hitch up four horses to the biggest wagon and start on the sixty-mile journey to the town, where the list would be shown to

every storekeeper and the best bid taken. Then the men would return, the huge wagon laden with all it could carry, and travelling but slowly, to hand over everything to the women and prepare for four or five months of glorious idleness, enlivened by much eating and drinking and dancing and card-playing. Apart from chopping wood, shovelling snow, and feeding the stock, nobody would expect them to do a hand's turn of work till early spring.

But Romey had had enough of such winters. Better be anywhere, battling and struggling even, than settle down in that swinish content; and when his eldest brother's wife brought out pencil and paper after supper and sat down, in a pleasant little flurry of excitement, to list the family's wants, he had said:

"Leave me out, Katie. I'm quitting in the morning."

Katie had scarcely raised her head as she remarked:

"That so? I'll say ten pounds less of coffee, then. You're a reg'lar tank on coffee, Romey!"

And Sam, smoking on the settle by the fire, had asked:

"Back for the spring ploughing, Romey?"

"Maybe,—I can't say. If not, Brown's boy will be glad of the job."

And that had closed the incident for the others. Katie at once in her own mind destined her brother-in-law's little room for a supplementary storeroom; while Martha, the other sister-in-law, had already mentally appropriated it for her own use. Her husband, George, had not even spoken. When Romey rose and went out, and Alice silently followed him, no one took any notice of them. It was not a demonstrative family.

"So this is really our last talk, Romey?" said Alice, with a catch in her voice.

"For just now, sister. But when I have found the place I want, and made the home I want—and I am sure I can,—

I will come and get you, and we'll keep house together and have dandy times!"

"Will you really? You won't forget?"

"I? Forget? Why, Alice, you know better than that! That's partly what I'm doing it for. You don't belong in there" (he turned and looked resentfully at the house) "any more than I do. I'm as sorry as I can be to leave you behind, kiddie; but you couldn't come with me now. I may have to wander quite a spell before I hit what's somewhere waiting for me; and I mean to work my way there too, and keep all my money, in case I have to buy instead of homesteading. The land is pretty well taken up out there, I hear. But never mind! By the summer I'll have it all staked out and fixed up, ready for you; and you must keep up just through this one winter, and then you'll come waltzing out over the mountains to keep house for the two of us. Won't that be fine?"

"Just grand!" The girl gave a happy little sigh. "And I don't mean to think of another thing till it comes along. I've got lots to do this winter. We'll have our own lay-out—sheets and tablecloths and towels,—everything as nice as nice! I just despise those low-priced goods Katie and Martha hold by. And by the time it's all ready the winter will be over, and I can begin to figure on your coming."

"That's right, little girl!" exclaimed Romey. "I couldn't bear to think of you pining and fretting while I'm away. I'll write whenever I can,—you may reckon on that. And now we'll go in. I'll have to start early,—and I guess I'll start earlier than I have to. It won't do to let Katie and Martha cry their eyes out over the last sight of me. Better spare them all I can in good-byes!" He laughed a little bitterly.

"They're stupid and they're selfish," said Alice in a quaintly judicial tone. "But maybe they'll get waked up some day. Don't think about them till then. I'll have your coffee ready at four o'clock."

And she led the way back into the house, with her head held high. Even Romey should not see her break down.

The morning star hung low in the paling sky as the young man rode down the hill. The chill of night had not yet yielded to the prophecy of the day; and as he skirted the field below the house, the cattle, still couchant in the short grass, raised dewy muzzles and looked at him curiously. Drifts of mist lay in the hollows; the stream beside the road sang cool and low; the woods were silent,—the breeze had not yet come down from the hills to wake them. It was the mute and empty hour before the dawn; the padding, furry little people of the night had withdrawn to their lairs, and the creatures of the day in forest and field were waiting for the roll-call of the Light.

Even to Romey the hour was unfamiliar, and so exquisite in its cold purity that he rode slowly, looking about him with the feeling of being an intruder on forbidden ground. His horse and its fellow, attached by a length of bridle to a buckle on his saddle, stepped delicately, inhaling the cold air with distended nostrils, and trying now and again to nose into the moist herbage beside the road,—herbage that yet was more grey than green. The land seemed not asleep, but, like some new creation, waiting for the informing breath that should give it life.

And something of the same calm promise had swept all preoccupations, past and future, from Romey Johnson's mind. There had been a strained hour up there in the homestead while Alice and he were together, and a pang at parting, too. But all that receded as he travelled away. The fret and friction that had roughened his life for a long time past dropped from his mind, and peace enfolded him so completely that not a thought or a question about the future could tear its way through to disturb the contentment of his soul.

He knew that he had found the only way that he was born to follow. Unexplained yet convincing was the consciousness that it would lead him to his destined place and work. Whether quickly or slowly mattered nothing. The place and the work were waiting for him; and, when found, they would claim him. Of one thing only was he certain: the place must be far from here. The green rolling country of Idaho, with its deep-bosomed forests of beech and oak, had been the nursery of his childhood; but it was not there that he would find the field for which his young vigor panted. Somewhere beyond that distant chain whose peaks were defining themselves now against the paler pearl tints of the sky, life was still in the making, and called for makers. Not for him the fat round of existence in his old home. Men like Sam and George were in their place there, as satisfied as their own cattle with food and shelter; and dreading a new idea, an improved system, as they dreaded an epidemic or a new tax. Let them remain where they belonged. For him, no matter what of hardship or struggle it should involve, the larger life and the wider spaces,—a man-sized job in a man-sized country.

(To be continued.)

I Did Not Know.

BY HENRY VINCENT LYMAN.

I DID not know that pain could bring such joy,

That tears could be so sweet,
Until I laid the burden of my soul,
Dear Mother, at thy feet.

I did not know the barren way of life
With roses strewn could be,
Until I left the pathway of self-will,
To walk, sweet Maid, with thee.

I did not know that God could be so near—
I sought Him in the skies,—
Until I saw the white light of His love—
Aflame within thine eyes.

A Laymen's Mission in London.

BY GERARD A. REYNOLDS.

LONDON has, I believe, more open spaces, parks and gardens than any great city in the world. Starting from Whitehall in the middle of London, one may walk westward through a series of parks to Kensington, a distance of two miles and a half, among grass lawns and trees, sometimes completely losing sight of the houses. Hyde Park is the largest of this series of open spaces. It is a wide expanse of grass, with clumps of noble trees, a fine lake, and at its eastern end an elaborately kept garden. The charm of the place is its utter freedom. There are no warnings to "keep off the grass!"

On Sunday afternoons and evenings, during the finer months of the year, Hyde Park is London's "Forum,"—its meeting place for debate on every question under the sun. Here, again, there is a complete freedom that must come as a surprise to visitors from Continental Europe, where the right of public meeting is under strict police regulation. One needs no permit to hold a meeting in Hyde Park; and while a dozen or more meetings are simultaneously in progress, there are not so many policemen to be seen in the whole vast space. There is an instinct of order and fair play in the average Londoner that makes these improvised gatherings self-regulating. The police have nothing to do but to prevent some casual pickpocket plying his adventurous trade.

The meetings begin about four o'clock. Long tradition has fixed as the gathering place some spot on the grass, or by the gravelled roads, near the northeast corner of the Park. From four o'clock till dark one may find a variety of these meetings in progress, the crowds gathering round the speakers, who take up their stations so as not to interfere with each others' efforts. Politics and religion are the chief

topics. Sometimes, sad to say, one should perhaps mention "irreligion" as the theme of the speaker. Often there is no platform. The lecturer or debater stands on the same level as his hearers. But in many cases an ingeniously devised rostrum is brought to the Park. It folds up for carriage; and on arrival at the chosen "pitch," it is opened out so as to form a stand about a foot above the ground, with a rail in front of it. A banner or a placard is sometimes displayed as a rallying point.

All opinions are represented. Passing from group to group one hears—first, perhaps, a lay preacher, Bible in hand, holding forth on the tenets of some Protestant sect. Next one comes upon the emissary of a political society explaining its theory of tariff reform. Then another meeting is being addressed by a "Christian philanthropist," who explains that doctrines count for nothing provided one is helping one's fellowman. Then we hear a temperance advocate denouncing the drink evil; an Irishman urging the claims of Home Rule; a literary enthusiast proving that all Shakespeare's plays were written by Francis Bacon; a rationalist attacking some fundamental belief of Christendom; a lady preaching the right of women to the vote; a Protestant lecturer bringing out some stale calumny against the Church; a champion of Anglicanism denouncing Welsh disestablishment. It is a Babel of many opinions, but all find an audience. Many come Sunday after Sunday to listen.

Each speaker has an audience formed partly of attentive hearers, partly of idlers who stay for a while, and then pass on in search of something that will interest them more. If there are interruptions, these are generally of the good-humored kind. Most of the speakers have a "chairman." There are no chairs, so the "chairman" stands; but at English meetings there is a traditional "respect for the chair," and his appeal for order and fair play generally puts an instant stop to unfair interruptions or untimely

questions. Police regulations forbid any collection of money or any distribution of handbills,—this latter order being intended to prevent the grass being littered with paper.

A few years ago a group of London Catholics decided to make what was considered by many a bold experiment. Why should not this open-air meeting place of Hyde Park be used as the scene of a lay Catholic propaganda? Here were thousands who never would hear a sermon or instruction in a Catholic church. They were ready to give a respectful hearing to speakers on almost any subject. Why not put the claims and teaching of the Catholic Church before them? A practical answer was given to the question by some members of the "Guild of Our Lady of Ransom," a confraternity founded to promote the conversion of England. Its founders were two converts, a priest and a layman: Father Philip Fletcher, formerly an Anglican clergyman; and Mr. Lister Drummond, a distinguished lawyer. Mr. Drummond took in hand the organization of the Hyde Park "Ransom Lectures," and was himself one of the first speakers. The experiment proved a success, and has developed into a carefully organized work. Every Sunday evening, from April to October, a "Ransom Lecture Meeting" is held in the Park.

The place is appropriate for such an effort. Just outside the marble arch, which forms the gateway of the Park, nearest to the spot where the meetings are held, a brass triangle let into the pavement of Oxford Street, at the point where the Edgware Road joins it, marks the site of "Tyburn Tree," the gallows where more than a hundred martyrs died for the Old Faith of England. Close by stands Tyburn convent, where there is perpetual adoration, day and night, for the conversion of England. There is Benediction in the afternoon at the convent, and the lecturers generally assist at it. At the convent is kept the folding rostrum that serves as their platform.

Let us describe a typical meeting. After Benediction, the rostrum is carried across the road to the Park and set up on the grass. Half a dozen meetings are already in progress, and numbers of people are moving about. Round the little platform, on the tablet, in front of which are the words "Guild of Our Lady of Ransom," there is a group of three or four men. These are the "Ransomers," the nucleus of the meeting. One of them is to act as chairman, another will be the chief speaker, or lecturer. The chairman has not only to preside at the meeting, but to assemble it. He looks at his watch, says to his friends, "We had better make a beginning," and mounts the platform; while the two or three others stand in front of it.

"Gentlemen," he begins, "these meetings are held with a view to put before you in plain language some account of what Catholics believe and practise"; and he goes on to explain the plan and object of the lectures. He has not spoken many sentences before the audience begins to gather. He speaks for eight or ten minutes. By that time he has fifty, perhaps a hundred, people in front of him. Then he announces the name of the lecturer, and the subject of his discourse (let us say, "The Catholic Church and the Bible"); and he explains that at the close of the lecture questions will be invited and answered, and objections may be proposed for solution; but they must be pertinent to the subject of the lecture, or they will be ruled out of order.

Then the lecturer takes his place. He knows his business, and does not plunge at once into his subject; for the audience is still gathering. So there is a preface to the lecture, perhaps in the form of a summary of points explained at past meetings. When he sees that he has a fairly large audience, he begins the lecture itself. It is obvious that, if any useful result is to be secured, the speaker must be qualified for his work. He must have a good voice, a power of putting his ideas clearly and forcibly in plain language; a

thorough knowledge of his subject; tactfulness in handling it; familiarity with current anti-Catholic objections, misconceptions and prejudices.

Now, these Ransom lecturers are not free lances: they are trained and picked men acting under authority. No one is allowed to speak unless he has been approved by the Cardinal Archbishop. This approval is given either on the basis of the proposed speaker's known qualifications, or on a report from the warden of the Guild of Ransom that he has been duly trained and tested for the work.

This training is carried on at the headquarters of the Guild in two ways: first, by lectures to those who are preparing for the work; secondly, by debates held each week, all the year round, in which the objections to Catholic doctrines and practices are put forward, usually by some convert who thoroughly understands the non-Catholic position. Instruction, study and practice in exposition and debate thus go hand in hand, and from these classes the future speakers come. When they are approved, they are given the opportunity of saying a few words toward the close of a meeting in order to get used to speaking in the open air, and so have some practice before they are allowed to venture on a lecture. A good supply of speakers is obtained partly from young men thus prepared, partly from Catholics who are already well equipped for the work. As it has gone on for some years, valuable practical experience has been obtained, and a working tradition has been formed.

After this digression, let us return to our description. The lecture lasts about half an hour. The speaker takes the utmost care to avoid any words that might hurt the feelings of a non-Catholic. He states briefly what the scope of the lecture is. He points out, perhaps, that, to a certain extent, Protestant and Catholic are agreed on the matter with which he is dealing. He picks out for demolition some prevalent misunderstanding or mis-

representation of the doctrine he is handling, and, having thus cleared the ground, sets forth the Catholic teaching on the subject.

Take, for example, this lecture on the Bible. The lecturer at the outset speaks of the honor in which the Bible is held by Protestants; then he tells them that perhaps many of them will be surprised to hear that it is held in still higher honor by Catholics. At a time when so many outside the Church reject much of Holy Scripture as a mere human document, the Catholic Church will not hear of any tampering with it, any denial that it is the word of God. Of course it is commonly said by many Protestants that the Catholic Church is afraid of the Bible, and will not allow laymen to read it. "Here is practical proof that this is not true!" And the lecturer produces various popular editions of the Bible, including the penny editions of the Gospels issued by the Catholic Truth Society, of which nearly a quarter of a million have been circulated. There is an interruption from the crowd. Some one asks why the Church opposes the Bible Society's work! The lecturer goes on to explain that Catholics are allowed to read only translations vouched for by the Church as correct. "There must be no adulterated goods."

Then follows a popular explanation of the history of the translation and circulation of the Bible. Next, its practical use in the Church is explained. It is shown that the Missal, the Breviary, the Catechism, and the prayer-books used by laymen are full of it. The practice of meditation on the Gospel is briefly explained. It is shown that the clerical student has to use the Bible continually. The Catholic priest has to read every day for about an hour a book that is mostly made up of passages from Scripture. "No doubt," says the speaker, "clergymen of all Christian churches read the Bible, but the Catholic Church alone *makes this daily reading a solemn duty*. A priest is not obliged to say Mass daily,

but he must read some portions of Scripture every day of his life." He ends by explaining that Catholics hold that their religion is, in the fullest sense, the religion of the Bible, not based on a few texts taken here and there, but on its teaching as a whole. He promises next Sunday to continue the subject, and explain the relation of the Bible to the teaching of the Church—the Catholic doctrine of the Church as the guardian and interpreter of Holy Scripture.

The chairman says a few words, explaining the rule that questions asked must have a direct connection with the lecture, and then the lecturer resumes his place on the platform, and invites inquiries or objections. The questions asked are generally quite fair. They show the audience is interested and anxious for information. It is seldom that the element of captious controversy comes into this stage of the meeting. It is more like a friendly conversation between the lecturer and this or that member of the audience. If there are not plenty of questions, it is felt that the meeting has not been a complete success. When the chairman judges that the audience is satisfied and no more questions are forthcoming, he closes the meeting with a few words on the work in general, announcing the subjects for the next few meetings.

But there is still useful work to be done. Almost invariably, as the meeting breaks up, some one out of the crowd approaches the speaker with a request for a few minutes' conversation. People who hesitate to ask questions publicly seek information in this way. Perhaps the talk ends in the exchange of address cards and the promise of correspondence and the loan of Catholic books; thus a way is opened to securing perhaps a conversion.

Last year a second centre was organized at Newington Green, in North London, at the request of the local clergy. Eight conversions were the result of the first year's work. This year it is intended to open a third centre at Clapham Common, in

South London. There Rationalist lecturers have been very busy, and the Catholic lectures are intended to supply an antidote.

On Easter Sunday, after Benediction at the Cathedral of Westminster, the Cardinal Archbishop received the Ransom lecturers, gave them his blessing, and spoke to them of the importance he attached to their work. Most of the lecturers present were themselves converts. One had come from Judaism, another from Rationalism, some from dissenting bodies; two had been clergymen of the Church of England. During the conversation that followed the Cardinal's brief address, some interesting experiences were related. Thus, one of the lecturers told how, during his first year of work in Hyde Park, he was persistently "heckled" with questions and objections by a Protestant. Then he went on to say: "After a while he disappeared. Some months after that I was at evening service at St. Patrick's Church, in Soho Square; there I saw my Protestant opponent saying his Rosary with the rest. I don't claim that I converted him, but he *was* converted. And that is not the end of the story.

"In the following year I had been speaking in the Park. A stock Protestant objection was put in the form of a question, and I was about to reply when I felt a touch on my shoulder, and, looking round, saw my old opponent, who said to me: "I used to give you a lot of trouble last year, sir, like this chap is trying to do now. Let me answer him for you!"

Cardinal Bourne, in his address to the lecturers, said: "You are able to reach people who would never come near a priest. You see some of the results of your work, but there is certainly much more that you never see. You are dissipating prejudice and ignorance, and removing the obstacles that keep so many outside the Church."

I have told of this lay apostolate in London in the hope that, perhaps in other places, where like opportunities exist, the same experiment may be tried.

Madame Robillard's Find.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

MADAME ROBILLARD, in the lifetime of her husband, had often spent the summer in that Mountain village, with its idyllic charm that appealed so powerfully to the tired dwellers in the city's glare. She loved the bracing air, invigorating as wine; the hedges, covered with wild roses in the early summer; the orchards, gleaming gold and red in August and September; the many-hued leaves of autumn; the lake, fathomless, it was said, with the guardian hills standing round about; and the pine forests, redolent of aromatic odors. Most of all, she loved that highest hill—that was, in local parlance, emphatically the Mountain,—upon the slope of which the village stood, and down whose slanting side a mountain streamlet wound merrily all the summer long. She had a real affection, too, for the quaint and simple villagers; and so when she had been left a widow she secured for herself a homestead there, that had once belonged to the professor, whose story has been told in these pages.

This residence which the professor had planned out for himself stood well up on the high ground, with the lovely wooded slopes of the Mountain just behind it. To the left was a garden, which, compared to the wild nature thereabouts, was small, but which from any other point of view would have been respectably large. It was there that the professor had expended some of that store of boundless energy which had also made him a keen sportsman. He it was who had first worked, early and late, at the flowers—flox, petunias, nasturtiums, hydrangeas, mignonette, forget-me-nots, foxglove, geraniums, pinks, and the rest; not to speak of a sea cat's tongue, a variety of cactus of which the old man had been very proud. His more practical wife had reserved a

good corner of the ground for vegetables, peas and beans, cucumbers, beets, radishes and lettuce.

Close to the fences, and forming there a prickly guard, the professor had also set many bushes of red and black currants and gooseberries, which brought forth in the late summer a fairly abundant yield, though rising above them, and as if in mockery of their stunted growth, were luxuriant cherry trees, thick laden, in June and the early days of July, with cherries red and black,—cherries that fairly made the mouth water, and that, hanging over the fence, must have been a perennial temptation to the passers-by, even in that phenomenally honest village.

After the professor's death, the garden necessarily suffered, and at the time that it came into Madame Robillard's hands the weeds, gypsies of the floral kingdom, long strangers to the place, showed their uninvited heads there. The flowers drooped more or less, too; the vegetables were evidently in need of care, and it was feared that the fruit would suffer.

Madame Robillard began from the first to cast about for some one who would take that neglected domain in charge; but that was not nearly so easy a matter as might have been supposed. The neighboring farmers were all busy men, who had quite sufficient to do in their own places, in the maple-sugar industry, with a few days given at a time, as the public weal demanded, to the mending of roads. Scarcely any of them had much skill as gardeners, and would have considered the care of flowers as only fit employment for women. The younger and less responsible men were kept busy all the season as laborers, and the demand for those who were competent was far greater than the supply.

Madame Robillard knew not where to turn; the season was wearing on, and there seemed every prospect that the garden would be destroyed. It was just when her perplexity was at its height that the good lady drove down to the

railway station to meet the incoming train from Quebec, by which she half expected some visitors. These latter did not come; but while she waited, she was witness to a curious little scene.

The train itself was crowded, as was frequently the case after the arrival of a European steamer, with a large contingent of emigrants, and Madame Robillard scanned their various faces as they appeared at the car windows. Some were full of joy and hope at the possibilities that this new land afforded; others were sad, unutterably sad; so that the appeal in their eyes went to the heart of the kindly observer.

Suddenly there was an outcry. Just as the train went puffing and steaming off round the curve of the lovely bit of road, it was discovered that a young emigrant, who had got off to stretch his legs, and who had evidently presumed that the stop would be longer, had missed his train. Nor was there anything to be done, and the poor man was quite in despair. His resources were very small; there was no way in which he could get to Montreal that night, and what was he to do?

Madame Robillard, who had a heart full of compassion for all human suffering, drew a little nearer, to catch the emigrant's conversation with the station master. Now, the young man's accent showed unmistakably that he was from the Green Island over the water, and Madame Robillard, who was intensely Irish herself, though she had married a French Canadian, felt her heart warm to him. No mean judge of character, she liked his honest, intelligent face and the direct simplicity of his manners and language. Joining in the conversation, she asked him a few questions,—amongst others, if he was a Catholic.

"Indeed I am that, thanks be to God!" the young man responded fervently,—
"myself and all belonging to me."

The lady then asked if he had in prospect any definite employment in Montreal. He replied no; but that he had brought

some good references from his parish priest and others, and hoped soon to secure employment.

An inspiration came to Madame Robillard, and she inquired if he had any knowledge of gardening. The stranger's face lighted up. He declared that he had been employed at gardening since his earliest years, and it was the work of all others that he liked best. Indeed, he confessed that the thought of having to take any other kind of work and live in the stifling air of the city filled him with dismay, especially as his lungs were not very strong.

Then Madame Robillard consulted a moment with the station master, whom she knew to be both honest and shrewd; and, having weighed and measured the newly arrived, she made him an offer without even waiting to read his credentials. She asked him how he would like, during the summer months, to take up his abode in the Mountain village, to tend her garden, take care of the cow, and perform such other services as she might require. She warned him that the salary would not be very large; but that, on the other hand, she might be able to procure for him additional odd jobs in the neighborhood. He would have his board and lodging; for there was a comfortable room over the Robillards' stable. The fresh air of the Mountain and the balmy breath of the pines would be beneficial to his weak lungs; while later, if he thought it advisable to procure more lucrative work in the city, Madame assured him that she had influential friends down there, who would interest themselves in his behalf. Then, as a matter of precaution and quite as an after-thought, she read the letters from his parish priest and others, heartily recommending the young man.

The poor emigrant's joy and gratitude were quite pathetic. He accepted the offer instantly, and would have been almost willing to spend the summer at the Mountain merely for his board and

lodging. But to that Madame would not agree, declaring that the laborer was worthy of his hire. Madame asked the station master who, together with a group of the *habitants*, was an interested and frankly curious witness of the scene, to telegraph for the man's luggage, and have it returned thither as soon as possible.

The large-hearted kindness of the *habitants* toward the poor stranger was at once in evidence. They were willing to help in every way they could. Not only did the station master promise to hasten the return of the luggage, as far as was in his power, but Joe Desourdie, one of the drivers who brought people up from the station to the hotel, volunteered to bring it up free of cost, as soon as it should arrive.

So the exquisite sunset of that summer afternoon, when color melted into color with an iridescent splendor that seemed to permeate the landscape, found Madame Robillard driving upward with her prize. Despite the natural loneliness of the exile's heart, he could not help breaking out into rapturous expressions of admiration for that lovely scenery. The hedges along the road, and even the stone fences, were alive with wild roses; the blossoming trees in the orchards gave promise of abundant fruit; the trees on the Mountain were bursting into tender green, and the streamlet, like a living presence of joy, went leaping and gurgling downward. The young animals were at play in the fields, the birds were building in the budding branches; and everything breathed life and the very spirit of gladness; even the hoary old Mountain had taken on vernal youth. The heart of the stranger was warmed and cheered also by the kindly good nature of all those with whom he had as yet come into contact, and he recognized in his large-hearted and kindly employer the true spirit of charity; for, while plainly stating and even emphasizing her need of his services, she had offered him a home and work.

II.

So Cornelius O'Grady, as Madame Robillard had learned to call the emigrant, became an institution at the Mountain. It is true that he usually went to Montreal in the winter months, where work had been found for him in a large conservatory. But he returned invariably with the coming of the spring: there was no offer that would have tempted him to remain away. The result of his labors in the garden would have charmed the professor, could he have come back to earth to see them. Under his hand the fruit bushes gave more abundant crops than they had ever done before; and to the red and black currant bushes were added white ones, delicate in flavor and toning down in their paleness the marked colors of the other. The gooseberries improved both in size and flavor; and strawberry beds, that were quite new to that enclosure, now occupied a considerable corner. Raspberries, white and red, and luscious thimbleberries followed each other in quick succession, marking the progress of the season. As regards the flowers, new varieties were added to the old favorites; so that even that rocky, mountainous soil was made to bloom like a miniature paradise.

One peculiarity of the gardener soon became known to all the village, and this was his habit of naming various places or things in the garden after some spots in his beloved Ireland, a practice warmly approved by his genial countrywoman and employer. Thus a large boulder in the centre of the garden, which he had covered with luxuriant masses of vines, was named the Blarney Stone; a particularly charming nook, near one of the upper fences by which it was separated from a stretch of woodland, became known as Killarney. The Mountain itself, he had christened Slieve nan Or (Golden Mountain); and the river in the valley was, in his vocabulary, the Suir; nor did he ever seek to know its real name. It pleased and warmed his heart to trans-

form that Canadian village into a corner of Ireland.

The barber, who often used to lean over the low stone wall to inspect the young man and his work, was the first to call attention to this peculiarity of the emigrant, which he retailed at all the village meeting places, rolling his tongue with difficulty round the unfamiliar names. Cornelius was invited to all the merry-makings in the neighborhood; and his mellow, baritone voice joined quite recklessly, without regard to pronunciation, in all the French Canadian choruses; while he was often asked to give a solo of one of the sad, touching melodies of his native land, or another that reflected its rollicking gladness.

Though he could not understand the (to him) unknown tongue of many of the villagers, he took an eager interest in all their concerns. To Mathurin at the saw-mill, whom he particularly liked, he often gave a hand when work was pressing. M. Prefontaine got from him many valuable hints on agriculture. To the Delles Picard, whose pathetic story of the death of their brother, strongly appealed to him, he rendered many a service. He had frequent chats with the old straw-hat maker, who had picked up during her long life many scraps of English from visitors at the hotel; and he was often a welcome guest at the flour mill, where the one English-speaking resident of the village, jolly old Southwick, presided. The Irishman, in fact, soon became a favorite with almost everyone at the Mountain. He was regarded, too, as a celebrity of whom the village was proud; and Madame Robillard was looked upon almost in the light of a public benefactor, and had often to felicitate herself on that luckiest of finds.

Those few years, in which Cornelius found himself thus happy, were truly an oasis in the desert of his exile. They passed indeed, as the pleasant things of life are apt to do, all too quickly. Then all at once the unexpected happened;

and Madame Robillard, who had intended to spend the residue of her days in that charming retreat, found herself constrained, by domestic reasons, to give up her dwelling at the Mountain, and to make her home in the city, with a married son who had been lately left a widower.

So Cornelius O'Grady came no more with the month of May to cultivate the little garden, but drifted away into a new exile in one of the cities of western Canada. But his memory long remained there, whether the house of the professor stood untenanted, or whether it was occupied during the summer season. Cornelius had striven by various devices to render permanent those names which he had bestowed upon various places in or around the garden. Thus, there were groups of flowers that came up regularly every season, forming in that orderly arrangement the nomenclature which pathetically had sprung from the heart of an exile; though sometimes, as the years went on, one letter or another would be missing from a name. But more durable were the white pebbles arranged into words, or the tiny signposts erected at intervals. So that Killarney remained Killarney; and the vine-covered rock still the Blarney Stone, and a certain spot of intensest green was still the Dargle, long, long after Cornelius O'Grady himself had become but a memory. The memory was in that manner, however, kept green; and for many moons and many winters one of the stories oftenest told at the *veillées* was that of the *Irlandais*, who had given Irish names to every spot in and around the professor's garden, but who was otherwise known to the villagers as Madame Robillard's find.

TEMPTATIONS are the raw material of salvation; to overcome them is as grand a work as the management of an empire, requiring a vigilance both incessant and universal; a vigilance also that must work in silence and alone.—*Anon.*

The Perdono at Assisi.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

IT is the feast of the Porziuncula, and from a sky of cloudless azure the sun smiles down upon the brown roofs and narrow, cobble-paved streets of that little Umbrian city, hallowed by the memory of one of God's greatest saints. Stalls and refreshment booths are erected in the piazza outside the Church of Santa Maria degl' Angeli, and a large number of people of various conditions of life and different nationalities are passing in rapid succession in and out of the "little portion" chapel, their lips moving in prayer. It is a motley crowd, and contains a good deal of color; for the brilliantly tinted shawls and handkerchiefs of the peasant women contrast with the russet brown of the Franciscan habit, the sable cowl of the Benedictine, the black and white of the Dominican and the Camaldolese. There are American, and possibly two or three English sight-seers, seminarists from ecclesiastical colleges, priests and Roman princes, shopkeepers from Milan, members of the Genoese aristocracy, and chestnut sellers from Perugia,—all actuated by the same idea, linked together by their common devotion to the "poor man of Assisi."

There is also noise as well as color and movement in this living picture; for the wailing hymn chanted by the pilgrims from the Abruzzi mountains, as they leave the chapel of the Porziuncula in a long procession, walking backward, mingles somewhat discordantly with the litanies sung in exceedingly shrill voices by the Neapolitans, many of whom have walked nearly all the way from Naples in order to gain the Perdono.

And the spot where it is to be gained is teeming with memories. It was here that Francis received from Our Lord Himself the promise of the Plenary Indulgence, to be obtained, on the usual conditions, between two o'clock on the 1st

of August and the hour of sunset on the following day; and here also, when the saint was asleep on the hard ground, the future glory of his Order was revealed to him. And we read that when he awoke from his dream he said to his brethren: "Be comforted, *carissimi*, and be not sad because we are few; for God has shown me that ye shall increase to a great multitude, and shall go on increasing to the end of the world." It was here, too, that the first seven of all those who were to follow him later assembled and received the title of *Fratres Minores*, the humblest of the servants of God.

It is an eminently devotional spot, where the light of hanging lamps gleams through the dusk upon the silver of innumerable votive offerings, its interior black with the passing of the centuries, but its portico a blaze of color painted by the brush of Overbeck, who has here immortalized the vision of the Seraphic friar hearing a voice that said: "They shall take neither gold nor silver nor money in their purses, nor shoes nor staff; this is what I seek."

The disfiguring hand of the restorer has left this chapel practically untouched. The massive carved oaken doors are intact, an ancient painting of Our Lady of the Angels adorns the altar, and at the back, a fresco by Perugino, partially restored, depicts the Crucifixion with St. Francis clinging to the cross.

The origin of the Porziuncula chapel dates back to quite the early dawn of Christendom; for this sanctuary was first erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin by four pilgrims from Jerusalem, about the year 352. A relic from her tomb—given to them, it is said, by St. Cyril—was placed within it, and it was dedicated to Our Lady of Josaphat. It soon became celebrated for the number of graces received within its precincts, and also for the visits of angels singing the praises of their Queen, on account of which it bears its present title, Our Lady of the Angels. It was taken possession of by St.

Benedict in the sixth century; and when later on St. Francis had restored it and founded the Order of Friars Minor, the Abbot of Subasion presented him with the chapel on condition that it should from that day forward rank as the mother house of his Order, the Benedictines receiving in return an annual offering of "a little basket of fish." It is curious to note in this connection that it was within this very spot that Pica, the wife of Francesco Bernardone, begged Heaven to grant her the boon of a son, and the son was St. Francis.

In contrast with its spacious and somewhat garish surroundings, it stands to-day beneath a magnificent cupola erected over it by St. Pius V., and was untouched by the earthquake which partially destroyed the church in 1832. For the Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels owes its existence to the Dominican Pontiff, who thus evinced his devotion to Our Lady and his admiration for the Franciscan Order. After the earthquake, the church was restored by Poletti.

A considerable settlement has, during the last thirty years or so, risen up in the neighborhood of this world-renowned basilica. Santa Maria degl' Angeli can claim four convents, where many visitors to the shrine make their headquarters in preference to Assisi itself.

It can not be said that Assisi is more beautiful than any other place in a country where "beauty spots" are the rule and not the exception; but it is certainly one of the most attractive, and its atmosphere affects everyone who goes there, irrespective of creed. An eminently magnetic saint, the personality of St. Francis still impresses itself through the centuries which have elapsed since his death, and one may doubt whether the little town in the fair Umbrian Province would make the appeal which indeed it does to all sorts and conditions of men, were it not for its association with him whom Bossuet has termed "the most ardent lover of poverty the Church has ever known."

A Double Conversion.

SOME years ago there lived in Paris an old colonel who had retired from the army; he was a man of honor, true to his friends, and upright in his conduct, but totally indifferent to religion. He had a wife and daughter, who prayed unceasingly that the grace of conversion might be vouchsafed to a soul so dear to them. Among the few that frequented the colonel's little apartment in the Rue du Bac was an old brother officer, who dropped in every other evening to smoke and play whist, or talk over the exciting scenes of former days.

Our veteran fell ill, — dangerously ill; his wife and daughter could not shut their eyes to the fact that the end was drawing near, yet they dared not broach the subject of the last Sacraments; for he had firmly and repeatedly declared that he would not be interfered with on this point. They only prayed more fervently, and when the old comrade came to inquire for his friend, they told him the sad truth, and begged him to urge the patient to see a priest and make his peace with Almighty God.

At first the officer listened to the request with undisguised coldness; he pleaded his inability to execute such a serious commission, as he himself was not a practical Catholic; indeed, he feared he had quite lost his faith. Not discouraged by these excuses, the two ladies besought him more earnestly and with tears, assuring him that this was their last resource. Unable to withstand any longer such an appeal to his friendship, he yielded, and promised to do the best he could. He entered the sick chamber, while the pious women knelt outside the door with throbbing hearts, awaiting the result of the attempt. After a few preliminary remarks, the old officer summoned up courage.

"I fear, my dear fellow," he began, somewhat abruptly, "you are in a bad way.

If I were you, I would lose no time in going to confession."

"Nonsense! Go to confession! Would you go yourself?"

"As true as I am standing here, I would not hesitate,—I mean if I were in your condition, comrade."

"But I don't know any priest."

"Never mind; I'll send you one I know very well—my confessor. He is just the right sort of man. I am sure you will be greatly pleased with him."

"Your confessor! I didn't know you had one. But then, you never spoke of religion. Send him to me."

The missionary triumphantly left the room, and announced the good tidings to the anxious wife and daughter. They could scarcely believe in so complete and speedy a success, and heartily thanked the kind friend to whose courageous intervention it was due.

"But I am in a plight," he said. "The truth is, I haven't been to confession since the time I was wounded, and I don't know a single priest in Paris or anywhere else. I have fought shy of priests all my life, I may say."

"Go to the saintly Abbé S——, curate of St.-Germain-des-Prés, and ask him to come."

The old officer lost no time in calling on the Abbé S——, whom he found in the sacristy of his church, and to whom he explained the case.

"Monsieur l'Abbé, you must say that you know me very well—that I am not the worst of Christians either,—that you are my confessor. This will make things easy for him."

"But, Monsieur," rejoined the priest, smiling, "I can not tell such untruths even with the best motive."

"Then the whole affair will be a miserable failure."

"It can be very easily settled if you will only kneel down and make your confession."

"You don't mean this very minute? We are in too great a hurry. Besides, I

am not prepared. I haven't been to confession for twenty years. I'm the greatest sinner in all Paris, and I've just told my old friend two of the biggest lies he ever heard."

"It will not take long," said the Abbé, encouragingly; "I will prepare you." And, opening the door of a small room reserved for such penitents, he pointed to a *prie-dieu*. "I am sure you would not have your friend die without being reconciled to the Church. It depends upon you."

The old soldier somewhat reluctantly knelt down. The good priest helped him to examine his conscience, excited his contrition, and he soon rose from his knees another man,—as happy as could be; he warmly thanked the Abbé S——, who prepared to set out at once for the house of the colonel.

That very evening the dying man was reconciled with God. He lived only a few days longer, then expired in the most consoling sentiments of repentance and gratitude for the supreme grace of the last hour.

The Roses of Hildersheim.

LOUIS THE PIOUS, once while hunting, pitched his tent at the spot where the magnificent cathedral of Hildersheim now stands; and his chaplain proceeded to erect a portable altar and say Mass, after hanging a silver reliquary, containing relics of the Blessed Virgin, upon a low rosebush that grew near by. On leaving, he forgot the reliquary, and returned, but searched around in vain. At length, to his amazement, he perceived the shrub he sought; and there was the reliquary; but fresh roses had bloomed all about it, enwreathing the reliquary. The King immediately began the erection of a church on the spot, dedicating it to the Queen of Heaven; and the roses still growing about its outer walls are said to be offshoots of the early stock.

Over a Batch of Letters from Missionaries in Foreign Fields.

THE custom of making an offering for some religious purpose on the occasion of joyous celebrations, or as an expression of gratitude to God for blessings received, calamities averted, etc., is a highly commendable one; and we are gratified to notice that it is becoming more general among American Catholics. A remarkable conversion of recent occurrence is attributed—rightly, we think—to an alms (one that doubtless involved a generous sacrifice) given toward a good work recommended in these pages. Many would call this extraordinary occurrence a miracle, and perhaps it was. We are sorry not to be free to give the details of it. But, then, everyone knows the blessings attendant on almsgiving.

It is to be deplored, however, that the generosity of pious people is not always so well ordered as in the case to which we have referred. Priests, in large cities especially, are sometimes embarrassed to find space in their churches for superfluous statues, lamps, memorial windows, etc., the cost of which in not a few instances would go far toward the erection of a chapel in some needy foreign mission. Offerings for the dead, too, are superabundant in some places.

Alas! how few seem to have any realization of the crying needs of our missionaries in distant lands—of the many places where the most promising undertakings languish for lack of support; where catechists could bring whole villages into the Fold; where slowly-dying lepers cry for shelter and a crust of bread; and abandoned children, whose parents have deserted them or perished in famines, floods, cyclones, etc., flock to the nearest establishment of Catholic missionaries in the expectation of finding food, clothing, and a refuge!

We have just been re-reading a batch of letters from missionaries—bishops,

priests, and nuns—in different parts of the world. What edifying, though sad, letters they are!—edifying because they tell of wondrous work that is being done for religion, at the cost of sacrifices and hardships, privations and drawbacks impossible to be wholly concealed; sad, on account of the urgent need they express of help, which is often slow in coming, generally inadequate, or wholly denied.

A bishop in the Philippines writes: 'You can have only a faint idea of the ruin wrought by the typhoon of which I have sent you an account—whole villages wrecked, churches ruined or levelled to the ground. The people are too poor to rebuild them, and all I can collect for this purpose seems like a drop in a bucket. . . . Alas for those poor outposts where Christian communities were still in the stage of formation! . . . No fewer than 60,730 were confirmed in my first Confirmation tour, just concluded. Not a few of these were reclaimed from Aglipayanism. God knows how many more there may be to reclaim.

'You ask about the savages here. I do not hesitate to say—and I have travelled in many pagan countries—that there is no place in the whole world where a greater number of souls could be won with comparatively little effort. . . . The Philippines and China are surely among the most promising missionary fields in the world at present.'

A Sister of Charity, who has been in China for many years, and labored in different places there, writes: 'If we only had means to establish a sufficient number of catechumenates, we could get all the rising generation. The children drink in Christian doctrine, and their elders are easily influenced through them. . . . The poor sufferers, of all sorts and conditions, who flock to our dispensaries are so grateful and well disposed—all eager to learn about our holy religion. Those who embrace it are wondrously faithful and fervent. A golden opportunity is now presented in China.

There are conversions on all sides, and they might be multiplied. If people in your country, who seem to have so much money to spend, could only know of all the good that might be done here with a little of it!

It is said that in the life of every Catholic worthy of the name there are times when a vivid realization of the immense boon of the Faith is accompanied by a keen desire for its propagation. We have indicated a most direct and effective way of extending God's kingdom. Think of it, dear Catholic readers, a tithe of the money spent so freely at this season for comforts, luxuries, and diversions of all sorts, would work wonders in our foreign mission fields. Think of those eager neophytes, abandoned children, forsaken lepers, those fellow-Christians of yours exposed to the wiles of sectarians and schismatics; and of those poor pagans, tens of thousands, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, whose souls cry out to you from this page! Remember our missionaries who beg a remembrance in your prayers and a little share of the money you spend so lavishly in order that their efforts may be more abundantly blessed and their labors more widely extended.

The Sort of Publicity that Does Good.

CARDINAL GASQUET is an intelligent, observant traveller. He has been to the United States more than once, and while among us he has remained in one place long enough at a time to acquire impressions of real value. Accordingly it is no surprise to find him in public utterances at home giving point to his remarks by observations and experiences gleaned in the United States. Everywhere, since the deserved distinction of the cardinalate has come to him, he has been the object of congratulations from his fellow-countrymen, and he has responded on all occasions with rare aptness, grace and wisdom. One matter he has

insisted upon several times is the need of union among Catholics if they are to accomplish what they ought. And it is on this point that his American experiences serve him well. Speaking at Ealing, a week or two ago, his Eminence said:

We are able to learn much from the vigorous life of the Catholic Church on the great continent of America; and one of the things that must strike all who visit the United States, as lately it impressed me, is the marvellous organization of Catholic societies; and, above all, the cosmopolitan character of those organizations. People of all nationalities and shades of politics, people of every grade of society, from judges and doctors to humble artisans, stand shoulder to shoulder in profession of their common faith, and are ready to defend its interests by their united power. On all hands one can see the effect of this power of union amongst Catholics; in the redress of Catholic grievances and even in the purification of public life. Here in England we are a very small minority; but a minority that knows its own mind and has clear and definite principles to guide it, can effect much, by setting forth the justice of its demands. Of course, in this regard, one naturally thinks of the education question, which is always with us; and a united policy of endeavoring to convince our fellow-countrymen that, when we ask for the education of our Catholic children in Catholic schools, where their religion is taught by Catholic teachers, we are wholly reasonable in our demands, can hardly fail to have its effect on the nation at large. The province of the Government is fairness all round; and when they secure that the secular teaching given in our Catholic schools is up to the standard required,—that, we claim, is all that should be demanded of us. Here, again, the Catholics of the United States set us a noble example. They will have nothing but Catholic schools, and refuse to allow the children of Catholic parents to be educated in the non-religious State establishments. Though they have to pay the State tax for education, they will not use the schools.

On another occasion, in a public speech, the Cardinal singled out for special point the work done by the Knights of Columbus and the Holy Name Society. This is the sort of publicity we like to receive through foreigners. And one moral of this is, not to judge of a country by what you see of it through the windows of a train.

Notes and Remarks.

As is usual at this season of the year, many of our contemporaries throughout the country are discussing the duties of Catholic parents with regard to the Catholic school. Needless to say, it is uniformly urged that, exceptional cases apart, such parents should see to it that Catholic schools and no others should be attended by their sons and daughters. The *Monitor*, of San Francisco, thus categorically tabulates the ordinary Catholic objections to our own schools: "1. They tend to isolate the student from his fellow-citizens of other faiths (or none) in later years. 2. The student of Catholic institutions will be deprived of obvious social advantages in after life. 3. Catholic schools do not compare favorably with public schools in point of efficiency. 4. The expense."

After effectively disposing of each of these fallacious objections in turn, the *Monitor* concludes with this remark: "It is fast becoming a question in parishes without parochial schools whether growing boys and girls will remain practical Catholics, or drift into ignorant indifference. Probably the strongest tendency of our age is the craving for knowledge; and if Catholics do not see that their children learn truth, then false prophets will not fail to teach them error. The fads and fallacies of these same prophets are each in turn laughed to death at last; but, even while dying, they do almost irreparable harm; for they nearly all drag our ideals into the mire whence materialism springs."

Of a brilliant new book addressed to the Anglican clergy by one of themselves, a competent critic writes: "The partisan reader will not understand all that he reads, and much of what he understands he will dislike." The work is sure to have a few Catholic readers, who, while wholly disagreeing with much that the author

has to say, will yet rejoice that much else is set before ministers of the Church of England. For instance, these telling words in a chapter in defence of the Creeds: "You can not go back to the older conditions, nor finally stop the march of development. Heresies have made the mode of definition a necessity. We are perforce dogmatic, and Catholicity lies in the generous acceptance of that necessity."

Another passage that should set the reader thinking occurs in the concluding chapter on the element of largeness. The author is scornful of the claim to reach breadth by throwing over fundamental beliefs, saying: "There is nothing smaller and more pitiful than the affectation of breadth. It consists almost invariably in marking out some limit within which you allow yourself a freedom which others do not claim. The result is that the space within which you expatiate, the space between your limit and that of other people, becomes the whole world to you. It is usually a very narrow space, and enlargement comes to mean just the privilege of walking on these flagstones."

"Conciones ad Clerum," by the Rev. Dr. T. A. Lacey, is not to be judged, however, by our extracts from it. He says in reference to a Catholic author, one of whose books has been placed on the Index, "You need hardly be afraid of erring in his company." But this is precisely what Dr. Lacey has done himself.

In support of his claim that women have done more than the men for the reorganization of the Church in France, the Abbé Ernest Dimnet is quoted as saying: "The *Ligue Patriotique des Françaises* numbers more than half a million women who have managed so far to keep away from politics, and show unparalleled activity. Very few are the villages in which they do not help the priest in hearing the children their catechism, and every now and then do not get some Parisian lady member to give a

public lecture in a hired room,—a great novelty and a great attraction in rural districts where the kinematograph is only beginning to penetrate. In most of the larger villages the priests have been able to build a special room for such entertainments, and the presence of this building, which is the first visible evidence of Catholic activity in its new form, strikes the rustic mind more than anything else."

Thus in many and multifarious ways it is becoming increasingly evident that the ruin of religion in France is a mightier undertaking than it was conceived to be by the enemies of the Church.

The president of the foreign missionary seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., received word last week from France of another massacre in Thibet in which a priest of the Foreign Missions, Fr. Theodore Mongbeig, and two servants, were killed. Thus is a new name added to the long list in the "Golden Book" of the Paris Seminary for Foreign Missions of those brave soldiers of the Cross who perished in fields afar. Fr. Mongbeig was ordained and departed for the Far East in 1899. He was followed by a brother.

Thibet has long been known as an impenetrable country, although sections have been visited and some few Catholic missions established there. As in Japan, until 1870, Europeans are forbidden under pain of death to enter the interior, and the Chinese—who are masters, in fact, if not by right—allow this rule to be enforced in spite of many treaties. Nearly every year massacres take place; and sometimes, as in 1908 and 1910, a missionary is among the victims.

In a forceful editorial on a question which, though acute in New York, is far from negligible in others of our large cities, the *Live Issue* declares: "There is just one mistake our rulers are making, and that is their toleration of the professional anarchists." This toleration is doubtless due to an extravagant, not to

say a superstitious, reverence for "free speech," and to the mistaken notion that "liberty" spells "license." Noting that the drastic treatment of the Chicago anarchists a few years ago has been a deterrent ever since, our vigorous contemporary remarks:

Liberty for anarchy is slavery for orderly citizens. Liberty to speak treason is subversion of authority. Liberty to insult decency hastens the adoption of the vendetta and the fall of the courts of law and justice. Has the past no lessons for the rulers of this land?

It has, assuredly; but generations, like individuals, appear loathe to learn from any other experience than their own; and oftener than not they don't profit by that.

It is now many years since the first appearance of Sir William Butler's valuable and interesting book, "The Great Lone Land," and in the interval much of the "loneness" of the great North West has been removed, thanks to the civilization that followed in the wake of the missionaries, notably the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Gen. Butler's reflections on their work are quoted in a recent issue of the Irish organ of that Society. The great Irish soldier and staunch Catholic writes:

It is a curious contrast to find in this distant and strange land men of culture and high mental excellence devoting their lives to the task of civilizing the wild Indians of the forest and the prairie; going far in advance of the settler, whose advent they have but too much cause to dread. . . . Only a poor semblance of a man can behold such a sight through the narrow glass of sectarian feeling, and see in it nothing but the self-interested labor of persons holding opinions foreign to his own. He who has travelled through the vast colonial empire of Britain—that empire which covers one-third of the entire habitable surface of the globe, and probably half of the lone lands of the world—must often have met with men dwelling in the midst of wild, savage peoples, whom they tended with a strange and mother-like devotion. If you asked who was this stranger who dwelt thus among wild men in these lone places, you were told he was the French missionary; and if you sought him in his lonely hut, you found ever the same surroundings, the same

simple evidences of a faith which seemed more than human. I do not speak from hearsay or book-knowledge. I have myself witnessed the scenes I now try to recall. And it has ever been the same. East and west, far in advance of trader or merchant, of sailor or soldier, has gone this dark-haired, fragile man, whose earliest memories are thick with sunny scenes by bank of Loire, or vine-clad slope of Rhone or Garonne, and whose vision, in this life at least, is never destined to rest again upon these oft-remembered places. . . .

The solution of the anomaly is, of course, that no instrument is too fine to do the greatest of all works, the saving of souls. The brilliant doctor of divinity in the rural confessional or at the humble work of catechizing children is only another and less spectacular instance of the same philosophy reduced to practice.

Writing in the Baltimore *Catholic Review*, the Rev. J. E. Graham thus pithily characterizes the Men and Religion Forward Movement, the Go-to-Church Sunday Movement, and similar sporadic revivals:

They may brace up a comparative few for a brief space, and a brief space only, in a sort of religious intoxication; but, to hold men and women to an abiding sense of religious duty, year in and year out, in foul weather as in fair, in storm and stress as well as in sunshine, we need something more than temporary stimulants; we must give them unchanging and unchangeable principles, inflexible and imperative obligations. And it is precisely because the Church supplies her members with these necessary motives that she finds but little difficulty in getting those of them who are in earnest (and this means the overwhelming majority) to do their duty whether they feel like it or not. This is no mere idle boast, but a sober fact patent to all who have eyes to see—who are not jaundiced by prejudice; and until the uplifters come to adopt Rome's true and tried methods, they will have only their labor for their pains.

Will they ever adopt Rome's methods until they make their submission to Rome's infallible Pontiff?

A correspondent of *America*, who has "just come out of Mexico," communicates some facts about that most distressful country which he declares to be

absolutely authentic. They will be new to many persons and startling to some others who were violently opposed to Huerta. "R. P." writes:

1. On June 7th the Carranzistas burned all the confessionals of every church on the Calzandas de la Union, one of the chief avenues of the city of Monterey, the capital of the State of Nuevo Leon.
2. They allowed five churches to reopen on June 16th, with the strictest prohibition of hearing any confessions.
3. The churches of the Holy Trinity and St. Francis have been desecrated and converted into barracks.
4. In the parishes of Cerralbo and Salinas Victoria, of the archdiocese of Linares, of which Monterey is the chief city, churches and images have been desecrated; and in Salinas Victoria the Most Holy Sacrament has been defiled and profaned.
5. The household furniture and libraries of priests' houses have been confiscated, and the priests robbed and despoiled.
6. In Monterey itself, Catholic families have been submitted to the most outrageous extortion, and large sums of money demanded. Their homes have been entered and profaned, and the vilest orgies indulged therein.

A notable sermon was that preached by Archbishop Glennon at the consecration, last month, of a magnificent cathedral to the memory of the Venerable Archbishop Plunkett, martyred for the Faith two hundred years ago. One special point his Grace laid himself out to make; namely, that not only was Archbishop Plunkett not guilty of treason, but that the Irish generally are, of all the nations of present or past time, most exempt from the crime of treason. He said, furthermore, that there has never been a nation that more highly regarded the majesty of law; or sought or gave a more willing and devoted obedience thereto than the Irish nation:

I say so to-day, and before the altar, and I speak, as I believe, advisedly. I have studied Irish history; I have witnessed their service under many flags; I have seen their exiled sons placed where the test was whether law should reign or anarchy; I have followed them in the halls of legislation and to seats where justice reigned; and from those high places I have turned back to humbler walks where the "common people" are found; and from the

highest to lowest, whether Lord Chief Justice of England or a presiding justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, at home or abroad, I have found in the heart of the laborer who served and the lord who ruled passionate love of justice,—a high and holy regard for law and order, and a scrupulous regard for the equal rights of their fellowmen.

We believe this to be literally true, and would commend it to the consideration of all who are so greatly exercised over the administration of justice in a home-ruling Ireland.

"To My Non-Catholic Friends" is the heading of a strong, ringing, and timely statement of the faith that is in him, contributed to the *New Jersey Monitor*, by Mr. Benjamin R. Brewer. After setting forth what the Church stands for and the grounds thereof, he says:

Nothing but "Dead Sea" fruit and luring mirage is forbidden to a Catholic. In science, in art, in law, and in literature the practical Catholic has superior advantages. An infallible faith brightens his mind and steadies his hand, presiding in and over his work. . . . Instead of thralldom, the Catholic Church gives a man freedom and genuine liberty. It comes to his assistance to protect him. Enemies that are most deadly and would take away his life it vanquishes for him; and by its divine power they are deprived of any strength to bind him and take away his liberty. By its assistance his arm is made strong in the defence of his country, his home, his friends; and he is made valiant in the fight for every virtue. Such are the divine blessings of the Catholic. He who in any manner strikes the Catholic Church at once deals a wicked blow against all that is holy, pure, noble, virtuous, or in any way desirable; and he at the same time assaults the best benefactor of our common country. Our Constitution and our organic society and country would be soon stripped of their shelter and despoiled as a dwelling would be without a roof, were it not for the Catholic Church.

There is no denying this fact.

From the *Colored Man's Friend*,—the interesting little quarterly published in behalf of the Holy Rosary Industrial School for colored children at Lafayette, La.,—we clip this paragraph, which makes pleasant reading for all Americans who

realize the size and importance of the Negro problem in our Republic:

The statistics of agriculture for North Carolina have just been received, and the light thrown on the condition of Negro farmers in the State is indeed most gratifying. They own 65,000 farms, with a total valuation of \$81,425,000. There is also shown a clear gain during the last ten years of \$52,000,000. In other words, the Negro possessed only about \$29,000,000 in farm property in 1910. In order to make these figures still more encouraging, it is to be noted that the percentage of increase for Negro farmers is 181, while that for the entire State including all races is only 130 per cent. If this means anything, it means that the Negroes are buying farms 51 per cent faster than any other element of the population. One calamity howler says that the Negro is dying out; another says he is shiftless and improvident; but it appears that neither has carefully examined the record of Negro achievement in land buying and home building in this and other States of the South. All that the Negro needs is a man's chance to make history.

Then, in the name of justice as well as charity, let him have that chance!

Most persons probably think of the Sage of Chelsea as a cross-grained individual who found real satisfaction in saying and doing disagreeable things, caring nothing at all whose feelings he might wound or to what extent. But Carlyle had another side, it seems; and it is doubtless because he showed it so seldom that he is generally regarded as what he himself would have called a "very deeficult person." The Rev. Mr. Blunt, rector of Chelsea, relates that when the future sage was six years old, being left in the house alone on a winter's day, an old man came to the door to ask for something to eat. It happened that there was no food in the house, but the boy bade the man wait while he dragged a form in front of the dresser, so that he might get his "penny-pig" off the shelf. This he broke, and gave the old man all the money in it. In relating this incident of his childhood to Mr. Blunt, Carlyle remarked impressively: "I never knew before what the joy of heaven must be like."



Our Lady of the Snow.

BY M. A.

'T WAS in the summer's golden prime,
'T In flowery Italy—
The days of faith in olden time,
When that fair land was free,—
That one, who loved Our Lady well,
Prayed humbly at her shrine:
"Accept, my Queen and Mistress dear,
This offering of mine!
"For I would in thine honor build
A temple fair to see,
If thou wilt only choose the spot
Most pleasing unto thee."
The morning dawned without a cloud,
Uprose the summer sun—
But, oh, it was a wondrous scene
That then he looked upon!
The trees were rich with golden fruits,
Beneath a sheltering screen,
While purple clusters from the vines
Looked out amidst the green.
The flowers blushed in loveliness;
But on the hillside, lo!
Rested upon the verdant sward
A sheet of whitest snow,—
Fair emblem that Our Lady chose
Of that bright purity
Which should adorn the hallowed spot
Whereon her shrine would be.
Then what should be these hearts of ours,—
Those hidden altars, where
We offer up through Mary's hands
The incense of our prayer?

ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA had the habit of reciting three *Ave Marias*, and of imploring the protection of the Blessed Virgin every night before retiring to rest.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

IX.



'T was only when he was turned out that the small boy understood how angry Uncle Jerome was. Dick had been given a chance to tell him he was sorry; and because the uncle was so patient and kind, he had only prattled instead and made excuses. He stood for a while in the great hall with his mouth half open and tears in his eyes; and then he thought he would go for comfort to Punch. When he arrived in the stable yard, Dodds said:

"Don't you come here, sir. The master says you have not got nothing to do with that pony now."

The boy drew back, frightened; for Dodds shook his round red head and held up a threatening finger. "What did you run away with the pony for, you bad boy?"

"He ran away with me," said Dick, miserably.

"But you took him out, young master,—you did, on the sly."

Oh, how that word hurt Dick! His daddy had always told him so carefully to be simple and open. It had never occurred to him that he was doing his first sly thing in slipping away with the pony when no one was looking.

"I got a fine rating for letting you go," said Dodds. "You should have seen how angry the master was. If you was my lad, I'd give you a larrupping."

He was swinging a bridle strap in his hand, and Dick ran away, thinking Dodds might make a mistake and go beyond his duties as ostler.

Dick made his escape from the strong

remarks of Dodds, and wandered round the house and across the garden under the shade of the trees. The heat was intense. He saw Uncle Jerome sitting with his book on a wicker chair under one of the great cedars. Uncle Jerome raised his head and looked at him, but did not call him.

And now a good impulse came to Dick. He could not bear to be put away from that kind heart. He went softly across the grass, in under the cedar branches, and then ran straight to the wicker chair.

"Please forgive me! I *am* sorry!" And the mop of a fair head was laid confidently against Uncle Jerome's arm.

"Well, now, what is it?" The book was put down and Dick was drawn round, to stand straight in front of the chair, with a large hand clasping each of his little ones.

"Now, Dick, can you tell me what you have to be sorry for?"

Dick lifted his pleading blue eyes and spoke slowly:

"I am sorry I went away with Punch alone, when—when I knew I wasn't to."

"Well, now, there is the whole fault without any excuses," said Uncle Jerome, quite pleased. "When I was a boy, my own father always forgave me if I acknowledged my faults against myself, and if I was sorry. He used to say that is our Heavenly Father's way with all of us, His children. And so now I forgive you, Dick, and you must never wilfully do anything again that you are quite sure your daddy or I would not let you do if we were there. That is a resolution of amendment. And now, because you are sorry, you must do without even seeing Punch to-day or to-morrow."

"Yes, uncle."

Dick had clasped his arms round Uncle Jerome's neck for one blissful moment; then he was coaxed little by little to tell all the details of yesterday. The unpleasant points were all clear in his memory: the way in which he was kept when he wanted to come home; the loss

of his pocket money (Uncle Jerome knew where *that* was); the bitter black tea that he could not drink; the cake that hurt his teeth; the blow aimed at the little girl and received by him instead; the starving feeling of hunger, as the afternoon passed, until he got that good supper. He even mentioned that the tea was boiled for hours just after they had been stewing a fowl that wouldn't get soft; that they had no forks, and that they had a language of their own; and *choring* was stealing, and he was a *chavo*; and that the gypsy boy brought him away out of a horrid stuffy wagon, where they locked him in, and they had meant not to give him back his pony (the boy said so); and they had clipped poor Punch so that he did not know him.

"Now you see what bad things the people did whom you were with," said Uncle Jerome, "and how thankful you must be to have got away from them."

Dick told about little Lolo and the fiddle she played.

"Lolo had a medal on," he said,—“a round silver medal of Our Lady, and a little lily on the back, and D-o-l-l-o-r-e-s. I am sure it was that—dollars.”

Uncle Jerome laughed.

"That is not the way to spell dollars, young man."

"But the gypsies don't know how to spell," said Dick. "Tom said he never did any lessons. And Tom was in lovely clothes. He had a red waistcoat and a yellow tie. Uncle Jerome, I would like to see you in a red waistcoat and a yellow tie."

"Never mind about clothes," said the grey-haired man, struggling against a laugh; while the boy, quite happy again, held to the chair arm and wriggled about on one leg, picturing in his imagination Uncle Jerome as a gypsy. "What I want to talk of, Dick, is that little girl with the medal."

Everything that could be remembered had to be told about four-year-old Lolo. And then Dick heard that, if only he

had not gone away by himself, there would have been a much happier visit to the camp. For the country-house called Gorsefield was not far beyond the place where the gypsies were. In fact, the camp was on the edge of the wooded land known as "the wilderness," between the grounds of the house and the open moors. It was there the children of the house had planned to have a picnic tea when Dick should come to see them. And Dick had spoiled the plan that day by refusing to go where he was afraid he would have to sit still on a chair in the house. Uncle Jerome said they could not go now: it was going to thunder. He walked to the edge of the cedar shade, and pointed to the heavy leaden clouds drifting over the sky. And, from Dick's account, the gypsies were gone—Lolo and all!

When lunch was over that day, there was no more sunshine. The heat was sultry, the clouds heavy and grey; thunder was rumbling in the distance. On the terrace seat, where there was not a breath stirring, Dick began his diary in large round-hand with a pencil:

"Choose Day scrubd punch must not do so agen sorry bee caws i wood like to be a ossler when i gro up"—"Wens Day i did somefing drefel going on punch alone—the jipses use no forks and never wash there faces which is bekum brown it must save a lot of time not to wash ones face i shall never do such a drefel thing agen Tom brot me home or i wud have been carid away for ever he was bee-u-ty-ful he had a red weskit and yell o tie—and there was a littel gurl called Lolo—she had a bosho which is jipse for violens and so they had musik with violens—but i am safe home—for which i am very sorry—and i am your loving son Dick."

He carried this into the hall, where Uncle Jerome was talking to Williams about accounts. Grown-up people seemed to like sums; his own always came to a different answer when he added them up and added them down.

"Will that do, please, uncle?" he said,

holding up the book, when they stopped talking about money.

Uncle Jerome looked at it.

"Yes: it will do very nicely." There was a smile about the uncle's lips.

The two began to talk about sums again.

"Please—"

"O my dear boy, I am very busy! What is it?"

"Please, is the spelling right?"

"The spelling is highly original," said Uncle Jerome, gravely; while even the face of Williams seemed inclined to twitch. Dick thought a while. He did not know what "highly original" meant, but it sounded very nice.

"Please, uncle—"

"O Williams, come! We must go somewhere else with those accounts. What is it, Dick? And then don't speak to me again."

"Please, uncle, may I go over it in ink now? You said I was not to touch the ink."

"I am glad you remembered that. Yes, you may."

Dick turned to make a rush to the library.

"No, stop! Come back! Mrs. Bonny will give you ink and a pen in her room. And now, Williams, let us add up all that again."

For the next half hour the boy was supremely happy, in the society of the china zebras and dogs, the pink and green shepherd and shepherdess, and the canary. He was very quiet, with his large book open on the tablecloth of checkered blue and red.

"Bless his heart!" said Mrs. Bonny, who was quite friendly again now, "how nice it would be if he was always like that! Don't make a blot now, my dear. No, no: don't rub the pen on your white sleeve. Don't shake it—no!—not over my table cover. I do believe," she added to herself, "that boy is never out of mischief except when he is asleep. What a fine big hand you write, my darling! But

that's not the way to spell 'Tuesday.'"

"Maybe you spell it another way, Mrs. Bonny," said Dick, politely; "but I like that way." Uncle Jerome had said quite a long word about his spelling, and he was aware that Mrs. Bonny was educated some time ago. So he went on writing, and inked all the pencilling over with no blots except one little one, which was on the cuff of his jacket.

By the time he had finished, the housekeeper had spread the teacups, and thin bread and butter, and strawberries and cream, on the other end of the table. Away in the library Uncle Jerome was taking a rest after the fatigue of last night. He would hardly be able to sleep, for the thunder was coming nearer. There had been three days of blazing sunshine, and here was the expected storm. The first large drops were pattering on the gravel outside and drying at once, and a flash quivered across the sky; then there was a great roll, as if gigantic furniture was being moved on the roof.

"Isn't it well this did not come yesterday?" Mrs. Bonny said. She declared she would have broken her heart if her poor lamb was out in thunder and lightning.

The "poor lamb" was enjoying his strawberries, and watching the storm. Mrs. Bonny took down the frightened bird, and put its cage on the side table. She would take her tea when this was over. There—there was the hail; how it rattled down, springing up like a white steam from the flagged pavement of the yard! And then there came a knocking at the back door. The housekeeper did not notice it. The back door was halfway along the passage, and nobody in the kitchen seemed to notice it either. There was a flash and a peal of thunder as if a mountain fell; and then the hail turned to hissing rain, and the knock came again.

"There is some one knocking at the yard door," said Dick, with his creamy spoon in his hand. "May I go and see who it is?"

"No," the housekeeper said; something might happen to him: she would go herself. The maids in the kitchen could not hear for the noise of the storm and rain, but it was too bad to leave even a dog outside. So Mrs. Bonny went along the passage and opened the door.

"Beg pardon, lady! Can I speak to the gentleman?"

"Stand in out of that downpour, if you like. But we don't have any tramps here."

That was Mrs. Bonny's voice, and very stern it sounded.

The other voice was deep.

"I'm not a tramp, lady. There's somebody dying, or I wouldn't trouble the gentleman."

Dick sprang and ran along the passage. He knew that voice. Yes, there was the tall lad with the brown face and black, sparkling eyes; there was the much-admired red waistcoat and the yellow tie. It was Tom, the gypsy boy, all dashed with melting hail and dripping rain, standing with his black head uncovered, and his cap in his hand, from which a stream of water trickled down onto the tiled floor.

At the sight of Dick, he smiled his recognition and waved the soaked cap toward his front hair.

As for Dick, he cried out:

"Oh, it is my Tom that brought me home!" And the fair little white-clad boy sprang to the gypsy with open arms, and clung to his brilliant waistcoat and rough coat. "Come in, Tom! Oh, but you are wet!"

(To be continued.)

THE mathematician Euclid once had a bitter quarrel with his brother, who went to him and said: "I am so angry with you that I shall die if I can not be revenged."—"And I," answered Euclid, "am so sorrowful to hear you say such a thing, that I believe I shall die if you will not forgive me." So the brothers were reconciled.

An Adventure in Florence.

An English nobleman, who was in delicate health, was advised by his physician to pass the winter in Rome. Being unacquainted with any of the foreign languages, he took into his service an Italian waiter who spoke English well. This man had been for many years in London, employed at one of the largest hotels in that great metropolis. The nobleman reached Florence toward the end of October, 1829; and was enchanted with the beauty of that city, which, as my young readers will remember, is situated at the foot of the Apennines.

Lord F—— accordingly determined to remain at Florence for three weeks, and during his stay paid frequent visits to those two magnificent galleries in which are preserved the masterpieces of the greatest artists. One evening, toward the end of the third week, he took it into his head to go to the theatre. A masterpiece of Rossini was being performed at the time, and Lord F—— was a great admirer of the music of that illustrious composer. The theatre being close to the hotel in which he was staying, he did not think it necessary to take his servant with him.

At the conclusion of the music he left the theatre. Instead, however, of turning to the left, and taking the way that leads to the Piazza del Duomo, he turned to the right; and, after going about fifty yards, found himself in one of the poorest parts of the city. It was wretchedly lighted, and seemed almost uninhabited. Not knowing a word of Italian, he could not ask to be directed to his hotel. Suddenly, at the corner of a street, he ran against a tall man, with a slouch hat on his head and dressed in shabby clothes, who addressed some words to him in a commanding tone.

The Englishman, who had read in various novels that Italy was full of brigands, imagined that the man had demanded his

money or his life, and made uncommon haste to give up the former. He had a long, green silk purse with two rings, one at each end. This the supposed robber took; and, going up to a lamp, opened it at the end where the gold was. Seeing a quantity of Napoleons, he closed it with a sigh; after which he opened the other end containing the silver, took one coin, and returned the purse to its astonished owner, who, being a man of pluck notwithstanding his slender physique, followed his assailant at a distance, with the intention of seeing the upshot of this curious adventure.

After a little while he saw him go into a baker's shop, and come out again, with a long loaf under his arm. When he reached the end of the street the man turned to the left, and, after going a few steps farther, entered a wretched hovel, the door of which refused to shut. And thither the Englishman would have been unable to follow him had it not been for an image of Our Lady, just opposite to the house, in front of which there was a lamp burning. He climbed a winding staircase with the assistance of a rope, which he found in groping about, and on reaching the landing place saw through the half-open doorway a picture of misery never to be forgotten. A poor woman, still young, lay on a pallet of straw; and near her four little children of tender years were stretched on the straw. In the middle of the room, on a rough table, was standing a brass lamp, which gave a sickly light. The man whom Lord F—— had followed divided the bread into six pieces, portioned out one of them to each; then, after blessing themselves, they all proceeded to devour their meal. The Englishman being extremely moved by so sad a spectacle, entered the room, placed his purse on the table, and quickly withdrew.

To account more fully for this occurrence, which really happened in Florence, it is necessary that I should inform my readers that in the year 1829 the crop of

beans and chestnuts, the staple food of the poorer classes in Florence, was exceedingly scanty; and, to make matters worse, nearly the whole of the grain grown in the country had been destroyed by hail, in consequence of which the price of bread had so increased as to cause a veritable famine. The artisans and laborers suffered a great deal, but could not be persuaded to throw themselves on public charity. Some of them, however, made bold by necessity or spurred by despair, took advantage of the dark nights, especially when they happened to meet a foreigner, to cry, "For the love of Heaven, sir, give me a little assistance!"

It was precisely this which that unhappy father did. He had been for several days out of work; he had pawned his scanty possessions, and had no money to buy bread. So when night fell he went out in a state of desperation, and, meeting our generous Englishman, accosted him in loud tones: "Give me a florin, sir! My wife, my children, and I are all dying of hunger!" These words, expressive of the bitterest affliction, were, as we have seen, construed as a highwayman's demand, "Your money, or your life!"

It was very late when Lord F—— found his way back to his hotel, and he was very tired; but he did not regret his adventure, which he never failed to relate when the conversation turned on Italy.

A Painting that Was Not a Picture.

The great painter Hogarth, it is said, was quick to resent an injury, whether fancied or real. On one occasion a famous nobleman employed him to paint a picture of the destruction of Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. Hogarth had been warned by a friend to be on his guard: that his new patron was a driver of hard bargains and a most parsimonious man.

"I think I can look out for my own interests, however," answered the painter. So it proved.

The nobleman at once began to find fault with the price set by Hogarth. "I will give you just half of what you ask," he said, "and not one farthing more."

"Very well," said Hogarth. "I do not often lower my prices; but on account of the immense advantage it will be to me to have so distinguished a customer, I will make an exception in your favor."

The nobleman, unconscious of the sarcasm, bade him proceed. In two or three days the artist announced that the picture was finished. The great patron was thunderstruck at the shortness of the time occupied, and went, with some misgivings, to inspect the work of art which he had procured at such a low price. He simply found all of the space painted over a bright red color. He was highly indignant, at which one does not wonder.

"What do you mean," he cried to Hogarth, "by daubing some of your miserable paint on my wall and calling it a picture? You know I ordered a painting of the Red Sea."

"And you have it," answered Hogarth, with great calmness.

"But where are the Israelites?" persisted the other.

"Oh, they have crossed over!"

"And where are the Egyptians?"

"Every single one of them is drowned."

The nobleman began to laugh. "You have beaten me at my own game," he said. "Allow me to present you with the price you at first demanded; and I hope that at your first leisure you will paint me a picture of the Red Sea more easily recognized than the one before me."

Palindromes.

A palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. "Madam, I'm Adam," is an example. Napoleon's answer to an Englishman's query regarding the sacking of London is another: "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. announce a popular edition of the Abbé Fouard's "Life of Christ."

—"The Papacy and Modern Times," by the Rev. Dr. William Barry, we are glad to notice, is included in the Home University Library, published by Williams & Norgate, London.

—From the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., comes "The Son of the Vine," a short temperance story in pamphlet form, by Will W. Whalen, whose circle of readers seems to be growing wider and wider.

—For the likes of us who never "had any Irish"—more's the pity!—the yearly journal of Mount Melleray Seminary translates its name into the *Mountaineer*. All else of the cover and much of the contents besides is Gaelic. There are numerous interesting pictures showing scenes of college life. On the whole, a very creditable and attractive year book.

—Happily named is "A Rosary of Song," a collection of verse by Brian O'Higgins. It fully deserves the enthusiastic commendation which his Eminence Cardinal Logue gives it in his preface; for it is a deeply devout work. Further, the piety of the verses is emphasized by the illustrations, all of a sacred character or pointing a moral lesson. Mr. O'Higgins is capable of very good verse, as readers of THE AVE MARIA are well aware. Some of those in the present collection are reprinted from our pages. Whelan & Son, publishers, Dublin.

—"The Divinity of Jesus Christ and His Virgin Birth" is an octavo pamphlet of 24 pages published under the auspices of the Catholic Federation of Santa Clara County, California. It is a reproduction of a series of learned papers originally contributed to California journals by the Rev. J. C. Sasia, S. J. against the Rev. C. F. Aked, D. D. Interesting as well as informative, it bears the *imprimatur* of his Grace, Archbishop Riordan. A most useful pamphlet, for which, we sincerely hope, there will be a wide demand.

—No. 9 of the Catholic Library (B. Herder) is "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth," by W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. The author calls his scholarly book—a duodecimo of 174 pages—an introductory study, and says "it is intended for the general reader, who may wish to know something of how the Elizabethan Reformation affected the everyday life of the people." The

work is supplied with copious references that will interest not only the general reader, but the historical student of the specific period under discussion. A welcome addition to Catholic literature.

—Seven hundred and eighty pounds were paid for thirty leaves only out of forty of a 15th-century Biblia Pauperum (block book), sold at auction last month in London. It was the property of the Earl of Pembroke.

—An admirable little brochure for careful perusal, and frequent subsequent reference, by priests, is "Synopsis of the Rubrics and Ceremonies of Holy Mass," by the Rev. William Doyle, S. J. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Able rejoinders to Prof. Bury's "History of Freedom of Thought" will be found in "Anti-Catholic History: How it is Written," by Hilaire Belloc; and "Freedom of Thought and Christianity," by the Rev. J. Vance, M. A., Ph. D. Both are penny pamphlets of the English C. T. S.

—A booklet of some hundred pages, "Supernatural Merit," by the Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M., is described by the author as "a treatise on the nature of supernatural merit, and on the ways and means of securing a high degree of glory in heaven." It is a treatise in the order and lucidity of its exposition and in the comprehensiveness of subject-matter; but the presentation is popular, as was evidently intended. It clears up certain difficulties and answers questions in a field of theology on which the average workaday priest is not apt to be always "brushed-up." Hence its usefulness. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—Distinction in the outward form accords well with the inner character of such a work as "Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church," by Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. (Sands & Co.) It is perfectly bound and printed, as the contents would seem to demand; for they have the hall-mark of the highest excellence. Though many authorities were consulted, and are here cited by the learned Benedictine, his work has the stamp of originality. The theme itself is fresh. England still has many traces of her former Catholic life, especially in her cathedrals. It is not the same in Scotland, where a rigid Presbyterianism endeavored to remove all evidence of the episcopacy. Most interesting, accordingly, is Dom Barrett's chapter on the cathedrals of Scotland, evoking as it does a

well-nigh vanished past. The chapter on hospitals has a claim on the attention of all modern students of social problems, while much of the life of the ancient Scottish time is recalled in the treatment of fairs and holy wells, the latter of which accounts originally appeared in our pages. This scholarly and beautiful book may be had in this country of B. Herder.

—"Richard of Wyche," by Sister Mary Reginald Capes (B. Herder), is the history of a "laborer, scholar, bishop, and saint (1197-1253)." One of the old English saints less known than most of the Continental ones, because the Reformers blotted the saints' days out of the Calendar and abolished their festivals in the churches, this holy prelate of the thirteenth century merits a wider renown than has hitherto been his; and the present life should secure it for him. Originally projected by Mother Drane as "a living portrait within a living frame," the story is told with singular effectiveness and charm, and it incidentally supplies much historical information of general interest.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "A Rosary of Song." Brian O'Higgins. 2s. 6d.
- "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. 3s. 6d.
- "Supernatural Merit." Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M. 1s. 6d.
- "Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.80.
- "Richard of Wyche." Sister Mary Reginald Capes. \$1.50.
- "Cedar Chips." Canon Sheehan. \$1.50.
- "Selections from Parerga." A Sister of Mercy. 50 cts.
- "Watching an Hour." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet." John Thomson. 90 cts.

- "A Little Book of Well-Known Toys." Jenness M. Braden. 45 cts.
- "Ballads of Childhood." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.
- "The Theory and Practice of the Catechism." Gatterer-Krus. \$1.75.
- "What Shall I Be?" Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J. Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.
- "Heroes of the Dawn." Violet Russell. \$1.75.
- "Blessed are Ye!" Père Paul Donceur, S. J. 60 cts.
- "A Modern Franciscan." Fr. Dominic Devas, O. F. M. 90 cts.
- "The Word of God Preached to Children." Rev. F. Girardey, C. SS. R. \$1.50.
- "Sermons and Homilies." Canon Edmund English. \$1.35.
- "Ireland at Lourdes in 1913." Rev. T. McGeoy, P. P. 75 cts.
- "Psalterium Vespertinum." 15 cts.
- "Beyond the Road to Rome." Georgina Pell Curtis. \$1.75.
- "The Franciscan Poets in Italy of the Thirteenth Century." Frederick Ozanam. \$2.
- "Maxims of Mgr. Benson." 50 cts.
- "Funeral Addresses." Rev. Anthony Hayes. \$1.50.
- "The Peacock Feather." Leslie Moore. \$1.25.
- "Modernism and Modern Thought." Fr. Bampton, S. J. 60 cts.
- "Blessed Margaret Mary." Mgr. Demimuid. \$1.
- "The Eighth Year." Philip Gibbs. \$1.35.
- "Fred Carmody, Pitcher." Rev. Hugh Blunt. 85 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Edward Roe, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. John Downey, diocese of Fall River; Rev. Edward O'Donnell, archdiocese of Philadelphia; and Rev. Gregory Buffaria, O. F. M. Sister M. Veronica, of the Sisters of Christian Charity.

Mr. Charles Burgart, Mrs. Bertha Heidkamp, Mr. Francis Minogue, Mr. John Craden, Mrs. Margaret McIntyre, Miss Mary Griffin, Mr. John Early, Mr. Charles Heisler, Mr. Patrick Duffy, Mr. Benjamin Knox, Mr. M. J. Clark, Mrs. Emma Kavanagh, Miss Elizabeth Osborne, Admiral Francis Ramsey, U. S. N., Dr. George Anderson, Mrs. Joseph Arnold, Dr. F. K. Roarke, and Mrs. Robert Bridgeman.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 6

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Our Lady of the Moon.

BY ARTHUR V. KENT.


THE white Madonna moon looked down,
Serenely smiling,—ah, so sweet!

So sweet that all the shadows wept,
And yearned to kiss her untouched gown;
And earth was nestled at her feet,
And all the dead day's clamors slept.

A shower of stars encircled her
Like some way-wand'ring rosary
That had escaped its threading-string.
They sought to feel her calm breath stir
The deep drifts of Infinity,—
To hear the silence answering.

She breathed to them so low, so low:
"My little shining flock of prayers,
I know so well the Prince's face
That mine doth hold a pale, far glow;
Mine ears have caught the name He bears,—
It floods the silver fields of space."

A Spiritual Malady.

 SCRUPLE is so called from the Latin word *scrupulus*, a small, sharp stone which, getting into a person's shoe, will cause distress and uneasiness in walking. So in the moral order a scruple gives rise to uneasiness of mind, hindering the soul in its journey heavenward. One who is habitually worried by scruples is said to be a "scrupulous" person, or to have a "scrupulous conscience." It is the office of the conscience to form judgments as

to what is right or wrong, good or sinful, in conduct.

This judgment requires the right use of the reason, applied, not to merely speculative matters, but to practical questions of action. Now, in the case of scrupulous persons, the intellect is darkened, perplexed, and rendered incapable of judging rightly in such practical matters by some false representation of evil where no evil exists. This false representation exists in that wonderful faculty of man called imagination, of which the physical organ is the brain. The imagination has the power of bringing before us as real, and, unless the judgment of the intellect is called in to correct it, of imposing upon the mind as real, what is actually only the creation of the imagination itself.

When imagination obtains the power of influencing a man to such an extent that his intellect can no longer correct the false impressions produced by that faculty, and is consequently led astray in its judgments, taking the seeming for the actual, the false and imaginary for truth and reality, we have a state of mental disease, which may, and not unfrequently does, develop even into downright madness. If this state occurs with reference to matters of moral conduct, it is what moralists and spiritual writers term scrupulosity. As a man suffering from hallucinations sees ghosts or hears voices, the really scrupulous man sees sin—ghosts, voices, and sin being a delusion in both cases.

Thus St. Alphonsus describes scrupu-

lousness as a condition of conscience in which one is influenced by trifling reasons; and, without any real cause, is often afraid that actions are sinful when they are really not so. A modern theologian defines a scruple as: "The groundless apprehension of sin where there is no sin; or of mortal sin where there is only venial sin; together with the fear and anxiety consequent upon such apprehension." The essence, then, of scrupulosity lies in the apprehension or fear of sin in actions that are not sinful at all, or of mortal sin where there is only venial sin.

The reasons given by a scrupulous person, when he can give any reason at all beyond the mere notion that some particular action is sinful, are wholly insufficient to establish the fact of sinfulness. It would be a great mistake to think that the fear of sin in itself constitutes scrupulosity. We can not have too great a horror of all and every sin. Scrupulosity is the *vain, unreasonable, and groundless* fear that sin exists where it does not. Hence it would not be right to describe as scrupulous one who has a delicate conscience, and is always anxious to avoid even the slightest deliberate sin. Nor is that man scrupulous who is anxious about obligations which he *knows* he has not carried out, or confessions which he *knows* to have been made without proper preparation; or who, having been recently converted from a sinful life, is anxious to make full amends, and to make sure that he has confessed everything fully. Scrupulosity, moreover, is a state of mind more or less permanent or recurrent. Therefore one who now and again has a scruple, though it be truly a scruple, is not to be described as a scrupulous person.

It is strange that some persons should think that scruples constitute a sort of privilege of the spiritual life; should feel flattered if any one suggests that they are scrupulous, and look with a kind of reverence upon really scrupulous people. Such folk can not have realized what scruples really are. By scrupulousness

they generally mean anxiety not to commit any kind of wilful sin; care about prayer and preparation for the Sacraments, and so on. Being themselves somewhat lax in reality regarding these things, they are consoled if any one gives them credit for carefulness they do not really exhibit by gently reproaching them with entirely supposititious scruples.

Real scrupulosity, on the contrary, is a spiritual disease, and a bad one at that. It does untold harm; it is nothing at all to be proud of. The most that theologians will allow is that God sometimes permits good people to be scrupulous, *for a short time*, in order to teach them, by bitter experience, some necessary lesson. Long-continued scruples, say authoritative writers, are certainly not from God. Either they come from the Evil One, or are due to the temperament, bodily or mental, of the sufferer. Sometimes a wise medical man will be able to do more than any one else for their cure.

Among temperamental causes of scrupulosity are the following: A melancholy, suspicious, over-timid nature; sheer weakness of head; ignorance of fundamental moral rules or principles; and, worst of all, an obstinate attachment to one's own judgment, arising from a secret pride and self-sufficiency. Indiscreet austerities; also over-work, over-study, and even unregulated fervor, may produce this condition.

Amongst the exterior causes of scruples, besides the direct action of the devil, may be mentioned consorting with scrupulous persons, the reading of spiritual books of a too rigorist type; and, in some cases, the attempt to attain spirituality of a mystical kind, read of in books and in the Lives of Saints, not properly understood, and far above the reader's present graces.

The scrupulous person is known by his, or her, actions. To one afflicted in this way, scruples are a real obsession. Such persons can think of nothing else. In the simplest actions they fear sin. They are never satisfied about past confessions. No

sooner are they out of the confessional than they want to rush back again. They feel unable to rely upon the advice given them by the priest, because they are sure that he misunderstood them, or they did not explain the case accurately. They are never in the same mind an hour together; and are the prey of numberless thoughts, perplexities, and strange suggestions which seize hold of the imagination and present themselves, at the moment, as realities, only to be supplanted by some other imagined possibilities a few moments afterward. Scrupulous people fear sin in actions which ordinary good people do without hesitation; their prayers are a burden, by reason of constant repetitions, gone through for fear that they have not been said well enough. Examination of conscience is unending, and the same sins, already confessed, are told in confession over and over again. Some, or all, of these signs betray a scrupulous conscience; and the thing goes so far sometimes that the unhappy sufferer will break out into odd exclamations and gestures. That way madness lies; and many priests have had experience of persons whose obstinate scrupulosity has indeed led to hopeless insanity.

The remedies for this miserable condition will largely depend on the particular cause of scruples in each case. The cause must be removed. The scrupulous person must put himself entirely and unconditionally into the hands of a spiritual physician, his confessor, and give him blind, unquestioning obedience. He, by reason of his knowledge and experience, and with that light from above which will not be denied him, will discover the root of the malady, will prescribe remedies and palliative measures.

He will insist, for instance, that his penitent, having once had a solution of some difficulty given, shall never reconsider that particular matter, but take it as once for all settled. He will force the patient, in case of doubt, to act like other good people who are not scrupulous.

He will not permit him to judge that an act—past, present, or future—is sinful, unless it be quite evidently and plainly so. He will forbid all idleness, and the brooding for which idleness provides the opportunity. He will accustom his penitent to follow always the milder opinion of theologians in disputed questions; and inculcate upon him the earnest cultivation of trust in the unbounded mercy and goodness of God, whom such people most unjustly represent to themselves as a harsh tyrant, always watching to catch them in some fault.

But the confessor is not always at hand. Further, it is not well for scrupulous persons to be always running to a priest. It is all-important for them to learn to make up their own minds and act courageously for themselves. A general rule, therefore, is needed, that can be acted upon at any time.

A twofold rule is given by spiritual writers: first, in any matter in which the confessor has once decided that the penitent is scrupulous, the latter must act directly against the scruple; in other words, he must make himself do what his scruple makes him afraid to do. For instance, there are persons who would be afraid to step near the Communion rails in a church, for fear that a minute particle of the Blessed Sacrament *might* be there. They should deliberately go and walk over the place. The second is a golden rule, available at all times, and at all times to be put resolutely into practice. It is simply this: *Act boldly whenever there is no evident and perfectly certain sin, mortal or venial, in the action.* This rule, be it remembered, is for scrupulous persons, properly so called. It is perfectly safe. A recent spiritual writer says of it in effect:

“So soon as you [the scrupulous person] find yourself discussing whether or no an act is sinful, do that action without fear; for the very fact that you are discussing the matter shows that it is not an *evidently* and *certainly* wrong act; for real evidence

precludes even the possibility of discussion. This principle holds good for all scrupulous people, and for all the ideas which obsess them, notwithstanding all the fears and vain reflections that may suggest themselves; notwithstanding also the fear that a scrupulous penitent has that the confessor may not have understood the case rightly, or that it was not accurately put to him. Every director of souls has had proof again and again of the efficacy of this rule in curing *obedient* penitents affected with scrupulosity.* It will be seen from this how entirely necessary to the scrupulous are humility and obedience. Without these, a cure can not be hoped for.

A word in conclusion as to certain "vain fears" which hardly amount to scruples, in the strict sense of the word; but which, nevertheless, hinder advance in holiness and grace. Everyone will remember with what earnestness our Holy Father Pius X. has recommended to all classes of people the practice of frequent and daily Communion. He has laid down clearly the two conditions that are requisite—the *only* strictly requisite conditions for frequent reception of the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. They are, that the frequent communicant shall be free from mortal sin when approaching the Holy Table, and that he shall have a right intention—coming because he wishes to grow in grace and in love by receiving the Source of all grace and love Himself.

Yet there are many who have an unreasonable dread of receiving Holy Communion without having first gone to confession, even though they know that there is no mortal sin upon their consciences. They still adhere to the old idea which the Holy Father wished to get rid of—that a certain degree of perfection is a necessary condition for frequent Communion; or, probably in most cases, such persons are kept from communi-

cating because of a laudable desire to be free as much as possible even from venial sin at the time of Communion. They forget that venial sin is forgiven in many other ways than by confession. They should remember that an act of sincere contrition will cleanse them from the guilt of venial sin. Or it may be that they have an indefinable fear that their venial sins may possibly be mortal. Hence their anxiety to submit them to a priest in confession. This verges upon scrupulosity, and such pious persons need a plain, practical instruction on the difference between mortal and venial sins.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

II.

OCTOBER had merged into November without a sigh, and the Indian Summer brooded over the land in a haze of warm gold. The trees were almost stripped; but life was so strong in them yet that many had actually put out tiny red buds, as if hoping that the course of the seasons had changed, and the winter had decided not to keep its appointment. Three weeks had gone by since Romey rode away from home, heading northwest and frankly asking his way again and again. At least half of that time had been put in in work on the way,—work that provided him with food for himself and his horses; for he was resolved to keep his little capital intact for the purchase of land should it prove impossible to take up a homestead.

Some of the country through which he had to pass was wild and lonely enough, and he had fallen in with rough-looking fellow-travellers more than once; so he had been careful to conceal the fact that in the leather belt under his shirt he was carrying eleven hundred dollars in gold. It was the first time he had wandered to any great distance from home, and he

* J. Schryvers, C. SS. R.: "Les Principes de la Vie Spirituelle," p. 474. Brussels, 1913.

had heard wild tales about hold-ups and gun-men. Had he but known it, he was far safer from molestation than he would have been in the streets of a great city. If the Far Westerner is pushed into a corner, he will shoot to kill, but he is neither a cutthroat nor a cutpurse. Such crimes, as a rule, are committed only by men who have had to fly from justice farther east.

At the farms where he had stopped to ask for work he had been treated with a confidence which should have gone far to dispel his preoccupations on that point. No single question had been put to him regarding his aims or antecedents. The farmer, or the farmer's wife, had barely glanced at his face before engaging him, if there was work to be done. A well-set-up, civil-spoken young man, with two good horses, was sure to be welcome at a time when, although all the work on the land was completed, the hauling of wood for the winter and the many repairs to house and barn—inevitably shunted till the purely agricultural season was ended—had to be seen to in the last few weeks before the snow should fall and paralyze labor. So Romey had earned his three dollars a day wherever he halted; and, besides making many pleasant acquaintances, had picked up a good deal of useful information about the district for which he was heading, and which lay among the foothills of the Rockies on the Western side.

It had always attracted him, that sun-kissed facet of the jewelled North, whose very name—"the Chinook State,"—spoke of the soft sea-wind that blew to it from the ocean that is both East and West. A hard country and a wonderfully gentle one too; where the Oregon grape lay warm in the high hills for five months, under tons' weight of snow, and showed its splendid wine-streaked verdure in full perfection as soon as the snow allowed it to be seen at all; where almond orchards made a roof of sunshot pink in one place; while twenty miles farther off the scars

cut by forgotten glaciers lay heaped with deathly whiteness all the year round,—a country as full of unexpected contrasts as a capricious woman, and, like the only kind of woman who can be capricious with safety, beautiful in them all.

The flowery places, Romey knew, were not for him. The land in them sold by the foot. But they had only flowered because man willed it; farther on and farther up, toward the almost impassable range that Nature had set up like Titanic harbor works to protect America's shore-garden from the sea, there must be many a rich valley, many an empty fertile terrace where the miracle could be repeated; and somewhere among them was a tract of a hundred and eighty acres waiting to be known as the Johnson Ranch.

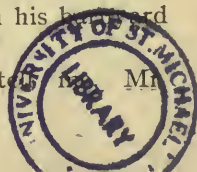
And as he travelled on, Romey found something which had been lacking in the easier atmosphere of Idaho,—enthusiasm. Whether people had been in the country a longer or shorter time, they all spoke of it with a hearty joyousness and faith that was good to hear.

"Couldn't do better!" was usually the comment when he spoke of his intentions. "Give it a chance, and it'll treat you so well you'll never want to leave it again. But, say, young man, you're taking some chances yourself, coming so late in the year. Ain't you scared the snow'll get you before you've done your prospecting?"

This warning was uttered at the last point where Romey meant to break his journey,—a rancher's home lying between a low range of hills and a full-bodied river that, rushing down from British Columbia, divides the Chinook State in two. It was a rich, fair country; and the tempered autumn sunshine, that warms without scorching and gilds without dazzling, lay broad across it all.

Romey looked at it for a space, and turned to his employer of the moment—a big, square-shouldered Texan,—who was leaning with both elbows on his hindward gate, chewing a straw:

"You don't mean to t



Felton, that the snow'll be here within three weeks? Just look at the way things are now! It might be the beginning of September for all the winter there is in the air."

"She's like that," said the Texan, meditatively. "Babies you like a sick child—tucks you up at night and puts a bit of candy in your mouth. And 'fore you know it she's quit that, and is raging round mad enough to tear up the earth. No trustin' her,—that's God's truth. But my! she's God's own country, all the same. You'll get wise to her soon. Believe *me*, young feller, you'd better get the missus to put you up a bit of lunch to take along, and you roll up your bedding and skip to-morrow morning, or first thing you know you'll have to locate right here for the winter. Snow ain't more'n ten days off now. Not but what we'd be pleased to have you stay!" he added, with the touch of courtesy that the born Southerner retains to the end of his life.

"I wish I could," Romey replied,—
"at least I wish I was going to have you and Mrs. Felton for neighbors wherever I do locate. You have been mighty kind, both of you. But I guess you're right. I'd better be off in the morning. How long do you figure I shall take in getting up into the Cascades?"

"About three days. Your animals are in fine shape. Know anybody there along?"

"Not yet," said the young man, laughing; "that fortunate population is all in the dark as to the blessing that's in store for it. But 'twon't be long before they find out. I'm coming to them with what you might call an open mind—mean to make friends with the whole bunch!"

"Well," drawled Felton, with a queer grimace, "I'd go easy on that, if I was you! There's crooks in every corner of God's earth,—take it from me! They get there first, somehow! Free passes on the devil's own limited, I guess. They lay low for honest folk that freight in after them. Keep your eyes skinned, son, and your mouth shut. And, say—don't blow it

that you're after land. Tell 'em you're down on your luck and lookin' for a job! They'll leave you alone if they think you ain't worth skinning; but if they tumble to it you've got a few dollars in your poke, they'll eat you alive. So, I say, go easy, and look on 'em all as yellor as Siwashes, till they've shown you they're white!"

"Tisn't easy for me," Romey said. "I've met plenty of fellows I didn't take a shine to; but I don't believe I ever hit up against a real crook yet. They didn't come our way, back in Idaho!"

"You'll hit up against them now, all right," replied Felton; "so keep your wits handy. And if you don't like the country when you've seen it, why, come right back here. I'd be tickled to death to have you and them horses of yours working for me, any time after the snow flies."

"I mean to be working for myself after the snow flies," Romey declared; "but thank you all the same. There's Mrs. Felton coming out to call us in to supper."

For all of two days Romey rode due West; and on the second evening reached a wide, sluggish river, running between banks that had been robbed of every touch of verdure by spring freshets, and bordered on the farther side by brown, featureless hills. The landscape was dreary in the extreme, a tragedy of desolation; and for the first time since he left home the young man's heart sank. Was it for this hostile-looking waste he had left the deep woods and lush fields of Idaho? He seemed to have reached the scrap-heap of the continent. Was it possible that the rich vales and bronze-ored peaks he had read of lay beyond this forbidding barrier? Or had he missed his way and wandered into a desert as yet unexplored and unnoted on the maps?

At any rate, it was necessary to get across the river before dark, and he rode along the bank looking for a ford. It was not long before he struck one. Recent

cart tracks led down to the stream on the hither side and emerged a little farther up on the opposite one, and the sight of them was distinctly encouraging; this was evidently not an altogether uninhabited region! So, with due caution, Romey rode into the water, holding the leading rein of his pack horse; and, though at one moment the current all but swept the animals off their feet, the other bank was reached without disaster. The guiding tracks showed yet, although the soil was mere yellow dust; and, following them for a while as they climbed up, Romey came at last to a depression between two low hills and had a chance to observe the country before him.

He took one look at it, and gave a long whistle of surprise. The sandy range that bordered the stream was indeed but its local barrier, set there, perchance, to frighten away the faint-hearted. Beyond its screen a world of strange beauty lay basking in the low, red sunshine, divided North from South by a wide sweep of valley, first green, then russet, then golden, as it went mounting, mounting in the distance, to be lost at last in a haze of amethyst, where a transverse range of peaks raised their dark, serrated outline against a flaming sky. On either side, along all its length, the tributary valleys crept up between the spines of the hills,—some still emerald-tinted with the alfalfa sprung since the last crop of the year was cut; some feathery, with little woods that betrayed the track of a streamlet finding its way to a river the course of which could only be guessed, so far as the eye could see, by the narrow but impenetrable border of woodland which fringed both its banks.

As Romey gazed, a little awe-struck by the suddenness of the vision, a light breeze came down from the last peaks against the sunset and set the river's garland of trees all rustling, and in the swaying and parting of branches he caught a glimpse of sunshot water breaking in foam against a rock. Then the breeze

blew in his face; and its breath was sharp enough to remind him that he had still to seek a shelter, or at least some camping place less exposed than the spot on which he had halted after breasting that last rise.

So he looked about him for a road by which he could descend; for the valley lay very far below him, and the mountain side was too precipitous for the horses. Already the sun's rays had crept up and away from where he stood, and were now touching only the highest peaks on either side with the last faint breath of gold; while the lower ground began to lose its clearness under the thin mist that crept delicately down, and would soon hide river and trees and meadows in its gossamer veil. The sun, which a moment ago had been a disc of crimson fire, suddenly dipped out of sight and left an empty saffron sky against which the screen of crags stood dark and forbidding.

Romey turned to ride along the crest until he should find some track by which to descend; and then he saw that the mist was not only in the valley bottom, but had risen and laid its soft bluish whiteness along tier after tier of the broad, perfectly level terraces which rose, one behind another, among the mountains on either hand, as if some giant, deprecating the rough ravines between hill and hill, had industriously filled them up with good brown earth. And then Romey's heart rejoiced; for he knew that a land of "benches" is always rich and kind; that the frost touches the high levels but gently in comparison with its treatment of the lower ones, and that in summer the heat is lesser up there by many merciful degrees.

He had dreamed of a ranch on some great level bench, with pine woods on it, and the great hills guarding it from the winds, like a jewel in a cup. But now, in the quickly falling darkness, the first thing to find was a place in which to pass the night. Something like a track seemed to run along the crest on his left, and this

he started to follow as fast as the rough ground would permit.

It led for some way over a narrow ledge of ground, trodden evidently by cattle, with a wall of rock behind and a steep drop below; then suddenly it plunged down again into a little wood of stunted pines that had planted themselves in a tiny hollow, and had struggled halfway up a steep and rocky hill behind it. Romey did not fancy the hollow for a camping place: it was shut in on all sides and looked dismally uninviting; so he pushed through to where the rise began on the other side, and rode up for a little way, the horses continually stumbling on the slippery ground between the closely growing trees. By this time darkness had descended indeed; and the traveller slipped down from the saddle, and, tying the horses to a tree, went on to reconnoitre on foot.

The ground rose in steep steps, shelf above shelf, as he went on seeking for a level spot where he could camp. The breeze had become a fitful wind with rain on its wings. Overhead, where he should have seen the sky through the branches there was nothing but a black canopy unbroken by a star. The outlook for the night was anything but cheerful.

Finding that his last scramble had landed him on a bit of smooth ground, where his hand touched a thick carpet of pine needles, Romey sat down to breathe for a moment. Coming at the end of a long day, the climb had been fatiguing, and he doubted now whether he had gained anything by it. Well, he would rest for a moment; and—yes, he would have a smoke, too, before going back to his horses down there.

All in the dark he found the makings in his pocket, rolled a cigarette and struck a match. As he did so the flame was reflected for an instant in some bright object on the ground beside him. Curious to find out what it could be, he struck another match, and sheltering it cautiously with one hand, sought for the thing that

must be lying by his side. Ah, there was the gleam again! He snatched at it as his match died out, and felt it all over. Then a curious thrill came over him,—one of those resurrections of a long-dead memory that are almost terrifying. The last time he had felt of an object like this was when, as a tiny child, he had crept into the room where his pretty mother lay in her coffin, asleep, as he had thought; and he had tried to waken her by snatching at that which lay on her breast, a cross-shaped metal thing on which the sun was shining through a chink in the closed shutters.

As he sat alone in the dark night, clutching the little cross in his hand, he forgot his surroundings and his rather anxious situation in his dazed wondering that an incident forgotten for twenty years should suddenly take life and call to him so vividly. A cross as a cross meant nothing to him. There had been no one to tell him its story. But the heart of the child had survived in the man, and, moved by that one tender recollection, he held the little cross against his cheek for a moment, and then slipped it into his pocket, to be kept safe beside the "Pedro" and the matches.

Then he rose to his feet. He must get back to his horses and try to make things safe for the night, which evidently would be a stormy one, although, to his comfort, there were no signs of a thunderstorm. If that came, he would have had to face it in the open. No lingering under these lightning-conductor trees for him!

In the darkness he must have taken a wrong turning when he tried to find his way; for he found himself walking on level ground, whence the trees seemed to have been cleared for a tiny space on either hand, since there were no branches overhead. Looking up with relief at feeling the open sky above him, though it showed only less black than the ground at his feet, he stepped boldly forward, stumbled, and crashed against a door, which, giving at the impact, landed him at full-length

on some very hard boards. He lay half stunned for a full minute before realizing what had happened. Then, slowly scrambling to his feet, he called:

"Hello! Anybody in here?"

There was no answer from the thick darkness around him. He put out a hand and found the corner of a table; then he sniffed the air. It was full of the smell of long-extinguished fires,—the old smell of char that cabin dwellers know so well. He had certainly lighted on a habitation of some kind, and hastened to strike a match and examine it. The first thing the match showed was a battered old tin candlestick, placed near the corner of the table, with an inch or two of candle still in it; and when he had lighted this, Romey gazed around and ascertained that he had not only found a shelter for the night, but a most unexpectedly complete and possible one. The cabin measured about twelve feet each way, and was solidly built of plastered logs. The wind, which was now mounting to a gale outside, did not penetrate within. A small cook-stove, with a solidly jointed stove-pipe, stood against one wall, with a pile of kindlings and firewood all in order beside it. A stout, black kettle was on it still, and a frying-pan hung on a nail close by. Against the opposite wall were two bunks; there was the table; and for seats, two stumps nicely smoothed off, one at either side. Compared to the camping place under the trees, it was palatial, and Romey cheered like a school-boy as he took it all in.

"Of all the amazing luck!" he cried, pouncing on a lantern that now showed itself on the floor close to the doorway, and shaking it to find out if it were filled. "Some mighty considerate folks must have been here lately! Actually left coal oil in the lantern! Come, you old beauty!" he apostrophized the welcome object, "I'm going to light you up, and you and I will go and get the horses. Wonder if these polite strangers have any kind of lean-to I can put them in? Let's go and see."

Yes, at the back of the little dwelling was a very fair makeshift for a stable, roofed in and only open to the hillside which gave it shelter. There was feed in the rough manger and the floor was dry.

"If it don't beat everything!" Romey declared to the friendly lantern. "Seems as if they must have been expecting us! Just elegant! Well, I'll remember it to them if I ever hit their trail! Now for the cayuses!"

Swinging his lantern close to the ground, he found a little path that led along in zigzags from terrace to terrace, a longer but much easier way than the one he had taken in his ascent. There was little trouble in locating the horses; for when they heard the quick steps on the hill above, and saw the flash of the lantern swinging wildly as Romey raced along, they began to fret and stamp so that their bits jingled, and a few minutes later they were slowly nosing their way up the climbing path behind their master. As he emerged into the tiny clearing behind the cabin, the storm broke in a deluge of icy rain; and it was with relief, that would have been fervent thanksgiving had he known of a Power to thank, that he made his animals safe for the night, and withdrew to the safety and comfort of his own unexpected shelter.

He unrolled his bundle of bedding and disposed it comfortably on the bunk and turned in, leaving the lighted lantern standing on the floor near him. He was enough of a home boy to be glad of its cheery beam in these strange surroundings; but he was too tired to think of that long. The last thing he noticed before his eyes closed in sleep was a tiny card nailed to the wall above his bed.

"What a queer thing!" he mused drowsily,—“some kind of Lodge emblem, I guess. I wonder which of them uses a red heart set in thorns?"

(To be continued.)

THE more one knows, the less ready one is to judge.—*Anon.*

Rings, Sacred and Secular.

BY G. M. HORT.

A PART from the formal sacredness of rings of ecclesiastical office, cloister-vow, and holy wedlock, a certain religious significance has attached itself in all ages to finger-rings of every kind; and the idea which underlies the wearing of them is, irrespective of the personal feelings or motives of the wearer, an essentially religious one.

As everybody knows, the ring was one of the earliest and most widely accepted symbols of eternity,—a type of that unseen world and never-ending life which were shadowed forth in its shape. In primitive communities, the bargain sealed or the friendship ratified by the giving of a ring would not be lightly set aside; for the parties in such contracts were understood to have called Heaven to witness, and forged a link between themselves and the Eternal.

In the same way, the charm, or amulet, ring identifies itself in the wearer's thoughts with an unseen protector and guardian spirit, on whom neither time nor change had power. The ancient Goths wore rings which were rough representations of the deathless serpent that, in the faith of the Northerner, lay coiled round the world, with its tail in its mouth.

Sacred already by their form, the rings worn by pious and learned pagans were made doubly sacred by the inscriptions or symbols engraved upon them, the metals of which they were made, or the precious stones they enclosed. Among the ancient Greeks these talismanic rings were often regarded with awe, as hampering or restraining spirit influences. There were certain oracles, for instance, which no one was allowed to consult with a ring on his finger. And the disquieting effect of polytheism, in this as in all else, is curiously illustrated by the case

of Apollonius of Tyana. This famous magician was in the habit of wearing a different ring on each day of the week; each with its symbol of the planetary spirit to which the day was dedicated, and the protection of which he desired to invoke.

The use of rings as seals or signets is of extreme antiquity. As such, they were signs of delegated authority; and (like the ring of Joseph in Egypt, and the ring given to Haman, and afterward to Mordecai, as related in the Book of Esther) conferred the right to give orders and to be implicitly obeyed. This ancient privilege is particularly interesting in relation to the marriage-ring, which, far from being a symbol of degrading bondage, indicated authority derived from the head of the household, and administered without question by the wearer. Thus, in communities where the position of woman was precarious, it symbolized the highest rank to which love could raise her. In connection with this, we may recall, too, the interesting fact recently noticed by Miss Ethel Umlin, in her "Short History of Marriage." Among the Romans, the giving of the ring accompanied the giving of the household keys; and was often identical with it,—the ring being the ring of the keys themselves, by which they were hung on the bride's hand.

The marriage-ring proper seems to have been unknown among the early Jews; at least there is no definite mention of its use in the Talmud. But the betrothal-ring had a similar significance, and at the ceremony of betrothal was placed over the woman's hand with the prayer: "Be thou hallowed to me through this ring, according to the laws of Moses and Israel."

These betrothal-rings were often of very elaborate workmanship, engraved with figures of the Cherubim or the Temple; or, more appropriately still, the seven-branched candlestick; to remind the bride that, as mistress of the house, it would be her duty to light the Sabbath lamp.

But no one who has seen these enormous circlets can suppose they were ever worn on the finger. They were, in fact, purely ceremonial, except that they were used to hold the betrothal garlands or bouquets.

In later times, smaller rings, with the Divine Name engraved on them, came into favor, as talismans against evil; but the rabbis always discouraged a multiplicity of finger-rings, permitting, at one time, a woman to wear but three, and a man only one. There was a certain amount of reason in these restrictions; for the custom of wearing several rings often arose, as we have seen, from a superstitious belief in the virtues of different metals and precious stones; in other words, of the planets to which those metals and precious stones were dedicated.

The topaz was thought to give strength; the emerald, chastity; the amethyst, visions; and so on. Diamond rings were especially coveted, because of the diamond's reputed power to counteract poisons and evil influences. In allusion to this, the diamond was sometimes called by early Christian writers a type of Our Lord; and the same desire to give a Christian interpretation to a popular and deeply-rooted notion appears in the attitude of the early Church toward another favorite amulet, the sacred scarab-beetle of Egypt.

The scarab, as an emblem of creative power, was engraved on the ring which every Egyptian soldier had to wear as part of his military dress, and was thought, by a natural inference, to confer courage. So we find some few of the Fathers speaking of Our Lord as the true Scarab, and Christianizing a custom which it would have been almost impossible to abolish among Egyptian converts. Nevertheless, there was a great distrust of these ambiguous talismans, from the ideas with which they were associated.

Clement of Alexandria wrote warningly to his converts that their rings should bear only Christian symbols, easy of interpretation; such as a ship, an anchor,

or a fish. "For we must not engrave on them images of the idols which we are forbidden to look at." And St. John Chrysostom spoke reproachfully of amuletings, engraved with the head of Alexander the Great, which seem to have been occasionally worn by Christians. "Are these our hopes? And shall we, after the passion and death of our Saviour, place our salvation in a heathen king?"

The fondness of the Gnostics for engraved gems, with which they connected all kinds of magical incantations, borrowed from Egypt and Assyria, was also a scandal and distress to the orthodox. Such rings seem to have been often carefully preserved and highly valued, in after ages, by those who understood little of their original meaning.*

It is probable that the ring offered by Louis VII., of France, at the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury was a curio of this sort. It is said that the King was highly reluctant to part with it, "because it ensured good luck"; and that even at the very shrine of the martyr he would have withheld it, had not the jewel leaped out of the ring and attached itself to the shrine. There are so many cases on record of rings being offered at Mediæval shrines that perhaps it is permissible to think the donors were sometimes proving their faith, and resigning themselves more completely to the Providence of God. But the majority were content to Christianize their amulets; and where this could be safely done, the result was a gain both to Art and Religion.

Rings engraved with the Five Wounds, the Agnus Dei, the Cross, with the inscription "*In hoc signo*," etc., became very popular in the Middle Ages. The Crusaders had special rings, bearing the motto "Who wears me shall return home in safety." Of exceeding interest, too, are the Christian "rings of Gyges," whereof some specimens are preserved in

* It is said that an engraved Gnostic ring was found after the battle of Culloden, among the effects of Prince Charles Edward.

the British Museum; and one, of remarkably beautiful workmanship, in the Cabinet of Metals in Paris.

The ring of the Lydian King, Gyges, was, as everyone knows, believed to render the wearer invisible. These Christian "counterparts" were to render the wearer "invisible," in the sense of saving him from the hands of his enemies; and they were usually inscribed with the words from the Gospel of St. Luke, referring to the escape of Our Lord from the Jews who sought to stone Him,—*"Jesus autem transiens per medium illorum ibat."*

Costlier rings sometimes enclosed priceless relics; e. g., a splinter of the True Cross, or a thorn from the Holy Crown; but these were generally felt to be too sacred to wear habitually on the hand. Among the pre-Reformation treasures of the Church of St. Stephen, Bristol, was a ring in which a fragment of the Scourging Column was enclosed; possibly it was the gift of some returned Crusader.

In the inventory of Charles V., of France, there is mention of the royal *Annel des Vendredis*—or "Friday ring,"—which it was the custom for the sovereign to wear on Fridays as a reminder of Our Lord's Passion. This ring was appropriately engraved with a Calvary; and was, of course, rather devotional than amuletic. Yet we can scarcely doubt that it was of service in counteracting the superstitious fears with which Friday was invested. It would turn the thoughts of the wearer into another channel, and make, in the most real sense of the word, every Friday a "Good Friday."

The betrothal-rings of the Middle Ages—which were, as a rule, also used as wedding-rings—often bore symbols, either actually religious or capable of religious interpretation. They would be, in many cases, rings which the giver had himself worn from his youth up, and would be engraved with the figure of his patron, the Holy Rood, the Divine Name, and so on. The Christianized symbolism of

precious stones also made it seem fitting that the betrothal-ring should be set with one or more. The emerald signified chastity; the sapphire, hope; the garnet, charity; and the evil-dispelling diamond was as great a favorite as of old.

The "posies," or rhymes, engraved on the inner side of the ring, were of somewhat later appearance. They can not, as a rule, be ranked high as poetry; but they commonly show real feeling, and a sincere sense of the dependence of human love on the divine. It is thought that the plainness of the modern wedding-ring shows the influence of the Puritans, who wished to do away with the ring altogether; but, finding an overwhelming majority against that, consented to a compromise.

As world-wide tokens of the marriage bond, rings naturally identified themselves with what they betokened. The well-known story of the ring given to Venus, related by the old chroniclers, illustrates this feeling. We are told how the young Roman knight who has carelessly slipped his ring on the hand of a statue of Venus, found himself afterward unable to remove it, and is tormented by visions of the demon goddess, who exultingly shows the ring and claims the giver as her own, until the spell is broken by exorcism and the self-sacrificing ordeal of the knight's betrothed.

This story was probably used as an allegory to show Christian converts the danger of their half-hearted faith, and compliance with pagan superstitions; but a similar incident, in which the statue is one of Our Lady, and the knight who owns the ring is gradually drawn to accept the omen and adopt the religious life, may well be literally true.

We know how the yearning for some outward bond with the divine permeated Mediæval Christendom, and can be traced even in turbulent souls which we should have believed incapable of it. Thus we read of Louis de Luxembourg, Constable of France, beheaded in the reign of

Louis XI., that on the scaffold he gave his gold and diamond ring to the priest who attended him, desiring him to offer it to the Blessed Virgin, and place it on the finger of her statue.

Edmund Rich, Archbishop of Canterbury, caused, in his youth, two duplicate rings to be made for him, with the inscription "*Ave Maria*." He placed one on the finger of an image of Our Lady, and wore the other till his death. The Archbishop must have thought of his own well-kept vow when the Princess Eleanor, daughter of King John, and widow of William Earl Marshall, made in his presence her widow's vow "to remain espoused to Christ," received the customary sacred plight-ring, and later became the wife of the Earl of Pembroke. But perhaps the Princess was not altogether a free-agent; for second marriages in those troublous times were often forced on young widows of high station. And though the sacred plight-rings could be produced by their owners as a protection against another union, they were not always respected, outside the formal shelter of the cloister.

A dame, Alice West, who made her will in 1396, seems to have been more fortunate, or more courageous, than the Princess. She bequeathed to her son Thomas "the ring with which I was yposed to God"; and (incidentally), to us, a pleasant mental picture of a devoted mother, and a good Christian, faithfully fulfilling her responsibilities, to the human and the divine.

In contrast, though not necessarily in contradiction, to the self-dedication of these wealthy or high-born folk, stands the case of the far-famed Italian girl, whose mystic union had no outward sign of gold or gem. The ring with which Catherine of Siena was espoused to Christ was, says her biographer, visible to herself alone. She had heard the Heavenly Bridegroom tell her that it should arm her with invisible strength, and she saw its centre shine as with a

diamond,—the amulet against all evils, and a type of Him who could counteract them.

Of episcopal rings, and their stricter ecclesiastical uses, it is no part of this paper to treat. For this reason, we can but allude in passing to the beautiful story of the Saxon Bishop Wulfstan, who, in surrendering to the Norman Lanfranc the other insignia of his office, refused to part with the ring which was the pledge of his mystic union with his flock, and of the faith he would keep till death with them and God. For this reason, too, no account has been given of the Annulus Piscatoris, the Ring of the Holy See, the history of which is familiar to most Catholics.

Of this great symbol it is interesting to remember how little it owes its greatness to its material value. In 1798, when the Revolutionary officers, entering the hall of the Vatican where the Pontiff sat at dinner, demanded that he should surrender all his valuables, they were answered that the Fisherman's Ring was not his to give, but must pass to his successor. They insisted in their demand; only to return the ring contemptuously, as of no value,—a thing their dispossessed captive might be permitted to keep,

All rings, being in their nature sacramental, connect themselves with prayer. This short and imperfect account of some of their uses may conclude with a word on their part in practical devotion. The decade, or rosary, ring was a favorite possession of English Catholics in the Penal Days, when it attracted less dangerous attention than the beads. The decade (familiarily known as "Tens") bore on its outer side knobs or bosses, and on the bezel a cross. As the ring was turned on the finger, the *Aves* could be easily counted by the knobs, while the *Pater Noster* would be said at the bezel. There are instances of these rings' being used in modern times,—for example, at Stonyhurst; and members of the older Catholic families have reason to prize them, apart

from their actual serviceableness. Mementos of those who have gone before and incentives to those who follow after, they fulfil, in a twofold sense, the spiritual purpose of rings; and make a double link with that invisible world, which a mystic poet has likened to "a great ring of pure and endless light."

In Exile.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

OH, America's the grand place! I'll not be saying nay;
 The neighbors dropping in on me to pass the time of day.
 They smile and say, "God bless her!" when down the street I go,
 But the heavy load I'm carrying,—oh, they can never know!
 For 'tis, oh, to see the shamrock by my little cottage door;
 And 'tis, oh, for dear old Ireland, to walk her hills once more!

The neighbors they are kindly meant; yet far away, I know,
 The good old folk are missing me wherever I may go.
 I see their wrinkled faces now, I hear the words they said
 When himself—God rest the soul of him!—was laid among the dead.
 And often have they nursed me when a child lay on my breast;
 Oh, new friends are the kindly folk, but old ones are the best!

My little Kerry neighbors! Ah, hush the heart of me!
 I am reaching out these hands of mine across the cruel sea!
 New friends are the kindly folk, but old ones are the best.
 (And, oh, 'tis to be lying there, my hands across my breast!)

Here I bide with Michael; the lad is good and true,
 But, Ireland,—oh, the heart of me I left behind with you!

Little Alfred and Big Dan.

BY E. B. GRIMES.

LITTLE ALFRED was the most talked-of patient in the St. Elizabeth Hospital, with its capacity of over five hundred beds. The members of the staff referred to his case as being one of the most remarkable of the year, illustrating over again, that while life is so often snuffed out like a flickering flame, it has, quite as often, a marvellous tenacity, even when Death has apparently set his visible seal upon the sufferer.

During the absence of its mother, from her humble home in the country, the child had swallowed enough concentrated lye to have killed a half dozen children older than itself. Much to the surprise of doctors and nurses, the little skeleton, looking as though it had been carved from alabaster, survived. Surely, doctors and nurses concluded, a life saved under such conditions must be intended for some great good.

Little Alfred was five years old when Big Dan came to the hospital. Dan literally fell in. He was a most pitiable derelict. His body was bloated and beastly, but the soul within was still sunny and generous. What a contrast there was between his bulky form, broad, rough, ruddy face, and the frail, pale Little Alfred! They were friends from their very first meeting in one of the corridors, where Dan enveloped the child in his huge bronzed hands, and gave him a ride on his powerful shoulders.

Out in the world where he had fallen by the wayside, already obstructed by so many other forms, Dan had filled a responsible position. He now became useful to the hospital in cutting meat for the household of sick and attendants; and was proud, in his humility, to call himself, "The Hospital Butcher." He was given every possible encouragement in his new surroundings, but the old thirst

continued to drive him back into "the world," again and again.

The frail little boy, looking at Dan with dark, earnest eyes, reflecting love and anxiety, would ask: "What made you go and get sick, Dan?"

This question had more to do with the repentance of the muscular butcher than the advice, admonition, and words of reproof from all others who talked to him. In his weakness, the child was stronger than this big, burly man. But Little Alfred didn't know that. In his frailty he longed for strength; in his narrowed proportions he wanted to be "wide and high," like Dan. Dan was his ideal. Dan never failed to notice him. He was never in Dan's way,—at least Dan never told him so. And then Dan never refused to answer his many childish questions.

Each time, after he had made himself "sick," Dan moaned in his delirium that he would soon have to part with the boy; for he was certain he was going to lose "his job." The "job" was now the means to his only real pleasure,—his only means of doing something to brighten the quizzical little face that looked at him so expectantly when he occasionally came back from a trip down town without having made himself "sick," and with a bundle under his arm, which he always held behind his big form, for his little friend to guess what was in it.

As Dan's periods of "sickness" became more weakening, and his impaired health confined him more closely to his quarters, Alfred would climb up onto his cot, if he happened to be asleep, and would quietly rest there until Dan awakened. Then big, and once strong, arms, would encircle the child and hold him tenderly to a wide, deep breast; while a coarse, impassioned voice would tell the attentive listener what magic toys were still to be had in the great stores, and at least one of them was to be brought "home" on the next trip "out." Then big Dan would break down and sob:

"Don't grow up and be like me, Alfred: no use to any one, no one to love you!"

A low, husky voice, from a sore little throat, would reply:

"I love you, Dan! And I'm going to be a butcher-man like you. Then I can buy lots of toys when I go to the stores to give to sick little boys."

Sweet and consoling were these few simple words to the sobbing, slowly-dying man.

When at last Dan had made his peace with God, at the eleventh hour, and was "asleep" in the hospital morgue, preparatory to being taken away the next morning to his last resting-place, the Sister in charge of Alfred took him to the lowly room and explained to him why Dan did not speak; and she told the child that the soul of his big friend had gone to the Father up in heaven, to live there forever and forever in peace. Then she prayed by the side of the dead, with a hopefulness and an earnestness that impressed and calmed Little Alfred.

Dan had said that he was going to take a long journey from which he would never return. He hoped sometime to arrive at a place where everything was made of gold and there was no end of beautiful things. "Yes, even the toys were made of gold and silver there," he had replied to a question about them.

The journey was to begin in the morning, when the undertaker came,—that was what the child concluded from the things Dan had told him, and from what the Sister now said. Dan was still there; but his soul, which had been saved, was gone. That was a mystery the youthful mind was unable to solve. Poor little mourner, in his grief and bewilderment, did not know that it was something of a mystery also to the saintly, trustful Sister beside him.

Alfred planned that night, after he had prayed for Dan as he had heard the Sister pray, that he would go with his big friend on that far-off journey, to where everything was so beautiful. He had told Dan

that he wanted to go to heaven, too, when he went; then he had urged the dying man, in his childish, pleading way, to do what the Sisters and the hospital chaplain had so often asked him to do.

"You say I'll go to heaven, Dan, 'cause I'm innocent. Be like me, then, Dan, in the things the Sisters and the Father want you to be, and then you'll go to heaven, and we'll be together always. Be innocent, Dan!"

These were the words that gave hope to poor Dan, and led to his repentance at the very last hour of life. "To be innocent?" How could he be so? He could start all over again, Alfred had said. Yes, he *could* do something like that. He would try. And it was for this that the life of Little Alfred had been spared from what had seemed to be an untimely grave. He had been spared for the redemption of Big Dan. And what had been written about a little child's leading them had been fulfilled.

When morning came, and Dan's body was lifted into a black covered wagon for that mysterious going away, Alfred suddenly appeared in his sailor suit, and told the undertaker that he was to go along with Dan. In his right hand he held a spoon, with which he had been eating his breakfast, and he pointed upward with it to indicate the direction he expected to take. It was the way Dan had pointed out, not by his sorry example, but with his big brawny, friendly hands. The morning was wet and sombre, the clouds threatened more rain, and the undertaker, looking down at Alfred, said:

"No, no, sonny! It is going to rain."

"I don't care for rain. I want to go to heaven with Dan. Please let me go with him, won't you, sir? I promised him I would."

With his own throat obstructed by a lump in it, the undertaker sought permission from a Sister to take the child in the wagon, where, even if the rain should come, he would be protected. Alfred was lifted, still grasping his spoon, to a place

of safety, and Dan's long, oft referred to journey began. A hospital carriage, with some of Dan's cronies in it, and another vehicle, containing two women, who had known him in his better days, completed the procession.

What passed through the active mind of the little chief mourner on the dreary way to the cemetery even the friendly undertaker was unable to fathom. The "journey" was along a wet and muddy road, instead of up golden steps, onto pearly streets, beyond—and then, at last—into the heaven that Dan had described.

The puzzled expression on the face of the child, and the fact that he leaned forward, gazing out of the wagon and up at the sky, indicated that he was looking for the way Dan had pictured. There was no word of protest from him, however, when the procession stopped near an open grave and Dan's body, in the big box, was lifted from the wagon and quickly lowered into the ground. A gentle rain began falling while all the mourners stood around in silence. Presently the child, looking up at the undertaker, asked wistfully:

"Will Dan go to heaven from here?"

The undertaker, moving a step forward, slowly nodded his head, and replied in hesitating tones:

"Yes, yes, sonny! Yes, I—I believe he will."

Placing his spoon by his side, Little Alfred knelt on the wet ground, and, holding his hands clasped in front of him, began to pray: "Our Father, who art in heaven." When he had finished the words, "as it is in heaven," he paused, and waited for those about him to join in repeating the concluding words, which they did in uncertain unison. At the close of his prayer, Little Alfred arose, and exclaimed, brokenly:

"I'll go back to the hospital now, if you please, sir; for Dan won't climb up to heaven 'till the sun comes out to light his way. He told me he wanted more light when I asked him to be

innocent, and I suppose he'll wait for it to come."

And Dan—the spirit of Dan born anew,—cleansed and clothed in the light of immortality, must have spoken to the child again in some mysterious and assuring way; for there was a happy smile, on his pale little face as he was tenderly lifted into the wagon.

A City of Progress and Memories.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

SOME time ago a postal map of old Birmingham was shown to me, and I was amazed at the contrast between the city of yesterday and that of to-day. At present the midland metropolis is like unto a child that has outgrown its clothes—there are not enough dwellings for its inhabitants. When the old postal map was printed, employers lived in large town houses not far from their factories, or warehouses, and their employees lived quite near them. All the bees were round the hive, so to speak. The streets were narrow, and mostly paved with cobble stones, and the central post-office itself resembled a good-sized store.

Yet was it "no mean city": it had a past,—had seen kings made and unmade; had beheld "sceptre and crown come tumbling down," and had taken a part in the tumble, when the Ironsides besieged Aston Hall, the home of the Holtes.

Aston Hall is still standing, and is well worth journeying to see. It is built in the form of an E, and on a sunny day its many windows shine upon you with a friendly gleam. When you have climbed the three stone steps, you find yourself in the entrance hall, looking, no doubt, at the porter's chair of richly carved oak, devised to swing open and disclose a secret hiding hole beneath; for the Holtes were fiery partisans in the good old times.

The balustrade of the staircase is magnificent; a competent authority, indeed,

judges it to be worth anything up to £20,000. It goes the whole length of the building, from hall to attic,—right up to the small room called Dick's Attic, where, tradition has it, a scullion, a half-witted lad, was starved to death by his bad-tempered master.

Old poems and stories generally introduce us to the banqueting hall. Personally, I recall the ballad of Alonzo the Brave and the fair Imogen, in which Alonzo appeared as a knight in armor after his passing, and danced with the faithless Imogen in the banqueting hall. This chamber is famous for its panelling in walls and ceiling. In a corner of it stands a Jacobean lantern clock, with a solemn ticktack, recalling Longfellow's "Forever—never, never, forever"; and a rose-lined, leather-covered sedan chair, in which my Lady Holte, patched and powdered, went to routs and plays in spinning-wheel times, danced with Maccaronis, and heard whispered news of the Pretender as well as tittle-tattle.

But let us go farther back and look at Birmingham in Mediæval times. Anti-quarian research has shown that the greatest benefactress the town ever had was a woman who was known as Ragged Christiana. She built, it seems, a bridge over the river at Deritend at a period when to help the wayfarer was a most needed act of charity, and endowed a chapelry upon it. Orphans were clothed and fed, widows aided in their loneliness; the leper, with his wooden clapper, had a comfortable shelter; the sick, the dying,—all were remembered by this nameless woman whom the old chronicles and her contemporaries styled Ragged Christiana, but whom the angels doubtless knew by some other name. You may draw what picture you please of her. Imagine her a widow in sad array; a beautiful, forlorn woman; a Franciscan or Dominican tertiary, as the fancy pleases you; but *I* think of her as a sweet-faced woman in brown, mended garments, whose heart was a fount of

pity, because she herself had come out of great tribulation.

And Birmingham is haunted by other characters besides this nameless good Samaritan. The burly figure of Samuel Johnson, dictionary-maker and essayist, walks down St. Paul's Square (where his friend Hector lived) on the road to his Tetty, for these were the courting days; and even at this day a narrow entry is known as Dr. Johnson's Passage. James Watt bustles along, and meets his friend Bolton, with whom he holds a confab respecting the famous Soho Works. Murdoch, the introducer of gas, hurries along in the misty morning, his self-made hat on his head. Bolton owned property in Old Soho, and in his will he made it a proviso that his tenants should all have a joint of beef and be in Christmas Week, — a Christmas box worthy of this kindly, eccentric merchant. The Watt & Bolton Works were in Soho, a suburb which until quite recently retained a Georgian look. There were Old World mansions and cottages, and neat, quaint houses, in which you met with steps and cupboards in all sorts of unexpected places. Nelson and other notables paid visits to Soho, and saw the hive of industry made by Watt & Bolton. Not far away are the Cornwall Works founded by the Quaker Brothers-Tangye, who came as youths from a Cornish town, and made themselves a name and a fortune.

If you elect to leave Soho by the Lodge Road, you will pass a city cemetery in which rest many Birmingham worthies. Here sleeps one Pemberton, an old-time actor, who had the wander fever and was carried into captivity by the Corsairs. When he was freed from the sea hawk's nest, he returned to his native city, the wander fever left him, and he was buried in God's Acre on the hill. That early Victorian champion of woman's rights, and most gifted woman, Harriet Martineau, sleeps in the same spot,—"At rest in all that moving up and down."

Chamberlain Square is the pride of civic Birmingham; may indeed be called its Valhalla, from its statues. How many now silent voices have persuaded, argued, pleaded, in that smoke-stained Town Hall! Patriots, exiles, statesmen, all have spoken there. Sturge, the friend of Whittier, to whom were addressed the beautiful lines inscribed "To my friend, John Joseph Sturge, on the death of his sister," beginning:

There is a grief the depth of which another
May never know;
Yet o'er the waters, O my stricken brother,
To thee I go!
I lean myself unto thee, sadly enfolding
Thy hand in mine,
Even with the weakness of my soul upholding
The strength of thine.

Sturge contended for right and freedom on the platform of Town Hall.

All visitors to the Midland Centre, as it is called, are acquainted with Edgbaston, and most of them have gone there to see Newman's church and lilacs. When the author of "Lead, Kindly Light" had fallen asleep, they framed his portraits in lilac. All around the Oratory is haunted by the great Cardinal,—here he took his morning walk and gave a coin and a kindly word to his friend, the crossing-sweeper; there the worn face was lit up by a kindly smile on meeting some friend of Auld Lang Syne.

It is common knowledge that Charles Dickens sometimes came to Birmingham in disguise to take notes; and he, too, haunts it as Cheerful Charlie. Truly if "All houses wherein men have lived are haunted," cities are the same; and this city of Birmingham, in which the old and the new join hands, is a haunted town, where the shades of men who have made history, and of captains of industry, walk silently with us through the busy, bustling streets.

ALL noblest things are religious, — not temples and martyrdoms only, but the best books, pictures, poetry, statues, and music.—*William Mountford.*

Catholic Schools for Catholics.

THE perennial question, "Which college for the boy?" is capable of a general answer in which all Catholic parents should agree. In general, the son of Catholic parents should be sent to a Catholic educational institution. The reasons for this are too numerous to treat in detail, but they may be summed up in the broad assertion that our Catholic schools and colleges are superior to other educational institutions, barring none; and it is a superiority which is seen in all the departments of college life, whether spiritual, intellectual, social, or even athletic. The last because of the government and restraint exercised over this department in Catholic schools, and also because of the unspecialized, more general character of their athletics.

Often as this general superiority has been proven, however, some of our people still cherish illusions, the chief one being the worship of a great name. In view of this regrettable situation, the following illuminating bit from the pen of the Rev. John La Farge, S. J., writing in *America*, is much to the point. He says:

One who comes to a Catholic college from one of the secular universities is surprised beyond anything else at finding in them just what he had expected to find, and was disappointed in, elsewhere: the real college spirit, a distinctly refining and taste-building educational influence, and the unrestrained, open-hearted society of gentlemen. These features are the glory of the Catholic college, and should be proclaimed as such. The breeze of faith and Christian democracy has, so far, blown away the miasma of toadyism. For a Catholic college man, the college is a true and vivifying *Alma Mater*, the real source of his culture, and the theatre of his social development. It is time to annihilate the erroneous notion that our Catholic colleges lack gentlemen as cultivated, as courteous and manly and socially well equipped as the most exclusive clubs of Harvard or Princeton; and if they are less prominent now—because of their instinctive modesty—they will be better known in later life.

Dr. James J. Walsh, who speaks with the authority of balanced judgment inter-

preting wide experience, writes to the same purpose in the *Columbiad*. After surveying the question from several angles, he concludes:

Send your boy and your girl to an institution where Catholic discipline will mean much for the training of the will. It may seem a sacrifice of opportunity. It is not really; for none of us who were educated in Catholic colleges regret that fact. And I know many who have envied me the education given me by Catholic training, and I know that many other Catholic graduates are to be envied for their scholarship. If it seems a sacrifice, there could be no better example to give the young folk than your readiness to make it for them in order that they might have proper influences. If you do not make it, remember the example that you give them of being willing to sacrifice their deeper spiritual interests for the sake of material or social considerations. Do not expect them a little later in life to be willing to make sacrifices for their Faith. They have not been shown how.

We give it as our sober conviction that there never was a time when the obligations of parenthood were more serious than they are to-day. The relaxed discipline to which, both in the average home and the average school of the land the boy or girl is subjected, the thousand and one pernicious influences to which adolescents are almost of necessity exposed, the atmosphere of religious indifference by which they are so frequently surrounded, the gospel of "a good time" which they hear so insistently preached on all sides, the drawing power of multitudinous concrete bad examples that come under their notice,—all these are forces which must be strenuously opposed by Christian fathers and mothers who have any adequate conception of their responsibility before God for the souls whom He has entrusted to their care and guidance. It is a responsibility which, while it can not be evaded or minimized, may nevertheless be rendered somewhat less onerous; and one way of diminishing its burden is to confide the educational training of growing children to truly Catholic teachers in thoroughly Catholic schools.

Notes and Remarks.

The fifth National Congress of English Catholics, held last month at Cardiff, Wales, appears to have been eminently successful. The selection of a Welsh city as the scene of the Congress' deliberations and proceedings has had the effect of stimulating the interest of non-Catholic Welshmen in the Old Faith,—an interest that is safe to grow and develop later on into a goodly number of conversions. The discussion of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill in the House of Commons not long ago had one indirect result not contemplated perhaps by the promoters of the Bill,—that of removing historical misconceptions about the Church, and incidentally weakening prejudices against her action. Speaking the other day at a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society, Dr. Mostyn, Bishop of Menevia, gladly acknowledged that Mr. Lloyd George's speech in the House of Commons on the Welsh Bill has been of great benefit to the Catholics in Wales. The Chancellor enabled his fellow-countrymen, many of whom have mistaken ideas as to the ecclesiastical history of Wales, to obtain an insight into the old Welsh love of the ancient Catholic Faith, and has thus improved the general attitude of Welshmen toward those who profess it.

The statement of Senator Ransdell, of Louisiana (first made in a speech delivered in the Senate of the United States, and repeated in his address at the Commencement exercises of the University of Notre Dame), that if the present rate of divorces in this country continues until 1946, there will be one divorce for every five marriages, was doubtless a shock to most of those who heard it. But what will be their feelings to learn that the rate is actually increasing in some parts of the Union. The clerk of Franklin Co., Ohio, for instance, reports that during the year just closed there were 855 peti-

tions for divorce filed with him, and that the courts during that period liberated 798 couples from marital bonds. A comparison of this report with the report of last year shows that there were 43 more divorce applications during the present year. Nearly one-fourth of the marriages in Franklin Co. end in divorce.

What a blot on our boasted civilization!

Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert's new book, "Christ and the Powers of Darkness," is an indictment of modern spiritism and an argument for the divinity of Christ, based upon His declaration, "If I, by the spirit of God, cast out devils, then is the Kingdom of God come unto you." It is clear that Christ claimed His manifest power over the evil spirits to be one of the many proofs of the divinely authoritative character of His mission. The fact of the operation of this power was admitted by the Jews, in whose interest it was to disprove it. The entire scheme of Redemption indeed implies and presupposes the existence and activity of the devil and his angels. Mr. Raupert shows that the supernatural truths of Christianity lose their force and meaning when this presupposition is denied. Some elements in human life can not be explained in any other way.

Our Lord conveyed to His Twelve Apostles the same power over evil spirits which He Himself possessed. Their successful exercise of this power was largely instrumental in furthering the spread of Christianity among pagan nations. In all the succeeding centuries the Church has unceasingly taught that she possesses this transmitted power over the spirits of darkness, and there is abundant evidence to show that she has successfully exercised it.

Evidence, recently derived from *experimental* research, has confirmed the Church's teaching that a spirit-world exists, and is seeking contact with the sense-world. A positively evil element has been found to be displaying itself in connection with these researches, the

phenomena of obsession and possession becoming of frequent occurrence. The helplessness of science, in its attempt to deal with these abnormal phenomena, is manifest. The power of Christ, on the other hand, over the spirits of darkness, working in His Church and manifesting itself through the appointed channels, can not be denied by those who have accurate knowledge of the subject.

While it is, or ought to be, a matter for general gratification that the Mexican imbroglio seems likely to be disentangled without the armed intervention of this country, the prospects of the Church in Mexico can not be characterized as reassuring. The more one reads of the first-hand testimony of credible and authoritative witnesses, the more settled becomes one's conviction that, whoever wins the political victory that is to succeed the cessation of active warfare, the Catholics of Mexico are likely to be persecuted anew. Such military and political leaders as loom large in that distressful republic are apparently inoculated with the anti-Catholic virus, and peace itself will scarcely spell happiness for the rank and file of the citizens. Mexico needs, and should receive, the assistance of the prayers of the Catholic world.

An edict from the Pope was found on the body of Major Butt, commanding all Catholics to vote for a candidate other than Woodrow Wilson in the Presidential election.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, who at the General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church, made this preposterous statement, did not probably realize that he was flinging a boomerang; but he is wiser now. Ex-President Taft has publicly called attention to the fact that neither the body nor effects of Major Butt, a *Titanic* victim, have been found, and has commented on the charge in this wise: "The statement is false from beginning to end; and I wonder that a church or a minister of a church, who ought to

be careful in giving currency to statements of any character without the slightest foundation, should be responsible for this one."

And the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, after pointing out that Mr. Wilson was not nominated until almost two months after the *Titanic* disaster, adds:

But the denial will do little good. The only people capable of believing the fable are monomaniacs on the subject with which the statement dealt, and they will secretly hug it as proof of their suspicions. It was fashioned by some pervert who wished to play on the prejudices of such persons. The only surprising thing is that a speaker so reckless as to repeat it before a representative assembly was not challenged by some friend of truth to produce some evidence to substantiate it. A false sense of courtesy should not serve to protect men who boldly make groundless charges, even though they wear the clerical garb.

On which we remark that if all the groundless charges made against the Church by ignorant or bigoted preachers were challenged by "friends of truth," the preaching of such preachers would be almost continuously interrupted.

In a stirring address at the English Catholic Congress at Cardiff last month, his Eminence Cardinal Bourne dwelt upon the importance and the responsibility of a more strenuous co-operation in the foreign missionary work of the Church. After pointing out the gigantic extent of the field over which to-day the Catholic missionary effort must extend, and the immense distance that still separates the Church from the full accomplishment of the mission for which alone she exists, his Eminence added:

It is no exaggeration to say that there has never been a time when missionary enterprise has been from the human point of view easier or, at the same time, more urgently necessary. Never easier, for into every country, even the most remote, the influence of European governments has penetrated, and great areas that until recently were most difficult of access, are now open to trade and commerce, so that in their company the teachers of Christianity may penetrate with a facility and comparative absence of danger that a hundred years ago

would have seemed incredible. Never more urgently necessary; for if the gentler thought of the West is to prevail in these recently explored or newly opened countries, and is to be divorced entirely from the Christian spirit to which it owes its own existence, then whole nations will be formed finding in this world the sole purpose of man's being, and exchanging their old pagan beliefs for a new and more subtle paganism, which will centre all its affection on this life, and be heedless of the future. This, in fact, has been the result already in those countries where the teaching of the civilized races has been introduced without a simultaneous preaching of the Christian faith. The old false beliefs have disappeared, to give place to complete incredulity of any supernatural revelation, and the last state of such a nation is certainly no better than the first. In China, in Japan, in Africa, in India, the opportunities for the preaching of the Gospel are such as they never were before, and the dangers of delay, with the loss of opportunity that delay involves, are terrible to contemplate.

The Cardinal's address must be read as a whole to be thoroughly appreciated; but the passage we have quoted will give some idea of the enlightened zeal with which it is informed. We shall take occasion to refer to it again.

The late Judge Robinson, a man of high authority in the field of his special attainment, came into the Church as a little child, and such remained in all things touching faith. In the current number of the *Missionary* the Judge's views on how the devout Protestant New Englander is to be reached by Catholic truth are given, and they have the especial weight which the Judge's own native insight into the New England character and his own fidelity to the Faith could alone impart. He says in part:

It is necessary, moreover, to get away from the controversial and polemical methods. These methods of warfare are as antiquated now as are the bludgeon and the catapult; and, like them, they must be relegated to the museum of curiosities. The fact of the matter is, the whole idea of warfare must be eliminated from our relations with the non-Catholic in New England. The motto should be, "We come not to conquer, but to win." For this reason the effort of the missionary should be to give a

clear exposition of the Church in her inner life. She is the God-given answer to the problem of life, as well as to the social needs of the day. She, as "the desired of the nations," is the complement of human nature, and consequently the one thing that will satisfy the religious needs of the human heart. She, like the Divine Master, is here among us to minister unto our spiritual necessities, and not an external organism that must be ministered unto. She rejects the Calvinistic theories of the essential degradation of human nature, and is a profound believer in the innate goodness of the human heart. Therefore she can interpret the harmonies between nature and grace; the latter resting upon and perfecting the former, so as to make the sanctified Christian a perfect specimen of God's handiwork.

Who can question Judge Robinson's statement that "if these ideas could become current coin among the non-Catholics, there is little doubt that the leaders of thought would be drawn to the Church; and in New England, if the leaders became dominant with Catholic thought, they would establish the most aggressive propaganda in the English-speaking world."

There is much to agree with, and little to cavil about, in Evelyn March-Phillipps' paper "In Pursuit of Courtesy," contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*. Here is doctrine that we have often preached ourselves—to possibly unwilling ears:

Boys and girls used to be very carefully trained in politeness. They learned to efface themselves. Perhaps the thing was overdone, but any such mistakes have been abundantly rectified. Now parents seem to vie with one another to make their children as selfish as possible. . . . The habit of gratifying every impulse, the shrinking from all dull and tiresome obligations, the satisfying the craving for constant amusement inevitably result in a want of self-control and self-restraint. . . . By the time lack of courtesy becomes apparent the sinner is beyond the age of reproof. Habits have been formed and even in superficial ways the boy or girl has slid into a hundred little departures from grace of speech or bearing. It is almost impossible to inculcate constant charm of manner in those who are uniformly bent on pleasing themselves. Young people get an unattractive decision, a sort of slap-dash assurance, a total want of delicate half-tones.

It is the little touches that make, the little flaws that mar, and urbanity, taught and practised in the home, would not leave so much to learn in intercourse with the world at large.

And here is the statement of a truth which observant travellers have recognized in all lands:

It is indeed to the poor that we must turn for the most exquisite courtesy. How often in a cottage have we not been received with a manner that is absolute perfection? It is a manner that is the outcome of a mind at leisure; full of that presence of mind that goes with entire unconsciousness of self, anxious to please and saying instinctively the right and kind thing. The finished courtesy of a really high-bred woman, innate and instilled, courteous less because of what is due to others than because of old tradition and of what is due to herself, is a very perfect thing; but it is not more perfect than that of the humble-minded woman who has never thought of herself at all.

The truest courtesy, in fact, is merely the outflowing of Christian charity; or, as Goethe phrased it: "There is no outward sign of true courtesy that does not rest on a deep moral foundation."

One finds comfort in remembering that a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings exists in England when one reads in the report of the annual congress of the British Archaeological Association, certain of whose members lately visited St. Augustine's College, the ruins of the abbey church of SS. Peter and Paul, and the remains of the early Saxon church of St. Pancras in Canterbury, that the civic authorities on one occasion nearly pulled down the west gate of St. Augustine's College, the ancient fabric where the remains of England's apostle once reposed, in order that a travelling circus might enter the city in state!

It is gratifying to be able to record that the patently ungenerous, not to say bigoted anti-Catholic, policy of Congressman Stephens, chairman of the Indian Committee in the House of Representatives, has been repudiated by his fellow-Congressmen. By a vote of 50 to 9 the

House refused to pass an amendment to the Indian Appropriation Bill, in virtue of which amendment Catholic Sisters could be ousted from the Indian schools. Mr. Stephens would do well to take to heart the lesson taught him by his more liberal-minded associates.

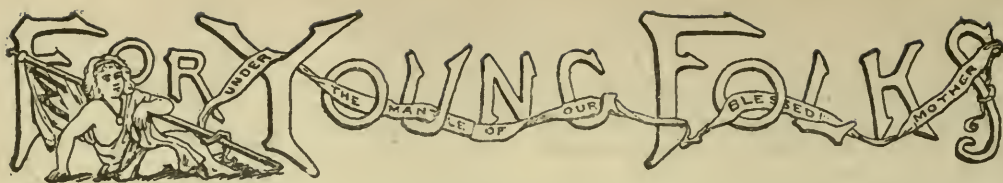
One who does not agree with the contention that "the drunkards of Belfast are all in favor of Home Rule for Ireland" is the Rev. John Gailey, a Presbyterian preacher. Speaking at the General Assembly of his sect in that city not long ago, he said: "On a Saturday night recently I spent several hours in and around some streets along the Shankill Road, Belfast, from Agnes-street up, and I was shocked as I was never shocked before with the widespread and awful drunkenness of this Protestant district, where religion of some sort is a matter of everyday interest. I came home with my head down in shame for the condition of much that goes by the name of Belfast Protestantism. If the people around me were mostly drunken, I was more than sobered from all undue pride in our city."

Brother Gailey may not have spoken for publication, but evidently he spoke his mind.

A regulation, the reasonableness of which will commend it to most persons, is the following, which we find among other rules laid down in one American diocese as to the matter of summer amusements:

Societies which are organized for beneficial purposes, and whose benefits are confined to their own members, or societies organized for private ends and interests, can not be permitted to appeal to the public by picnics, excursions, festivals, suppers, etc., to raise funds for their own private use and benefit. Public appeals must be for public charities; and societies can not be permitted to appeal to the public except where the moneys so raised are to be used for, and in the interest of, some public charity.

The exploiting of the Catholic public for the benefit of private, or quasi-private, interests is an abuse.



The Ferryman's Sons.

BY FRANCIS MAKEJOY.

"**F**AT, little brother. There's not enough bread for both of us, and you are the younger."

"No, Servan; let us divide it. Each one's hunger will be a little satisfied, anyway; and perhaps some passenger will come along before night and pay you for taking him across the river."

"Don't count on it, Walter."

"Why not? Our parents made a living out of the ferry; and father even bought a second skiff."

As he spoke from his seat in the cottage doorway, Walter pointed to their only fortune—two boats tied to a post at the water's edge.

"Ah!" replied Servan, "in those days the followers of Charles de Blois and Jean de Montfort were not continually warring against one another as they are to-day. No one dares to go out in the country or ask to be ferried over the river for fear of falling into the hands of soldiers. As for our boats, they'll have to be sold in order to provide us with food. All the same, the bigger one is going to help me earn something to-night."

"What are you going to do, brother?"

Servan was a stout youth of eighteen; Walter—somewhat small and frail even for his age—was only ten; still, under the frank and open glance of the younger brother, the elder lowered his eyes.

"Where are you going with the boat?" persisted Walter. "I hope 't isn't with those men who talk of kidnapping Yves de Kernovan, son of the brave knight who is fighting against the English."

"Who has betrayed my secret?" said Servan, angrily.

"The other evening one of Count Ploesal's men met you there on the bank, and promised you twenty gold pieces if you'd do the job. I was up on the beach, and the wind carried his words to me. How do you know that cruel Count won't kill Yves when he gets him?"

"The Count's man swore to me that the boy would be given up to his father for a big ransom. Anyway, what business is it of yours, you who are not strong enough to earn your livelihood. We haven't charge of Yves de Kernovan. Let his father look after him, if he can."

"But he's with the army."

"His mother, then."

"You're fooling, Servan. The noble lady has been dead this long time."

"In that case, Master Yves has a great protectress, Dame Josselinde, his nurse," sneered the young fellow. "There's the sun going down. I am waited for up the river."

And taking his seat in the larger boat, he plied the oars vigorously and was soon speeding away.

"Servan, Servan! Come back!" cried Walter, running along the bank. "The Count's gold will bring you misfortune."

Only the echo answered him; so, crying bitterly, he went back to the cottage, ate the bit of black bread which his brother had left him; and, throwing himself on his heather bed, soon fell fast asleep. It was quite dark when a loud knocking at the door awoke him. He jumped up immediately.

"Open, open!" said a voice outside. "Isn't there any one in this cabin?"

Walter pulled out the wooden bolt, and a woman enveloped in a large cloak hurried into the cottage.

"Quick!" she said breathlessly. "Hurry up and take us across the river. Where is the ferryman?"

"My father died two winters ago," said Walter, sorrowfully.

"And who takes his place here?"

"My brother, Servan; but he has gone away with the big boat."

"There's no more hope, Josseline: I'm lost!" said a voice that wasn't the woman's. And a young boy extricated himself from the cloak under which he had been hiding.

Walter, trembling with excitement, exclaimed:

"If you are Dame Josseline, this boy is Yves de Kernovan?"

"I see you recognize us," was the reply. "Can we count on your help?"

"Even unto death, Dame Josseline."

"Very well. You see this purse. It is for whoever within an hour takes us safe and sound to the other side of the river; for Ploesal's men are following us."

Walter's heart swelled. He thought of the twenty gold pieces which Servan wished to earn by a disloyal act.

"My father's son," he answered proudly, "doesn't sell his services to those who are in danger; but I think I am strong enough to row you across in the little skiff."

All three hastened to the boat and got in. Walter seized the oars and began rowing. The river was wide and its current strong; so that, despite all the boy's efforts, the boat kept drifting down stream. Young Kernovan took one of the oars, but his arms were too feeble to count for much.

"Josseline," he cried suddenly, "don't you hear voices? Ploesal's men are coming up the river and we are drifting down toward them. I'll throw myself into the water rather than be captured by Count Ploesal."

Standing up, the boy listened with every sign of terror, and fully ready to plunge into the river rather than be taken. Dame Josseline uttered a smothered cry, but Walter said with firmness:

"No, no, my little lord! you are too brave to give up your life without a fight.

The strength of the weak, you see, is cunning. I am small and fair, like yourself. Let us change clothes; and then, if those rascals capture us, don't you say a word and they'll carry me off instead of you."

Suiting the action to the word, Walter began taking off his outer suit. Yves followed his example, and in a few minutes the change was effected. In the meantime their boat was still drifting down stream and the voices they had heard became more distinct. By the clear light of the moon Walter soon distinguished in the approaching boat four men besides Servan, who was standing by the tiller.

"Madam," he said to Dame Josseline, "fear nothing when you two are left in this little skiff: it will drift on to Bruyeras' Island, and the good people there will aid you in your flight."

As he finished, the two boats came together and the leader of the kidnappers jumped into the smaller one.

"Help! help!" shrieked the woman.

But Yves de Kernovan had seized the oars and, heeding Walter's advice, said never a word. As for Walter himself, he stood up and cleverly covering his face with his hands, appeared to be the prey of profound terror.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the kidnappers, "here's the bird we've been hunting. Shut up, you fool of a woman, and go tell the knight of Kernovan that he may follow us. We'll know how to receive him."

Walter felt himself seized and rolled up in a wide cloak,—so closely rolled that he couldn't move. He was laid in the bottom of the boat. He heard the cries of Josseline growing more and more distant as the little skiff floated down the current, carrying Yves de Kernovan far from his father's enemies. Walter, his heart beating rapidly, rejoiced at the success of his manœuvre without caring much what became of himself. It was broad daylight when, carried in the arms of his captor and followed by the other men and Servan, he entered Ploesal Castle. The Count was awaiting them,

"Noble Count," began the kidnapper in a vainglorious tone, and unwrapping the mantle as he spoke,—“noble Count, here's the young bird!”

"Sir Count," said another voice, fresh and clear, your fowler has made a mistake. He has brought you the plumage but not the bird."

Walter had slipped out of the mantle to the floor and stood up before the redoubtable Ploesal who looked at him with surprise and demanded:

"What does this mean?"

"It means, my Lord Count, that these clothes I have on are those of Yves de Kernovan; but that I am not Yves, only a poor ferryman's son."

"Malediction!" hissed the kidnapper; while Servan grew pale as he recognized his brother.

"Let him explain," said the Count, "we'll punish him afterward if he's guilty." Then, turning to the boy, he demanded: "Tell me the names of those who put you up to this trickery."

"No one had a hand in it but myself, Sir Count."

Then, in a few words, Walter told of the incidents of the night; and how he wished to save Yves and his nurse from those who were stronger than they, and also keep his brother from committing a crime.

Count Ploesal was violent and often unjust; but, like all knights of that age, he was easily affected by an act of courage or daring. For several moments he looked at the pale little lad, whose eyes met his own quite fearlessly.

"What would you say," he asked in his roughest tone, "if, for your reward, I should condemn you to twenty lashes?"

"If I died from them, I'd prefer twenty lashes to the twenty gold pieces promised to my brother," said Walter, firmly.

"Oh, ho! Do you suppose I'm going to pay those whom you fooled so nicely? Not much! But you,—you deserve what I'm going to give you."

At these terrible words, Servan threw himself at the Count's feet.

"Ah, Sir Count, let me have him, for mercy's sake! Let me have him alive and well. He's only a child, the son of my poor father, who bade me take care of him."

The Count thrust him aside disdainfully.

"Enough, fellow! He's a child with the wit and daring of a man. You and my men have allowed yourselves to be caught foolishly in the snare he laid for you. He has worked better than you—and in a better cause," he added, after a while. "This is the first time I've ever paid any one for thwarting my purpose. Take this, my lad, and hereafter see that you don't meddle with my affairs."


So saying, Ploesal handed Walter his purse chock-full of gold, and signed for the two brothers to go away.

And that wasn't all Walter's reward, either. Soon afterward, Yves de Kernovan, having been recovered by his father, sent for him; and, later on, made him the companion of all his soldierly deeds.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

X.

 OLD MEG STANLEY was dying in a hospital, and she wanted the gentleman of the great house to come to her,—that was the gypsy boy's message. He had come with it, miles and miles, walking and running. In his excitement, he used Rommany words, which these people mostly keep secret. Old Meg was *mullerin*, he said. She wanted to speak to the gentleman where the *gorgio chavo* came from. The gypsies, you will remember, call everyone but themselves *gorgios*; and the *chavo* was the little boy. He repeated stoutly that it was all *tácho*, meaning that it was all a fact. Then he groped in the pocket of his red waistcoat with two fingers, and the housekeeper was amazed when he pulled out a little silver medal of Our Lady.

"It is like the one I lost," Dick said—"the one I was keeping in my pocket for mother."

"That's the very one, little master," said the gypsy. "It's not right, say I, to *chore* from a *chavo*." Choring was his word for stealing, and he seemed to have no objection to *choring* from grown-up people. "They had no use for that," he said, "and gave it to Lolo; and Lolo took it to her granny. And then the granny says: 'Oh! it belongs to the *gorgio chavo*, does it?' And in the night she started *mullerin*—dying, I mean—in the wagon. So they put her in the hospital in the next town we came to; and says she to me in our Rommany talk: 'Take that to where the little white boy with the yellow hair came from, and tell them I have something to say before I die.'"

The gypsy was not able to explain all this quite smoothly, but he made them understand his breathless words; and that was the meaning.

"Let me see the gentleman, my lady!" he pleaded. "We don't know what holy *wungro* [holy money] is. Our Lolo wears it about her neck. Old Meg Stanley has something to say about Lolo,—that's it, *tácho*; and she's *mullerin* hard."

"The granny's little girl *had* a lovely medal of Our Lady on," said Dick.

And no sooner did he breathe the words than Mrs. Bonny realized that this was a matter of even more than life and death.

"Run, child,—run," she said, "you are the quickest! Bring your uncle. He can hardly be asleep with that thunder and rain going on. But if he is, wake him. Ask him to hurry, for this lad must see him. And may the Lord guide us!"

Dick sprang away, dashed along to the hall, went sliding across its polished floor, and gave one thump at the library door and ran in.

Uncle Jerome, who was lying on the sofa, began to tell him he must not come into a room like a young whirlwind; but

Dick's message had him up in a moment. It was not very clear: a dying gypsy woman was mentioned, and a medal,—that was enough.

Meanwhile the housekeeper said to Tom:

"So you are a gypsy?"

"Rommany," said Tom.

"Oh! Well, it's all the same what they call 'emselves: they are a bad lot." Mrs. Bonny, with a shake of her head, began to scold and to pity him by turns. "Are you hungry, lad? Sit on the wooden chair. Take this bread." She made a thick wad of eight or ten slices from the tea table, and Tom accepted it thankfully. "Would you like some hot tea?"—bringing a large mug of blue ware from the cupboard. "You gypsies are a set of thieves: some of our speckled hens are gone. No, I didn't say you took them; but you are all tarred with the same brush,—a wicked set of vagabonds. Drink it hot; there is more. You must want a drink."

"I *am* dry," said poor Tom. "Thank you, lady!"

His statement would have puzzled Dick, had he been in the room; for there never was a boy with a coat more wet.

Presently the master of the house came. The lad stood up and told the same tale again; it was all *tácho*,—all a fact. Uncle Jerome, who had been so interested in hearing of Lolo's medal, guessed rightly that the dying woman wanted to see some one of the Faith to which such medals belonged. Lolo, the boy said, had neither father nor mother. Old Meg had often been found crying in the tent, thinking what would happen to Lolo when she was dead and gone. Tom, in his own rugged way, explained this very sadly.

"The little one shan't go hungry while I can get a bit of food," he said; "but it's not that. It's about the bit o' siller round her neck, sir. We don't know, and you do, sir."

That settled it for Uncle Jerome. The small covered car was ordered to be got

out. Fritz, the chauffeur, was to come at once. Never mind rain! Never mind storm! Uncle Jerome was going. While the car was being got ready, the gypsy boy was hurried into the kitchen, and told not to speak to any one, but to eat as quickly as he could the meat he would be given. All was done in a few moments; the car was round at the front portico, Uncle Jerome and the gypsy went out from the hall. Dick waved a farewell as Williams held the door wide open. The closed car turned under the hissing rain, gave a few noisy shouts, after the manner of a motor in a hurry, and sped away down the broad path and out of sight. How dark the sky was! How the rain poured on the shining bushes and the soaked lawn and the great cedars! The thunder had stopped, and the sky was emptying torrents on the earth,—a deluge that looked as if it would never cease.

It was not even to the nearest town that the journey had to be made; but to a place far off, which happened to be on the track of the caravan making its way North. After a long rush through mud and rain, the car passed scattered houses, then streets drying white; and the evening air had a moist freshness. It had run out of the bad weather, and the town had only been freshened by showers.

At last the motor stopped at the hospital; Uncle Jerome and the boy went into a lofty entrance hall. Nurses flitted about with white caps, cuffs, and aprons. A man in dark blue coat and brass buttons, standing like an old soldier, had held the glass door open as they went in.

"What name, sir? Stanley—the gypsy woman? I'm afraid you are too late, sir," the man said. He went and spoke to a nurse.

The girl with white cap and apron drew near, saying:

"Poor Mrs. Stanley died at half-past four." She looked with compassion at the brown-faced Tom. "Are you her son?"

Tom said: "No, but she was always good to me,—she was." And his eyes

were cast down, and he looked as if he could say no more.

The nurse who had been with her was called.

"I have written down a message," she said,—"she wanted to say something." The nurse took a folded piece of paper out of the pocket of her apron. "Are you the gentleman she wanted to see?"

"Yes," Uncle Jerome said; he had never in his life felt so disappointed as when he had been told poor Meg was gone.

"Let me read you this, sir."

They both went aside, even out of hearing of Tom; for this was a very solemn thing,—a last message, and it should only be given to the person it was meant for.

"Meg Stanley was her name, sir. There is a child four years old called Lolo. What she wanted to tell you was that Lolo is of your Faith. She sent a medal by the boy, and the child somewhere in a gypsy camp has a medal on. I take it, sir, that you are a Catholic? Yes. Well, it was in Spain her daughter was married, and this is her daughter's child. She told me her girl was a great beauty, and some man who was a musician fell in love with her, and she was instructed 'and learned to pray,' as she said, and married him. Her name was Dolores, and it is on the medal the child wears. Then, as well as I could understand, the father was killed; it was an accident,—a railway accident, perhaps; I couldn't quite follow what she said sometimes. Anyhow, it is certain the father is dead. And before the father's death the mother died, putting that medal on the baby at the last, and it was never to be taken away from her. Then it seems the grandmother got a longing for the wild life again: she couldn't do without it, was her word; and away she went with the baby back to the Rommanies—they don't call themselves gypsies, do they?"

"What a wonderful story! And what next?" said Uncle Jerome.

"Well, sir, she told me she came over

to England with some of her tribe, and she got ill, so that she couldn't move; and then she began to wonder what would happen the child if she died, and, as she said, she cried many a tear. The child was baptized, she said, and she ought to be brought up that way; and she had been always wanting to see some one that could tell her about it, as she lay there at the back of the tent. I don't think she had any religion at all herself, poor soul! But she was afraid this child would have a rough time and maybe a bad time; and she said strange things—she really did, sir—about going now before the Great Spirit, and wishing she could give the child her birthright,—she did, sir: she called it her birthright. So her temperature was going up, and I knew the time was short, and perhaps a gentleman like you wouldn't come with that boy. So I'll tell you what I did, sir. I sent for the Catholic chaplain when he was in the next ward. I thought this case concerned him."

"God reward you!" said Uncle Jerome, with sudden fervor.

"He came at once, sir," she went on. "And he took down the child's name and age: 'Dolores' called 'Lolo'—four,—and that the caravan had passed by here this morning on the road, going north. You see it was the poor creature's last wish, and the boy had been hours gone."

"Quite right! And what happened then?"

"Well then, sir, the poor woman had never been baptized, and the priest talked to her a little while, and she seemed soothed like; and he put his own crucifix in her hand. And then he came to me and asked me to bring water, and to be quick. So I ran and fetched it, and he baptized her. I saw the water trickling down her forehead all the time he said the words; and I caught it in the towel below. And then she kissed the crucifix, and she said something in Rommany, looking at the Figure and not at us; and and I saw a tear in the hollow of her eye.

I think she was talking to the Saviour in Rommany. And then the tear dropped down, and her head fell over on one side, and went down on the pillow as if she was asleep. And that was all."

Uncle Jerome said nothing. His head was a little bowed, and his hands were veiling his face. The world is full of wonderful instances of the ways of the divine goodness—beautiful revelations of the generosity of God. Some time or other, we all hear of such examples, touching and tender; and we can only do as Uncle Jerome did, and bow our heads in thanksgiving. To him this new instance was an overwhelming joy. Here he thought, was this poor woman at the end of a vagrant life, without light and without law, very likely most of her time in bad surroundings; and she had made a dying effort for the soul of a child, not dreaming what was going to happen to herself. And the reward had come swiftly and beyond all expectation.

After a while, Uncle Jerome turned to the nurse and said: "Well done!" and for a moment clasped her hand. "Now, may I have this paper to keep? And what about this lad?" Tom was standing as still as a statue, with downcast eyes. "Come back with me." Uncle Jerome put a hand on his shoulder. "You shall have work at Beechwood. You are fond of horses. Now, I've got stables. Come back with me!"

It was useless for Uncle Jerome to ask him. He began twisting his cap in his hands, and looked up with no sparkle in his eyes. No, he said, he could never sleep under a roof. Thanks all the same!

"Well, the roof is always there for you, Tom," Uncle Jerome said, with his hand still on the lad's shoulder. "Whenever you want to come to me, my door shall open to you. You know where to find work and food and pay, and a garden—and horses."

"Thank you, sir! No: I couldn't live but in the Rommany way."



"Well, my boy" (Uncle Jerome drew him aside and put a gold coin in his hand), "take this. It will provide for you for a little while." He thought it unkind to say, "It will keep you from wanting to steal hens"; but that—he couldn't help it—was in Uncle Jerome's mind.

"Could you give me the change in siller, please, sir?" said the boy. "I could never change this. I'd have the *prastermengro* after me. I would, sir; even if I went *prastering* along, he'd *praster* after me."

When Uncle Jerome questioned him again, it became clear that *prastering* was running; and the man who ran after one was the *prastermengro*, otherwise the policeman.

"What a pity you won't come and work for me!" the master of Beechwood said, exchanging silver for the gold. "My little boy would enjoy those long words so much!" He took a postcard from his pocket-book. "Here is a card addressed to me, and stamped. You are to go and find the camp, and just put that in the post-box at the nearest town. The postmark will show me all I want to know. You can trust me: no harm will come to any of your people. Can I trust you now to do that for me?"

The lad promised eagerly, and then they parted. On Saturday evening, by the last post, the card came with the clear postmark of a midland town.

"Good lad!" said Uncle Jerome. "Now I have only to go and bring away Miss Lolo,—we don't know what her other name is. Dick! Dick! Where are you? I am going on a little journey by train on Monday, and I shall bring Lolo home to you and Mrs. Bonny."

(To be continued.)

THE most ancient sort of charta (or paper) was of the inner bark of trees, called *liber* in Latin, whence a book had the name of *liber*. The term *leaf* was first applied to paper from leaves, especially of palms; which shows why we speak of the leaf of a book.

About Proverbs.

The lexicographers, or dictionary-makers, define "proverb" as a short, pithy sentence, expressing a well-known truth, or a fact ascertained by experience or observation; a popular saying which briefly and forcibly expresses some practical precept; an adage; a wise saw.

As for the origin of proverbs, perhaps the best explanation is afforded by the statement of Lord John Russell, that a proverb is "one man's wit and all men's wisdom"; or, as it is more commonly quoted, "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." A truth perceived by all men suddenly finds apt and striking expression in the words of one individual, and its happy phrasing causes its adoption far and wide. In this sense, indeed, a proverb may well be characterized in the same terms in which Alexander Pope defines "wit":

True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well
expressed.

The era of proverb-making among any people is the era of their folklore and folk-songs. That is why a number of the best proverbs show not only alliteration but rhythmic form and sometimes rhyme itself, as in the following:

Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.

I know good doctors three—
Diet, Quiet, and Merryman;
They give their potions free,—
Find better if you can.

If a good name you would bear,
Keep your word; you need not swear.

As spry as an elf,
A saying of old;
I'll conquer myself,
A motto of gold.

If peace and quiet you would have,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where.

Eight hours for sleep allow,
For working, seven;
Nine more remain to you,—
Give some to Heaven.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An index to the works of Cardinal Newman, by Fr. John Rickaby, S. J., is a most welcome announcement by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

—It is to be hoped that the new edition of Father Faber's books is a revised one and that the indexing of them has been improved. The text calls for slight revision in some places, and we have found the index of certain of the volumes quite unsatisfactory.

—An excellent five cents' worth of reading for Catholics young and old is contained in a pamphlet of 48 pages, issued by the International Catholic Truth Society: "A Simple Confirmation Book," by Mother Mary Loyola. Simplicity of style and thoroughness of explanation are the notes that commend it to general use.

—Sir Edward Sullivan's reproduction and description of "The Book of the Kells" ("The Studio") is a unique volume and a rarely beautiful though inexpensive one. The original manuscript, the work of Irish monks, is supposed to have been begun early in the eighth century, and, as every one knows, is among the most beautiful in the world.

—"The Shadow of Peter," a 16mo of 116 pages, by Herbert E. Hall, M. A. (P. J. Kenedy & Sons), is an Anglican convert's vindication of his action in entering the true Church. Among the more interesting chapters are "The Petrine Claims," and "St. Peter's Connection with Rome." A scholarly piece of work, which deserves, though we are sorry to notice it lacks, episcopal approbation.

—Alice and W. H. Milligan, the authors of "Sons of Sea Kings," state that this latest of their works is based on the old sagas, but do not indicate the degree of that dependence. Spiritually, that dependence is very great; that is, the moral atmosphere and religious point of view are entirely pre-Christian, though not unhealthily pagan. The literal dependence is only general, the original stories being followed in broad outline. Thus the student and the general reader alike will find this lengthy narrative—four hundred large pages—unusually interesting. All the stirring elements of Old English epic are there, and brought very vividly home to our time. There is in the style, which is of necessity prevailingly modern, sufficient flavor of our early tongue to aid in keeping up the illusion that one is moving among the brave men of old. As collateral reading for the

student of Old English or early Irish literature and history, this tale will be profitable in its illuminations, and for all readers of fiction it should prove tonically beneficial. Published by M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.

—"Vocations," by the Rev. William Doyle, S. J., is a brochure of 42 pages, one of the "Irish Messenger" series. A thoroughly lucid, common-sense exposition of Catholic doctrine on a subject of perennial interest, it deserves the widest possible circulation.

—"The Black Cardinal" is the title of a new historical novel by John Talbot Smith, just issued by the Champlain Press. It is almost sure to have a wide circulation, being of exceptional interest and charm, and will doubtless secure many new readers for the author's other books.

—While there is much in "The Culture of Ancient Israel" to which a Catholic reader can not assent, there is also a good deal that will interest and even edify him. The book,—a 12mo. of 167 pages—is by Carl Heinrich Cornill, Professor in the University of Halle, and is published by the Open Court Co., London and Chicago. Orders should be sent direct to the publishers.

—In "The Waters of Twilight" Father C. C. Martindale, S. J., has produced another volume of stories as charming as his previous work, "In God's Nursery." The contents of the present book appeared originally in the *Month*. The aim of these stories seems to be to disclose the interpenetration of the spiritual world with ours,—the spiritual world in the purest sense and on its highest plane. To this end, Father Martindale creates certain characters in whose experience and whose reflection this contact is realized. As incidents, their experience is very slight, the events of a motor journey on the Continent and in Algiers; but their reflection, their interpretation, their vision,—ay, there's the book. The language in which they give voice to thought embodies the thought with what substantialness it may; and if full adequacy of expression be not had, or seem not present, we lay it to the elusiveness of the matter. Indeed, it is a dim region to which we are introduced, a borderland through which the "waters of twilight" flow. Many there are who will not be at ease here, but who shall say that the author is to blame? He does his best throughout to create the sympathy needed to meet his suggestiveness. The feature of the

volume is the character of "Dolly." Not the author, but God must have created him. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers, London and New York.

—The more one sees of the publications of the London Catholic Truth Society, the more one is inclined to agree with the tribute recently paid to it by Cardinal Gasquet,—that he knows no organization better worthy of support. A glance at two of the Society's latest books, "Some Aspects of Anglicanism" and "Catholic Social Guild Pamphlets," is sufficient to enable one to judge of the eminent timeliness and practicality that characterize its literary output. While the former work is of course intended for English rather than American readers, it will be found interesting by all; and the Social Guild pamphlets (of which the present volume forms the third series) hold a message of universal application. The titles of the different essays—"Christianity and Woman's Rights"; "Modern Problems and Catholic Principles"; "Christian Womanhood"; "Practical Social Reform"; "The Question of the Feeble-Minded"; "The Living Wage"; "The Things that Are Cæsar's," and "Trade Unionism"; and the names of their authors: Fathers Keating, S. J., McNabb, O. P., Wright, and Ryan, the Bishop of Northampton, George Milligan, Mrs. Philip Gibbs, and Henry Somerville—constitute an attraction that should prove irresistible to all who are in any degree interested in the social questions of the day.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Shadow of Peter." Herbert E. Hall, M. A. 70 cts.

"Sons of the Sea Kings." Alice and W. H. Milligan. \$1.50.

"The Waters of Twilight." Fr. C. C. Martin-dale, S. J. \$1.20.

"A Rosary of Song." Brian O'Higgins. 2s. 6d.

"Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. 35 cts.

"Supernatural Merit." Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M. 15 cts.

"Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.80.

"Richard of Wyche." Sister Mary Reginald Capes. \$1.50.

"Cedar Chips." Canon Sheehan. \$1.50.

"Selections from Parerga." A Sister of Mercy. 50 cts.

"Watching an Hour." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 75 cts.

"Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet." John Thomson. 90 cts.

"A Little Book of Well-Known Toys." Jenness M. Braden. 45 cts.

"Ballads of Childhood." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.

"The Theory and Practice of the Catechism." Gatterer-Krus. \$1.75.

"What Shall I Be?" Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J. Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.

"Blessed are Ye!" Père Paul Donceur, S. J. 60 cts.

"Heroes of the Dawn." Violet Russell. \$1.75.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. James Cronin, of the diocese of Wichita; Rev. Charles Donahue, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Augustine McInerney, C. SS. R.

Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C.

Mother M. Stanislaus, of the Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration; Sister M. Clotilda, Sisters of the I. H. M.; Mother Bernardina, Sisters of St. Francis; Mother M. de Chantal, and Mother M. Teresa, Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Justina, Order of the Visitation; Sister Mary Teresa, Sisters of St. Benedict; and Sister M. Gertrude, Sisters of St. Ann.

Mr. Henry C. Granger, Mrs. Margaret Richardson, Mr. Thomas Connolly, Mr. Charles Smith, Mrs. James Cone, Anna B. Wallace, Mr. James Toner, Mrs. Margaret Henry, Mr. John Dowdall, Miss Margaret Smyth, Mr. Arthur Judge, Mr. Lucas Siemer and Mr. Charles Marko.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese Missions:

Mr. McS., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 15, 1914.

NO. 7

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When Loosed from Earthly Chain.

FROM THE ITALIAN, BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

MY soul such pleasure oft in sleep receives,
That death begins to seem a pleasant thing;
Nor to be armed, perhaps, with such a sting
As, brooding o'er, the faint heart grieves.
For if the mind alone sees, hears, believes,
While every limb is dead and languishing,
And greatest pleasure to herself can bring
When least the body feels and least achieves;
Well may the hope be cherished that when quite
Loosed from the burthen of her earthly chain
She hears and sees, and knows her true delight.
Rejoice then, troubled spirit, though in pain;
If thou canst take e'en here so sweet a flight,
What wilt thou in thy native seats again!

The Church's Belief in the Assumption.

THE Holy Ghost has declared by the mouth of St. Paul that the Church is the pillar and ground of truth.* Her doctrinal power does not grow old nor does it develop; considered as power, it was, the day after Our Lord's Ascension, what it is to-day—we are not speaking of the special prerogatives of the Apostles,—and it is to-day what it will be to the end of time, no more, and no less.

And, in the exercise of this power—in this magisterium, as theologians call it,—she not only does not but can not err, because of the assistance which

God has promised her: "Going therefore teach ye all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."† It is absolute infallibility, the impossibility of deception assured to the Church by the Lord's efficacious and indefectible assistance in virtue of this divine promise, as often as she speaks to propose to the belief of the faithful the revelation made of old and confided to her care, whether to interpret its veritable meaning, or to defend it, either in itself or in the truths flowing therefrom or attached thereto. God could not expose to the danger of loss or change the deposit of His own teaching, and hence Christ instituted a teaching hierarchy that preserves and infallibly explains revelation.‡

The question, When does the Church speak as guardian and interpreter of the revealed truth? calls for a twofold answer, because one must determine the object of infallibility or the matter of this certain teaching, and indicate in a concrete manner the subject of infallibility, or state what authority in the Church possesses this privilege, and in what circumstances it is exercised. The first answer is supplied in the *schema* of the dogmatic constitution *De ecclesia Christi*, of the Vatican Council: "We teach that the object of infallibility is co-extensive with the deposit of faith, and with all that is demanded by the duty of preserving it

* St. Matt., xxviii, 19, 20.

† "La Doctrine de L'Assomption de la T. S. Vierge," par Dom Paul Ranaudon, Paris: P. Téqui. 1913.

* I. Timothy, iii, 15.

intact. Thus the infallibility with which the Church of Christ is dowered comprises in its domain all the revealed Word of God, and all that which, without being in itself revealed, is nevertheless necessary to preserve the revelation, to set it forth and explain it in a sure and definitive manner, and to affirm it and effectively defend it against human errors and the contradictions of false science."

As for the subject of infallibility—that is, him or those whom our Divine Lord has established as doctors of the faithful,—it is double: the Sovereign Pontiff, visible Head of the Church and the Episcopal body in union with the Pope, whether these bishops be scattered over the world or gathered together in an ecumenical council. If it be asked in just what circumstances the Pope and the episcopal body are infallible, the answer is that they are so whenever they propose, explain, or defend supernatural doctrine in virtue of the doctrinal authority proper to their character. There are only two things, therefore, to consider: the subject-matter of their teaching, and the character they assume as teachers; the first is easy to recognize, as is also the second, provided one does not ignore the different ways in which the Church expresses herself. The Pope is infallible when he speaks to the whole Church as universal Doctor, Judge, and Chief; the bishops enjoy the same privilege inasmuch as they form a single teaching body united to the Pope. Pope and bishops are infallible when they serve as organs of the ordinary magisterium of the Church, whether by themselves, or by the unanimous and constant agreement of theologians to whom they have given, under the supervision of pastors, the mission or the permission to teach.

It follows that a Catholic is bound by a grave obligation to accept every speculative or moral doctrine proposed by the authority of the Church, whatever be her form of teaching: by the direct method, as in dogmatic definitions, doc-

trinal judgments, pontifical encyclicals, decisions of ecumenical councils, and the preaching of pastors; or by the indirect method, as in dogmatic sentences and condemnations, discipline, and liturgy; or even by a tacit method, as when she presents to us other truths in an express way, or indicates to us certain monuments as the rule of our belief and allows us to regard them as the expression of her thought.

Thus far we have spoken of active infallibility which is proper to the teaching power and guarantees to us the absolute certitude of every Catholic doctrine. There is another infallibility which is called passive, and which resides in the Church taught. It depends on the first, and co-exists with it in every period of Christianity. In other words, to the infallible teaching of authority there corresponds on the part of the faithful an adhesion to truths absolutely certain; it is the relation of effect to cause. When, indeed, one takes account of the unanimous belief of the faithful, it must be held as true in virtue of the promises of Christ, and we deduce therefrom the existence of its cause; for God will never permit pastors to teach, or, consequently, the faithful to accept, a doctrine contrary to revelation. And let it be noted that the testimony of the Church taught, like the word of the Church teaching, has the same value in every age, because it has the same guarantee until the consummation of the world.

According to the principles which we have been recalling, two questions now present themselves in connection with our subject: Is the belief in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin authentically taught in the Church? Or is it simply universally received in the Church? In case of an affirmative answer to either question, this belief compels the assent of all the faithful, and knowingly to reject it would be to commit a grievous fault.

The conviction of the faithful, being the echo of the words of doctrinal author-

ity, assuredly shows us the instruction, the teaching given by the pastors. No Catholic worthy of the name doubts for a moment that the privilege of resurrection was accorded to Mary, or that she is present, body and soul, in heaven. The ordinary faithful believe this as a matter of course. To their minds there is no question about it; and whoever should suggest doubts concerning the matter would both give scandal and provoke lively protestations. This general belief of Catholics is obvious. To demonstrate it, one has only to listen to the humblest child of the Church giving testimony of his faith in the glorious mystery which so fittingly completes the prerogatives of Our Lady. If written proof be needed, it is furnished superabundantly and indisputably by numerous works written even by laymen. It may be fearlessly asserted that, as to the reality of the Assumption, there is, in the Church taught, unanimity of belief; and, because of passive infallibility which preserves the body of the faithful from error the belief is certain by virtue of Our Lord's promise; to reject it would be to break away from doctrinal unity.

But can we not know in a precise way the doctrinal rule itself on which this belief of Catholic people is based? Is there not an authentic proposal of this doctrine, made by the Church in obligatory fashion? Yes, and in three different ways: by preaching,—that is, by living oral tradition; by the liturgy; and by the teaching of the Fathers and theologians. To phrase it otherwise, the Church, by her ordinary magisterium exercised either explicitly, or implicitly, or even tacitly, professes her belief in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin; and if she professes it, she does so infallibly, and nobody can contradict her.

True, there exists no solemn declaration, no dogmatic definition, no decision of the teaching power of Sovereign Pontiff or ecumenical council, which imposes on us belief in the Assumption. The Church,

nevertheless, teaches it explicitly in the ordinary preaching of pastors whose unanimous testimony is easily ascertained every year on the feast of August 15. Whether the bishops themselves preach, or choose representatives for the function, matters little; for the inferior ministers receiving a portion of doctrinal authority are only the instruments of the episcopal body, and teach in place of, and in the name of, all the bishops. If Mary was not present, body and soul, in heaven, the Church would not teach us the existence of this privilege by one of the most important organs of her ordinary magisterium; she would not tolerate in the pulpit, or in the books or mouths of her auxiliaries, even of the laity, an assertion reiterated unanimously for so many centuries, if the assertion were an error.

This direct way, preaching, is not the only one by which the Church teaches the faithful the doctrine of the Assumption; that is, the resurrection and the glorious life of the Blessed Virgin's body reunited to her holy soul. Her liturgy offers us authentic testimony of her belief in this august prerogative of the Mother of God; and nobody can deny the value of this implicit teaching which indeed constitutes a law for all Christians. The Church could not introduce into her solemn prayers anything not conformable to the rules of faith and morals, nor establish upon error the pure and holy worship she renders to God; there, as everywhere, her conduct demonstrates the truth, by an express proposition or by supposition, according to the dictum of St. Thomas that the honor paid to the saints is a veritable profession of faith.

It will, of course, be understood that the infallibility exercised by means of the liturgy has for object only doctrine and morals, to the exclusion of purely historical events that have no connection with faith and the practice of the Christian life. As a matter of fact, the Church occasionally corrects in the lessons of her offices biographical details recognized as

inexact, without any contradiction of her prerogative of infallibility. She reported these different points, not in virtue of her own authority, but on testimony which she believed sufficient, but which in reality was not so. But what she will never suppress, are the solemnities destined to honor the saints and the blessed, because she can not be deceived as to their presence in heaven.

Now, the Church celebrates, on August 15, the feast of the Assumption by which she means to honor the triumphal entry into heaven and the presence there, body and soul, of the risen Virgin. For such is clearly the sense of the praises which she addresses to Our Lady on the festival and during its Octave; the text of the office and the name *Assumption* are conclusive proofs thereof. As Benedict XIV. puts it: "If the Church not only celebrates on August 15 and the following days the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin into heaven, but causes the homilies of St. John Damascene and St. Bernard to be read to the faithful, no one may doubt her authority and her teaching."

We read, indeed, in the second nocturn of the feast itself, the second homily of St. John Damascene on the dormition of Mary, wherein is found this express affirmation of Our Lady's privilege: "To-day the holy Ark of the living God, who received her Creator in her bosom, is placed in the Lord's temple which the hand of man has not raised. . . . How could death swallow up this Most Blessed Virgin? How could the lower regions become her dwelling? How could corruption take possession of this body in which Life itself was received?" And on the fifth day of the Octave the office quotes from St. Bernard these words, which would be meaningless if the Mother of God had to undergo the corruption of the tomb and await the general resurrection: "Sweet were the kisses which the Mother pressed upon the Infant's lips when Mary smiled upon Him lying on her virginal breast! But how much sweeter must we

not believe the kisses she received on this day of thrice blessed greeting from the mouth of Him who sits at the right hand of the Father, when she took possession of her throne of glory!"

It is nothing to the purpose to object that both St. John Damascene and St. Bernard admit in their sermons apocryphal details, points impossible of proof, or even inexact, which the Church in no way intends to sanction. For, extraneous to the double fact of Our Lady's resurrection, and her presence body and soul in heaven—that is to say, quite distinct from what may be called the substance of the Assumption, and deprived moreover of the dogmatic character—they belong to the category of purely historical incidents upon which criticism may employ itself. Their proven falsity would not, therefore, falsify or disprove the Assumption, about which they have grouped themselves more or less legitimately. If, some day, their inexactness should be clearly demonstrated, the Church could eliminate from her liturgical offices the mention of these legendary details because they have no necessary connection with dogma or morals, and belong solely to history. Not so with the resurrection of the Blessed Virgin, which constitutes a doctrinal object, and is connected by intimate and essential relations with many truths of faith. Those who view that resurrection as a mere question of history deceive themselves; and we have the right to affirm that on this point their theology is defective.

It must be remembered here that, in doctrinal questions, the dogmatic authority of the written monuments of tradition depends especially on the use made of them by the Church. Their authenticity may be doubtful or null; they are, notwithstanding, truthful witnesses of the doctrine of the Church, which, by the place she gives them in her liturgy or elsewhere, proclaims that she finds in them a faithful echo of her thought. To talk, therefore, of St. John Damascene's and St. Bernard's

speaking in accordance with a legend of which no written traces can be found in the first centuries of Christianity, is to confound theology with history.

The concept which we determine by the name Assumption—that is, the resurrection of Mary and her presence, body and soul, in heaven—is a doctrinal matter, absolutely distinct from the circumstances, true or false, reported to us in works authentic or otherwise, and more or less early or late. And since it is a doctrinal matter, if the Church teaches us about it, even implicitly, she speaks infallibly, and no one can make her teaching dependent on the more or less problematic authenticity of historical relations or recitals. The question as to the fact itself of the Assumption, in the sense indicated above, the only fact about which we are concerned is, first of all, a question of theology.

The Church teaches the doctrine of the resurrection of the Blessed Virgin not only in the lessons of her liturgy, but in the very name which she gives to the feast of August 15, and which should necessarily agree with the sense of the ecclesiastical prayers. Words, in fact, represent things by the mediation of the idea, and hence they harmonize with the thing signified only in that measure in which the intelligence has already conceived them. "Words represent ideas," says St. Thomas, "and ideas represent things. And so it is evident that words represent things by means of the idea." The idea of the Assumption accordingly existed before this word was used to express it. It is the official name, reserved especially for this one solemnity of the glorious triumph of Mary. If it indicates nothing peculiar to Our Lady, if it does not signify her resurrection, why should not the Church give the same name to festivals of other saints who, as far as their souls are concerned, likewise enjoy celestial happiness?

Having spoken of preaching and the liturgy, we have further to consult another

organ of the Church's ordinary magisterium, to whose authority every Catholic should conform his own sentiments: the writings of the Fathers and of theologians. It will suffice to point out the striking unanimity with which the Greek and Latin Fathers, the theologians of the Middle Ages and of modern times, Scholastics, and others, affirm that God accorded the privilege of resurrection and the glorified life to the most pure body of Mary which had been the dwelling-place of the Incarnate Word. There are sufficient indications of belief in the Assumption in writings of some of the Fathers before the Council of Ephesus (431); but we shall mention here only explicit testimony in favor of our mystery.

The first that offers itself comes from the West. It is that of St. Gregory of Tours (593) in his book *De gloria martyrum*: "The Lord caused the most holy body of the Virgin to be borne to heaven, where, reunited to her soul, it now enjoys endless happiness. . . . Mary, the glorious Mother of Christ, was carried to heaven under the guidance of the Lord and amid the joyous hymns of angelic choirs." About the same period, St. Modestus, patriarch of Jerusalem, preached the same doctrine in the East. In his sermon on the Dormition of the Mother of God, he says: "Hail, most Holy Mother of God, Jesus wished to have you in His Kingdom with your body clad with incorruptibility! . . . The most glorious Mother of Christ, our God and Saviour, who gives life and immortality, was raised to glorified life by her Son, and forever possesses incorruptibility with Him who called her from the tomb."

In the eighth century the same declaration was made by St. Andrew, metropolitan of Crete; St. Germain, patriarch of Constantinople; St. John Damascene, and Cosmas the Hierosolymite; in the ninth century by St. Theodore Studite and St. Joseph the Hymnographer, and in the tenth by Simeon Metaphrastes; while in the Latin Church the different

liturgical books, sacramentaries, and missals, of the Roman as well as the Gallican and Mozarabic rite, express the fact of the Assumption in the most formal terms.

To mention only a few upholders of the doctrine in the succeeding centuries, we have St. Peter Damian, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, Richard de St. Victor, St. Thomas Aquinas, Blessed Albert the Great, St. Bonaventure, Gerson, St. Bernardine of Siena, St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Thomas of Villanova, St. Francis of Sales, Suárez, Baronius, Cardinal Bellarmin, De Lugo, Bossuet, Billuart, De Vega, and Benedict XIV. In a word, it is the whole series of Catholic theologians that testify in favor of the doctrine of the Assumption; and as we know that their consensus is, of itself, a proof of the truth or the falsehood of a proposition, we must conclude, from this viewpoint also, that the privilege of Our Lady is certain.

The majority of theologians qualify as *rash* or *erroneous* the opinion that disputes or questions this glorious prerogative of Mary. "A rash proposition," says De Lugo, "is, according to theologians, one that is opposed to the common sentiment of the Fathers, or that contradicts without sufficient reason the teaching of the theologians. Such would be the assertion that the Blessed Virgin was not taken up body and soul into heaven." "He who should deny," says Gotti, "that the Blessed Virgin was taken up bodily into heaven would be bordering on heresy; for he would thus show his conviction that the universal Church honors Our Lady under a false title."

To conclude, we are justified in saying that the opinion of those who deny the presence of the body of Mary in heaven is *rash* as opposed to a doctrine that is certain, *false* as contradicting a theological truth, and *near to heresy* as contrary to the general conviction and the authentic teaching of the Church; to adopt such an opinion is to become guilty of a grievous fault.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

III.

WHEN Romey woke, he thought he had been asleep only for an hour; but a square of grey light opposite his bed made him realize that the night was sped and a new day come. He had slept the dreamless sleep induced by healthy weariness; and now sprang to his feet, wide-awake, and ran across to look out of the window, which he had not even noticed the evening before. He might have saved himself the trouble; for, as far as any view of the outside world was in question, the little square of glass might have been a square of linen. Opaque whiteness, with movement in it, as the thick flying flakes piled against the pane, and a queer indwelling light of its own, as snow always has, but no glimpse of anything beyond. Impatiently, Romey turned and flung open the door and put his head out. Yes: from there he could see a few ghosts of shrouded pines, their broad foliage holding the snow like outspread hands that every now and then sank beneath the burden, shed it noiselessly, and then swung back into place and spread themselves out for more.

Romey stared for a moment in dismay. Then he threw back his head and laughed as he apostrophized the snow.

"Go ahead, old lady!" he told it. "You think I'm a tenderfoot, and you can make me believe you've come to stay! Not much! I've seen October snowstorms before now. If you lie two days, you'll be doing well, and I can hold out for a fortnight. Call again! I'm going to cook my breakfast."

With that he closed the door, and set about building a fire and making some coffee; using the snow for water instead of going to look for the spring, which must be somewhere at hand, to account

for the site having been selected for a dwelling.

But as the day went on and the storm showed no signs of abating, his gay spirits gave way to a certain depression. Nothing seemed alive except that muffling, ever-falling veil; and several times he made his way to the shed at the rear of the house simply to seek the companionship of the horses who, for their part, appeared perfectly contented to put in a day doing nothing.

"I didn't know a day could have so many hours," Romey told himself ruefully, when, having cleared up the remains of his scanty midday meal, he sat down by the stove and prepared to have a smoke. "Only one o'clock!" he glanced at his heavy old silver watch. "Oh, shucks! I know it's more than that! And here I am till to-morrow, anyway,—perhaps longer,—without anything to do except keep up the fire and—hullo, there's a cupboard!"

It was indeed a small cupboard let into the wall, which divided the cabin from the shed at the back. Romey walked across and stared at it.

"I wonder now," he said to himself, "whether there's such a thing as a book inside there that I could read? That would help out some! But"—he paused, pondering, "maybe they wouldn't like to have the first stranger that comes along rummaging round 'mong their things." He turned and looked about the little room as if asking for advice. Then: "Oh, hang it all!" he exclaimed; "they didn't lock the door. And if that doesn't say, 'Make yourself at home,' I don't know what does! I'll risk it, anyway!" And he pulled at the rough knob that kept the panel in place.

It gave with a creak, disclosing a couple of shelves filled with newspapers and a few books tidily piled in one corner. They did not look attractive. Romey sampled them doubtfully. "History of the Church," "The Life of St. Francis de Sales," and a dozen or so of "Baltimore

Catechisms" promised little in the way of entertainment to his young and quite untrained mind. So he pulled out some of the papers, and was soon reading—too absorbed even to sit down—some wonderfully direct and practical articles on the topics of the day. With these he was fairly familiar; for every Western farmer has his views on Federal and State politics, on railways and corporations, however indifferent he may be as to questions that should in justice touch him far more closely,—such as those of education and improved methods of agriculture, for instance.

Romey read on for some time, one paper in his hand and a sheaf of others under his arm; then some quick movement caused the latter to fall to the ground, and they flew in all directions over the cabin floor. He picked them up with a laugh at his own carelessness, and, bringing them to the table, sat down to compare his own opinions with those of the editor of *North West Progress*; and was surprised to find that they coincided so far as to make him feel warmly grateful to the man who could say so well some of the things that had, as he would have put it, "been in the back of his head" for years, but which he himself was quite unable to express.

Night had come again, still, but pitchy dark overhead. The storm had ceased, and the only sound was the soft thud of snow slipping now and again from some overloaded branch. Romey had given up reading when the daylight finally failed; and, after seeing to the horses and eating his supper of bread and cheese and coffee, had fallen asleep with his head on the table, just as he was thinking he might as well go to bed.

He had slept for nearly an hour when he suddenly raised his head and listened, alertly wide-awake. Then he sprang to his feet, and went to the door and opened it. Yes, those were voices: some one calling down there among the trees, and some one farther off answering. Now the cracking

of branches and the jingle of a bit could be distinctly heard on the level below where he was standing. A moment or two later a dark figure emerged a few yards away from him and halted, with an exclamation of surprise.

"Hullo!" said a pleasant voice. "Visitors? Is that you, George?"

"I'm not George, I'm afraid," Romey replied, stepping out unwarily and sinking nearly knee-deep in snow. "Guess I've been making free with your cabin. Hope there's no offence!"

"Oh, that's it!"—the newcomer approached in plunges through the drift. "You're welcome, whoever you are. I thought I saw a light a minute ago." Then he turned and called back into the darkness: "Come on, Wally! The fire's lighted, and we'll thaw out and have something to eat before you know it. We have had a long day," he explained to Romey, as he reached the doorstep; "and the boy is tired out. Well, this is fine!" He entered the cabin and came close to the stove, rubbing his hands. "Very kind of you to have everything in shape for us! When did you blow in? Travelled far?"

The man spoke with a slight foreign accent that sounded curious enough combined with the fluent vernacular of his phrases. He was young still, though a good deal older than his surprised guest; not tall, but strongly built, with radiant blue eyes, dark hair, and a big mouth that suggested kindly laughter. Altogether, a pleasant, friendly-looking person; but with something behind and beyond all that,—something that hung around him like a mantle of power and dignity that imposed instant respect.

"Quite a bit," Romey replied. "I was trying to get down to the country beyond here, and was mighty glad to stumble onto your place, wandering round in the dark last night. The storm was coming on, and I should have had a bad time in the open."

"You would indeed," said the other.

"It is just a warning of what will come later—*this* snow won't lie, but the next will. Ah! here's Wally,—" as some one was heard stamping the snow off his feet on the step outside. "Come in and get warm, Wally! I'll see to the horses."

A lad entered shyly. There was little of his face to be seen between the pulled-down cap and the turned-up collar as he stood just within the door.

"Ain't no call for you to do that, Father," he said, huskily. "'Took 'em round already,—there's some other critters there; but I guess there's room for the lot. Hullo!"

Romey had come forward apologetically.

"I can stake mine somewhere else" (he addressed himself to the older man). "I had clean forgotten about the horses. Say, sir, you must think I've been pretty fresh. I'll go right out with your son and make things right."

"They are all right as they are, my friend," was the reply. "And you're going to pay us back by giving us some of that coffee you've got on the stove. Shut the door, Wally, and come and get your boots off."

Romey had sprung to obey; and, while he was piling more sticks on the fire, he watched out of the corner of his eye how the elder stranger helped the boy out of his coat, dried the snow from his neck with his own pocket-handkerchief, and then began rubbing the lad's blue fingers with his own, which looked warm and white, for all that they were distinctly muscular.

The coffee was steaming now, and Romey set his one tin pannikin beside the pot on the table.

"I've only one cup," he said, with the touch of courtliness which sat so quaintly on one who was to all appearances just a son of the soil. "Guess you and your son won't mind sharing it?"

"We've done that pretty often before; haven't we, Wally? Here!"—the man filled the little cup and held it out to the boy. "And as to being my son,—well,

he is, in a way, spiritually, you see: I've got quite a family of them down in Trenton; but this youngster won't stay behind when I travel, so I have to pack him along wherever I go."

"You bet, Father!" The boy looked up over the brim of the cup. "Can't lose me,—that's a cinch! Like to see you try!"

"You get fresh, Wally, and you'll see what I can do! Here, you young ogre, it's my turn!"

They both laughed, and Romey looked from one to the other, puzzled. Who were they? Well, it was really no affair of his; he had not been asked a single question about his own identity, and none would be asked, he knew. Western ethics forbade that. He pulled out his little stock of provisions and laid them before his hosts; and then, reaching for his cap, slipped round to the shed to have a look at the horses.

They were packed away fairly comfortably, his own having been left in the two rough stalls; and those of the cabin owner tethered at the opposite end, as he saw by the light of a match which he struck and then carefully extinguished. The night was less cold than it had been an hour before. There was a whisper among the trees and a warmer breath on Romey's cheek. From far off on the Pacific the "Chinook" was rising, to creep in among the hills,—the soft, strange wind that comes unannounced, but with such gentle power, to melt a week's snow between sunset and sunrise.

There was a pleasure and a promise in the air now, and Romey lingered by a fence post to smoke a cigarette before returning to the cabin. When he re-entered, there was only one figure sitting by the table, and a motionless bundle under rugs and overcoats in one of the bunks showed that the boy had gone to bed. Romey approached softly, and the man by the table looked up with a smile.

"Oh, you need not be afraid of waking Wally," he said. "He's quite safe till

to-morrow morning. If you are making for Trenton, we might all go on together. What do you say?"

"I should be only too glad," Romey replied. "The truth is, I've come up to locate on a homestead if I can find one; and I don't know the country or the people,—not a little bit! Maybe you wouldn't mind putting me wise to anything that's likely to be in my line?" He felt he could speak frankly to this man, stranger though he was.

"Why, I believe I can," was the answer,—“or at least I can introduce you to a person who will. And if you think of settling in this country, it is quite important to fall into the right hands in that way. You have some experience of farming?"

In five minutes Romey found himself telling the stranger a number of things that he had spoken of to no one but the little sister at home; and, although the listener said little, his understanding glance and keen interest were like the finding of some long-lost friend to the lonely young man. He did not know how his own handsome young face lighted up as he spoke, how true was the ring of his voice and the enthusiasm in his dark eyes, now that he was sure of comprehension and sympathy.

When he ceased, the other leaned forward and said:

"You have told me enough to make me glad you are going to stay with us; and now I think I had better tell you something about myself. Do you know what this means?" (He touched his collar.) "I saw you looking at it once or twice, but you were too polite to ask questions. Well, it means that I am a Catholic priest, and this cabin means that I have a flock scattered over such a wide district that most of my time is spent in travelling round to visit it. My name is Mortier,—very much at your service, if you are not afraid of making friends with a priest. Some people are, you know."

"I never met one before," Romey replied, with a slight hesitation in his voice, while a look of suspicion came into his eyes. There is room even in the most creedless circles for hatred and slander of the Church.

The Father sighed. "And you never wished to, eh?" he rejoined. "Oh, I know! I am not taking offence. I should find time for little else if I did,—there are so many of you, good, kind, honest people, who would stand up for fair play in every other case between man and man, but who take for proved the abominable slanders that the sects pay their agents such high wages to circulate about Catholics. It is all in the day's work for us, Mr. Johnson. But may God have mercy on them when the time comes to pay them their real wages!"

Romey felt a sudden anger at being classed with the gullible fanatics of whom he had met plenty in the course of his short life.

"It is not true, sir," he said hotly,—
"I mean that I hate the Catholics and repeat ugly stories about them. I have never known any, and can not judge. You must make allowances for the kind of feeling one catches without knowing it from the folks around one. God knows I didn't agree with them in most things, and I haven't any particular reason for thinking they were right in this. I don't know the first thing about your Church, and — no offence, I hope — I don't want to. Seems to me there's enough for people to quarrel about in this world without scrapping over something nobody really knows anything about."

"Good logic, but for the wrong premiss!" laughed the priest. "You see, unfortunately for your argument, there is another world, and the Almighty has done two things: He has implanted the conviction of its existence in the human soul so strongly that it can never be quite stifled, though some people try hard enough; and He has given His Church the requisite knowledge and authority

for teaching them what they need to know about it. They can take the teaching or leave it,—that is their affair. But the Bible says, 'His Word shall not return to Him empty.' And if they refuse to hear it, they do so at their own risk. There! I've got to preach to-morrow, and I'll spare you any more sermon to-night, because it is time to go to bed. You take the bunk. I rather like the floor,—can't fall off it, you see!"

Half an hour later the priest was sleeping like a child; but Romey lay long awake, staring into the darkness. Could this wandering priest be right? Was there, after all, another world?

(To be continued.)

The Truth about the Late Archduke Francis-Ferdinand.

BY BEN HURST.

THE murdered heir to the Austro-Hungarian throne carried with him to the grave secrets of State as well as the secret of his own strong personality. We shall never know now the key to his self-imposed political mission. He had but one confidante, and she accompanied him beyond the bourne. The world was little acquainted with either of these commanding figures. Their private life was simple enough. No enigma, no shadow was here. Perfect love and the harmony that is inseparable from it reigned in the home that was designed by the Archduke Francis-Ferdinand as a background for his public activities. Never was man more devoted to duty, more daring in initiative, more punctilious in fulfilment of detail. As a worker and planner, he was unsurpassed. His dream of Empire may or may not have been unrealizable; but no son of Austria had in his generation done more for her prestige than this silent, toiling prince. Struck down by an assassin's hand before he had scope to build up what he had projected, posterity can but partly gauge the great-

ness of his rôle in her new destinies. Navy and army were objects of his earnest attention, but religion was always paramount.

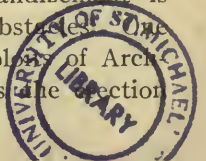
Many affected to believe that the Archduke's accession meant European war; and yet he was known to cherish a special devotion to the Prince of Peace, the Divine Infant of Prague. He was said to be a pronounced Germanophile, but he had chosen his wife among the Slavs. He was accused of being a Serbophobe, but the last words he spoke in public were in the Servian tongue, which he had acquired in order to please his future Serbo-Croat subjects.

He loathed compromise with conscience, backsliding in religion as in anything else. Such men as he can never be popular. The masses, who dearly love a rake when he is a prince (for faults and follies bring him nearer to themselves), were repelled by the austerity and generally high standards of their future monarch. His very love-match, which showed he refused blind adherence to monarchical codes, brought but a flashing wave of sympathy; for he kept his romance out of the lime light and concealed his happiness in the home. The true incidents of his love and courtship, which the world craved to know, were never allowed to transpire.

He offered to resign the succession to the throne rather than marry as dynastic tradition and imperial policy dictated. In Countess Sophia Chotek, the gentle lady-in-waiting of his cousins, daughters of Archduke Frederick, he saw a desirable partner, a true helpmeet in the strenuous career which awaited him. Her tact, foresight, fidelity to duty, cheerfulness, and piety won his admiration and love. The tests of delay and absence imposed by the Emperor only succeeded in riveting the Archduke to his decision. Neither he nor the charming object of his affection ever repented of it. "They loved in life, and in death they were not divided."

Archduke Francis-Ferdinand was born in Gratz in 1863. He was the eldest son of Emperor Francis-Joseph's brother, Charles-Louis, and there seemed no likelihood of his ever being called to the throne succession until the day of the Meyerling catastrophe, by which his cousin Rudolph met a mysterious death. Summoned thus suddenly to a vast responsibility, he promised the grief-stricken Emperor to devote himself henceforward to cares of empire, and to fit himself by assiduous study of home and foreign problems for competent direction of public affairs. But he did not relinquish his art culture, and continued to collect treasures of the past, while giving substantial patronage to the most elevated of modern forms. His castles of Ambras, in the Tyrol, and Konopischt, in Bohemia, are filled with priceless sculptures and paintings which it was his delight to install and classify. The fostering of young talent in music and in the drama was another of the lighter sides of a mind, currently believed to be altogether absorbed in the intricate game of international politics.

Conscious of the precarious position of Austria, hemmed on all sides by hostile neighbors, the Archduke set himself to the task of consolidation and resistance. In the endeavor to maintain its natural and rightful place for the Austrian element, he aroused the anger of Hungarians; while his project of reconciling the Serbo-Croat peoples to Hapsburg domination met with fierce opposition from internal and external chauvinistic factors. It is impossible for any just critic to blame the Archduke's action in concentrating, after ripe reflection, all his energies in the formation of a fleet to inspire respect abroad, and in the organization of a mighty military force to ensure obedience within. Experience showed him how vain is trust in even sworn allies when the passion for aggrandizement is not overawed by material obstacles. One of the most remarkable exploits of Archduke Francis-Ferdinand was the selection



of a line of defensive forts along Austria's Italian frontier. It is well known that he was more friendly disposed toward individual representatives of an open foe such as Russia, than toward those of the present Government of Rome. He never exchanged visits with the Princes of the House of Savoy.

The misfortune of the Archduke's life was that his subordinates did not share his high-souled devotedness to the State, and in carrying out his orders often besmirched a justifiable course of action by unworthy intrigues. He could not imbue others with his own principles, and had the chagrin of finding espionage among officers of his staff and corruption on the Bench, as well as treachery and insubordination among those nearest to him. But he refused to let discouragement slacken his efforts for the progress and unification of the Empire. He overcame his personal dislike to certain statesmen because he thought their activities were useful to the community at large. On the other hand, he turned relentlessly from an adviser who had once deceived him, and never again admitted him to confidence. The Archduke could not get all his knowledge at first-hand, but woe betide the false informants who led him astray! His opposition to the modern craze for leniency in dealing with criminals not unfrequently brought him into sharp conflict with more than one Cabinet Minister, intent on winning a cheap popularity by advocating the commutation of richly-deserved sentences.

Although the Archduke was not a familiar figure in the capital, whence he absented himself in order to avoid troubles of court precedence due to his wife'smorganatic rank, the citizens of Vienna were never at a loss to divine his attitude and opinion on events of the day. If his hand was full of mercy in cases of accident and misfortune, his judgment as a moralist was inflexible. Throughout the length and breadth of the land he was preparing to govern, there was nobody who

denied him the title of "a just man."

It is touching to note that the couple accused of being inaccessible to the inhabitants of various cities of the Empire were on intimate terms with humble dwellers on the Dalmatian coast. They spent the winter on the island of Brioni amid simple fisher-folk, learned to speak the native Servian, and interested themselves in folklore and in local industries. There is no doubt that if the Archduke had ascended the throne, Hungary's vexatious treatment of the honest, God-fearing Dalmatians would have been checked. Whether or not the Archduke would have succeeded in solving the Southern Slav problem by encouraging the development of the Catholic Servians (Croats) on national lines, it redounds to his credit that he contemplated large measures of conciliation for this object. Meanwhile the stream of Pan-Slavism is so strong, and the danger of disintegration among the warring races so imminent, that one must fain think the homicidal anarchist of Sarajevo saved a good man and true man from cruel disappointments and sad disillusion.

It is consoling to remember that on the morning of their day of death Archduke Francis-Ferdinand and the Duchess of Hohenberg had heard Mass side by side as was their custom, and approached the Holy Table to receive the Bread of Life.

Intentions.

BY A. N. EMOS.

"IF I were king," said one, "I would be just,
And in sweet peace my kingdom would
maintain.

In me might every vassal safely trust;
Gentle my sway, beneficent my reign."

When he was king, the ruthless iron hand
Of tyranny his every slave weighed down;
The people feared and hated him. No land
Paid ever tribute to a bloodier crown.

A Brave Woman.

BY JACQUES NORMAND.*

"THE story? Do you want to hear it again, child?"

The speaker was my Aunt Herminie, a frail little old lady, with a faint voice that seemed to come from a distance. She was sitting as usual in her comfortable easy-chair, in front of an open window. She had always been delicate, and I could never understand by what miracle one who had been doomed apparently to an early death should have lived to reach the age of eighty years.

I had always been her favorite, and she had told me "the story" many, many times. In her youth, during the Terror, she lived in the Abbaye de Mauvoisin, near Corbeil, which belonged to the State. Her companions there were two old ladies, Mme. Maréchal and Mme. Bedouillet.

This was "the story":

One evening, about ten o'clock, Mme. Maréchal and I were sitting before the fire, chatting. Mme. Bedouillet was dozing, as the hour was late. The wind blew violently, making the sparks dance upward from the blazing logs.

Suddenly we were startled by a faint rap at the door. That you may understand our exact situation, I will mention that during the day a company of soldiers—about one hundred in all—had come to the Abbaye for lodgings. Their commander, a large, florid man, brought with him an order from the authorities to that effect. The men had passed the day boisterously, drinking, singing, and card-playing. By evening they had quieted down, and were now asleep.

As may be imagined, such neighbors were not very comfortable ones for three unprotected women. Mme. Maréchal's husband was absent; Mme. Bedouillet was a widow, and I was an orphan. We had securely locked the door of our

apartment, which was on the ground-floor between the road and the chapel.

The rap was soon repeated, louder this time. We looked at each other with eyes full of fear. We were tempted to feign deafness or sickness; but in those stirring days no one dared pretend. If we were to refuse hospitality to the Revolutionists, we should be considered as suspects, and the guillotine awaited such.

Mme. Maréchal began to say her prayers. Mme. Bedouillet, roused by the rapping, sat helpless, trembling in every limb. I was young, and it was my duty to open the door. I did so, and saw outside a body of men wearing broad-brimmed hats making a black spot in the moonlit road.

I was about to close the door precipitately, when one of their number came forward, with outstretched hands and said in pleading tones:

"Have pity on us, citizeness, and give us shelter for the night! We are worn out with fatigue and hunger. Have pity!"

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Fugitives. Members of the *Gironde*. We are pursued by our enemies. Save us!"

"You poor fellows!" I replied, sympathetically. "I can not keep you. You must hurry away. The chapel is full of soldiers. If they were to see you, it would mean certain death to you all."

A moment of hesitation followed. Then a pale, delicate young man, who was leaning upon a companion, faltered:

"I can't go a step further. March on, comrades, and leave me! I can only die."

But the Girondins were brave men, and they had no idea of abandoning one of their number.

"Is there no place where we can rest for two hours,—just two short hours?" begged the leader.

"No place but this room," I replied. "But the door at the end, which you see, leads into the chapel. The soldiers have no other way of getting out."

An expression of despair settled on the man's face.

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by H. Twitchell.

"Good-bye, citizeness!" he said. "The country is full of men hunting us. Pray that we may escape."

I was overcome with pity for the suffering men. In fact, my pity quite overcame my prudence. I was seized with sort of fever of exaltation, and, as they were about to go, I said:

"There is perhaps a means of saving you, but it is a very dangerous one."

All crowded forward to listen, and I could hear exclamations of dismay from the women behind me.

"At the farther end of the chapel, over the altar, is a loft. Once there, you would be quite safe. But to get there—" I paused to collect myself, then continued:

"You would have to walk along a narrow projection, a cornice bordering the high wall, directly above the heads of the sleepers. If one of them should waken and look up, you would be discovered."

"Who will show us the way?" asked the leader, with fresh hope.

"I will," I replied, scarce knowing what I said.

I seemed to be inspired, to no longer belong to myself. To save these men was my only desire. They held a short consultation, then their leader said:

"Thanks for your kindness, citizeness! We accept your offer."

I threw open the door, and they all tiptoed into the room. There were ten of them, and they certainly looked as if they were in need of help.

"These stairs lead up to the cornice," I said, pointing to a staircase on one side of the room. "At the top there is a door. I will open it and look down into the chapel. If everything is quiet, I will give you the signal to come up. You will follow me along the narrow ledge, until we reach the door into the loft. Once past that, you can rest. The soldiers will leave early in the morning."

Thereupon I ascended the steps, opened the door and looked down. The soldiers were lying about in groups on the flagging, asleep, their heads pillowed on their knap-

sacks. The wind howled around the tower, drowning the sound of their heavy breathing. Rays of moonlight illumined one side of the wall leaving the other in the shadow. Fortunately, the projection along which we were to creep was on the dark side. It stretched out before us, straight and narrow, about forty feet above the sleepers.

I signalled to the men, and in a moment they were on the stairs; then I set out on the perilous passage. Ah, what a trip! Never shall I forget it. I crept along on tiptoe, one hand clinging to the wall, the other waving in empty space, fearful at every step of losing my balance or of stumbling over a loose stone or other object. Behind me came my mute followers, who were risking their lives with mine. The eyes of each were on the man just ahead, and the hopes of all on that small door, which grew in size as we approached.

After an eternity, it seemed to me, we reached it. I put out my hand and pushed it half way open. Ah! then I thought we were surely lost. The rusty hinges creaked, and the sharp, grinding sound pierced to the very marrow of my bones.

"What's going on up there?" growled a half-wakened soldier.

I stood motionless, hardly daring to breathe. My followers did the same. Just then a strong gust of wind shook the tower, and a voice replied angrily:

"It's nothing but the wind. Go to sleep, you fool!"

The first soldier listened a moment, but, hearing nothing, settled himself back, and was soon breathing heavily.

The door was only partly open, but there was room to pass through. No one ventured to touch it. You can scarcely imagine the joy of the poor fellows when at last they found themselves in a place where they could have a little repose. They fell on their knees, and actually kissed the hem of my dress. One would have thought I had saved them. Alas! the danger was still there, menacing and terrible.

I left them, and groped my way back to my apartment, where my companions were anxiously awaiting me. Mme. Maréchal, cold and severe, loaded me with reproaches. In her opinion, I had done a very foolish act: I had needlessly risked my own life as well as those of the men. It would have been far better to let them go on their way. Mme. Bedouillet defended me. She pressed me to her heart and said I was brave and good.

We sat down before our fire once more, and in low tones discussed the events of the night. Our situation was a critical one. Supposing those hostile forces should clash? What would become of us? Mme. Maréchal was in favor of stealing out and going across the fields to Corbeil, leaving the men to "fight it out for themselves." Mme. Bedouillet and I would not consent to such a course; so we sat there and whispered and dozed and prayed at intervals through the seemingly endless hours.

With the first rays of dawn, we hoped that our anxiety would soon come to an end; but, instead, a fresh excitement awaited us. We heard down the road the pounding of hoofs, and the sounds grew louder as we listened. A body of horsemen was approaching. What could it mean?

The men drew rein in front of the Abbaye, and soon there was a loud rapping at the door. As before, I went to open it. A man, stout and florid, stood there, and with him were some hussars, who had dismounted.

"Are they here, citizeness?" he asked. He was a civil official, and he was out of breath from his unwonted exercise.

I trembled in every limb, but soon recovered my outward composure.

"Here? Who?" I replied, apparently surprised.

"Those dogs of Girondins."

"There are some soldiers here, quartered in the chapel," I said, evasively.

"We'll find out," said the big man.

Calling a hussar, he bade him hold his

horse while he dismounted, which he did most awkwardly. At first sight, his face seemed kindly, but a second glance showed that his eyes were crafty and cruel.

He and his companions entered and walked straight into the chapel. Their appearance caused a flurry among the men, who were soon on their feet and accoutred. Their leader came forward and saluted ceremoniously. Evidently, the newcomer was a personage of some importance.

From the outside, we could not hear what was said, although we strained our ears. After the colloquy, the man came out and began his questioning again. Addressing me, he said:

"The peasants around here told us that a party of Girondins took refuge last night in the Abbaye. Are you sure they are not hereabouts?"

"You can see for yourself who are here," I replied.

He then put the same question to Mme. Maréchal, who answered as I did. Mme. Bedouillet hesitated, and I was afraid she was about to betray us. I gave her a stern look, and she stammered out:

"I don't know: I was asleep and didn't hear anything."

"Remember your lives are at stake!" said the formidable inquisitor.

We knew that, and it was indeed a terrible moment. It seemed as if the prying eyes around us could read our very thoughts.

"I am certain they are here," added the official, looking around. How I hoped he would not raise his eyes to the half-open door above the chapel! But this is exactly what he did. "Aha!" he exclaimed. "There's a door up there. We will see where it leads. Lead the way to it, citizeness."

There was nothing to do but to obey. With faltering steps, I mounted the little staircase, followed by the man and two hussars. I had nothing to hope for. Only a miracle could save the Girondins

now. But I had struggled thus far, and I resolved to struggle to the end.

I soon reached the projection leading to the door. I started out followed by the official, who had difficulty in walking along the ledge because of his corpulence. He was evidently ill at ease; but the soldiers below were watching us, and his pride urged him forward. He advanced cautiously, his broad back braced against the wall. He certainly cut a sorry figure; but no one was in the mood for smiling, I can assure you.

I crept along, fearful every moment of seeing the door pushed shut, in a last attempt of desperate men to defend themselves.

We had reached the middle of the distance when the official halted, looked ahead, and, turning to those behind them, exclaimed:

"Spider webs!"

And, in truth, by a providential good fortune, a great web, which had been torn apart the night before when we had opened the door, had been partially repaired, the threads stretching entirely across the opening.

With evident relief, the official said:

"There's no use in going any farther. Surely no one has passed through that door very lately."

All agreed, and we slowly retraced our steps.

There is little more to tell. The Girondins were saved,—for the time being at least, and we with them. The soldiers left in the course of an hour or so, and the men rested quietly until nightfall. We gave them food and bade them Godspeed.

I never knew their fate, but all my life there has remained with me the memory of—that spider web!

THE Master whom we serve will not judge of our work or reward us according to our success, but according to the faithfulness and diligence we have exercised in His service.—*Ellis Schreiber.*

A Glimpse of the Church in Wales.

BY I. HERNAMAN.

NOWHERE in Great Britain was the struggle to maintain the Catholic Faith more bitter than in Wales. The Welshmen loved their Christian heritage with all the passionate fervor of their Celtic nature; they built countless shrines and grand parish churches, the ruins of which, by the wide area that they cover, testify to the numerical strength of the Catholic body in pre-Reformation days. And it was characteristic of the Celtic temperament that during the darkest hours of persecution the Faith was kept alive by an itinerant poet, who went from one isolated hamlet to another, singing of the shining virtues and golden deeds of the native saints, and in this way inspired the timorous and faint-hearted. Yet gradually the light of the Faith became extinguished, either through the increasing difficulty of supplying priests, or, as sometimes happened, through the apostasy of an important family, whose private chapel had in secret ministered to the spiritual needs of a large district.

In the year 1725 these significant words appear in the Custom House report of Cardiff: "Thank God, we ha'n't one gentleman in this country of any figure or fortune that is a Papist or a Non-juror, and we are told that there are very few of the meaner sort!"

In the whole country of Wales there were in the year 1813 only two missions: Cardiff, which at the close of the eighteenth century had a population of only a little over a thousand, had no priest at all; the one or two Irish who lived there being obliged to resort to Newport, twelve miles away, where Mass was offered once a month. But Divine Providence saw fit to make use of temporal means in order to promote the spiritual welfare of His people. In the year 1839 the first Bute

dock at Cardiff was opened, and the years of famine and the industrial depression in Ireland resulted in the emigration of a large number of Irish families to Cardiff. In the same year Mass was celebrated in a room in the town, and a priest took up his residence there for the first time since the reign of Elizabeth. From that day to this the population of the town has risen by leaps and bounds; it now numbers over 170,000, out of which 20,000 are Catholics. They possess as many as seven churches. There are throughout the country some nine hundred and fifty places where Sunday Mass is offered, although there are many isolated villages where the Catholic Faith is still regarded as a foreign enemy, whose invasion must be withstood.

It was at Cardiff that the fifth National Congress of Catholics took place from July 10-13, and it was the scene of a spectacle the like of which has never been witnessed since the Reformation. A monster procession of the Blessed Sacrament was formed in the beautiful grounds of Cardiff Castle, the seat of the Marquis of Bute. It is situated in the centre of the town, and is a grand building that has been restored with infinite care by the present lord and his father. Over the north gateway is the tower where Robert of Normandy underwent imprisonment for sixteen years. Within, we come to a broad turfed enclosure, which is separated from the park by a high wall, part of which shows traces of Roman masonry. Here is the main entrance to the Castle, and here the procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the ecclesiastics was formed; large crowds of men, women and children, from all parts of Wales and Bristol, were already massed on the broad greensward of the park. It was a wonderful sight to watch the children moving in rhythmic order, each contingent to its allotted place; then to glance at the men, many of them weather-beaten sailors and miners, standing in a compact body under the trees near the Castle

towers. Then the music of the band began to be heard, and slowly the great procession came into sight. The two Cardinals—the one in scarlet, the other in the sombre Benedictine habit—walked side by side; these were followed by archbishops, bishops, abbots, members of religious Orders, secular priests, and an imposing number of representative Catholic laymen, in full dress, walking four abreast.

In and out of the crowd moved the procession, winding in long, sinuous curves through the ranks of men, women and children; and out of that throng of perhaps fifty thousand persons there was scarcely one among the Protestants who did not show some reverence when the Blessed Sacrament passed. The altar was erected beside the ruins of the old Dominican monastery, where in the days long gone by many such a procession must have taken place on the feast of Corpus Christi.

Men had thought that the Catholic Faith was dead, but here it was amongst them; and its appeal was so strong that it sufficed to draw men and women from far-off homes, trudging along dusty roads in the hot July sun, waiting for the slow Sunday trains at wayside stations, in order that they might be present at this wondrous spectacle. And the fame of this Sunday afternoon's doings spread even to distant mountain villages.

Fate led us three days later to visit an isolated farm on the slope of one of the Black Mountains. We had been for an afternoon's ramble over the hill, and stopped for tea at the old house. The daughter laid the spotless white cloth on the parlor table, above our heads three flitches of bacon—two of them enveloped in muslin bags—were suspended from a beam across the room; within the doorway, the mother was sorting glossy green walnuts for pickling. Presently heavy footsteps were heard overhead, and the farmer came down on his way to the kitchen for tea. Visitors

were few at the farm, so he lingered for a chat. Cardiff was mentioned, and immediately his dark face lit up; the foreman of the neighboring works had been over there last Sunday, "and he said it wore a wunnerful sight. It wer' them Catholics. He said he had never seen such a sight—aye, aye,—and never would agin in all his life." And the farmer repeated the words, gazing with dark, wondering eyes across the room. It was only the report of an eye-witness, and yet the description had been so vivid that his imagination was all afire. He could think of nothing else. And may there not be many others in this beautiful Welsh country who, hearing of that procession, will begin to ask questions about the religion which was snatched from their forefathers at the point of the sword?

But the conversion of Wales will probably be slow. Wesley and other sectarian teachers have numerous followers; for the men of Wales preferred the religion of psalm-singing and revivalism to the cold, formal creed of the State-established Church. And it will be by its age-long appeal to their hearts that the Church will win back the Welsh nation to the allegiance of Christ's Vicar.

GREAT sacrifices are not always the hardest to bear. Always expecting them to confront us, we are often ready for them; their very magnitude gives to the believing soul a potent realization of the near presence of God; for we can not help reflecting, and in some respects feeling grateful, that we are called upon to bear a heroic part in the grand scheme of suffering Christianity. But little, everyday trials—the invisible crosses we all carry, the hidden vexations and trifling frets that will not down be we ever so weary and weak-hearted, the contradictions of circumstances, the worries of daily living,—these are the things that are hard to endure; these are the sacrifices that make saints, if borne with cheerfulness and resignation.—*Anon.*

The King's Lesson.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was riding one day at some distance from his palace. He had gone farther than usual; and was about to return, when he saw a middle-aged man working in a neighboring field. The bowed shoulders, weather-beaten features, and rough and horny hand gave evidence that the life of the peasant had been one of the hardest toil and exposure. Nevertheless, he seemed perfectly happy. His face wore a contented expression, his lips the impress of an habitual smile, and while he worked he sang with great cheerfulness and not a little skill.

"Good-morning, old man! You seem to be very happy," exclaimed the King, pausing by the roadside. "Is this your property?"

"No, sir," answered the peasant, who did not know the King. "I am not so well off as that. I work by the day for a rich farmer, who owns most of the land hereabouts."

"What are your wages?" asked the King.

"My wages are eight groschen* a day," replied the laborer.

"That is very little," said the King. "You deserve more than that. Can you live on so small a sum?"

The man laughed heartily as he answered: "Oh, yes! I can live on it, and have something to spare."

"How is it possible?"

"I will tell you," continued the peasant, leaning on his spade, and looking squarely, with honest eyes, into those of the King. "Two groschen are for me and my wife; with two I am paying an old debt I owe; I lay by two for use in the future, and two I give in charity."

"All that is very strange; it is a mystery which I can not fathom," remarked the King.

"Then I will explain it to you," said the peasant. "I have an old father and

* About twenty cents.

mother at home. They cared for me when I was young and helpless. Now they are old and dependent, and I care for them. In order to pay the debt I owe them, I daily put aside for their use two groschen. The third pair of groschen I treasure up for my own children, who may the more easily help their mother and myself when we are old and can no longer work. With the other two I support a poor old woman, a distant relative of my wife, who is sick and infirm. These are the groschen that I devote to charity and thankfulness to the good God, who has blessed me with health and strength. To this practice I firmly believe I owe the fact that I have never known a day's illness in all my life."

"Thou art a noble fellow," replied the King. "No wonder thou art happy. Now it is thy turn to read a riddle. Hast thou ever seen me before?"

"Never so far as I can remember," said the peasant, after carefully scanning the face of the King.

"In less than five minutes thou wilt have seen me fifty times, and shalt have fifty of my pictures in thy pocket."

The old man regarded the speaker with a puzzled air, as he replied:

"That is indeed a mystery which I can not fathom. You must be joking with me, sir."

"It shall be quickly explained to you," said the King. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew forth fifty gold pieces on which was stamped his image, and gave them to the astonished peasant. "The coin is genuine," added the King. "I owe you more, for you have taught me a valuable lesson. Adieu!"

With these words he galloped away, and was out of sight before the astonished peasant could recover his speech, or realize that he had been talking to his sovereign.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—*Ruskin*.

On the Present Eruption of Religious Enmity in this Country.

IT is a deplorable circumstance, to our mind, that in reprinting or commenting upon an ably written, timely, and well-meant article contributed to a recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* ("The Anti-Papal Panic," July 18), by Washington Gladden (the Rev. Dr. Gladden, Congregationalist, of Columbus, Ohio), Catholic editors to a man did not make some protest against two passages presently to be quoted. Exception was indeed taken to them by several of our confrères, but others passed them by, thinking, perhaps, that the article as a whole was so friendly, no adverse comments should be made upon it. We are of an entirely different opinion, though not lacking, we hope, in cordial appreciation either of Dr. Gladden's kindness or manliness. The article was evidently inspired by charitableness and fair-mindedness. Moral courage, too, was demanded for its publication; because the writer must have foreseen that it would cause him to be abused by the anti-Catholic papers which he so vigorously denounced. The first of the two passages of his article to which we refer is as follows:

What we are going to see during the next few months is something like this: the great mass of the Protestant Christians of this country arrayed against the great mass of Roman Catholic Christians; each party thinking and saying hard and bitter and violent things about the other; each party cherishing the worst suspicions about the motives and purposes of the other; each party believing that the other is plotting to take away its liberties, and perhaps to exterminate it by assassination or carnage. Not all the Protestants and not all the Roman Catholics will give room in their hearts to such dark thoughts and fears and enmities, but most of them will....

There is little doubt that when the next political campaign opens we shall see a great number of Protestants of all denominations arrayed against their fellow-Catholic fellow-citizens, — indeed many Protestant persons are already so

arrayed. We have Dr. Gladden's word for it. "This conflagration of hate is already well started, and it will probably sweep over the land." But there is no ground whatever for Dr. Gladden's assertion that "most of the Roman Catholic Christians of this country" will—do as he says. Knowing how familiar he is with the history of religious dissension in the United States, it would not be easy to find an excuse for his ignorance of the fact that whenever or wherever Catholics have been persecuted or proscribed, vilified or misrepresented, they have shown a spirit of charity and patience, of meekness and forbearance, which in some instances commanded the admiration even of their most uncompromising opponents. Another American Protestant writer (Miss Zephine Humphrey, in an article contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly* some time ago) refers to the "miracle of Catholic patience," calling it "one of the firmest and most magnificent developments of the human race. It has caught the spirit of time and creation and eternity." Can it be possible that Dr. Gladden has never witnessed any manifestations of this spirit?

He refers in the article under consideration to Sunday evening lectures against Catholics in his own city, to widely circulated anti-Catholic publications—forged documents, harrowing tales of villainy or treachery on the part of Catholics. Let us hasten to give Dr. Gladden the solemn assurance that there is not a Catholic church in this broad land where sermons or lectures misrepresenting or vilifying Protestants are delivered.

Our regular Sunday morning service is the Sacrifice of the Mass, during which an appointed portion of the Epistles and Gospels is ordinarily read to the people and a sermon delivered. If the preacher, instead of instructing and exhorting his hearers, were to indulge in tirades against Protestants, his bishop would not fail to take him to task. His own parishioners would protest! Our evening service, as

a rule, consists of Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. If a sermon is preached, it is generally a devotional one. If there is what non-Catholics call a lecture, it is, oftener than not, an instruction on some point of faith or morals, Protestantism and Protestants being only incidentally referred to.

Dr. Gladden says: "I read some Roman Catholic newspapers." We read them all, and can assure him that there is not one in which can be found such "fiendish documents," "stupid fabrications," "tales of horror or treachery or villainy" as he refers to in his article. Nor do we know of a single book ever published under Catholic auspices in the United States for the purpose of abusing Protestants or instigating Catholics to do them injury of any sort.

In the first of his suggestions to Protestants "who are capable of reason and justice," Dr. Gladden says: "Whenever you hear any of these harrowing tales about the sinister and sanguinary plots of the Roman Catholics, never let one go unchallenged. Insist that the narrator give his authorities and furnish his evidence." Dr. Gladden will not think us impertinent, then, if we ask on what authority he makes the following statement and what evidence he has for it:

It is not true of all Roman Catholic hierarchs, but it is true of some of them that their ambition to rule the State is not well concealed. I think that there is need of resisting such tendencies. The Roman Catholic clerics are ill-advised when they undertake, no matter how adroitly, to dictate the politics and the policies of the Commonwealth.

Who are these hierarchs and clerics that aspire to rule the State, to dictate the politics and the policies of the Commonwealth? Let us know, Doctor, and we promise to take sides with you in opposing their pernicious intrusions.

"There are millions of Protestants who are incapable of believing anything but evil of Roman Catholics," says Dr. Gladden. While penning these words, the question must have occurred to him,

Why is it that so many Protestants are disposed to believe everything evil rather than anything good of Catholics? Concluding an article on the eruption of religious enmity in this country twenty years ago, he did not hesitate to say:

That the prevalence of this insanity will be brief is certain; but it may spread widely enough and last long enough to do incalculable mischief. May I not venture to call upon all intelligent Protestants, and especially upon Protestant clergymen, to consider well their responsibilities in relation to this epidemic? Can we afford, as Protestants, to approve, by our silence, such methods of warfare against Roman Catholics as this society [the American Protective Association] is employing? . . . If the leading Protestant clergymen will speak out clearly, the plague will be stayed or abated.

Alas! the epidemic was of long duration. And how few Protestant ministers had the courage to "speak out"! Let Dr. Gladden himself explain the reason for their silence:

But a more influential reason for this silence is a feeling which is shared by the great majority of Protestant ministers, that Roman Catholics, as such, are a very dangerous class of persons, and that any kind of opposition to them is therefore to be welcomed. The extermination or repression of the Roman Catholic Church seems to these pious men a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable.

"The prejudice of Protestants is founded on misconception and ignorance," declares the other non-Catholic writer whom we have briefly quoted. How complete the misconception is, and how crass the ignorance, Dr. Gladden has abundantly shown. It was altogether gratuitous for him, however, in concluding his present article, to assert that the weapons of the Church's warfare are not carnal. It is precisely because, divinely instructed, Catholics are well aware of this truth that they possess their souls in patience, and instead of rendering evil for evil, continue to pray that the minds of their separated brethren may undergo an enlargement, and the hearts of Protestant clergymen more especially may experience a change.

A Twofold Duty of the Hour.

WHATEVER the regret of the American people over the tremendous conflict in which most of the European Powers are now engaged, it would scarcely be accurate to say that the war has greatly surprised them. The particular occasion of the rupture of peace may have been unlooked for, but the rupture itself can hardly be said to have been unexpected. In fact, students of world-politics have, any time during the past two or three decades, been reiterating the statement that just such an upheaval, a great European war, was simply inevitable. Publicists not a few have pointed out that the upbuilding and perfecting of armies and navies on the part of the great Powers would have, as a necessary sequel, the testing of the relative efficiency of these war agencies; and, given the desire for such a test, a plausible pretext for undertaking it would readily be found.

Be that as it may, what promises to be the most disastrous war of modern times is now under way; and the citizens of this country can appreciate more acutely than at most other periods the wisdom of their first president in warning his countrymen against "entangling alliances." As for the rôle to be played by the United States during the European conflict, let us hope and pray that our executive and legislative departments may be inspired to do what is just and wise and prudent. Neither President Wilson nor his advisers, however, can be optimistic enough to hope that at this stage of the conflict their proffer of mediation will be accepted. Later on, when the fortunes of war are seen to lean preponderantly in one direction, the good offices of our government may be more welcome—at least to the Powers who are losing.

In the meanwhile, so far as individual Americans—our own readers, for instance,—are concerned, the clashing of arms throughout Europe imposes on them

a twofold duty. The first and most important one has already been pointed out by the Vicar of Christ, the august earthly representative of the Prince of Peace: it is the duty of prayer. Nothing less potent than the hand of the Almighty, apparently, can still the fires of national hatred and jealousy and ambition that are working such havoc throughout the length and breadth of Europe; and that potency can be made effective by the persevering petitions of God's children here on earth. It is emphatically a time in which to act on the principle that "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and to fulfil an obligation of charity to those neighbors whom we are commanded to love even as ourselves.

Our second duty as individuals springs from the heterogeneous character of the population of the United States and the different racial affiliations of the citizens of the same town, the residents of the same village, and even the members of the same family. It is the part of ordinary courtesy, not less than of Christian charity, to refrain from wounding the natural susceptibilities of those of our neighbors whose racial brethren across the Atlantic are engaged in what they all doubtless consider to be a justifiable war. "Put yourself in his place," or the Scriptural original of that counsel, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," is an excellent advice to follow when discussing the origin and progress of the war in the presence of those whose sympathies can not but be enlisted in behalf of the land of their ancestors.

Much uncharitableness in thought and word, many an acrimonious dispute, and not a few bootless and senseless quarrels may be avoided by a little prudence in our conversations during the next few months. And the more frequent and fervent are our prayers for peace among the nations, the more likely are we to preserve charity among ourselves.

Notes and Remarks.

No sober-minded American who reads President Wilson's "statement to the public" regarding the war now raging in Europe (exhorting his fellow-citizens 'not to worry or get excited'), and who has in mind the repeated blunders of our Government in dealing with the situation in Mexico, is likely to "enthuse" over the President's tender of mediation to the Powers engaged in the great conflict that is now on. We have had more than enough of Mr. Bryan's diplomacy, and it is exceedingly improbable that any exercise of it will be desired abroad. Since the Pope's offer to mediate has been declined, who can suppose that any other will be accepted?

Providentially, this country is beyond the circle of the horrors that impend in Europe. The very best efforts that can be exerted to preserve the strictest neutrality, the most scrupulous avoidance of anything in the least likely to be construed as interference in the affairs of friendly nations,—this is what all American citizens, regardless of political affiliation, are looking for, and have the right to demand from the administration in power at Washington.

"Zeal unto sobriety," it must be admitted, is not always shown by all the advocates of total abstinence. Some of these worthy persons seem to regard failure to employ their language or to adopt their methods as opposition to themselves and indifference or antagonism to the cause they have so much at heart. But we submit that one may be most thoroughly persuaded of the evils which intemperance has wrought, and most strongly in favor of the restriction of the liquor traffic, without feeling obliged to indulge in indiscriminate censure of all who have any connection with it, or called upon to preach total abstinence from the housetops. Any one who has ever, even

once, been drunk should be exhorted never again to expose himself to the danger of drunkenness; but it is going too far to say that because some men sometimes get intoxicated no man shall at any time drink anything that intoxicates. This is the error of prohibition.

The best-intentioned advocates of the most meritorious causes often defeat their own aims by ill-considered speech and ill-advised action. There is no excuse for becoming intemperate while preaching temperance. A total-abstainer, of all men, should be a man of sober mind and sober methods.

If those who oppose the law of God do not always go to early graves, they generally live long enough to witness that law's complete vindication. The opponents of Christian education in France, who so loudly applauded the secularization of its public schools, are likely to have the humiliation of seeing many of them closed for lack of attendance before another decade of years has passed. According to official statistics for the year 1913, six hundred families of the middle and upper middle class in twenty-five Departments showed only 1641 children. The head of these families in every case is either an avowed anti-clerical or utterly indifferent to religion. The same number of Catholic families showed 3719 children. If it be true that the number of marriages in France is also decreasing, it is easy to see that the population, however large it may be ten years hence, will be largely Catholic.

While the personality of the teacher is a more important factor in the school-room than is the character of the text-books placed in the hands of the children, still the text-book is by no means a negligible item in the totality of educative influences. Hence the importance of providing, wherever possible, Catholic text-books for Catholic schools. In such branches as reading, history, and literature,

the importance needs no demonstration; but even in such studies as geography, arithmetic, algebra, etc., Catholic texts are desirable. An arithmetical or algebraic problem may be stated in terms conveying to the young mind as baleful a lesson as the worst editorial screed of an anti-Catholic paper. As for geography, Dr. Condé Pallen thus discusses the possibilities, or rather the actualities of some books on that branch:

The neutral geography is a source of bane: it poisons the mind by its emasculated impartiality. Just read the neutral geography when it comes to describe Catholic countries and people. Take South America, for instance; the impression gathered from the neutral geographies is that the people of South America (who are Catholics) are degraded, superstitious, vicious, benighted. Your neutral geography does not say because they are Catholics; but the inference is plain. Well, the supposed facts are *not facts*, and the plain inference is a plain lie; yet this is the kind of geography which in many instances is put into the hands of our Catholic children.

If into the hands of Catholic children forced by circumstances to attend the public schools, the action is intelligible; if such books are used in Catholic schools, such action is a sad defect that calls for a prompt remedy.

"Select for your summer outing a place within reach of a church" is a recommendation annually given to Catholics from the pulpit and in the press. In view of a story recently told to a brother editor, we are inclined to supplement the recommendation with the advice: "If there isn't any church near your selected resort, set to work and provide a substitute." In one resort, this summer, Catholics hear Mass every Sunday in a church whose construction is directly due to the sterling faith of two Irish servant girls. A few years ago they accompanied their mistress to the place, and on the first Sunday discovered that there was no possibility of their hearing Mass. The nearest church was so far away that it was out of the question to get there. They

spoke of this to their employer, and told her frankly that they could not remain. "We must get to Mass," was their unalterable decision,—which practically meant that they would leave. "Go to the hotel," counselled Mrs. H——, "and see if there are any Catholics over there." Some Catholics were found among the "help," and they assured Nora and Annie that the case was hopeless. But, instead of regarding it as such, they went to the surrounding camps, took a list of all the Catholics, showed the list to the nearest priest, and secured a place in which he celebrated Mass the following Sunday. That was the beginning; and in due time, as a matter of course, a Catholic church was built by and for the summer visitors. Where there's a will—and genuine faith, there's always a way.

Human nature being fundamentally pretty much the same at all times and among all peoples, there is no doubt timeliness to-day in the following statement made eighteen years ago by the Holy Father, at that time Cardinal Sarto. Apropos of the Venetian Eucharistic Congress of 1896, he wrote:

"When this letter is published there will be bruited abroad such objections as are usually made by different categories of people. 'What is the good of all these Congresses?' say the wicked who find fault with and censure everything good. Unfortunately, too, the echo of this question will be repeated from the lips of Christians, who take upon themselves to condemn everything new, even when inspired by the Holy Ghost Himself; or whose judgment is narrowed by prejudice, or who have had no experience of the advantages to be gathered from such assemblies of Christians. But for ourselves, who know well how inconstant men are in the practice of virtue, how easily they languish and fail in a spiritual atmosphere, if they do not receive from time to time the impulse of some stimulant of an extraordinary kind; for us, who, alas!

see but too well how the truths of our Faith are denied, and how poorly the essential duties of the Christian life are observed; who touch, as it were, with our hands the force of example to draw people to the practice of virtue,—for ourselves, we consider these Congresses to be not only useful but positively necessary."

And their necessity has not lessened within the past two decades.

The aim of *Ave*, a new—it is new to us—Anglican quarterly "chronicle-review," as it calls itself, is to foster "truly Catholic age-long devotion to the Holy Mother." It is the organ of the "League of Our Lady," an association which numbers among its members some of the leading lay and clerical members of the Church of England, including Canon Wirgman and Lord Halifax, who is president of the League. A late issue of *Ave* contains this fine passage from the pen of the editor:

No saint whose devotional life is intimately known has lacked devotion to her. Millions have been aided to lives of wonderful sanctity by the thought of her as their example, their Mother, and their Queen, to be daily saluted, daily entreated; have lived happily conscious of her protection, and gone down to the grave confident of her succor in the hour of death, hopeful of her embrace upon the eternal shore.

This is "truly Catholic" and very gratifying to read; but some other lines of the same article are—well, different. Long life to *Ave*, anyway! Some day its editor and all his readers, let us hope, will understand that "all truth" can not possibly comprehend any error.

It is among the commonplaces of observation that the notoriety given to criminals has a bad effect both on themselves and law-abiders. Commissioner Davis, of New York, is thoroughly convinced of the truth of this; and in declining to furnish information to the press as to the health and conduct of the members of the I. W. W. who are inmates of the institutions of the Department of Cor-

rection in that city, starving themselves into fame or otherwise courting "martyrdom," says: "These persons will receive exactly the same treatment as all the other prisoners. If they are ill, they will be cared for by physicians; if they obey the rules of the institutions, they will be allowed the regular privileges. If the rules of the institutions are disobeyed, they will be dealt with exactly as are all other prisoners. It is not in the interest of discipline, or in the interest of the democratic conduct of our institutions, that these prisoners should receive consideration over that accorded to other prisoners or be singled out for newspaper notoriety."

This is one of the wisest decisions we have heard of since the century began. Women, it is satirically said, are so much given to sentiment that common-sense is not to be expected of them. Commissioner Davis is a lady, however—Miss Katharine Davis.

Not unworthy of a place alongside of Newman's description of a gentleman is Bishop Canevin's portrait of the lay Catholic apostle. It deserves wide circulation and thoughtful perusal:

Earnestness in faith is the virtue of the hour. One earnest Catholic whose Faith is true and intense, whose love for God and his neighbor is real, whose deeds as a Christian and a citizen are marked by reverence for law, justice, exact obedience, self-sacrifice and devotion, is worth more to the Church than a hundred men whose Christian life is half-hearted, selfish and indifferent. A clean-spoken, high-minded man in any profession: an upright man in business, an honest man in politics; a kindly man to those under him, a man considerate of the poor and the helpless, one who honors womanhood and cherishes the virtue of chastity, a just man who lives by Faith, is the lay apostle of the twentieth century.

The multiplicity of topics that come before such a convention as that of the Catholic Educational Association is almost sure to necessitate partial neglect of matters in themselves worthy of notable

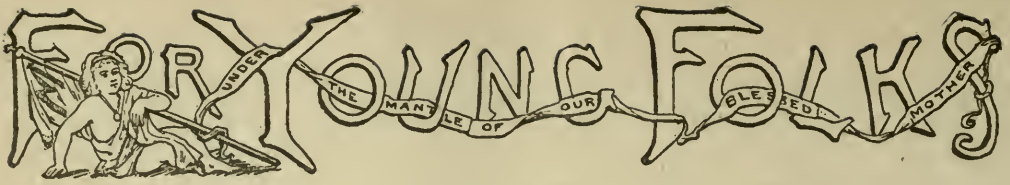
attention. A case in point is the Deaf-Mute Conference which was held in conjunction with the recent convention of educators in Atlantic City. The editor of the *Catholic Deaf-Mute* writes:

One thing that strikes those interested in the deaf is that very little attention seems to be given the matter of deaf-mute instruction by the general convention. No notice whatever is given to proceedings or meetings in behalf of the deaf. It is true that the papers read will be printed in general reports. But it is questionable if they are read by those whom they are chiefly intended to reach—the parents of deaf-mute children and the heads of dioceses. Another point: from the roll of members it will be seen that most dioceses are not represented in the deaf-mute conference. This apathy is regretted, and is a source of disappointment to all interested in the betterment of the Catholic deaf. We take the liberty of saying that each diocese, whether there is a school in the diocese or not, should have a delegate at this conference.

Systematic action taken some months prior to the next convention would probably ensure more satisfactory results. The deaf-mutes among our people certainly deserve attention. They are more numerous than is supposed.

Discussing a local occurrence which might easily have had most disastrous consequences, a metropolitan journal enunciates, concerning labor unions, some general principles well worth the meditation of a large class of workers. Admitting the justice and necessity of the unions among employees of private individuals or corporations, the journal in question thus clearly differentiates private and public service:

In a public service there are no profits to divide. These services create no wealth. Their function is preservative and protective only. Those who labor in them are not working for the money profit of anybody. They are working to guard the welfare of the whole community. This is why labor unions, with their weapon of the strike, are wholly out of place in any public service. That is why a strike in any public service has the moral nature of a mutiny of soldiers or a rebellion of citizens. That is why every man in the public service when asked to go on strike should stop and think.



Our Lady's Passing.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

SHE did not die as others do: her spirit did not blench,
There was no dole within her soul, no struggle,
shock, or wrench;
Like light within a crystal vase, that soul illumed
her clay,
Till Christ, her own, came from His throne and
bore the light away.
They buried her within a tomb e'en as they
buried Him,
And, lo! around that hallowed ground thronged
myriad cherubim;
To music such as earth ne'er heard save on blest
Christmas night,
All Heaven's choirs attuned their lyres, full glad
in death's despite.
Three days the music lasted, lightening still the
Apostles' gloom,
And scarce had ceased when from the East came
Thomas to the tomb;
He oped it wide but found it bare, no crystal
vase was seen,—
Beyond the sky to Christ on high had angels
borne their Queen.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XI.

DICK woke on Sunday morning in the bright room all papered with white and rosebuds. He made the Sign of the Cross and sat up. What was it that was so nice to-day? Oh, yes! Lolo was coming soon—coming to-morrow! The sweet statue of the Virgin Mother stood opposite on the shelf, with summer flowers freshly put in the glasses yesterday. Through the wide, open window one could see the

roofs of the farm-yard. The cocks seemed to crow more gaily on Sunday morning, and Dick thought the sunshine was always brighter. What grand times they would have when Lolo came! He would take her to see the little black pigs,—the little tiny ones that played like kittens in the corner of the clover field; and he would show her the cows and the speckled hens, and the big watchdog that had come to live in the yard since some of the fowls were stolen. He would give her rides on Punch.

They would have tea together every day in the housekeeper's room; and, if there were no visitors, he would ask if she might play hide-and-seek with him all over the house. There were lovely places to hide in away up at the top, where the staircase led from the gallery to a small corridor where he had hardly ever been. And, oh! how nice it would be to get leave for Lolo to make a noise of music, just as she liked, on the grand piano! That would be much better than the brown violin, and nobody would take away the piano. So, with the sunshine and the sweet smell of the honeysuckle, came the thought that Lolo would be here to-morrow.

Presently Uncle Jerome's man, Charles, looked in, and said: "Good-morning, Master Dick!" And Dick had a cool morning bath and a fresh white suit, and his bright hair was brushed, and he knelt for a little while to say his prayers, feeling that it was a very, very happy world. Charles was gone now; Uncle Jerome's voice was sounding pleasantly in the hall. Dick ran out into the gallery, and looked down over the banisters at the great space with the oak panels and the pictured walls and polished floor.

"Oh, good-morning, Uncle Jerome! To-morrow, now, Lolo is coming!" And

he sprang away down the stairs, and received a good-morning kiss.

Breakfast on Sunday was a delightful meal. There were hot scones made by Mrs. Bonny, and ham and eggs, and a bowl of roses newly gathered was in the middle of the table. Uncle Jerome was going to have "people" to lunch, and they were to stay all the rest of the day. But after pudding time Dick would be allowed to go off with Punch and Jackson. And then he could go to the children's Benediction in the afternoon; and there would be tea on the lawn under the cedars.

Yes, it was a very happy world to-day. Dick had written several more entries for his diary; but these were on separate slips of paper, which he was only allowed to copy in ink, when the spelling was put right. So to-day he was able to copy them in before it was time to get ready for Mass. The last was: "Sunday—Lolo is coming to-morrow."

The visit to the church meant a walk through the grounds and along a country road to the village. The church stood in the small boy's mind for a happy and holy and beautiful place. To go there had been always part of his life, like his home and the love of father and mother.

The guests were not strange and stiff at lunch. He had met them all before, and they did not ask him his name, or how old he was, or smile at each other in a mysterious sort of way when he answered. In fact, they treated him like a boy who was six years old last May; so he got through his dinner quite pleasantly, and did not spill anything, or let the pastry of his tart shoot about from under his spoon.

Afterward he went out on Punch in the garden with Jackson. Punch's hair was not growing yet; but the ostler had clipped him a little more tidily and rubbed him till he was quite glossy. The sight of the pony's coat reminded Dick of his misdeeds so painfully that he did not ask when it would grow again. But

he could not help asking Jackson, entirely for the sake of the pony, whether he thought Punch would catch cold; for he had been thinking that it might be necessary to get him a flannel jacket if his long coat did not grow before autumn.

"No, you don't think so? Oh, dear! I'm so sorry!" whispered Dick to himself, with a little sigh.

"What are you sorry for, Master Dick? Punch not having to wear a red flannel coat with brass buttons?"

"No, Jackson. Don't make fun of me. You needn't ask, need you, what I am sorry for?"

So he went jogging away on his pet to the shrubbery, with the man following on foot,—just to keep an eye on them both, as he said.

And soon it was time for Catechism and Benediction. Uncle Jerome always sent Dick to pick up what crumbs of instruction he could; and Dick and the village children sat and knelt quite happily together, and sang their Benediction hymns when the candles were lighted about the altar throne.

Then the happy boy came home, and had cakes and strawberries and a cup of milk. There were ladies in bright dresses, who took tea, while the men carried the cups about. The talk was not all impossible to follow. One nice man talked of riding, and wondered if Punch could jump a five-bar gate; and the Gorsefield people—boys and girls—had come in since lunch, and wanted to know why Dick did not come over to see them.

"Next week," Uncle Jerome said. "I think we would rather not explain why we did not go the other day."

And Dick blushed; and they, of course, asked no more questions.

Monday was a day of rain. Dick could not go out, but he still was happy: Lolo was coming. Uncle Jerome was already gone away in the motor-car to the railway station. He would be back late in the afternoon.

Upstairs a little room was all ready,

next to Mrs. Bonny's own bedroom. Dick was taken to see it. There was white paper on the walls with daisies on it, and a little bed with a pink coverlet, and white curtains lined with pink to the window. Outside the window there were three bars across and above the sill to prevent dear little Lolo from tumbling out. The door was wide open between the housekeeper's bedroom and this; so Lolo would have only to call, if she woke at night in the dark. And Mrs. Bonny had plenty of love in her warm heart ready to give the little orphan child. She had made the room pretty with flowers and pictures. And there was a crucifix, which Lolo was to begin to learn about now; and a statue of the Blessed Virgin on the mantelpiece, and a picture of little children crowding about Our Lord.

Lolo was to spend her time in Mrs. Bonny's room and in the garden. Mrs. Bonny was to "mother" her; and Dick was to act as a gentleman should, the housekeeper said, and make the poor little child feel at home; "for," said the good woman, "she has nothing—poor lamb!—and you have everything."

Mrs. Bonny had also made a special cake, which was cooling under the netted window of the larder; and she looked forward to taking the little child every day across to the dairy to drink fresh milk. Indeed, the kind soul built many castles in the air that day, and looked far into the future. She was a widow with no children of her own, and this one was to be her joy and treasure. She would teach Lolo to do everything she herself could do. And Lolo, the little child, would grow up into such a nice girl, and wear long dresses, and put her hair up, and make the cakes, and carry about the keys. And—and—they would be all happy ever after!

She was awakened from a reverie in the rocking-chair. Williams had tapped at the door. The master was home and wanted her. Had he brought the little girl? No.

Oh, what a disappointment that was! How hard Dick had to try to shed no tears, when the motor drove up, and Uncle Jerome stepped out alone and shook his head toward the little face watching from the window.

The camp had been found. Uncle Jerome had been there, but the child was gone. No words could tell what the grey-haired man felt when he arrived too late. On the very day when the gypsy woman had died, a musician and his wife, visiting the camp, had given the gypsies five pounds to divide among them—five gold pieces, which meant to the dwellers in tents a great deal of money. The child had "a talent," the visitors said, and they would provide for her. The women had put a shawl round her and given her a pair of boots which were much too large; and they had been very sorry, and the child had gone away crying aloud. But she would be brought up by the lady and gentleman; and—well, five pounds was a great deal of money!

Uncle Jerome sent private messengers from the police, without frightening the people, to make inquiries and to watch. It was all, as the gypsies would have said, *tácho*: it was all true.

"My child," said Uncle Jerome to the small boy in white, "it almost breaks my heart to tell you, but I *must* tell you: we have lost Lolo because of your self-willed freak."

"How?" asked the boy, bewildered. He thought Lolo would never have been heard of at all if he had not gone away on Punch to the camp that day, and seen her medal, and had his own picked out of his pocket for the old gypsy to see. It had seemed to him that *he* found Lolo; and now his uncle told him it was because of his freak that she was gone beyond finding.

Uncle Jerome explained that a visit and a picnic had been planned for that very day, and Dick's wilful ways upset the plan. If there had been that picnic from Gorsefield, there would have been

tea in "the wilderness," just beyond the camp. They would have gone to see the gypsies. They could not have failed to see the child in the red frock; he certainly would not have missed seeing the medal and asking questions. He would have had a talk with the grandmother: he would have heard the secret she was longing to tell; for she would have opened her heart to him, seeing he understood what the medal was.

And now what had happened instead? The gypsy men had tried to steal the pony, and had thought of keeping Dick till they would get a reward. That night they had packed the tents, put horses to the wagons, and moved off, to escape any search by the police. Lolo had in this way escaped from being found by Uncle Jerome; and the very next day she had been discovered by the speculator, who bought the poor baby's "talent" for five gold pieces. He said he was going to Russia. So, it seemed, she was gone thousands of miles away, and there was no hope of finding her.

"You see," said Uncle Jerome to the boy, whose tears were trembling now on the fringes of the big blue eyes, "when we do anything we ought not to do, and have our own way—our own selfish way—we never know where the mischief will end. Everything has gone wrong for that poor child, just because you went off that day riding Punch by yourself."

But the moment after Uncle Jerome caught the boy to his heart; for the blue eyes welled over with a rush of tears, the flushed face was all disfigured with grief, and poor Dick was sending up such a heartbroken cry as the hall of Beechwood had never heard before.

"You must pray, Dick, every day, that this poor lost child may come to know what her medal means. One 'Hail Mary' every day—even if it goes on for years and years."

"And shall we find Lolo if I do, uncle?" The storm of grief had sunk to little sobs.

"If it is best, we shall. But that is

not what really matters. The great thing is that Lolo may some day know the Faith of her baptism. That is what we are to pray for."

Uncle Jerome was looking out from the great hall; the sun setting beyond the cedars and the riverside woods. There was not a bird flying home to a nook of roof or tree—not one—that was not cared for; not a sparrow unknown and unthought of. And this poor child, who was somewhere in the great world to-night,—her resting-place was known too, and she would not be forgotten. One grand chance had been missed; but there was no corner of the earth where prayer could not reach. And little children like Lolo are "of more value than many sparrows."

"I shall always say that 'Hail Mary,'" Dick said penitently, "after I pray for daddy and mamma—so as never to forget,—for years and years."

"Then you will be heard," said Uncle Jerome, "without the shadow of a doubt."

(To be continued.)

A Brave Sailor.

It is just a simple little story about an ignorant sailor, but it is true. There had been a furious assault at Acre, where the French and English were in close conflict; and the dead body of a French officer was left in so exposed a position between the walls and the besiegers' trenches that no one dared to risk his life in an attempt to remove it.

The war-ship *Tigre* lay off the shore; and on board was a simple-hearted Jack Tar, by the name of Kelly. To him the sight of that unburied body was unendurable, and he asked leave to go on shore, which was granted. When he was safe within the walls of the beleaguered town, he procured a shovel, a pickaxe, and some rope; and walking straight to the ramparts, and declining all offers of assistance, he lowered himself to the ground.

The enemy, mistaking his intention, covered him with muskets; but a French officer, wiser than the rest, divined the motive of the brave fellow, and ordered his soldiers to refrain from firing. Then everyone, friend and foe alike, watched to see what would be done next. Kelly quietly dug a grave, put the body into it, and said a prayer; then he took from his pocket a piece of board and a bit of chalk, with which he wrote, "Here lies a poor Crop." Without appearing to hurry in the least, he put this board at the head of the rude grave, then took his tools and walked back into the embrasure, with as little fuss as if he had been weeding a garden. "Crop" was doubtless meant as a brief way of saying *crapaud* (toad),—Johnny Crapaud being a nickname applied by English sailors to all Frenchmen, from a fondness they were supposed to have not for toads, but for frogs.

The firing, which had ceased long enough to permit Kelly to perform his kind offices, now recommenced with renewed fierceness. When the battle was over, the English commodore sent for the sailor and questioned him.

"I don't see, your honor," said Kelly, "why they all wonder at such a small thing."

"It was *not* a small thing," answered the commodore. "I am told that you performed that brave deed alone."

"Oh, no!" protested Kelly. "I was not alone."

"But I was told that you were," said the commodore.

"Then you were told wrong, begging your pardon! I was not alone, your honor; God was with me, and I didn't fear."

A FRIEND sends us this brief biography of the Father of our Country from the pen of a little boy, five years old: "George Washington never told a lie; he died, and they put his picture on a postage-stamp."

Tasso's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

The great Italian poet Tasso was, like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome; and, although weary and without money, he, having made a vow to Our Lady of Loreto, turned out of his way to visit her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of Gonzaga,—who was on a pilgrimage to Loreto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's simple wants. That done, and body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the famous painter, to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a little silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said, with much difficulty. "Did he ever tell you about it?"

"Yes, and I have it with me now!" exclaimed Rubens. "I treasure it for three good reasons."

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand, into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold, the poet prayed fervently until the end came.

Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene; and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting-place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in a quiet corner of St. Peter's at Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of devotional poetry by Katharine Tynan ("The Flower of Peace"), just issued by Burns & Oates, includes several poems contributed to THE AVE MARIA.

—The report of the Catholic Graduates Union, Madras, forms a brochure of some thirty pages, and gives evidence of excellent work on the part of the Union's members.

—"Why Catholics Have Parochial Schools," by the Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D., is an excellent pamphlet published by the International Catholic Truth Society,—a pamphlet which should be widely circulated.

—St. Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, known as the "Epistles of Captivity," by Fr. Rickaby, S. J.; and "Philipians and Philemon," by Fr. Goodier, S. J., will form the next volumes in the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures.

—A paper-covered booklet calculated to do a great amount of good is "Practical Questions on the Sodality," by the Rev. J. A. Dowling, S. J. It furnishes clearly and succinctly just the information that the laity should possess on an important means of sanctification. Loyola University Press.

—"Prudens Sexdecim Linguarum Confessarius" is the title of a unique volume of one hundred pages, by Fr. d'Herbigny, S. J., professor of theology in Maison St. Augustin, Enghien, Belgium. It enables any priest to hear confessions in as many as sixteen different languages. The method is decidedly ingenious, and we see no reason why it should not prove thoroughly practical. There must be many priests to whom this work would be of invaluable assistance. We cordially recommend it, hoping it will become known everywhere.

—We have received the initial number of the *Oriental Republican Messenger*, published at Wei-Hai-Wei, North China, and edited by Mr. F. M. Jefferson, of that port. It is a bi-monthly magazine, octavo, with 32 pages to the number, and promises to be an unusually interesting publication. The editor is a Chinaman and a zealous convert to the Church. He desires to get into communication with such of his countrymen at home and abroad as have learned, or are desirous of learning, English, with a view to assist them in their studies and otherwise to render them service. Persons in any part of the world acquainted with

Chinese who read our language would do well in strongly recommending them to communicate with Mr. Jefferson, whose name, for convenience' sake, appears as it sounds in the dialect of Canton.

—"Keystones of Thought," by Austin O'Malley; "Yourself and the Neighbors," sketches of Irish peasant life, by Seumas McManus; and "The Light of Men," translated from the French of Reynes Monlaur, will be published about the middle of next month by the Devin-Adair Co.

—Among our new foreign exchanges is the *Morning Star*, an interesting bimonthly magazine (16mo), the organ of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin in Trichinopoly, Madras, British India. The issue for May and June, just to hand, has much to say of the forthcoming Marian Congress for India, Burmah, and Ceylon, to be held, D. v., in December.

—"Ideals and Realities," by Edith Pearson, is more miscellaneous in character than the sub-title, "Essays," would lead one to expect. The volume, a well-printed octavo of one hundred and forty-nine pages, contains, besides the essays, two ventures in fiction and also in verse. The article on Caroline Chisholm, from which we have already had the pleasure of quoting, forms, to our mind, the most valuable portion of the book. While the writer shows much sympathy with the finer forms of literary art, she seems to be lacking in the creative spirit. But her enthusiasms are noble. The book is published by R. & T. Washbourne, London, and is for sale in this country by the Benzigers.

—Johannes Jørgensen's "Lourdes," ably translated from the original Danish by Ingeborg Lund, is a delight from start to finish. It is a glorious, personal act of faith on the part of the distinguished author in the genuineness of Lourdes, and it reads like a romance. Mr. Hilaire Belloc contributes an Introduction no less spontaneous and charged with invincible argument. An altogether remarkable book. One sets off with the great Danish convert in his journey to the far-famed shrine, learns its story from "the ground up," and follows the development of its cult down to the present day. Mr. Jørgensen's work has something of an *ex-voto* character, and communicates to the reader its spirit of faith and piety and joyous gratitude. It is true, as Mr. Belloc says, "if men would or could detach themselves from their own

time and place, Lourdes would be the most interesting business in the world." Catholics, at least, ought to bring home to themselves the splendid reality of Lourdes; and, as a step in that direction, we recommend the purchase and perusal of this vital and vivid narrative. Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

—One has of late years heard and read so much about the New Woman that there is something of relief in picking up such a volume as "The New Man," by Philip Gibbs. The work, a well printed 12mo. of 255 pages, is styled by its author "a portrait study of the latest type," and will be characterized by the average intelligent reader as a rather accurate piece of portraiture,—a good deal more accurate than flattering. Mr. Gibbs is an acute analyst of human types and present-day conditions, a clear-eyed observer of the life around him, a philosophic student of modern realities and shams, and a fearless critic who bates no jot of censure in deference to conventional codes or generally accepted fallacies. The nine chapters of his vitally interesting book constitute a picture gallery worth while studying at leisure; and the closer the study, the clearer one's conviction that the radical defect of the "new man" in every grade of society is the lack of religious faith. Published by B. Herder.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Lourdes." Johannes Jörgensen. 90 cts.
 "Ideals and Realities." Edith Pearson. 2s. 6d.
 "The New Man." Philip Gibbs. \$1.
 "The Shadow of Peter." Herbert E. Hall, M. A. 70 cts.
 "Sons of the Sea Kings." Alice and W. H. Milligan. \$1.50.
 "The Waters of Twilight." Fr. C. C. Martindale, S. J. \$1.20.
 "A Rosary of Song." Brian O'Higgins. 2s. 6d.
 "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. 35 cts.
 "Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church."

- "Supernatural Merit." Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M. 15 cts.
 Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.80.
 "Richard of Wyche." Sister Mary Reginald Capes. \$1.50.
 "Cedar Chips." Canon Sheehan. \$1.50.
 "Selections from Parerga." A Sister of Mercy. 50 cts.
 "Watching an Hour." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet." John Thomson. 90 cts.
 "A Little Book of Well-Known Toys." Jenness M. Braden. 45 cts.
 "Ballads of Childhood." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.
 "The Theory and Practice of the Catechism." Gatterer-Krus. \$1.75.
 "What Shall I Be?" Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J. Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.
 "Blessed are Ye!" Père Paul Donœur, S. J. 60 cts.
 "Heroes of the Dawn." Violet Russell. \$1.75.
 "S. Antonino and Mediæval Economics." Rev. Bede Jarrett, O. P. 30 cts.
 "Pictorial Instructions for Catholic Children." 50 cts.
 "Frédéric Ozanam." Archibald J. Dunn, F. R. Hist. S., etc. 50 cts.
 "Mystic Trees." Michael Field. \$1.50.
 "From an Island Outpost." Mary E. Waller. \$1.25.
 "Faith." Mgr. De Gibergues. 75 cts.
 "Daily Reflections for Christians." 2 vols. Very Rev. Charles Fox, O. M. I. \$3.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Lange, of the archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Casimir Olszewski, archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. John Power, diocese of Portland; and Rev. Edward Purbrick, S. J.

Sisters Rose and Marie, of the Grey Nuns of the Cross; Sister M. Christine, Order of the Visitation; and Sister M. Regina, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. William Smith, Mr. Joseph Steffani, Mr. John Aylward, Mrs. Ellen Perrin, Mr. William Dillon, Mr. E. C. Weber, Miss Mary Doyle, Mr. John Kohn, Mr. James Lyons, Mr. Thomas Gardiner, Miss Rosanna O'Carroll, Mr. Charles Fox, Dr. D. V. O'Leary, and Mr. Gregory Mueller.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

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O Mystery!

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

‘MID million, million stalks of wheat
Was one the wind caressed,—
Was one whose heart the dews turned sweet,
The golden sunlight blessed.

’Tis bread to-day, that bit of wheat,
Pure white on paten laid:
’Tis God Himself—O myst’ry sweet!—
Come to the heart He made.

The Martyrs of the Armada Year.

BY JOHN RICHARD HALE.

DR. BURTON, of St. Edmund’s College, Ware (England), and Father J. H. Pollen, S. J., for many years postulator of the Cause of the English Martyrs, are editing a series of lives of those many martyrs of the Elisabethan persecution whose Cause at Rome has progressed only as far as the stage of its introduction, and who are therefore given the title of “Venerable.” The first volume, covering the record of the years 1583 to 1588, has lately appeared, and contains the biographies of sixty-one of these heroes of the Faith.*

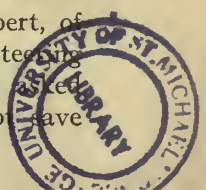
Every page of the book is full of interest. We are given, throughout, the contemporary records and documents

bearing on the story of each martyr. The book is, in fact, a summary of the evidence collected for the process at Rome. For myself, because of the work I have done on the history of the Spanish Armada of 1588, the most interesting passages in this new collection of documents are those that tell of the fierce outbreak of persecution in the Armada year. Father Pollen calls it “the massacre of 1588.” In a few weeks of that year there were more martyrdoms than in any other year of the long English persecution.

This “massacre” is one of the foulest blots on the annals of what have been popularly described as the “spacious days of great Elisabeth”; or, in more familiar phrase, “the glorious days of good Queen Bess.” It was deliberately planned in cold blood, and it had some features of exceptional baseness in its policy.

In the first place, it came after a great crisis, in which the Catholics had displayed the most unselfish loyalty to the Government. Though some of the exiles hoped for deliverance for the Church in England through a victory of the Spanish arms, the Catholics at home had no desire to secure their freedom from a bitter persecution at the price of a foreign conquest of England. Harassed and plundered as they were by the royal officials, they nevertheless paid their full share of the contributions required for the defence of the Kingdom. Some did even more. Thus we find Fitzherbert, of Padley Hall, in Derbyshire, volunteering to pay double the contributions levied for from his estate, which did not have

* “Lives of the English Martyrs.” Second Series. The Martyrs declared Venerable. Vol. I., 1583-1588. Edited by Edwin H. Burton, D. D., and J. H. Pollen, S. J. Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York.



him from a raid on his home by the priest-hunters, who carried off his friends to the rack and the gallows. Burghley, Elisabeth's chief agent in the persecution, himself boasted of the loyalty of the Catholics, in a pamphlet circulated all over Europe—the "Letter sent out of England to Don Bernardino de Mendoza," represented at the time as written by one of the Catholics themselves, but really the work of the very man who was hanging priests as traitors. Father Pollen has proved its authorship by the discovery of the original draft of it in Burghley's handwriting.

As I have said elsewhere, the Catholics would have had ample justification if they had taken up arms and accepted foreign aid. Exactly a hundred years later, under far less provocation, Anglicans and Dissenters united to bring into England a foreign army and a foreign Prince escorted by a foreign fleet; and, for all that, English historians count the men of 1688 as patriots. The self-sacrificing patriotism of the Catholics of 1588 receives but scanty praise from these same writers; and that patriotism was rewarded by a new and fierce outbreak of persecution.

Ingratitude was, then, the first brand of baseness on this "massacre" of 1588. Cowardice was the second stigma upon it. There was a local outbreak of persecution in Derbyshire in the July of the Armada year. The Venerable Nicholas Garlick, the Venerable Robert Ludlam, and the Venerable Richard Sympson were martyred at Derby on July 24, while the Armada was still fighting its way up the English Channel. But the organized massacre did not begin until the peril of invasion was over. On August 9 the Armada, after having been scattered by the fireships off Calais, and narrowly escaping destruction in a gale that nearly drove it upon the shoals of the Flemish coast, fled northward, pursued for a while by Howard's fleet. Five days later the first orders for the "massacre" were issued by Elisabeth's officers. The prisons were

crowded with priests and lay Catholics.

On the 14th of August the keepers of the prisons were ordered to supply lists of the recusants and priests. Puckering, one of the Crown lawyers, then selected from these returns a list of names of those who were to be executed. The list still exists. It shows that before the victims were even brought to trial, their fate was decided. It was settled where they were to be hanged; the executions being distributed over London and various provincial centres, so as to make the "massacre" a widespread demonstration of the Queen's vengeance on men who had just given so remarkable a proof of their sturdy loyalty to her. Burghley himself annotated the list, marking off the charges that were to be brought against the prisoners. Then came the mockery of justice, in the trials of which the result had been decided in advance; and on Wednesday, August 28, 1588, the massacre began.

On that day there were eight martyrdoms in and around London,—two out in the country to the eastward, at Mile End Green; one under the old city wall at Shoreditch; another at Clerkenwell; two in the heart of London, at Lincoln's Inn Fields; two more in the country to the westward, near Isleworth village. At Mile End Green the victims were a priest and a layman. The priest was the Venerable William Dean. He was a sturdy Yorkshireman. His father had marched under the banner of the Five Wounds when the men of the North rose in arms in defence of the old Faith of England. William, the son of this soldier of the Catholic rising, drifted into Protestantism as a young man, and became a minister of the new church. But a seminary priest, who himself was later on a martyr, reconciled him to the Church, and William Dean went to Rheims to study for the priesthood and the dangerous English mission. He reached England as a priest in January, 1582, and in the following February was arrested. For three years he was in prison in London, and then

he was sent out of the country, with a warning not to return again on peril of his life. But back he came at all risks, and in the winter of 1587-88 he was once more a prisoner for the Faith. He was noted by Burghley for execution.

His comrade was a layman, Henry Webley, who two years before had been arrested. The crimes charged against him were that he had assisted and harbored the priest with whom he suffered, and that he had gone to confession to a priest. He was only thirty years of age. With William Dean, he was taken in a cart to the common at Mile End. The priest tried to address the crowd, but he was told to be silent, and struck on the head with a pike by one of the guard. Again he tried to speak, but he was roughly gagged. Then the ropes were put round the necks of the two martyrs, the cart was driven off, and they were left hanging.

Not far away, on the same morning, the Venerable William Gunter, another priest from Rheims, was hanged on a new gallows, lately erected near the theatre in Shoreditch. He had labored for just eleven months in London, when he was arrested in June, 1588. At his trial he was asked if he had reconciled any one to the Church since he came to England; and he answered that he had, and would do so again if he could. This was evidence enough to condemn him. At the foot of the gallows he was told that, by the clemency of the Queen, it had been ordered that those who suffered that day should be merely hanged, and not cut down while still alive, disembowelled and hacked to pieces. "It is fit that it should be so," he said humbly; "for I am not worthy to suffer so much as my brethren."

On Clerkenwell Green was hanged another priest, the Venerable Thomas Holford, a Cheshire man. Born in 1541, he was educated as a Protestant; but he was converted in 1579, and went to the English College at Rheims. He came back to England a priest in 1583. He labored for a while in his native Cheshire, where

he was taken prisoner in 1585; the hunt for priests in the county being directed by Chadderdon, Elisabeth's bishop of Chester. The bishop, reporting the arrest, describes the priest as a "talle, blacke, fatte, stronge man." The prisoner was sent up to London; but on the night of his arrival there his guards became sleepy with drink at the inn where they stopped in Holborn, and the priest escaped. He was captured again in 1588, and hanged on this first day of the massacre "for treasonably coming into the realm as a priest."

At Lincoln's Inn Fields the victims were a priest, Robert Morton, and a layman, Hugh Moore. Morton was a Yorkshireman, of good family, a student of Rheims and of the English College at Rome. He set out for England in July, 1587, was arrested soon after he landed, and was condemned on the charge of coming into England after receiving Orders abroad. His companion, Hugh Moore, was another convert martyr. He was the son of a Protestant squire in Lincolnshire. While studying for law in London he became a Catholic, and went to Rheims to prepare for the priesthood. His health broke down and he returned to England, where he was soon arrested. His having been a church student abroad was his crime. He could have saved his life by going even once to a Protestant church, but he refused; and at the age of twenty-five won his crown, dying "with admirable patience and courage;—yea, with joy and pleasure." Near the scene of the martyrdom, about a hundred years later, was erected the oldest of the Catholic churches in London of post-Reformation date.

The two martyrs who suffered near Isleworth were both priests—the Venerable James Claxton and the Venerable Thomas Felton. The latter was the son of a martyr father, the Blessed John Felton, who was put to a cruel death for attaching to the door of St. Paul's Cathedral the Bull of St. Pius V. excommuni-

cating Elisabeth. Thomas Felton suffered a long imprisonment and was tortured in various ways,—hung up by the wrists for hours, and shut up for days in a cell so small that he could neither stand erect nor lie at length. He had been tied to a chair and carried into a Protestant church, but when the service began he stopped his ears. His hands were then held down, but he still refused to listen, shouting and praying aloud, till at last his persecutors gave up the struggle, and took him back to a dark cell in prison. James Claxton, his comrade, was a Yorkshire seminary priest. The two martyrs were led through London on horseback, and hanged beside the great western road near Isleworth.

Two days later, on August 30, London saw six more executions, all at Tyborne gallows, the scene of over a hundred martyrdoms during the persecution. Of these six martyrs, one was a priest, four were laymen, the last a lady, the Venerable Margaret Ward. The priest, the Venerable Richard Leigh, had been arrested that same summer. Aylmer, the Protestant bishop of London, was not ashamed to bully and insult him at his trial. At Tyborne, the priest gave his blessing to his companions before he went to his death. The Venerable Edward Shelley, who was hanged with him, was a Sussex gentleman, of the same family that later gave a poet to England. He was condemned for assisting a priest—no other than the Venerable William Dean, whose martyrdom had taken place two days before. The other laymen were the Venerable Richard Martin, the Venerable Richard Flower (a Welshman), and the Venerable John Roche, an Irishman. Roche was a boatman who had aided Margaret Ward in rescuing a priest from prison. This was their crime. She was cruelly treated in prison, tortured by being flogged and hung up by the wrists, in order to try to obtain information for the recapture of the priest. The valiant woman was crippled by her sufferings and

partly paralyzed, but she went bravely to her death. She had been offered her life if she would go to the Protestant church and ask the Queen's pardon.

Fourteen executions within three days were considered to be enough for London. The country then had its turn. On October 1 there were eight martyrdoms at Kingston-on-Thames, Canterbury, Ipswich, and Chichester. The Venerable William Way, the martyr of Kingston-on-Thames, was a priest. Eager to suffer, he wore a hairshirt even in prison; and when he heard a rumor that his name was not on the list of those to be tried for their lives, he showed his grief and disappointment, and said that he must have offended God in some way to be thus left. But he was soon reassured by being brought to trial. Condemned for his priesthood, he suffered the penalty of treason, being hanged, cut down alive, disembowelled and quartered.

There were four martyrdoms the same day at Canterbury: three priests—the Venerable Robert Wilcox, Edward Campion, and Christopher Buxton,—and a layman, the Venerable Robert Widmerpool. Edward Campion's real name was Edwardes; but, out of devotion to the martyr Blessed Edmund Campion, S. J., he had taken his name. His was one more of the many convert martyrs,—a student of Oxford, converted while travelling in France. Widmerpool was an Oxford man, a scholar who had for some time been tutor to the sons of the Earl of Northumberland. At the gallows he kissed the rope and ladder, and thanked God he was to die in the city of the martyr St. Thomas. All four were cut down alive and butchered. Robert Wilcox was the first to mount the fatal ladder, telling his companions gaily that he was going to heaven before them, and would say they were coming soon.

Four priests had been marked down for execution at Chichester. Two of them—the Venerable Ralph Crockett and the Venerable Edward James—died gloriously

for the Faith; but their companions, sad to say, lost heart and forfeited the crown that was within their grasp. Two years before, Crockett and James, with two other priests, had come across the Channel from Dieppe. The ship was driven by stress of weather into Littlehampton harbor, and they were betrayed and arrested on board. Strictly speaking, they had not broken the law; for they had not landed, but were forcibly brought ashore. When examined by the magistrates, however, they refused to save themselves by arguing the point of law. Ralph Crockett said that, as a matter of fact, he had come to England on account of ill health, but he meant to exercise his priestly office should occasion offer. Edward James said he had come in virtue of his oath to work as a priest on the English mission. They were sent up to the Marshalsea prison in London, where they were confined until Burghley marked them down for execution at Chichester. They were sent there for trial with two other priests, John Oven and Francis Edwardes. All four were condemned to the cruel death of the traitor.

After their sentence, "divers ministers" were sent to confer with them, and Oven lost courage and agreed to save his life by taking the oath of supremacy. He took it publicly before the judges next day, and was reprieved. On that same day the other three priests were drawn on hurdles to the gallows outside the city. At the foot of the ladder Crockett and James knelt to each other for absolution. Crockett was the first to die. Standing on the ladder, he told the crowd he was no traitor but was to suffer only for his priesthood and his Faith.

It was hoped by the persecutors that the horrible sight of his execution would shake the nerves of his companions. The ministers were busy trying to persuade them to yield, but James took no heed of them. He knelt in prayer at the gallows' foot while Crockett was hanged, cut down alive and hacked to pieces.

Then he boldly mounted the ladder, and, with the rope round his neck, prayed aloud. "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit! Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!" were his last words.

Until he had seen the death of his second comrade, the third of the condemned priests, Francis Edwardes, had held out against the ministers; but now he lost heart, and offered to conform if his life were spared. He was taken back to prison, and at the next sessions took the oath of apostasy before the judges. It is a sad story; but worth noting and telling, sad as it is; because it proves beyond all cavil that the martyrs died only for the Faith, and could have saved their lives even at the last moment by abandoning it.

On the same day the Venerable John Robinson, an aged priest, won his crown at Ipswich. He was a Yorkshireman, and for years had no thought of a priestly vocation. He married and had a son, Francis, who proved himself worthy of such a father. After the death of his wife, John Robinson, a man of advanced age, went to Rheims to study for the priesthood. He came to England in 1585, and was arrested when trying to land at Lowestoft. He had been three years in a London prison when the massacre of 1588 began, and he was ordered for trial at Ipswich, the chief town of the county of Suffolk, in which he had been arrested. Despite his age, he refused to have a horse for the long journey, telling his escort that, on such an errand, he could walk as fast as they could ride. Like Blessed Thomas More, he jested in the face of death. At his trial he answered the judges so boldly that one of them remarked, "I think this fellow intends to be hanged."—"For what else did I come here?" replied the martyr. And in this cheerful dauntless spirit he went to his death.

Four days later, on October 5, there were more martyrdoms at London. The Venerable John Hewett, a priest, was

executed at Mile End Green. He was the son of a citizen of York. In the year 1585, when only a subdeacon, he had come home to rest for a while from his studies, on account of ill health. He was imprisoned for some months, and then banished. He returned to Rheims, received the diaconate and the priesthood, and was back in England the next year. A returned exile, if arrested, was a doomed man. He was a prisoner again in the summer of 1588, and was noted as one of Burghley's victims. With him were put on trial another priest, the Venerable William Hartley; and a secular school-master, the Venerable Robert Sutton. An attempt was made to show that they had conspired against the Queen, but this charge broke down; the grievances proved being only that Hewett and Hartley were priests, and that Sutton had confessed to priests. That no treason, in the real sense of the word, could be proved is shown by the fact that, although the usual sentence on traitors was passed, the Queen ordered that the three prisoners should be hanged and allowed to die on the gallows without suffering further tortures. There would have been no such clemency if they had been conspirators against her Majesty's life and throne.

Such was the "massacre of 1588,"—a foul blot on the vaunted glories of the Armada year, but for the Catholic a glorious record of martyrdom. Popular tradition in England numbers as the heroes of that year Howard, the courtly admiral, who gave up the Faith of his fathers for temporal advantage; Drake and Frobisher, whose story is marred with deeds of piracy. But the true heroes were the priests and laymen who went joyfully to a cruel death rather than save their lives by denying their Master; the poor Irish boatman, John Roche, has a truer title to fame than Howard and Drake; and the valiant woman, Margaret Ward, is a nobler figure than the famous Queen by whose warrant she was tortured and sent to death at Tyborne Tree.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

IV.

WHEN Romey awoke next morning breakfast was waiting. Father Mortier and the boy had rolled up their blankets, ready for the last stage of the journey to Trenton, the new little town that lay lost in a fold of the hills some fifteen miles farther on. The young man was on his feet in a moment, ashamed of appearing the laggard of the party; and, with the excuse of going to see after his horses, escaped to make a hasty toilet in the stable. Father Mortier seemed to have compassed a shave; for he looked wondrously clean and neat, and Romey did not like the idea of disgracing his company.

Returning to the cabin, he found that everything, except the breakfast set for himself, had been tidily stowed away, the fire extinguished, and a fresh pile of sticks and kindlings put in place by the stove.

"You never can tell when they will be wanted," said the Father. "I often come this way, because it is many miles shorter than going by the roads; but, unless the weather is bad, I do not stop. The cabin is a regular storm-refuge, and has been pretty useful sometimes; as it was last night; and I like to leave everything shipshape—in case! It has a grim story, this little shack. An old trapper came to a bad end here; and the few people who pass this way would rather camp out in the wildest night than enter it; so the things I leave are quite safe from thieves. We must be getting off now, if you are ready."

It was high noon when the little party rode into Trenton, and the entire population seemed to be rushing to its dinner at the one hotel the place boasted. The town consisted of one long street, and a couple of transverse ones tailing off into

a thin fringe of scattered houses, the last of which seemed retreating into the woods which clothed the hills behind. The level valley bottom, divided by a full, though narrow, river, broadened out into a little plain at this point; and Romey could not but admire the advantage of the site which the settlers had chosen for their mimic metropolis. The stage road from the more easterly district approached along the river-bank, but came to a full stop, and refused to proceed beyond the main street where the post office stood. There were two or three good general stores, a schoolhouse (just now sending forth a crowd of rosy-cheeked youngsters), the inevitable saloon, and a number of dwelling houses which presented an appearance of cheerful prosperity. The whole aspect of the place appealed immensely to Romey after his days of solitary travelling.

"Hooray!" he cried, as he tied his horses to the long hitching rack beside the hotel. "This is something like! Now, then" (he gave a slap to the hind quarters of one of the animals already forming a long row at the rack), "move up, sonny, and make room for newcomers! We've come to stay, all right; so there's no use in trying to kick us out."

Entering the building, he looked round for his late companions. In the crowded dining-room he saw Wally securing two chairs by the simple method of sitting down on both at a time, and benevolently defending a third from the attacks of a big man in overalls, who was bent on getting a seat and his food as rapidly as possible. The boy caught sight of Romey and called him:

"Come over here, Mister! I got three places, but I guess I can't hold 'em long by myself."

At the same time Father Mortier emerged from a room in the rear, accompanied by a sweet-looking woman, whose blue eyes and dark hair proclaimed her Irish at once. She led the priest to a small table set apart; and as they passed

Romey he heard her say, glancing at the wildly gesticulating Wally:

"Did the omadaun over there think I was going to let ye scramble for yer dinner in that crowd, Father dear? 'Twould be the first time, then! Is this your friend?" The Father had beckoned to Romey to join them. "And it's welcome you are, Mr. Johnson! There's plenty of room for good men round here, and I hope you've come to stay. We're mighty proud of our town—no, Sally" (this to a girl who came to ask for orders). "The Father's dinner's all ready for him, cooked special. And is it tea or coffee ye'll be taking, Mr. Johnson?"

"What a nice, friendly woman!" Romey remarked as she bustled away.

"A real good one; and her husband's a fine man," replied the priest. "There's nobody in the country more respected than the Molloyes. They're bringing up their children the right way, too; and there are seven of them. Mr. Molloy—I'll find him for you afterward—will tell you how to see about getting what you want, if it is to be had at all—ah, here comes our dinner! And I suppose you're glad to see it. I know I am!"

The master of the house was found in the lobby, thick already with the smoke of strong pipes and rank cigars. A score of men were lounging about in rockers, talking desultorily; but the appearance of Father Mortier and his companion caused a sudden silence, and all heads were turned their way to catch the new man's name as the priest introduced him to the innkeeper.

Romey, full of his one idea, laid down the pen with which he had been writing his name in the register, and began:

"Mr. Molloy, I want you to tell me—"

But he got no further; for the big Irishman interrupted him by saying, loud enough for all the room to hear:

"Which room you can have? I'll put you in No. 10 for to-day. Hold on till I find the key!" He pretended to look for it on the keyboard. "Guess they've

left it in the door. I'll show you the way."

When they found themselves in the passage outside, he whispered confidentially:

"Kind of mixed crowd out there. We'll be talking better by ourselves."

And he led the way into a room at one side, where a baby lay sleeping in a cot, and two small boys were recklessly trying to run the sewing machine.

It seemed that Molloy knew of one good little property, at some distance from Trenton.

"Back up in the mountains,—for why the land-seekers missed it, I suppose," he explained; "and if ye can find it, and it suits ye, it's open for home-steading yet. Here, I'll show the Father on the map."

And he pulled a blue print from a drawer in the battered table where he kept his accounts, and pointed to an irregular square bearing the mark which denotes "unappropriated."

Father Mortier looked at the spot indicated by Mr. Molloy's broad forefinger, and shook his head dubiously.

"It is a terrible long way off," he said.

"Shucks!" replied Molloy. "What's fifteen miles to a strapping young fellow like this? And divil a bit of free land that's worth anything will he get, nearer or farther, in this district, Father. It's mighty strange somebody hasn't taken it up by now. I believe one of them fellers in the Land Office has been keeping it up his sleeve for himself to locate on in the spring. Say, though, Mr. Johnson, if you do take it up you'll have a lonesome sort of a time from now to April. There isn't a thing you can do to the land 'cept sit before your fire and think about it till the snow flies."

"That doesn't scare me a little bit," replied Romey, eagerly. "Just tell me how to get there, and I'll go right off and look at it to-day!"

Molloy glanced at an old cuckoo clock on the wall.

"Too late to-day," he said. "I got to

look up the man that'll take you there. I think I know where to find him, and you'd never get anywhere by yourself. You and he can set out first thing in the morning and get back here 'fore night. Camping out in strange country is a poor kind of a picnic this time of year."

"That's so," Father Mortier agreed; and Romey had to submit, however unwillingly, to the superior wisdom of experience.

V.

A frozen tarn sunk deep in towering hills that rose on the south side into a thousand feet of sheer rock; but rock set there only as a wall to protect a broad and perfectly level plateau, running east and west, standing high above the lake, though descending to it in a series of smaller terraces that would yield a rich harvest when harvest time should come. On the north the land was lower, and sloped to the water's edge in broken hillocks, dotted here and there with young trees, that carried their winter dress of snow as gaily as if it were the cloud of blossom still wrapped up in the unspoken promise of another year. The rocks, where they were too steep for the snow to cling to them, showed a burnished bronze in the veiled sunshine; the lake itself lay in shadow, that turned its ice-bound surface to cold onyx; and the sky behind the snow-line of the surrounding hills had the tint of pale agate, merging mistily into the paler blue right overhead.

A strange world, full of strange colors and effects,—a world where Winter seemed to brood as in her home, careless of results, and trying out elemental tints and touches as an artist flings forth a score of sketches to throw away before starting on some great picture. Utter silence waited on Winter's work; not a breath of wind, not a cracking branch broke the unbreathing quiet of the veiled, delicate Northern day.

So it had been ever since Romey Johnson had settled on the plateau above

the lake. Coming there six weeks earlier, with the trusty guide provided for him, he had found good land, an abundant spring of water, and all that a reasonable man could need for the makings of a homestead. And, by the generous conditions extended to settlers, it was his for the asking, till he should prove himself unworthy of the gift. He must live there so many months of the year; must bring a certain number of acres under cultivation, since it was not a timber claim; and fence in his quarter section within four years; at the end of which period, having satisfied the Land Commissioners that he had carried out his part of the bargain, he could "prove up" and take out his clear title to the property. Till then he would pay no taxes; and, unless he flagrantly and persistently stayed away from the place, no questions would be asked him.

He had never questioned his luck in getting it, and in being able to reserve his little capital for the first two or three years' needs. Very joyfully he had set to work to cut and haul the logs for his cabin; and there had been real pleasure in choosing the site, and building this, the foundation of his own little home. There had been the excitement of two or three journeys to Trenton, where the wise Molloy had helped him choose the big wagon and the runners, the harness and the sleigh bells, and the little housekeeping outfit that he would need at first. Seeing that the winter was so close at hand, he had engaged the services of Molloy's tall son Terence for a few days, to help in the building; and a very gay, friendly time the two young fellows had had together, the "big snow" mercifully holding off long enough to allow of the dwelling's being made wind-and-weather proof before the real cold came. Then on his last expedition to the town he had taken Terence back, and had returned to begin his life alone.

It was then that he realized what human companionship means. For the

first few days he had not been able to put a name to the curious numbness that came over him when the day's work was done, and he closed the door of the cabin and sat down to face the solitary evening that began so terribly early now. But when, on the third morning, as he stood scanning the landscape in the clear light, he caught a glimpse of a little house almost buried in the snow-laden trees on the opposite bank of the lake, he knew, by the wild eagerness with which he looked for signs of human habitation there, that his trouble was loneliness, and that he was longing hungrily for the sound of a human voice.

Three weeks had passed since then, and the little house was still silent and deserted. Each morning Romey's first glance on opening his front door had been in that direction; and each morning the little sinking of heart was the same on seeing no living thing moving among the trees, no signal smoke curling up from the chimney. Twice he had ridden down to Trenton to fetch his mail; and, returning in the cold dusk, had told himself that perhaps he would see a gleam of light across the lake when he reached home. Even the knowledge that a long, loving letter from Alice lay snug in his pocket had not prevented the pang of disappointment with which he gazed across into the unbroken darkness when, tired and chilled, he had slipped from the saddle at his own door.

And how bright and friendly the little town had looked! How good to hear was Molloy's cheery welcome, and the cheery talk of men and women in street and store! Not for a moment did he regret having left home. He could still tell himself honestly that even the awful muteness of the winter solitudes was better than daily contact with the unsympathetic, irritating circle there. But he felt sometimes that he would have given half he possessed for a companion or neighbor with whom to pass the time of day; or even to see an answering light

in the distance when he went, lantern in hand, to have a look at the horses before going to bed.

"I am getting hipped about this thing," he told himself at last one evening, as he glanced at his little clock, and, seeing that his bedtime was approaching, rose from his seat to take down the lantern. "I'm not going to look that way to-night—so there! I don't care whether anybody ever comes to that house or not! I guess it's just a deserted shed, after all—no, I won't go out yet. I'll get my mind off it first, reading some of that dry stuff Father Mortier loaded me up with."

And he returned to his seat by the table, on which lay one or two paper-bound books (the last gift of the priest), and a "Baltimore Catechism" which Father Mortier had slipped in, saying: "That's my visiting card, young man. I leave it wherever I go."

In sheer desperation, Romey had read through "The Faith of Our Fathers" and the fat copy of the "Question Box," and had really been interested in some of the quaint facts disclosed by those discerning works. But controversy is attractive only to those who have opinions of their own to defend; and to Romey's uninstructed mind the whole existence of dogma, for or against Catholicism, was a matter of utter indifference. He was one who could receive faith only through the heart, not through the head. Once or twice the priest's words about another world came back to him, and he felt that he would have liked to know why his friend was so absolutely sure of its existence, when so many respectable and prosperous people declared that life ended here, and should on that account be made the most of while it lasted.

The books passed lightly over that point and seemed to take the question for granted. Romey saw no reason for agreeing with them. But in one he had found a little picture which fascinated him greatly, and for its sake he often opened the "Faith of Our Fathers,"

between the leaves of which it lay, just where the Father had placed it. For some occult reason, Romey felt as if he had no right to take it out; but he often opened the book and gazed at the print and fingered it lovingly. It was a picture of a young woman with softly parted hair and deep sweet eyes, holding in her arms a tiny child, who returned her gaze with one of utter love and trust. There was a ring of light round the two heads bowed so close together, and below was written, "The Mother of Fair Love."

That he did not understand, but he understood well enough the clasp and kiss of mother and child. In his heart, still young, still pure, the springs of life rose strong and sweet, asking to be poured forth on dear ones of his own. He wondered if the day would come when he should see a gentle young woman sitting there beside him, with a child in her arms. How worth living would life be then!

"I'll leave it open," he murmured, flattening out the book. "They're something to come back to, those two!"

Then, slipping on his mackinaw and fur cap—for the night was bitterly cold,—he lighted the lantern and stepped out into the dark, obstinately averting his eyes from the more distant spaces as he made his way round the corner of the house to the stable. That seemed delightfully warm in comparison with the open air. Jake and Maud turned mildly surprised eyes on him from their deep beds in the straw, as the light touched them; and a queer little piebald cat, that had wandered in from the woods a week before and taken up its abode on the place, dropped from the crib as lightly as a feather, and came to rub itself against the master's legs. It was an absurd-looking thing, with yellow ears and a scratched pink nose, and a coat all yellow ochre, and white splashes thrown on anyhow; but its purr was a thing to hear, and it was a grand policeman for the field mice.

"Hullo, Patch!" Romey stooped down and smoothed its head. "How's business with you, old sport? *There's* one creature that's glad we came, anyhow; aren't you? Now, then, don't dig your claws into my overalls! That's a poor way of showing your gratitude! Good-night, the bunch of you!" And he swung out, closing and bolting the door behind him.

A flurry of snow blew in his face, and as he turned the corner of the house he paused an instant to rub it out of his eyes. Raising them, and forgetting all about his resolution, he glanced across the lake. Then he gave a cry, and sprang to the edge of the level on which the cabin stood. Ah, it had come at last! Beyond the black frozen water, clear and white as a planet fallen to earth, a steady light shone from the deserted house, and lit a stretch of the little snow-clad grove into soft radiance. With parted lips and straining eyes, Romey stared at it, too overjoyed to think for the first minute. Then memory came to his aid, telling him that the blessed glow came from a lamp—nothing else would be shining so steadily and whitely—set close to the window on the right of the door. He had made out the two windows by daylight, and remembered that the trees stood only on this side of the house, a small cleared space occupying the other side.

"Hooray,—hooray!" he cheered softly. "My land, but that's fine! Neighbors, Romey Johnson,—*neighbors!* D'you understand? O Lord, I wish it was daylight and I could scoot round and find out who they are! Guess they'll be as glad to see me as I am to see them, if they've tried a winter before in this forsaken place. Wonder if I'd better put a lamp in my window just to cheer them up? Don't know. Better wait and see. And my coal oil's getting low. Ought to light out to Trenton to-morrow and get some more. Ugh!"—as a whirl of snow again blew in his face. "I'm going to bed, folks," he called, taking a last look at

the welcome portent; "but I'll be round to see you soon, so cheer up!"

And, laughing at his own conceit, he went indoors. That night he dreamed of a girl standing in the doorway of his cabin, with a lamp in her hand; and its beams made a ring of light round her head like the one in the picture.

(To be continued.)

In All Seasons.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WE think of Mary when the world
Is robed in verdant tints anew,
When bough and branch with bloom are pearled,
And white clouds sail across the blue;
For one spring day to Mary came,
As low she knelt in fervent prayer,
With words of praise and wings of flame,
An Angel silvery voiced and fair.
The song birds trilled with ecstasy,
And ne'er so brightly shone the sun,
While green and gold wrapt wood and wold,
When man's redemption was begun.

When Mary travelled far and fleet
To share her cousin's deep delight,
The flowerless briars 'neath her feet
At once bore roses red and white;
A scentless weed beneath her tread
With sparkling dewdrops freshly wet,
A wondrous fragrance round her spread,
And so became the mignonette.
When lilies blow and roses glow
In all their rare and varied dyes,
Across the hills with her we go,
Beneath the light of Eastern skies.

When low before the reaper's blade
Fall swift the lines of yellow grain,
When russet hues the woods invade,
And grass grows grey on hill and plain,
We think how demons shrank and quailed,
How brightness passed from earth away,
How saints and angels Mary hailed
As Queen upon a bygone day;
And how the Mother and the Maid,
Enthroned her God and Son beside,
Remembers all that on her call,
And never has her aid denied.

When brown and bare is every hill,
 And o'er the valleys grey mists creep,
 When wintry winds blow damp and chill,
 And all the song birds silence keep,
 We see the Mother, fair and young,
 Bending above the Babe newborn,
 And hear the strain the angels sung
 Upon that glorious Christmas morn;
 And know the God whose word alone
 Made earth and sea and sun and sky,
 Finds sleep and rest on Mary's breast,
 And will, our Saviour, bleed and die.

Proverbs and "Painted Poesies."

BY M. N.

A PROVERB, to quote from one of our latest and most reliable dictionaries, is an old and common saying; a short or pithy sentence often repeated, and containing or expressing some well-known truth or common fact, ascertained by experience or observation; a sentence which briefly and forcibly expresses some practical truth; a maxim, an aphorism, an apothegm. Proverbs existed before books; and, in the quaint and curious fragments of human wisdom still extant among all nations, we find an almost inexhaustible store of the most interesting matter. These homespun adages and time-worn "sayed-saws," so easily remembered, so readily applied, are, in point of fact, the philosophy of the people. True to nature, and lasting only because they are true, they prove to demonstration that the men of ancient Rome or Athens or Jerusalem were fundamentally the same as their brethren of the Paris or London or New York of to-day.

The early origin of proverbs is undeniable. To give only a few examples. The Spanish *refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego*—sayings of old wives by their firesides—were in existence before any writings in their language; while the poem in the "Edda," the sublime speech of Odin, abounds with proverbs strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians.

Not to mention that book of the Old Testament familiar to us as the Book of Proverbs, which contains such a variety of wise maxims, practical truths, and excellent rules for the conduct of all classes of men, we meet proverbs scattered up and down the Sacred Scriptures; and we know that in far-off ages "the understanding of a proverb and its interpretation" was classed amongst the studies of wise men. Writing in this connection, Plutarch says: "Under the veil of these curious sentences are hid those gems of morals which the masters of philosophy have afterward developed into so many volumes." And Lord Bacon observes that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered by its proverbs.

It is interesting also to note the changes of the mode in regard to their use. "A man of fashion," exclaims Lord Chesterfield, "never has recourse to proverbs or vulgar aphorisms." But in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, men of fashion were great collectors of them, and frequently resorted to them both in correspondence and conversation; while in the reign of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas Elyot, describing the ornaments of a nobleman's house, draws attention to the fact that "proverbs were engraved on his plate and vessels, which served the guests with most opportune counsels and comments."

The beautiful carved mantelpieces of former days often bore some quaint motto or amusing proverb. Charming examples may still be found in certain of our old houses. Even at a much later date, we find that our ancestors had proverbs always before them, on everything that could by any possibility lend itself to the inscription of a piece of advice, such as tapestries, blades of knives, borders of plates, or fruit trenchers (for "so these roundels are called"); not to speak of "goldsmiths' rings," which were also stamped with some favorite motto or quaint saying. "The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives," is an amusing

example that has been handed down to us on an ancient trencher.

Patch-boxes, those charming little relics of a bygone age, were constantly inscribed with a proverb, or rather with several proverbs or aphorisms combined in one verse. A relative of the writer has in her possession the patch-box of an ancestress, in pink and white enamel, bearing on its lid these lines of eminently wise and practical advice:

Have communion with few,
Be familiar with one;
Deal justly with all,
Speak evil of none.

If collected, proverbs, or favorite sayings of eminent men, would form an interesting historical curiosity. When reproached for the ardor with which he gave himself up to the study of music, Nero replied in the words of a Greek proverb: "An artist lives everywhere." Cæsar's famous saying, "The die is cast," has long since passed into a proverb. The famous proverb of Erasmus was: *Festina lente*.—"Hasten slowly." That of Sir Amias Pawlet: "Stay a while, to make an end the sooner." And the Border Proverb of the Douglasses, "It were better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep," was adopted by nearly every border chief.

Some proverbs are common to all nations; others are the same, yet with a difference, as in the case of our English, "Let sleeping dogs lie"; and the French, "*Ne reveillez pas le chat qui dort*." The well-known proverb, "To carry coals to Newcastle," has its counterpart in the Persian, "To carry pepper to Hindustan"; or the Hebrew, "To carry oil to the city of Olives." Or, again, in our familiar, "Hungér is the best sauce"; and the German, "*Der Hunger ist der beste Koch*"; or in the French, "*Les oiseaux du même plumage, rassemblent dans le même bocage*"; and the English, "Birds of a feather flock together."

Some proverbs clearly demonstrate the mind of the people by whom they are

used, or indicate their habits and customs; for example, the Hebrew, "A fast for a dream is as fire for the stubble," could have been invented only by a nation that attached a special significance to fasts and dreams. Again, we find an apt illustration of local customs in the Manx proverb, "As equally as the herringbone lies between the two sides"; and the Cornish, "Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock."

It follows from the very nature of the case that, in these days of extensive reading, proverbs have fallen more or less into disuse; nevertheless, as memorials of manners, of events, and of ways of thinking, they are still worthy of careful study, containing as they do such rich treasures of thought.

Scarcely less interesting than proverbs is that quaint device familiar to us under the term rebus (from the ablative plural of the Latin *res*), and accurately defined by Dr. Johnson as "a word represented by a picture." Camden tells us that this whimsical mode of representing proper names by objects, the designations of which, separately or jointly, bear the required sound, and which he calls "painted poesies," was introduced into England from Picardy after the wars between Edward III. and the French.

If the searching out of fanciful pictures or devices to serve a purpose which the letters of one's name would answer much better, may by some persons be considered puerile, at least the practice has the sanction of not a few eminent names in ancient as well as modern times. "Even the great-minded Cicero," to quote the words of a reliable authority on this subject, "was not too proud to represent his name by the paltry species of pulse called by us vetches or chick-pease; and by the Romans, *cicer*; and that, too, in a dedication to the gods!" Many of the coins of Julius Cæsar bear the impress of an elephant, as the word *cæsar* signifies that animal in the ancient language of

Mauritania. In like manner two Roman mint-masters distinguished themselves upon the coins struck by them,—Florus by a flower, and Vitulus by a calf; while the sculptors Saurus and Batrachus carved upon their works, one the figure of a lizard, and the other a frog.*

"Sir Thomas Cavall (whereas *caval* signifieth a horse)," says an old writer, "engraved a galloping horse in his seale, with this limping line: *Thomæ credite cum cernitis ejus equum.* — 'Trust Thomas when you see his horse.'" John Eagleshead used as his rebus an eagle's head, surrounded by the words: *Hoc aquilæ caput est, signumque figura Johannis* — "This is the head of an eagle, the seal and badge of John." Sir Antony Wingfeld devised a wing, with the letters F. E. L. D. quarterly about it; "and over the wing a crosse, to shew he was a Christian; and on the crosse a red rose, to shew that he followed the House of Lancaster."

Sometimes the whole range of visible objects could not furnish a full rebus. In such cases single letters, or even whole words, were adjoined to complete the device. For instance, a capital A in a roundlet, or circle, was made to do duty for the name of Thomas, Earl of Arundel. In like manner, the old Surrey family of Newdigate used for their seal an ancient portcullised gate, with *nu* at the top and a capital D in the centre, thus Nu-D-gate. Gilbert de Aquila, sometimes called Gislebertus Magnus, sometimes Gilbert Michel, founder of the Priory of Michelham, in the reign of Henry III., was also styled Dominus Aquilæ (Lord of the Eagle); and his rebus occurs in the shape of an eagle on the corporate seal of the town of Seaford, where he had great possessions. The abbot of Ramsay bore on his seal a ram in the sea, with the line: *Cujus signa gero dux gregis ut ego.* — "He whose signs I bear is Leader of the Flock, as I am."

It is interesting to note that in former

times abbots, priors, and churchmen generally, were famous for these name devices, which, if often apt and good, were occasionally forced and inadequate; for instance, the following: "William Chaundler, warden of New College, Oxford, playing with his own name, so filled the hall windows with candles and these words *Fiat Lux*, that he darkened the hall; whereupon Vidam of Chartres, when he was there, said it should have been *Fiant Tenebræ.*"

Some rebuses were defective, representing only a part of the name; as that of Abbot Wheathamstead, who presided over the abbey church of St. Albans, and spent six thousand pounds (an immense sum in those days) in adorning the sacred edifice, in which his device many times occurs: it is three wheat ears fastened together with a wreath. The rebus of Peter Ramsam, abbot of Sherborne, was an Old English D enclosing a ram and an abbot's crosier. This still remains in Sherborne minster, as also another—namely, a ram holding a scroll inscribed "Peter Ramsam."

"Ton" is a common termination to names of places, and consequently to those of persons. The device of Abbot Thurston, still remaining on the ruins of Fountains Abbey, which he founded, is a thrush upon a ton. That of Archbishop Moreton consists of the letters "mor" upon a ton; and sometimes a mulberry tree (in Latin, *morus*) issuing out of a ton; that of Ashton, an ash tree issuing out of a ton; that of Bolton, prior of St. Bartholomew's in Smithfield, a bird-bolt through a ton; that of John Huntington, the rector of Ashton-under-Lyne, "a huntsman with dogges, whereby hee thought to express the two former syllables of his name—Hunting; on the other syde, a vessell called a tonne, which being joined together makes Huntington."

Rebuses are occasionally of great use in determining the dates and founders of buildings. Thus the parsonage house at Great Snoring, in Norfolk, is known to

* Donaldson's "Connection between Heraldry and Gothic Architecture."

have been built by one of the family of Shelton, because it bears a device upon it representing a shell upon a ton. The rebus of Ralph Hoge, or Hogge (who, in conjunction with Peter Baud, a Frenchman, was the first person to cast iron ordnance in England, at the village of Buxted, in Sussex), was a hog. "On the front of his residence at that place," says a reliable authority, "this device remains, carved in stone, with the date 1591; from which circumstance the dwelling is called the 'Hog-house.'"

Many of the seals of ancient corporations exhibit rebuses on the names of the towns, as that of Camelford, a camel; Gateshead, an old gate; Hertford, a hart standing in a ford; Lancaster (once Luncceaster), a lion lying before a castle. The rebus of one Medcalf was a calf inscribed with the letters M. E. D. But the most celebrated of all is that of Islip, abbot of Westminster, which occurs in several forms, in that chapel of the abbey which bears his name. This rebus may be read in three ways: first, a human eye and a slip of a tree; secondly, a man sliding from the branches of a tree, and of course exclaiming, "I slip!"; and, thirdly, a hand rending one of the boughs of the same tree, with the same exclamation. Camden, who mentions this quaint device, gives a fourth reading of it—namely, the letter I placed beside the slip, thus again producing the name "Islip." The motto of John Wells, last abbot of Croyland, engraved upon his chair, which is still extant, runs: *Benedicite F. O. N. T. E. S. Domine!*—"Bless the Wells, O Lord!"

In conclusion, we give an apt example of the oldtime custom of playing upon names. One Alexander Nequam, a man of great learning, wrote to the abbot of St. Albans for permission to enter his monastery, to whom the abbot returned this laconic note: *Si bonus sis, venias; si nequam, nequaquam.*—"If you be good, you may; if wicked, by no means." The applicant changed his name to Wickam, and was received into the Order.

Estaban.

BY ROBERT A. PARSONS, S. J.

I.

FROM the western end of the field, Estaban, the youngest son of the Duke of Arragon, rode forth to do battle with the youngest son of the Duke of Castile, Juan Vasco. The shouts of Estaban's partisans were deafening.

"Arragon forever! Arragon forever!" came the cries.

Wheeling his horse about, Estaban moved rapidly forward to the long stairway which led from the field to his father's throne. The scene which met his eyes was one of great disorder. Behind the wildly gesticulating men at arms who were seated beneath the first seat of the pavilion, were the haughty men and women of Arragon, dressed in the distracting splendor of the fifteenth century. Estaban from beneath his visor could perceive all his friends and relatives amidst this heaving sea of haughty faces. Then from the lower sections his eye travelled along the stairway to his father's throne; and, higher yet, to the gold and black banner which upon the topmost part of the stand was tugging and straining at its fastenings. And then his gaze took in the forests beyond, with their colors in riotous profusion; and the long, white road which silently wound its way up the hill, in and around, then out to the peaceful country beyond.

The old Duke was intently watching every movement of his son,—the bearing of his head, the carriage of his person, the handling of his lance; nothing escaped his warrior eyes. He remarked the timid step of Estaban when he dismounted from his horse; and he frowned. The least sign of hesitancy in a son of his was an insult. His heart was full of pride for his house; and one could tell at a glance that the three sons and two daughters seated behind him shared the

same feelings. But this son Estaban—and the old Duke shook his head in vexation, muttering as he did so:

"Gentleness is no virtue for a warrior."

When Estaban had at length gained his father's throne, he silently knelt and awaited his last instructions.

"Estaban," began his father with great dignity, "remember that the honor of Arragon rests on your lance to-day. Your father must not be the first to move after this contest. Be a brave man. The King makes a knight of him who most distinguishes himself. Guard well the honor of Arragon. Go, and Godspeed your arms!"

"I will, father," faltered Estaban, "even though I die. But I had wished to die on another field of battle. My aspirations tended to the priest's, not the warrior's, calling; and now—"

"Enough, Estaban!" broke in the old Duke. "A monk in the progeny of Arragon? Never!"

With a low bow, Estaban arose and walked down the stairway to his horse. He had looked for his mother amongst his relatives, but he had not seen her; and the heart of Estaban sank low. She was the only one who understood the dislike which he entertained for everything warlike.

Slowly mounting his horse, he felt his heart cheered within him. The cries of encouragement from his retainers acted as a tonic to his overwrought nerves. For the honor of their house were they shouting. He urged his steed into a rapid canter; he was obliged to attend the King ere the joust began. He faltered but a moment; the shouts from the east, a moving mass of crimson, quite disconcerted him; they were like the growl of an angry dog. The north, which the King held, seemed to be less confused; only the colors were richer, the jewels more sparkling, and the faces less concerned, though they were intensely critical.

His arrival at King Philip's pavilion was almost simultaneous with Juan

Vasco's. The latter, lightly springing from his horse, handed his lance to his squire and ascended the golden carpeted stairway that led to the King's throne. Estaban closely followed, noticing as he did so the broad back and stout arms of his rival. His heart quailed. The eyes which criticised Juan Vasco's bearing were soon turned on Estaban. Stung to resentment by their cold looks, he carried his person with no less haughtiness than he who proceeded him.

"He holds himself well," said a lord.

"Too mincing a step," responded another; and so the conversation flowed back and forth as opinions varied.

At length, when both combatants had arrived before the King, had knelt down and been bidden to rise, his Majesty whispered a few words in the ear of a herald. Grasping his clarion, the herald descended the stairway and stepped out in the field. Three times he sounded his clarion to the south, and the tumult of the common people was quelled. Three times he sounded to the west, and the shouts from the black and gold adherents subsided into a gloomy hush. Louder and still louder sounded the defiance of the east, and Estaban quivered as if the steel of his adversary was already piercing his heart. When silence was gained, the herald faced to the north, drew forth a document and immediately proceeded to read:

"Whereas a deadly strife has long existed between the house of Arragon and the house of Castile, it has seemed good to his royal Majesty Philip the Second to mend the broken friendships by means of a trial at arms, wherein the youngest sons of each family are to give test of their skill. Furthermore, be it known that the father of the one vanquished shall be the first to cross the field and there implore the other's pardon."

When the herald had finished reading, with a loud voice he shouted to the west:

"Are you agreed to this, Arragon?"

"We are!" rolled back the response.

Turning in the opposite direction, he shouted:

"Are you agreed to this, Castile?"

"We are!" thundered back the Castilians; and defiance from the east was responded to by defiance from the west. The joust was soon to begin.

As Estaban descended he did not now notice the cold looks of his royal critics. The delicate perfumes wafted through the visor of his helmet produced in him a strange feeling of nausea. In one short moment both combatants were mounted; each one riding to his own pavilion, but not before Estaban had caught these bitter words from Juan Vasco:

"I hate to fight with a coward."

Juan Vasco could not see the hot flush on his rival's brow, or feel the emotion which prompted immediate revenge.

"Be loyal to Arragon!" came the cry from the west.

Estaban lifted up his lance in salute.

"Castile forever!" thundered the east; and he felt a strange feeling of fear clutching at his heart, and wondered if any one was noticing his trembling hands.

"Courage, Estaban!" shouted his squire over the ever-heightening tumult. "Remember your father's honor!"

"I'll try," responded Estaban; yet he felt that his words would belie his actions.

Turning about, he awaited the signal of the herald. The whole mass of crimson which he beheld appeared to be a world of blood. The cheering and tumult of the moment seemed to come from a land of dreams, but yet it was beating in on him like the ticking of a clock on a sick man's brain. The silence of tension immediately followed, only to be broken by the blast of the clarion. With the hot flush still upon his cheeks, Estaban shouted, "Arragon forever!" and, with his lance in position, set his horse at a gallop.

Beneath the western canopy sat the old Duke, his whole face a picture of anxiety.

"They are off!" he shouted, and all

his vassals took up the cry. Long, long before the combatants had met, the clamor of the east had quelled the cries of the west.

"He rides well," shouted an attendant near by.

"Arragon forever! Yo Estaban!" And the whole western section of the field groaned under the thunder of those cheers.

A silence too great for cheers was tacitly declared. The tension was awful on the old Duke. His face was lighted by a pent-up emotion; his hands nervously clutched together. His dignity was thrown to the winds; his son had broken the lance of his rival, Juan Vasco.

"The sword! The sword!" cried the western pavilion.

In the excitement of the moment, Estaban knew not what to do; and in that moment of indecision Juan Vasco had drawn his sword. The feeling of terror in the heart of Estaban swelled into a panic, and his only wish was to escape from this terrible onslaught. Suddenly his horse cried out in pain, and, swerving to the right, turned and set off at a gallop. He was fleeing from Juan Vasco. Though the truth burst in on him that he was a coward, that his rival had spoken aright, he cared not: he wished to gain shelter from that shower of blows, and he gave full rein to his horse.

When Juan Vasco had drawn his sword, the partisans of Arragon were suddenly hushed; they feared for their honor; and when their fears were realized by the cowardice of the Duke's son, they, the nobles, forgetful of the inexperience of Estaban, forgetful even of the Duke's presence, gave expression to their feelings of contempt by hissing long and loud at this cowardly retreat.

With a cry of despair, the old Duke started down the stairway.

"Bring me my horse and sword!" he cried. "I will meet the whole house of Castile, and vanquish them all single-handed."

But many hands held him back, —



those of Estaban's brothers, for theirs were doubled up in indignation; not those of Estaban's sisters, for their hands sought in vain to hold back the hot tears of shame. Long and deridingly shouted the east, while from the north came loud hisses of contempt.

Estaban had fled through the western gate, up through the forest, along the white road to the highest part of the hill. There he stopped, breathless and ashamed, to watch further developments.

Eager attendants were lending their assistance to Juan Vasco. Then there fell a hush upon the multitude. Would the Duke of Arragon make the first move? From the north came the herald's cry:

"The Duke of Arragon must perform his bounden word!"

The old Duke, with tears of shame in his eyes, arose in obedience to his sovereign's command, and slowly descended into the field. Each step to him meant a greater humiliation.

"If he had fought courageously or had dièd," muttered the Duke, "such a disgrace would never have come on the house of Arragon."

Only once he glanced up, and the crimson stand seemed like the jaws of a lion ready to pounce upon him.

Another procession from the north was wending its way across the field. The King had come to witness the reconciliation of the two houses. Like a true king, his purpose was excellent in uniting them. He foresaw a cruel war with England; he needed the co-operation of the two dukes, both in supplying him with men and in furnishing him with money enough to equip a fleet.

The interminable distance across the field had completely humbled Arragon. The eastern stand, out of pity for his sorrow, was hushed and expectant. He was now kneeling to the Duke of Castile; and behind, unnoticed, stood the King.

"Your Highness," faltered the humbled Duke, "I come to reconcile the house of Arragon with that of Castile."

His eyes did not seek the face of the Duke of Castile,—the humiliation was too great for that. But as he glanced about the assemblage of nobles ranged behind the Duke, he caught the eye of Juan Vasco. There was an expression of contempt upon his face. The old Duke flushed hotly and rose to his feet. Then, perceiving the King for the first time, he checked himself and said:

"Sire, your wishes have been complied with."

"Not so," replied Philip. "You must first embrace."

A moment of indecision, and the ordeal was over. The old Duke, calling for his horse, hurried out of the King's presence. Hot with rage, he began his journey homeward, to impart these happenings to his wife and to require an accounting from his son.

One glance did the Duke cast back to the east. He saw the King raising his sword over the shoulders of Juan Vasco. Diverting his gaze from this scene of humiliation, his eyes took in the gold and black of his standards. With a savage cry, he split the gold from his ensign; and the whole party, following his example, rode home under a black banner.

"When his castle was reached, the Duchess, with tears in her eyes, welcomed him. She knew.

"Where is Estaban?" asked the broken-hearted father.

"Gone," came the reply.

"Where? Where?" came the startled questions of the party.

"To the Franciscan monastery."

"'Tis well!" responded Arragon, after a few moments of wonderment and thought. "A life of penance is not too long to repair the dishonor done this day to our ancestors and kinsfolk."

In silence he crossed the drawbridge; and when he had dismounted he sought the armory of the castle. Traversing the magnificent hall, under the gold and black banners of the former lords of Arragon, he came to the wall where the shields

of his own sons were suspended. Passing the first three, on which were inscribed, "Lord of Arragon," "Knight of the King," "Knight of the Queen," he deliberately reversed a fourth one, entirely plain, exclaiming at the same time:

"A greater victory only can blot out a great disaster!"

(Conclusion next week.)

Similes.

BY THOMAS SHELTON (1640).

Reward of Atheisme:

In the summer a man can not see his owne breath, which in winter he can easily discerne. So he that will not in the heats of this life beleve there is a God, how he shall feel it to his eternall torment in his winter of eternitie!

Ye Difference in Men:

An organ or winde instrument maketh no musicke til first there be breath put into it; but any stringed instruments yeldeth musicke with a touch. A carnall man, being dead, must have a new life breath'd into him ere he can walke holily, but a child of God doth good uppon a touch, uppon the least occasion.

Object of ye Soule:

A cypher stands for nothing by it selfe; but by other figures placed before it, it maketh a number. Soe the soule of man, like a cypher, is valued by that which it sets before it, whether it be God or the worlde.

A Way to Humilitie:

When bees begin to swarme, the casting of dust uppon them allaieth them. When proud thoughts arise, this consideration of mortalitie, that wee must lye in dust, can asswage them.

To Use Good Meanes:

As the marriner that guides the ship hath at the same time his hand upon the rudder and his eye on the starres, thus should we be diligent in the use of meanes, yet look up to heaven for a blessing.

An Interesting Survival.

STUDENTS of the "Evidences of Christianity" will find most interesting data in an article entitled "Ancestral Customs in Uganda and the Religion of Jesus Christ," in a recent issue of the little magazine, *Echo from Africa*. The article is a translation by the Vicar Apostolic of South Nyanza, Mgr. Streicher, of an account by a Christian chief in Africa of certain beliefs and customs of his tribe which seem to indicate a survival of early Christian influence. Particularly interesting to us are these glimmerings of knowledge when they touch the fairest of God's creatures, the Mother of His Son. The whole account ("this is what our ancestors have transmitted to us") recalls St. Paul's altar to the Unknown God. Here are a few extracts in which no forced interpretation, no esoteric reading between the lines is needed to discover genuine intimations of Mariology,—the foreshadowing of the gladsome day when the prophecy of the *Magnificat* was to be verified even in Uganda:

In Uganda, we pay special honor to Namasole (the Queen Mother). The Katikiro (chief minister) himself kneels in her presence, and the King refuses nothing she asks. She has power to degrade chiefs, or to raise them to higher dignity. A prince of the royal blood could not be put to death without her consent.

At Buganda, the person who should be so ill advised as to pronounce the praises of any one in the presence of the King, would infallibly be killed or in some way mutilated; for eulogy is due to the King alone. In saluting him they say: "Osinze! You surpass the whole world!" The Queen alone is permitted to receive praise without any indignation on the King's part; he, on the contrary, is pleased to hear the praises of his mother.

The Queen Mother was called "Kabaka,"—a name that befitted royalty only; "Naluggi"—i. e., "Gateway to the King"; "Naluggi,"—i. e., "that which surpasses all in grandeur"; "Majjano"—i. e., "marvellous above all things."

Often those condemned either to death or to suffer the loss of one of their limbs would beg mercy of the King for the love of his mother: "Sire, for the love of Naluggi, of Nabinene!" And their request would be granted.

"This parental love," says the chief, "could come only from the influence of religion; and if at the present day we men of Baganda have so great a devotion to the Blessed Virgin, it is certainly owing to the veneration our ancestors had for 'la Namasole.'" And, concluding his remarkable testimony, he says: "We now understand well that it was the Christian religion which taught our ancestors all their virtues: goodness, justice, pardon, and purity."

Our Educational Ideals Emulated.

EMULATION of Catholic ideals by non-Catholic educational institutions is becoming more and more general. Valparaiso University, in the State of Indiana, one of the largest institutions of learning in this country, is a notable example; and if only the half of all that is told about the activities of its president and vice-president be true, one need not wonder at their success. These gentlemen make it a point to work as many hours every day as their students, all of whom are spurred by their example and encouraged by their sympathy. They are always at home, always accessible, and ever mindful of what concerns the advancement and comfort of their numerous charges. Like the heads of Catholic institutions, they aim to come in close contact with every student, from the highest to the lowest, and to afford him all needed help and encouragement. They give constant personal attention, it is said, even to such matters as the food and cooking, refusing to leave these important details to subordinates; and declining to engage in any work abroad that would in the slightest way interfere with their own great work at home. They will do nothing themselves, or permit anything to be done, for show.

The students under their care are thus encouraged to avoid everything calculated to prevent them from giving their undivided attention to study. There are

no Greek-letter societies at Valparaiso, nor does it compete with other universities in athletics. It is devoid of all ambition on this score. Bodily exercise is, of course, insisted upon; but any student who manifests greater interest in athletic than in intellectual pursuits is, without delay or ceremony, advised to withdraw. Proper efforts for the correction of young men who have begun to go wrong are not neglected; but if improvement in their conduct is not immediate and marked, they are informed that the University is not the place for them.

As in Catholic institutions, the students feel that they are watched over and cared for, on account of the constant assurances they receive of comprehension, sympathy, and assistance. One day, for example, a new student presented himself at President Brown's office and said: "I can pay for a forty-eight week course, but at the end of it I shan't have money enough left to buy a railroad ticket home. What had I best do?" — "Are you willing to wait at table in one of the dining halls?" — "Certainly," replied the boy, "if that's all the work there is; but I've been brought up on a farm, and I'd rather do something else." — "All right! We'll put you into the garden. You can earn enough there, in your spare hours, to reduce your expenses by half. How'll that do?" — "Fine!" exclaimed the boy; and, with a note from the president to the head gardener, he went away rejoicing.

In Catholic institutions such cases are numerous, the aim of their conductors being to assist deserving young men as far as possible; and, while safeguarding their morals and forming their character, to equip them as fully as may be done for the business or profession for which they seem best fitted. Educational institutions that aim to attract students of such a character, and that treat them in this way, are likely to have, sooner or later, as many as they can provide accommodation for.

Notes and Remarks.

As was anticipated by all who were conversant with the ever-increasing magnitude and splendor of the Eucharistic Congresses inaugurated a quarter of a century ago, and with the marvellous history of Lourdes, the Silver Jubilee Congress just held in that everyday home of the miraculous was a magnificent demonstration of Catholic faith in the Real Presence, a glorious triumph of spirituality over the materialism and religious indifferentism of the day. It was a happy thought to hold the twenty-fifth Congress at the Pyrenean shrine, where, year after year of late decades, the most striking miracles wrought by Our Lady's intercession have taken place during the processions of the Blessed Sacrament. Lourdes, above all other spots on earth, deserved that the Jubilee Congress should hold its sessions and display its enthusiastic devotion to the Eucharistic God within its confines, permeated as they are with celestial influences, redolent as they can not fail to be of sweet-scented spiritual blossoms,—the efflorescence of deep-rooted love for her who is not only the Immaculate Conception, but Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament. The notable gathering of cardinals, archbishops, and minor prelates, the thousands of the clergy and the tens of thousands of the faithful from every quarter of the world, and the sublime acts of faith bodied forth in the activities of all these, was a spectacle for men and angels.

Wars may be less barbarously conducted now than in former times, but it can not be denied that warfare still retains most atrocious forms. From semi-official sources abroad, we learn of "no quarter" warnings in retaliation for inhuman cruelties,—as if barbarity were a justification of barbarity. The use of mines in waters where they are a danger to neutral ships is a modern form of warfare, as atrocious

as any employed by the ancients. At best, wars are a real curse; for it often happens that those suffer most who have had least concern in them. "I often wonder," wrote Erasmus, in a letter to the Abbot of St. Bertin, "how human beings, especially Christian human beings, can be so mad as to go fighting with one another. Beasts do not fight—or only the most savage kinds of them; and they fight only for food with the weapons Nature has given them. Men fight for ambition, for anger, for lust, or other folly; and the justest war can hardly approve itself to any reasonable person." Human nature is the same as it was in the time of Erasmus. No one Power may be responsible for the great war now being waged in Europe; but the repeated declaration of so many of its rulers that they did all in their power to prevent it, will be accepted only by those who cherish the absurd notion that human nature has changed.

We have frequently insisted in these columns on the imperative necessity of making clear to the average workingman the distinction between Socialism and Social Reform. No good Catholic, needless to say, can be a Socialist pure and simple; but most excellent Catholics not only can be, but in very many cases actually are, Social Reformers. The following paragraph, for instance, might at first blush impress the casual reader as being socialistic in its trend:

We are rapidly drawing nearer to the time when the British people will be emancipated. We hear and have heard for many years that we are a free people; but he who has studied our social and industrial conditions knows that it is otherwise. There are thousands and thousands of Englishmen who are to all intents and purposes serfs. They work for landlords; they work for big companies and create wealth for them, but they can not call their souls their own. Throughout their lives they are ruled and dominated in matters outside business by agents and managers of the plutocrats, who owe the power and influence they have acquired to the hard labor of the workers. These workers

must mould their thoughts as the masters wish. If they fail to do so, they know how severe will be the penalty for them and their families. They are spied upon, browbeaten and compelled to accept the political views of their employers. From time to time accounts reach us of the audacity with which this system of oppression is put into force. It must be broken, and the sooner the landlords and the big companies understand that workingmen must henceforth be as free to form and to express their opinions as they are themselves the better it will be for their interests. The agents and the managers must cease to claim authority where they have no right to exert it.

The foregoing doctrine in no way implies a belief in collectivism, or in economic determinism; it is merely evidence that the *Catholic Times* of London (from whose editorial columns we quote it) is a sane observer of present-day conditions and a firm believer in practicable social reform on the basis of the Gospel.

A serious examination of the latest batch of pamphlets issued by the English Catholic Truth Society would be enough, we should think, to dispel forever the prejudice, as stupid as it is general, that nothing of much account is ever to be looked for in a pamphlet. As a matter of easily demonstrable fact, many of these penny publications contain more information, ably and accurately set forth, on the subjects of which they treat than the best of our encyclopædias. Indeed, in not a few instances they supplement standard books and correct works of reference generally regarded as reliable. Take, for example, Dr. Adrian Fortescue's pamphlet on "The Formula of Hormisdas." It is a really learned production, and as timely as erudite in view of the constantly repeated assertion—repeated by men who rank as historical authorities—that "the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is a mere pretension of the Romanists, something unheard of in the early ages of Christianity." Dr. Fortescue shows that the formula used at the time of Pope Hormisdas, as the

basis of reconciliation with Rome after the Acacian schism, is in reality a most striking witness of the Papacy in early Church history. "It owes its importance," he writes, "to its date (515), to the exceedingly clear statements it contains, perhaps most of all to the great number of bishops in East and West who signed it. It supplies the plainest proof that the Church of the first six centuries believed in the primacy and infallibility of the Pope, and in the necessity of being in communion with him."

Thanks to fair-minded, outspoken Protestants in Ireland, like the Rev. Mr. MacKeoun, minister of Scots Church, Cork, the charge that religious bigotry is deep and rampant throughout the Catholic part of the country is no longer repeated save by ultra-Orangemen. "It is only in Ulster," says Mr. MacKeoun, "that unfriendliness exists; and I have no hesitation in saying that the cause is not to be found amongst the Roman Catholic people, who are by nature courteous and kindly. The fear of Roman Catholic intolerance or persecution under Home Rule is a pure bogey, invented by minds that are embittered by hate and prejudiced by political partisanship. . . . It is now nineteen years since I came to live in Cork, and during that time I have never experienced and have never known an uncivil or unfriendly act done by a Roman Catholic to a Protestant on account of his Protestantism."

In addressing a deputation of timber workers a few weeks ago, Prime Minister Massey, of New Zealand, remarked that it was "hardly fair to allow a majority to use funds to which a minority were compelled to subscribe for purposes of which the minority did not approve." The remark sounded eminently fair, and Mr. Massey probably plumed himself on its timely aptness in the specific case of which he was talking. It is doubtful, however, whether he was quite so well

satisfied with it the next day when he received from the zealous and resourceful Bishop Cleary, of Auckland, a telegram quoting the remark, and adding:

I hope you will vote against empowering any majority to decide to use the public funds to which the minority is compelled to subscribe for the State compiling, State printing, State binding, State storage, State distribution, and State teaching of a sectarian scheme of Biblical lessons, of which a minority can not approve, and from which they can derive no benefit, no such provision out of the public funds being made for their conscientious requirements.

The Bishop's point was obviously too well taken to be ignored, so the Prime Minister immediately assured him that "the matter will have very serious consideration."

Few persons, few Catholics at least, we think, will be disposed to quarrel with Dr. W. Edward Chadwick, the author of a new book entitled "The Church, the State, and the Poor," over his contentions that the problems of poverty are problems of character as well as circumstance, and that we should study economic problems on Christian principles. He says: "What is termed Christian social work (and of this work, that on behalf of the poor is the chief part), if it is to be wisely done, and with permanently good results, must be the issue of a real faith in the whole Christian creed." But Dr. Chadwick does not afford a defence of this thesis; in fact, he seems to lose sight of it in a fog of historical speculation. He raises a good many interesting questions without attempting to answer them.

The Holy Childhood Association, warmly approved and blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, was established in Paris in the year 1843. Its object is twofold: first, to rally around the Infant Jesus our little children from their tenderest years, so that they may practise true Christian charity, with the view of their own perfection; second, to enable these same Christian children to co-operate in saving

from death and sin the thousands of little children who, in pagan countries like China, are neglected and cast away by their parents and die unbaptized. A number of our readers will probably be as much surprised as interested in learning that, as estimated by the central office of the Association at Pittsburgh, Pa., the Holy Childhood now counts about 20,000,000 associates; that it collects every year a sum varying from \$800,000 to \$850,000; that it supports 256 missions; that it educates nearly 600,000 children, saved from paganism and infidelity; that it baptizes about 500,000 children every year, many of whom die young, very many almost immediately. The Association is now maintaining 1,550 orphan asylums, 11,650 schools, and 4,750 workshops. An excellent work which is worthy of far more encouragement and co-operation than it receives.

A recent decision of the Supreme Court of Missouri discloses the chameleon-like character of the Young Men's Christian Association. When there is question of the Association's getting permission to erect its buildings on government reservations, or of enticing Catholic young men into its ranks, it emphasizes the exclusively social and intellectual purposes for which it stands; when it comes to paying taxes on its property, part of which is rented for purely commercial purposes, it vociferously declares that it is an out-and-out religious organization. The latter contention is the true one, as we have not infrequently pointed out; and its truth constitutes an all-sufficient reason why our Catholic young men should turn a deaf ear to the plausible but fallacious arguments which promoters of the Y. M. C. A. use in soliciting Catholics to enter their ranks.

Various are the ways and means to protect the toper from the wiles of the unscrupulous among saloon-keepers, and to punish these latter in a fashion which

they will appreciate. In Denmark, we learn, when a wayfarer is picked up drunk by a gendarme, the inebriate is not rushed to a chilly cell, but instead is given medical attention, and later sent to his home in a cab. The arresting officer is instructed to file at headquarters the name of the dramshop-keeper who sold the wayfarer the last drink; and the next morning a bill for medical services and cab fare is presented for payment to the grog dealer. In the absence of a perfect alibi, he settles, and the incident is closed.

There is in Michigan a manufacturing company which issues to its employees pay checks with the inscription, "Not to be cashed at a saloon," plainly printed on the face. If the checks *are* cashed by saloon-keepers or others engaged in the sale of spirituous liquors, they are not redeemable at the bank on which they are drawn. The company in question states that the economical and moral results of their plan are all that could be reasonably expected.

Such a caption as "The Dangers of Tolerance in Religion," the title given to an article in a late issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, does not irresistibly suggest a non-Catholic as its author. Nor does the tenor of the article lessen one's surprise that such eminently sensible observations should come from the pen of a twentieth-century Protestant. Yet it is the Episcopalian Dean of Fond du Lac who writes:

Everywhere in Christendom one hears nowadays such cries as this: "Let us all get together. Let us forget the things which divide us, and think only of that which unites us." What it is that unites us, one notices, is never defined. Let the Baptists and the Methodists and the Episcopalians and the Lutherans and the Roman Catholics and the Unitarians, and all the others, simply agree to love one another and forget their differences. We see many sorts of ministers, in their desire to promote what they believe to be the unity desired by their Master, Christ, exchanging pulpits with one another and passing general compliments about one another's superlative worth. There is a tremendous deal of good feeling, and every

one is very happy; and behold, the millennial unity of all men, for which Christ prayed on the night of His betrayal, is at hand! Is it? If this was the sort of thing Christ wanted, why did He not practise this modern tolerant method when He was on earth? Why did He not seek to conciliate on a basis of mutual toleration the Sadducees and the Pharisees, for instance, instead of denouncing them both for differing from His own conception of religion? Why did He preach things so definite as to alienate most of the people whom He came to earth to save?

And so on. The points are well taken. Christ's religion is definite and one; and Catholics, at least, can not yield for the sake of so-called unity a single iota of this doctrine. In social, civic, political matters, we may agree with our brethren of the various sects; as to religion, we can and must agree to differ.

Our St. Paul contemporary, the *Catholic Bulletin*, gives a very interesting account of a trial recently held in Waterville, Minnesota,—the third trial having to do with the so-called oath of the Knights of Columbus. It prints in special type the official obligation of Knights of the Fourth Degree, which runs as follows:

I swear to support the Constitution of the United States. I pledge myself, as a Catholic citizen and a Knight of Columbus, to enlighten myself fully upon my duties as a citizen, and conscientiously to perform such duties entirely in the interest of my country and regardless of all personal consequences. I pledge myself to do all in my power to preserve the integrity and purity of the ballot, and to promote obedience and respect for law and order. I promise to practise my religion openly and consistently, but without ostentation; and so to conduct myself in public affairs and in the exercise of public virtue as to reflect nothing but credit upon our Holy Church, to the end that she may flourish and our country prosper to the greater honor and glory of God.

As for the pledges of the Knights of Columbus, it must require such an organ of vision as the immortal Sam Weller cheerfully admitted that he did not possess to discover in them anything inimical to the best interests of the Knights and their fellow-citizens of every creed, or those of none.



The Foiled Tricksters.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

IN the last quarter of the seventeenth century—or, to be exact, in 1680—there lived in Palermo, Sicily, a good merchant named Torinelli, whose honesty and uprightness were famous all through the country.

One day, as he was balancing his ledger in his counting-house, a clerk informed him that three of the most important business men in the city wished to see him at once. He gave orders to introduce them; and the three, Fozarro, Picatti, and Osnim, entered.

"Neighbor Torinelli," said Fozarro, speaking for himself and his companions, "we have come to you because of the reputation you bear for exceptional integrity. We have here ten thousand guineas in gold, that we intend investing in a merchant vessel as soon as a good bargain presents itself; but in the meantime, we wish to entrust it to your care. Each of us has to make frequent trips in connection with our business, and so dislikes to take charge of the amount. We accordingly beg you to accept its guardianship, giving us your written promise that you will not give it up to any one of us three save in the presence of the other two."

After some demurring, for he did not like the apparent distrust shown by each of the merchants as regarded the other two, Torinelli yielded to their entreaties,—took the money, and gave the required written promise. The paper was also signed by the trio.

A few weeks later, as Torinelli, after a fatiguing day, was enjoying his last smoke before going to bed, one of the

merchants, Osnim, came hurrying to his door, and, rapping loudly, demanded immediate entrance. Somewhat surprised at being disturbed at such an hour, Torinelli, nevertheless, decided to see his visitor.

"Excuse me, sir," said Osnim, "for troubling you at this time of night, but my business is too pressing to admit of its being postponed till to-morrow. We have learned, my two friends and myself, that there will arrive in Venice to-morrow morning a Spanish merchantman which may be bought at a bargain. We have accordingly decided to invest the ten thousand guineas confided to your care. We must act with the utmost promptitude, so as not to be forestalled in our plans by some other purchaser. Hurry up, then, please, and give me the gold. I have my horse outside. On you depends the success of our project."

"Signor Osnim," replied Torinelli, "I regret very much that I can't oblige you. You must remember that, according to my written pledge, I can not deliver the money to one of you save in the presence of the other two."

"Of course I remember it, but Fozarro and Picatti are sick abed; and, as time presses, they have sent me to you to withdraw the money. What are you afraid of? We are all honest men, and we beg you not to insist on that special clause of our agreement. Do hurry up; for your delay may cause us to lose an opportunity not likely soon to present itself again."

Osnim insisted so long and so strongly that finally Torinelli, although not without misgivings, gave him the deposit of guineas.

When Fozarro and Picatti heard of Osnim's action and of Torinelli's delivering the gold, they simulated great fury,

and overwhelmed the poor custodian with reproaches; although in reality they were in connivance with Osnim, and the whole proceeding was a scheme to cheat Torinelli out of ten thousand guineas.

The next step in the tricksters' plot was to sue their victim for the full amount that had been left in his care. Now, Torinelli, though a fairly well-to-do merchant, could not lose such a sum without facing ruin. Worse than that, his reputation, which he prized more than untold wealth, would be smirched, if not destroyed. The prospect worried him to such an extent that his health began to be affected. His wife saw him with dismay refusing day after day to eat or sleep. In vain did she protest and plead with him: he would not listen to her.

"If I can't find a means of interesting the judges in my case," he told her, "'twill surely go against me; and I certainly won't survive my financial ruin and my dishonor."

Such talk as this distressed poor Angela Torinelli; but she, too, sought in vain some means of aiding her husband: none could be found.

A day or two before the trial, as Angela was walking along a street in Palermo, she noticed a richly dressed boy, seven or eight years old, break away from his governess and run out to the middle of the thoroughfare, laughing and teasing the protesting young woman. Then a carriage suddenly whirled around a corner and its horses came down the street at a gallop. The boy heard them, turned round, grew frightened and excited, started to run, tripped on a stone, and was just falling under the hoofs of the horses, when Angela sprang forward, grabbed the boy and pulled him aside, safe and sound.

"O Madam, how can I ever thank you!" exclaimed the governess, whose face had gone white at the imminent peril of her charge. "But for you, Pierre would have been killed. And how could I have met his father afterward! He, however,

I am sure, will insist on thanking you. Come with me, I beg you, so that he may at least see the preserver of his only son."

Angela vainly tried to evade the visit. Nothing would do but, willy-nilly, she must accompany the governess; and little Pierre clinched the matter by taking hold of her dress and declaring that he would not budge unless she went with him.

A few minutes later, accordingly, Angela entered the handsome residence of Chief Justice Avellaro, who heard with much emotion of the danger his little boy had incurred.

"Ah, Madam," said the happy father, pressing Angela's hands in both his own, "how can I show you my gratitude? Let me pray you to consider me your friend and debtor; and if ever any trouble or misfortune overtakes you, don't fail to apprise me of it. I promise to do for you and yours whatever is in my power."

"Ah, Sir Judge, without knowing it, you already hold my peace in your hands!"

"How's that? In what way can I serve you?"

"You can, if you will, confound two wretches who accuse my husband of dishonesty and are likely to affect his ruin."

She then told the Chief Justice of the plot to which Torinelli had fallen a victim, of the trial soon to begin, and of the cruel anguish suffered in consequence by her husband and herself.

Signor Avellaro listened to her sad story without saying a word; but, as she concluded, a half malicious smile played over his lips as he said:

"Don't be alarmed, Madam; and tell your husband to take courage. He will come out of the trial all right, I think."

When the case of Fozarro and Picatti *versus* Torinelli came up for trial, the presiding Judge was none other than Pierre's father. After listening to the testimony of both parties, he turned to Torinelli and gravely demanded:

"Have you nothing further to add? Do you acknowledge that the three partners

placed in your care the sum of ten thousand guineas, which you were to give back only when the three of them came together to claim it?"

"Alas, yes, your honor!" stammered poor Torinelli, who thought himself lost.

"Very well," said the Chief Justice, firmly. "You will fulfil your promise, and you will give back the money to these three honest partners whenever the three of them together go to you and ask for it."

Then, turning to Fozarro and Picatti, he said:

"Have Osnim come back; go with him to Torinelli's, and the defendant will fulfil the terms of his agreement."

The Chief Justice knew perfectly well that Osnim, who had given a receipt for the guineas, would never dare go with the other two to ask for them again. And so did Fozarro and Picatti, who went off sheepishly, mean tricksters skilfully foiled.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XII.

THE name of the speculator who bought Lolo's "talent" for five pieces of gold was Bartholdy Wagner Woods. He did not take her to Russia, but only to London. Russia was mentioned to prevent the gypsies from trying to learn where she was. Of course that tells us at once that, however grand his name was, he was not worthy to have had Lolo, or any other child, to take care of.

Well, there was Lolo—poor little mite!—among strangers, fretting for "granny," and wondering where the fields and trees were gone; for all the world now seemed to be made up of streets. She learned to call the man "fahzer," and his wife "muzzer"; but she had no idea what "father" and "mother" meant. She began early to be hungry with a very great hunger, and was not able to put

her want into words. For she was hungry for the love to which all children have a right: she wanted kindness, tenderness, and all the sweet ways of home. At the camp everyone had been good to her, except the *boshomengro*, whose fiddle was her toy; and even he was not angry for more than a minute. But here, after the first few days of coaxing, there was no love except a sort of pretence, which the child in her own way refused to accept as genuine, just as people refuse to accept counterfeit coin.

The fact was, the man looked upon her only as material for a speculation. And the wife treated her as a doll to be dressed up in finery. The speculator of course found that a wonder-child is not produced without hard work, and over the work he was bad-tempered. And the lady found that her doll was a human child, faulty and troublesome; and, even when she was good, in need of care from morning till night. So very soon the doll was not wanted; and poor little Lolo began to understand when "muzzer" told "fahzer" that it was a pity he ever brought the gypsy brat there, to be "nothing but a bother."

There were three or four brass knobs on many of the doorposts in this street. On one of the first days, Lolo, who was of an exploring disposition, got shut out on the front step by accident; and when the postman came, he held her up to ring the bell. Then Lolo did the most natural thing which any child of spirit would have done, seeing four brass bell handles one above the other, and being told to ring. She rang them all in succession, as hard as she could pull. The result was that the lodgers came from the ground-floor and the first floor and the second floor and the third floor. They were a terrible crowd, and they would all have "set" upon Lolo had not the postman interceded for her.

It was on one of those very early days that she found a *bosho* in a case lined with blue velvet. A fiddle, with the mystery

of its singing strings, was simply irresistible to this child; and she sat on the carpet contentedly, and pulled the instrument out of its half-open case. The velvet lining of its bed was the softest thing she had ever felt; the blue took a lighter and prettier color where she rubbed it with her little hand. There was a bow, too, but it was caught in some way against the cover of the case; and when she tried to pull it out, one of the long white hairs broke. And yet she did so want to play her own tune, "Gathering Flowers"; or, as she thought of it in Rommany, "*Lellin Rushers*."

Just then the door opened and in came the man. She dropped the fiddle, and scrambled away under the sofa and into the farthest corner behind it. The corner was a very nice one. There was an orange peel in it, and some little white paper rolls, awaking dear memories of the camp; for they smelled like the pipes of the men. She came out only when it was quite clear that the *boshomengro* was not angry; if he was, she would have stayed behind the sofa forever. He coaxed her to him, and lifted her to sit on his knee, where she dangled her bare feet,—for she always kicked off shoes and stockings at the first possible moment.

"You are to have a fiddle of your own," he said. "Let me see! This little hand will get round a 'half-size.' There's a grand broad hand! There's a fine long little finger, made for a fiddle! Yes, my dear, you are going to be a prodigy!"

"A 'progdidy'!" repeated Lolo to herself with satisfaction; it was a nice new word with no meaning.

"One hundred!" and he pointed to her left thumb. "Two hundred! three hundred! four hundred!"—touching the tips of the other fingers. "Five hundred!" as he swung her right wrist, with the little hand all loose. "Thousands and thousands!"—tickling playfully each of her ears. "A million of money!"—catching the black-haired forehead with a large spread hand.

The child laughed at this new game, and leaned back as children love to do, as if she wanted to fall headfirst on the floor. These were the very early days, when she was allowed to enjoy bare feet, and when it only made people laugh if she called the fiddle a *bosho*; and "fahzer," *boshomengro*.

There came a change. The novelty had worn off. The child in the house was only part of a speculation. The work of training had begun, and bare feet and Rommany talk were alike forbidden. She was to forget "that gypsy gibberish"; and it was impressed upon her by blows and shakings that a fiddle was not a *bosho*, nor were shoes *chokkas*; and, no matter how she pleaded, if she said *boccalo* for "hungry" she would be left without supper. So they stamped out the Rommany words, but not the Rommany blood; and her rages and tears were like those of no other child, but came seldom, and then with the awful violence of tropical storms.

The worst of these storms was on the day when they tried to take away her medal. She did not know in the least what it was, but she had always worn it, and it was her own,—her one trinket, her jewel. The storm was so terrible that the medal was given back to her on a small silver chain, which "muzzer" happened to possess. The man was afraid that the child might become too nervous and excitable if she was thrown into such passionate trouble. They should think of the future, he said. This child should be brought up to face the public with calm nerves. He himself often seemed to forget this, when he shouted at poor Lolo in terrible words she could not understand, because her wrist was stiff, or her little finger was not able to stretch easily up the string.

She had a fiddle of her own now, and spent long hours of every day, not playing the few notes of "*Lellin Rushers*," but making slow sounds on open strings, while the man roared at her for more and more

tone, and stamped his foot, and raged with words that seemed to have no sense. There was not an inch of her right arm, not a bit of her left hand, that had not to learn new ways of moving. She was far more frightened of her master than ever she had been of the gypsy man on whose fiddle she had gone poaching her first music. Bartholdy Wagner Woods, with his curly black hair and his waxed mustache, was a terror to her, especially when he pulled the twisted ends of the mustache in frantic rage, and then struck at her with his bow at the risk of breaking it, or threw sheets of music at her sturdy little head. It dawned upon Lolo that it was better not to have a *bosho*,—she thought of it still by that name, although she called it a "fiddle." It was then that she did a daring deed.

They had moved by this time from the street of dark houses with many bell-knobs on the doorposts. They lived by themselves in a little house, with the door at the side, and in front a narrow bit of garden, full of dusty shrubs. The path by the side of the house led to a small square yard, where there was ivy on the walls; in one corner there was a tree hanging over from the next yard, and in the other corner a rain-water butt. This back yard was Lolo's hermitage. It could hardly have been called her playground, for she had no one to play with. On one day of dreadful impulse, she carried out her fiddle and, without a moment of hesitation, put it in the water butt.

The boys, who lived next door, happened to be looking out from a back window; and, of course, they shrieked with delight. Lolo might have been five by this time,—just able to reach the top of the barrel if she stood on her toes. She was a quaint little figure, in a long white dress of open-work embroidery, very soiled, and wearing an old pale blue sash tied high under her arms.

The boys did more than applaud. When they knew that "fahzer" and "muzzer" were out and not likely to catch them,

they offered practical sympathy by climbing the wall, fishing the fiddle out of the water butt, filling it with small gravel through the "f" holes, and slipping it in again.

"Poor urchin!" they said to each other. "She didn't know it would float.—Now it will be all right, little girl: it is gone down to the bottom of the barrel."

"You won't tell?" Lolo begged.

"Of course not! Who would sneak on a baby like you? We should deserve the dungeons of the Tower of London," said one.

"Or to be smothered like the two princes," said the other.

For some days after the disappearance of the *bosho*, the child hardly tasted her food; and when people began to search, she went through tortures of fear. The wonder was that her terrible secret was not guessed; for she often peeped from the back windows at the water butt, or even cast shy glances at it in the distance, looking all along the path by the side of the house from the farthest corner at the front gate.

The wife of Wagner Woods had a shrewd opinion that this "uncanny child" knew where the missing fiddle was, though Lolo only stood and stared about, silent, and seeming utterly stupid.

"She does know. I feel perfectly sure of it," said the woman.

"If I thought she did, I'd kill her," the man answered,—which, of course, was not the way to win confidence or to invite her to tell her secret.

The man who inspired her with such fear was a player in a third-rate orchestra at a music hall. He had called himself by the names of two musicians in order to make his own name more distinguished; and he was thinking of changing it to Selvas, which is the Spanish for "woods" or "forests." He thought Lolo de Selvas would look fine on the posters by and by; and so the family name should be translated into Spanish. Mrs. Wagner Woods, as Madame de Selvas, already went out

to sing between the films at a picture theatre in the evening. The child was allowed to look in wonder at her, dressed, powdered, and painted, beyond recognition. Her fashionable garments were not for little hands to touch, and "muzzer's" face was not to be spoiled when good-night was said. A tired servant, who did everything, put the child to bed and kissed her. Just when she began to know and to love her humble friend, a different servant came,—a new face, a pair of strange and hurried hands.

One night the child woke up and heard music. She went softly down the top flight of stairs, a little figure in trailing white. She sat on a step, out of sight from the door of the room below, and listened with rapture. First there was a melody swinging along gaily, with notes high up: "Muzzer" was playing the piano. But it was the voice of the violin that fascinated the child. How it sang! How it trembled away into silence! How very much alive she felt, as if the tune with the grand rhythm were a sort of rejoicing power that filled her with new life! She stood up and swung about on the dark landing, looking down at the closed door with the light round its edges. If that glorious sound went on, she was ready to fly up and away to the clouds, to the stars.

Then there was something different—very slow and full of longing. The child sat down on the dark stairs, and began to remember the far-off time when there were green fields everywhere, and great trees overhead,—the time when everyone loved her, and granny most of all,—dear granny, with the red kerchief over her head, lying on her couch at the back of the tent! One scene became clear in her memory, like a vignette of bright color amid a haze of uncertain grey. There was a boy in white clothes, with pretty hair like gold. He danced with her on the grass, and she had a red frock on. And then—another vignette—they had supper by the camp fire as the trees grew

dark; they sat on a log among the yellow and red shawls, and they picked food with their fingers out of one plate held on their knees.

A great homesick longing for the old time came upon poor Lolo; it was the longing for affection in the heart of a little child. And as the music climbed up and up and died away, with every note full of love and of wishing, she gave a stifled cry aloud and began to sob. The big tears dropped on her small warm hands, as she sat on the step with her head against the banisters.

The door opened suddenly below, and all the lower flight of stairs showed up in light.

"What's that?" some one asked.

Lolo kept quite still.

(To be continued.)

A Bore.

DAME FASHION'S a lady of talent who knows

All manner of things about customs and clothes;
She decrees the fit garments for morning and noon,

And what we should eat with a knife, fork, and spoon.

She speaks with conviction of how we should walk,

Of how we should sit and of how we should talk;

And the colors befitting our joy and our grief,
And of garnishing proper for mutton and beef.
She knows and she says when poor mortals should dine,

And also what shades and what colors combine.
She judges the shape of a shoe we should wear,
And the cut of our collars, the style of our hair;
To our houses, our tables, our chairs she gives heed,

To the songs that we sing, and the books that we read.

Of the flowers we plant, of the games that we play,

This lady despotic has something to say.

Her slaves they are many, and yet the world o'er

Not a few of them secretly call her a bore.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Church and Labor," by the Rev. L. McKenna, S. J., is a series of six informative tracts on an ever-timely subject. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, publishers.

—"The Hand of Mercy," a new collection of stories by the Rev. Richard Alexander, with an Introduction by Father Elliott, C. S. P., will be published in the autumn by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—For the benefit of those who say "Dante is too deep" for them, Mr. Marion S. Bainbrigge has written, and Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. have published, "A Walk in Other Worlds with Dante." It is illustrated.

—A volume of poetry by the Rev. William Livingston, entitled "Poems for Loyal Hearts," is announced for early publication. It is sure of a welcome by discriminating readers of all religions and nationalities.

—Parts IV. and V. of Dom Albert Kuhn's work, "Roma" ("Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome in Word and Picture"), exemplify the same standard of excellence that made previous parts a distinct pleasure to examine. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"The Holy Eucharist in Art" (a survey of what art has produced in honor of the Blessed Sacrament), by Dom Corbinian Wirz, O. S. B., translated by Mr. T. J. Kennedy, is among the Art and Book Co.'s new publications. The work contains nearly one hundred illustrations. It may be had in paper or cloth covers.

—It is pleasant to see a new book by the Rev. John Talbot Smith; for it is sure to be one of especial interest, whatever its theme. His serious works are of distinct value; and his novels, besides being eminently readable, have features which make them worth while,—in every way superior to the "best-seller." "The Black Cardinal," just published by the Champlain Press, is the story of the brilliant American woman who became the wife of Jerome Bonaparte. It shows careful planning, and the working out of the characters is steadily developed. The truth of history, too, is sufficiently served; indeed, the writer never makes undue call upon the reader's imagination. "The Black Cardinal" is a novel with a wide appeal; for, besides dealing with American and French life and character, it should interest the modern man or woman whose wealth, social standing, or intellectual capa-

bilities are such as to promise worldly success. Stirring scenes and noble sayings linger in our memory as we lay aside the book, with a sigh of regret for pleasant companionship interrupted. It is a novel that will be read with profit as well as interest.

—"The Sweet Miracle," by Eça de Queiroz, is a mystery play translated from the Portuguese and adapted from the dramatized version of Alberto d' Oliveira by the Sisters of Notre Dame. It has a preface of cordial approbation by the Bishop of Salford. And, indeed, it is a little masterpiece, capable of production in almost any Catholic school. For itself and for the tendency which it represents, it deserves wide use. Published by Sands & Co. (A text with music is issued by Burns & Oates.)

—We have so often commended the pamphlets of the London Catholic Truth Society that we need merely mention the titles of some of the latest issues: "Catholicism," by Mgr. Benson; "The Roman Breviary," by Dom Birt, O. S. B.; "St. Gerard Majella," by F. M. Capes; "A Valiant Woman," by Mrs. P. Gibbs; "The Church in the Netherlands," by Lady Acton; "The Teresa of Canada," by Mrs. Maxwell-Scott; "The Formula of Hormisdas," by the Rev. A. Fortescue, D. D.; "Anti-Catholic History," by Hilaire Belloc; "Freedom of Thought and Christianity," by J. G. Vance, M. A.; "The Church in Portugal," by the Rev. C. Torrend, S. J.; and "The History and Spirit of the Devotion to the Sacred Heart," by Allan Ross. The varied interests appealed to by these titles are typical of the wide scope of the Society's literary activities.

—"A Garden of Girls; or, Famous Schoolgirls of Former Days," by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A., has for its object "a reconstruction, as faithful and accurate as careful research could achieve, of the *real* school-life and education of *real* little girls in many ages and many lands." It is addressed to all who are interested in the education of the Irish girls of to-day, but its appeal will be much wider than that particular circle. The characters whom the author has selected for treatment are: Darlughdacha, a little schoolgirl of St. Brigid; St. Elizabeth, a little German schoolgirl of the Middle Ages; Cecilia Gonzaga, a little Italian schoolgirl of the Renaissance; Margaret More, a little schoolgirl of Tudor England; Marie Jeanne d'Aumale, a little schoolgirl of Saint-Cyr; Hélène Massalski (Paris), Anna Green Winslow (Boston), two

schoolgirl diarists of the eighteenth century; "Pamela at Bellechasse" (the schooldays of Lady Edward Fitzgerald); and Marjorie Fleming, Sir Walter Scott's "Pet Marjorie." It will be seen that the selections are representative in the point of time and of country, the order being chronological. The range of the matter itself is remarkable. "Old, unhappy, far-off things" fit in with accounts of the gayest school experiences; and a good amount of history is presented through the study of these characters, always considered with the human side uppermost. A book to instruct and to delight. The Talbot Press, Dublin. Price not stated.

—There is no great original inspiration in "Irish Literary and Musical Studies," by Alfred Perceval Graves, M. A. The papers which make up this volume would seem in some cases to be reprints of reviews of books. As such, however, they constitute valuable reference material. Moreover, Mr. Graves is not to be denied expert knowledge of the subjects on which he writes, so that his own independent views carry considerable weight. The reminiscence with which the volume opens, "Tennyson in Ireland," is disappointing; not so, however, are the direct studies of that genuine Celtic bard, Sir Samuel Ferguson, and of James Clarence Mangan. In the address on Folk Song, Mr. Graves is at his best. Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Black Cardinal." John Talbot Smith. \$1.25.
 "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." Alfred Perceval Graves, M. A. \$1.75.
 "The Church and Labor." Rev. L. McKenna, S. J. 40 cts.
 "The Sweet Miracle." Eça de Queiroz. 30 cts.
 "Lourdes." Johannes Jørgensen. 90 cts.
 "Ideals and Realities." Edith Pearson. 2s. 6d.
 "The New Man." Philip Gibbs. \$1.

- "The Shadow of Peter." Herbert E. Hall. M. A. 70 cts.
 "Sons of the Sea Kings." Alice and W. H. Milligan. \$1.50.
 "The Waters of Twilight." Fr. C. C. Martindale, S. J. \$1.20.
 "A Rosary of Song." Brian O'Higgins. 2s. 6d.
 "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. 35 cts.
 "Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church."
 "Supernatural Merit." Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M. 15 cts.
 Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.80.
 "Richard of Wyche." Sister Mary Reginald Capes. \$1.50.
 "Cedar Chips." Canon Sheehan. \$1.50.
 "Selections from Parerga." A Sister of Mercy. 50 cts.
 "Watching an Hour." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet." John Thomson. 90 cts.
 "A Little Book of Well-Known Toys." Jenness M. Braden. 45 cts.
 "Ballads of Childhood." Michael Earls, S. J. \$1.
 "The Theory and Practice of the Catechism." Gatterer-Krus. \$1.75.
 "What Shall I Be?" Rev. Francis Cassilly, S. J. Cloth, 30 cts.; paper, 15 cts.
 "S. Antonino and Mediæval Economics." Rev. Bede Jarrett, O. P. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. William Frantz, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Rev. Edward Curtin, archdiocese of Boston; and Rev. Damian Lenz, O. Praem. Sister M. Constantine, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. George Weber, Mr. Thomas Bayer, Mr. Peter Scheiber, Miss Johanna Tansey, Miss Anna Miller, Mr. Henry Steible, Mrs. Catherine Doyle, Mr. Henry Heible, Mr. Edward Vaughn, Mrs. Mary McNeil, Mr. Francis Curotto, Mr. John Hade, and Mr. Charles Peek.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions:

Rev. T. F., \$7; Mrs. L., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 29, 1914.

NO. 9

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Our Lady of the Tolka.

BY M. R.

SHE stands beside the Tolka,
Whose course is nearly run;
Far off in Meath the royal
Its rambles were begun;
Past old Dunboyne it travelled,
Until at last it laves
The slopes of green Glasnevin,
The holy home of graves.

But ere Clontarf it reaches
And plunges in the sea,
It craves a final blessing,
Madonna fair, from thee.
And so thy loving children
A lowly shrine have made,
Where hymns are sung in Maytime,
And many a prayer is prayed.

The northern verge of Dublin,
Beyond Drumcondra Hill,
With green fields all around us,
Yet in the city still,—
Two rows of two-roomed homesteads
Here in an angle meet,
And where they meet she standeth,
The Virgin Mother sweet.

O glorious Queen of Heaven,
Love coins new names for thee!
"Our Lady of the Tolka"
Thy newest name shall be.
Poor men and women toiling,
Poor children at their play,—
Bless them, O mighty Mother,
And guard them night and day!

How sweet is Death when it is the gate
to Heaven!—*Faber.*

A Practical Point of Religion.

ON one occasion the great St. Catherine of Siena was permitted by God to be tempted by devils for a long period of time,—not only with thoughts of a wicked and unchaste character, but with visible images of a seductive and alluring kind. Her mind, her imagination, and her senses were overwhelmed with these things. When this terrible trial was at last over, our Divine Lord made His presence known to her, and she asked Him: "Lord, where wert Thou when my soul was filled with all that evil?"—Our Lord replied: "I was dwelling all the time in your heart."—"And how, Lord," said the saint, "couldst Thou dwell in a heart so full of vileness?"—Jesus said to her: "Tell Me, My daughter, did those evil thoughts and images cause you pleasure or pain, distress or delight?"—And she answered: "They caused me extreme distress and sadness." Then our Divine Lord showed her that His presence and His grace had prevented her from yielding and taking pleasure in the evil, and had kept her *will* faithful to Him in spite of the trouble in her mind, her senses, and her imagination.

By this account, which can be matched in the lives of other saints and holy persons, we are reminded of other truths which must not be lost sight of by tempted Christians. Some persons think that such temptations must make them very displeasing to Almighty God. Like St.

Catherine, they ask: "How, Lord, couldst Thou be where there was so much evil?" The very opposite is the truth. A person who suffers from such temptations and is faithful acquires immense merit, and is made very dear to God's Heart. Again, we are reminded that so long as we are in a state of grace, God dwells within our souls; and not any temptation, not any evil suggestion, but only wilful mortal sin, can drive Him out. Thirdly, we are reminded that there can be no sin at all without the full and free consent and deliberate acquiescence of the will to evil.

A human being is a very marvellous and a very complicated creation. While one in nature and personality, we are manifold in the different powers and faculties of our being. Bodily senses, the imagination or fancy, the reason and understanding,—all have their various functions and activities. But there is one faculty supreme over them all, and that is the human will. It is the function of the will to command and control the rest of our powers, to direct the attention of the mind to this or that subject, to rein in or to guide the imagination, to resist all unreasonable demands of the bodily appetites and passions.

In the state of unfallen nature—in the persons of our first parents before they sinned—this power of the will was undisputed, complete, subject to no weakness, perfectly able to control the bodily appetites, imagination, and the thoughts and desires of the heart. With sin came a disorganization of the kingdom of man's being. *Now* the flesh rises in rebellion; imagination runs wild; reason, which should show the right way, becomes obscured and takes good for evil and evil for good.

By sin, then, the will has to a great extent lost its rightful supremacy. It is still powerful in many directions; and we know what a strong will can accomplish when a man has set his heart upon a thing. But man's will is weakened in regard to good; and the thought of

man's heart, as the Sacred Writer says, is "bent upon evil at all times." * Had we been left to ourselves, the will would have been powerless to re-establish its control over the evil tendencies that reside in those other powers and faculties of our nature; it would inevitably have been led astray by its rebellious subjects,—nay, it would have proved traitor itself to what is good and right.

Indeed, this happens now, as we all know by sad experience. Since sin first entered into the world, the kingdom of man's heart is not at peace. There is a constant struggle within us between the forces of good and evil, each trying to capture the will. But we have a new power given to us,—a supernatural power: the grace of God through Jesus Christ our Lord; and by this power of God's grace, which is never denied to those who humbly ask it, the will, strengthened in good, need never yield. Let passions rise, let the flesh rebel, let the imagination tempt us with thoughts of sinful pleasure, the will, the inner citadel of our being, by God's grace can stand firm and resist them all.

The point, then, is this: that sin is committed only when the *will* consents to the temptation. So long as the will resists, so long as evil thoughts and suggestions are displeasing to the will, however such thoughts may crowd in upon the mind, however vividly they may paint their tempting images upon the imagination, however distressingly they may rouse up the passions, while the will remains firmly fixed in opposition to the evil presented for its acceptance, there is and there can be no sin.

But what not seldom troubles good people, and very often troubles former sinners who have been happily converted to God, is this: while knowing that what has just been said is all true enough, they fear, after some storm of terrible temptation has assailed them, that they may have given the consent of the will, and

* Gen., vi, 5.

so may have sinned and lost the grace and friendship of God. They rightly repeat to themselves that temptation is not the same as sin; that evil thoughts, when unbidden and unsought, are merely a temptation; they know that, do what we will, imagination will sometimes escape control and run riot in spite of all efforts; that evil thoughts can not always be prevented from returning again and again; they know that there is not any sin at all in all this so long as the will withholds consent and does not side with its rebellious subjects. But the question will force itself upon them: "Did I do my best? Did I resist faithfully, or did I give consent?" Also, not infrequently, another painful anxiety arises in the shape of a feeling that pleasure has really been experienced in the course of the temptation.

Some pleasure of the lower part of our nature *necessarily* arises when any temptation is presented. It is no more possible to prevent this than it is to prevent the sensation of sight when an object is presented to the eye; and we can not always close the mind to impressions as we can close the eye. Were it not for this spontaneous pleasure of the lower faculties, there would be no temptation at all. But at first this pleasure is involuntary. It is in this at first involuntary pleasure that the allurements of the temptation consists. This pleasure of the lower faculties, of the senses or the imagination, solicits the approval and acquiescence of the will; and it is not till the understanding has recognized the presence of the evil thought or image which has given rise to the pleasurable allurements, and the will has consciously and freely acquiesced in it, that any sin arises. If the will does *that*, then the pleasure becomes voluntary, wilful, and therefore sinful. It is true that this consent can be given in an instant; but it is also true that neither the length of a temptation nor the persistence of evil thoughts is any sign that a person has given way.

Now as to the other question: "Did I do my best? Did I resist faithfully, or did I give consent?" The answer for those who are sincerely and habitually trying to serve God and to avoid mortal sin is that such fears are vain and groundless. Let such good souls remember that God loves them; that His honor is concerned in their victory over temptation; that He dwells within them as He dwelt within St. Catherine in her most terrible and prolonged trial; that He takes care of them and will not easily let them fall into sin,—will not forsake them unless they first forsake Him.

Further, for a person who has determined to avoid mortal sin as the greatest of evils, suddenly to change over and turn against God and commit a mortal sin even of thought alone, means such a revolution of mind and heart that if this revolution had really taken place, if mortal sin in thought had truly been committed, such a one would know it, and would have no doubt at all on the matter. If, therefore, any good soul, trying sincerely and earnestly to serve God and resolved to keep out of mortal sin at all costs, is troubled after temptation by doubts and fears as to whether sinful consent has been given, such doubts and fears are to be instantly dismissed.

It will be noted that we have been speaking all through of persons who are sincerely endeavoring to lead good lives and keep from mortal sin; or who, if they *have* sinned grievously in the past, have turned to God and begun to lead a new life; and we say of them that so long as they are habitually and *as a general rule* free from open and deliberate *actions* that are mortally sinful, they need not fear, in cases of doubt, that they have consented wilfully to evil thoughts.

It is for those that these rules we have explained hold good; not for such as are guilty, not merely now and again and as a rare exception, but are frequently or habitually guilty of grievously sinful actions. If a person deliberately goes

and looks at something evil, or reads a bad book, or joins in bad conversations, or listens to bad talk when it could be avoided,—in that case the evil thoughts that follow are already a sin, because they have been wilfully brought on. In the case of such habitual sinners, the chances are that they do frequently consent to evil thoughts; and the only advice to be given to them is that they look earnestly into themselves and turn to God by true repentance, if they hope to save their souls.

For such as are trying hard to make their calling and election sure there is abundant consolation in these words of St. Paul addressed to the Corinthians: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that which you are able; but will make also with temptation issue, that you may be able to bear it."

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

VI.



TWO things happened to dissuade Romey from riding down to Trenton the next morning. He discovered another five-gallon can of kerosene among his stores; and the snow, heralded by those playful gusts the night before, had settled into a steady fall, which was adding two or three inches an hour to the already heavy drifts, shutting out sight and sound of the outer world as completely as if the cabin were built within the covering of a tent.

It could not do much to damp Romey's spirits, however. The fact that there were other human beings within hail now shed a glow on the unfriendly day, and peopled the lonely little house with a host of pleasant thoughts.

On his last journey to Trenton he had invested in a carpentering outfit, of which he well understood the use, having long been the recognized joiner of the Idaho home. He remembered Molloy's prog-

nostication that there was nothing to do in winter but sit by the stove and think about the spring; and he told himself that the spring should see a nice set of furniture ready for the room he was preparing to build for Alice as soon as possible. The procuring of planed lumber would not present any great difficulty, as he was told that, about eight miles from Trenton, there was a sawmill which would furnish him with all he needed in that line. As yet he had been too closely occupied in cutting and hauling his provision of fuel to find time for that expedition. But meanwhile he would put this enforced imprisonment to some use by setting up his carpenter's bench and getting everything into working order. Then the day would go fast enough; and by the evening, if the snow would only hold off a little, he could once more see and hail the friendly white light across the lake.

Now, a carpenter's bench, to be of any use, is a pretty big thing; and Romey spent a good hour, footrule in hand, trying to find how he could place it in the cabin. It seemed to have a prearranged feud with the stove; for, whichever way he measured, the bench insisted on encroaching either on the space occupied by that necessary article or on the corner where he had put his camp bed. The table had already been relegated to the woodshed.

"Darn the old thing!" he exclaimed ruefully. "I believe it means me to sleep as well as eat on it! Look here!" he apostrophized it. "If you think I'm going to build a suite onto this mansion for you, you've got another guess coming. You'll stand where I want you to stand, or out comes the bucksaw and you'll be shortened by a foot!"

That was what it came to, after all; and at last the outfit was installed in front of one window, leaving just space enough for a person to move carefully between it and the stove, round which Romey rigged a screen hammered out of empty tins, to keep shavings from turning

into impromptu fireworks. Then, hot and tired, he went out to get a breath of air, and to try, if it were possible, to get a glimpse of something farther off than his own doorstep.

The snow was still falling, but more lightly. Now he could see the surface of the lake, looking as solid as the rest of his world. Soon the dim outline of the opposite hills became white against a leaden-colored sky. A sudden rift showed, laughing and golden, in the west. Before the clouds closed over it again, Romey saw that for which he had been looking for weeks past—a little column of blue smoke rising from the chimney of his unknown neighbor's house; and, when the darkness fell, the friendly glow of the lamp shining on the white trees.

The next morning broke in cloudless splendor. The sky was quivering azure, the mountains bland pearls. Frost had come after the snow, and crusted its surface with crystals; and every tree seemed netted in diamonds where the sun touched it. Romey stood on his doorstep considering.

"Hitch up and go to the sawmill!" said Reason.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Fancy. "Sawmill be blowed! We're going to break a trail to that house and pay our respects there!"

"Of course," said Romey. "What did you think I was going to do, anyway?"

And he looked long and carefully at the tossed outline of the hills which enclosed the lake to the right, trying to sketch out a practicable path for himself and his horse. It would be quite a slow affair to get round; for the lake, though narrow enough for him to see clearly to the other side, lengthened considerably at the eastern end. The western boundary was a wall of cliffs, with indications of impassable heights beyond. As for trusting to the ice, that, too, was out of the question. So there was nothing for it but to work his way round by the eastern end; and that he was resolved to do, if it took him all day to accomplish it.

He knew that he might have to dip back behind the first screen of hills, and he took his bearings very carefully before setting out. Just below the cottage he was making for, one tall and fair tree, a young quaking asp, stretched its frosted branches up far above all else near it. He had often looked at it since the snow came, thinking hazily of a picture that he had once seen in the papers, of a royal bride in all her glory of lace and jewels; and the little white tree had become almost a friend in the days of his solitude. Now he would remember it for a landmark in case his route should lead him out of sight of that mysteriously dear low roof just showing among the white tree's smaller sisters.

Five mortal hours it took Romey to reach a spot whence he could see his own cabin from the other side of the lake. He had started from home at eight o'clock, and it was an hour past midday when he slipped down from the saddle, tethered Jake among some trees in a blind hollow of the hills, and went forward to reconnoitre on foot. The little white tree had stood his friend. After plunging among the drifts and scrambling along the edges of precipices, he had come out at last on gently rolling ground, beyond which one burst of whiteness lifted itself against the dark grey of the distant mountainous shore. Now that he was close upon the end of his quest, a strange misgiving had come over him; an intuitive caution governed all his movements; and, without knowing why, he crept forward as noiselessly as he could, keeping under cover of the scrub and bushes till he reached the crest of the rise, and could look down at the dwelling, now only a few hundred yards below him. There, regardless of the snow, he lay down and scanned the scene from a point where he himself was not likely to be observed.

Why, the place seemed utterly dead and deserted again! Nothing moved down there. No friendly litter lay round on the back porch, as it always does when

people are using their kitchen. The only door he could see was closed; and so was the one window that looked that way; and the brick chimney, instead of sending forth smoke, had a couple of inches of snow all round the top. Had they—had the folks really gone away again? For a moment Romey's heart stood still. The disappointment was too horribly acute.

Then on the stillness of the mute, dazzling day there came a sound—the scraping of a door opening slowly and unwillingly against heaped-up snow. It was not the door he could see, but the one on the other side. Straining to listen, he realized that it had been opened and instantly closed again; but there was another sound now—that of footsteps on the snow crust out there. Breathlessly he waited; and then, like the flash of an arrow, a light figure ran down the shallow slope, and was all but lost to view among the thick lower shoots of the little white tree. Romey thought to see it emerge, but it stayed there, its white slimness making it seem almost a part of the spreading snow-laden branches that closed it in. But in that arrow flash the sun had danced on a golden head; the snow had flown like spray from a girl's feet; the wild, supple grace of youth had winged the minute's flight; and Romey sprang to his feet and plunged down the slope, laughing for joy.

A hard tumble over a rock sobered him. That was no way to approach an alluring stranger. She would be frightened to death if he hurled himself into her presence in that fashion. So he paused before reaching the corner of the house (he had brought up directly at the back of it) to brush the snow off his clothes, push the dark, curly hair out of his eyes, and compose his bearing. Then, his heart beating wildly, he came round to the front, cap in hand, to look for the repetition of that minute's vision.

But no one was to be seen. The front door was tightly closed. The little window showed only a surface of opaque white

muslin behind the glass; and if the curtain shook a little at one side, he was too puzzled to notice it. He looked down toward the tree. Nearer now, he could see between the branches the clear outline of some fencing beyond; and, final proof that no one was down there, the snow crust bore the print of returning footsteps straight up to the front door, running back to the shelter of the inhospitable house. Romey stooped and looked at them for an instant. Then he straightened himself, and, with bare head held high in the searching daylight to show all and sundry that his intentions were honest and friendly, he marched up to the door and knocked—the distinct little knock which, as Western housewives know, means: "I'm the right sort of person. Please let me speak to you."

He might as well have knocked on the rocks of the lake, for all the answer he got. Not a sound came in reply, even to a second appeal; and then he tried the back door—with equal unsuccess. Withdrawing again to the crest of the rise, he sat down and pondered on the situation. Evidently the girl was alone in the house; and, being new to the country, was afraid to let him in. But Romey did not mean to retire altogether defeated. He would let this shy young lady know that he was a respectable rancher, and that some day, in the natural course of things, she would have to meet him. The first step was to produce a proper pretext for this visit,—something which, he told himself a little viciously, should make her feel ashamed of barring him out.

In his pocket lay the notebook and pencil with which he dotted down all the things he had to remember to get, from so many hundred feet of planed lumber to kitchen soap. Finding a clean leaf, he thought for a minute, looking at the little house, with its yard and woodshed, from his screen among the trees. That was a slim kind of wood pile to go through the winter with. Bad stuff, too, what there was of it,—all knots, as his

experienced eye told him even at this distance. Yes, wood was the lay. He had not cut much more than he would need himself; but he would cut for weeks, if sacrificing a few cords of his own provision would help along the desired acquaintance. So he tore out the leaf and wrote boldly: "Dry wood delivered at four dollars the cord. Romey Johnson. The other side of the lake."

Yes, that was businesslike all right. But it looked forbidding, somehow; also, remembering his own difficulty in finding the way round, he felt that it would be a long time before any order could get to him. How obviate the difficulty? Ah! He bent low over the scrap of paper and added, below the announcement, the confidential direction: "If you get shy of wood any time, hang out a sheet on the front tree, and I'll be round directly."

How he was going to get a heavily laden bobsled from his place to this, over the foot-trails he had followed that morning, was a question which he refused to consider at the moment. All that mattered now was to get his visiting card safely into the right hands.

He stood up and walked deliberately down the incline, and paused only close to the kitchen porch. The back door, old and sagging, showed a space beneath it wide enough to push a paper through. That seemed the best way, so he knelt down on the rough boards and pushed his missive under the door. But it would go only halfway. Something on the floor obstructed its further passage. This would not do. Suppose the wind carried it off, what then? He went and fetched a loose stone from the back yard and weighted down the protruding part of the sheet on the narrow doorsill. Then he straightened himself up and walked away. But he had not gone more than ten steps before a little clatter made him look round. The stone had suddenly rolled off the ledge, and the last corner of the bit of paper was disappearing inside.

(To be continued.)

Jedburgh Abbey.

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

THE interesting announcement was made during the closing months of 1913 that the Marquess of Lothian had transferred to "the nation" the magnificent remains of one of the most ancient and illustrious religious foundations that Great Britain can boast. In other words, Jedburgh Abbey has been most generously "handed over" by its noble owner in perpetuity, after having remained the property of his family for several centuries.

Before passing to a brief résumé of the ancient associations of Jedburgh, let us glance at the venerable abbey church as one sees it to-day; first of all, premising that, in spite of its great antiquity, it is not a ruin "within the meaning of the act." In other words, although Jedburgh Castle has long since crumbled to the dust, the grand old church itself—excepting the south transept and the major portion of the choir—has survived into this turbulent and utilitarian twentieth century.

Jedburgh not happening to be among the numerous Scottish abbeys, cathedrals, and ecclesiastical remains visited in person by the present writer, he will content himself with a brief extract from a description given by a visitor, Mr. Claiborne Dixon:

"Of grand proportions and yet of severe simplicity, the church displays some fine decoration in its flowered capitals and beautiful mouldings. Portions of the choir and tower are evidently Early Norman work; while later styles are seen in the great nave of nine bays, composed of a combination of Transitional Norman and English Gothic, and again in the unspoiled north transept of Decorated character. The nave is one hundred and thirty feet in length, having above the triforium a clerestory consisting of a magnificent

arcade of lancets. Two doorways to the west and south are excellent examples of Norman work; but the former, with its deep carvings of the most delicate workmanship, is the better specimen. The arches of the tower (eighty-six feet high) are richly clustered, and chevroned at the edges; indeed, so exquisitely wrought and beautiful are some of the decorative mouldings of the church, that the work is attributed by many to an Italian artist. The north transept is aisleless, and possesses a large window of four lights filled with geometrical tracery."

So much for the architecture. Jedburgh Abbey owed its original foundation, as a priory of the Augustine Canons, to King David I. of Scotland in or about A. D. 1118. The then chief constable of the kingdom, the powerful Lord Lauderdale, is credited with the successful carrying out of the details. King David is also famed as the founder of the celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Kelso, on the Tweed,—

Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow lies,
And copse-clad aisles amid the waters rise.

In 1147 Jedburgh was elevated to the dignity of an abbey, when the pious Osbert became its first head; and the subsequent abbots deservedly took high rank in the Scottish hierarchy. But Jedburgh was, very unfortunately, a principal place on the Anglo-Scottish border line through the long, dark ages when Scotsman and Englishman were ever at each other's throat. In this sense it lay open to oft-repeated spoliation by the English ravagers, who did their work only too well in the course of three centuries of intermittent warfare. In fact, between the close of the thirteenth century and the middle of the sixteenth, Jedburgh was sacked and destroyed some half a dozen times.

In 1296, during the long and pitiless northern war waged by Edward I., of England, the splendid abbey church was fired and unroofed by the myrmidons of Sir Richard Hastings. The monks were

then, by order of King Edward, distributed among the northern English monasteries; but they returned at a subsequent date. In 1464, during the Wars of the Roses, Jedburgh was further despoiled by the army of the Earl of Warwick, the celebrated "King-maker." In 1524, and again in 1544—both times in the sanguinary reign of Henry VIII.—the attackers were the Earl of Surrey and Lord Eure respectively. Finally, the ruined town, castle, and church were re-ruined at the outcome of a desperate affray between the French allies of the Scotch and the Spanish mercenaries in the service of the English.

It is on record that John Hume, the "commendator" of the abbey in 1544, was instrumental in partially restoring the scarred and half-ruined edifice. Jedburgh Castle had long ago gone to dust, and has since been replaced by a massive prison for the district (now obsolete). Then, after the destruction of the monasteries, the building naturally went from bad to worse. During the greater part of the nineteenth century, disputes and lawsuits threatened and desecrated the already thrice-desecrated fane, until more or less stayed by the action of the then Marquess of Lothian (father of the present holder of the title), in 1875.

Smuggling is said to have been rife all along this northern borderland after the union of England and Scotland under James I. in 1603. Any one visiting peaceful and beautiful Jedburgh to-day would assuredly never suppose so. For this charming old place on the banks of Jed Water "enjoys a sheltered situation amidst the wooded hills and rocky eminences which enclose this vale, the Scottish Arcadia, on every side." It is the county town for Roxburghshire, and boasts a population of a few thousand souls. Geographically, Jedburgh is situated about fifty miles southeast of Edinburgh.

The lore and legend of this border town

in Mediæval times, call up some very stirring, not to say sanguinary, traditions. The expression "Jeddart justice" was synonymous with hanging a man first and trying him afterward. Again, "Jeddart's here!" was the *slogan*, or wild war-cry, of the hardy borderers, whose principal weapon of offence was the formidable "Jeddart axe," which was a steel-pointed pole four feet in length.

It is said that a fearful skeleton, or spectre, appeared to Alexander III., of Scotland, at his marriage-feast in Jedburgh Castle in 1285. The precise date of that royal retreat's being razed to the ground was 1409. Throughout the succeeding ages, however, Jedburgh was visited at one time or another by most of the "gallant great ones" in Scottish history. Of these the list is headed by the names of Queen Mary Stuart and Prince Charles Edward Stuart. Later on, among the poets who knew and loved the old place and its cloistered abbey were Burns, Scott, Thomson, and Wordsworth; whilst Sir David Brewster and Mary Somerville were other two who wrote lingeringly and lovingly of it. Another old castle in the vicinity, dating from the sixteenth century and restored in 1889, is Ferniehurst, the abode of the Kerr family. Jedburgh, which has ever been a royal borough, formerly returned a Member to Parliament, but was disfranchised at the redistribution of seats in 1885.

There is in existence a history of Jedburgh Abbey by a writer named Watson. From it I glean the additional information that the architectural style of the glorious old edifice is "Norman to Second Pointed," and that it is of the generous length of two hundred and thirty-five feet, with a central tower eighty-six feet in height.

BUT what said I of Fortune? Man heth noe other fortune but him selfe. Who is soe simple as not to knowe it? Who soe wicked as to denye it?

—*Sir Thomas Hawkins (1639).*

The Children.

BY HENRY R. KIRKMAN.

HERE are no flowers on the city streets,
No balmy fragrance fills the summer air;
The stony pavements burned and barren are,
A stifling stillness lingers everywhere.

But there are little children fresh and bright,
With souls as fair as any flower that grows;
There is the child of lily purity,
The child of suffering—the bleeding rose.

And over each a radiant angel bends,
That whispers words of love to each young soul;
And God is in their hearts the whole day long,
Guiding them onward to their distant goal.

And through the gathering darkness, the white light
That burns upon the forehead of each child
Gleams like a star, leading our weary souls
O'er sin's vast arid waste and tangled wild.

The Prodigal Father.

BY ANNA CECILIA DOYLE.

NONE but the autumn flowers were left now in the little garden. The evening shades fell earlier, reached farther, and melted more quickly into the darkness of night. There was a chill in the breeze that had been so balmy, and the trees were crowned with the splendor that presaged their stripping.

To the owner of the garden, the changing aspect was a mournful portent, a silent prophecy. He trembled as he walked amidst its failing beauties, and leaned more heavily on his cane; for he was very old. On his life, too, the shadows were daily reaching farther, and he knew that soon they would lie upon his heart. He feared the time was not far off when there would be a great silence in the little garden.

And ere that night came there was something he must do—a journey he must

go; not a long journey, but a hard one, now that he was so old. He had realized for a long time that he must make this pilgrimage, if there was to be peace when the final night shades fell; but he had put it off from day to day, dreading it. And now he began to fear that he had put it off too long, that he would never have strength enough for the little journey, the bitter task,—bitter because age had not robbed him of pride.

One day—one autumn day—when there was a chill in the wind that foretold very plainly the winter to come, he was weaker than he had ever been. He knew that if the journey were ever to be made, it must be that day; to-morrow would be too late.

He had meant to walk all the way: that was to be part of the reparation. Now he had not the strength: he would have fainted by the wayside. So he had to ask a neighbor to drive him into the city. But he requested to be put down a few blocks from his son's house, that he might walk at least that much of the journey. He stood for a while in front of the stately mansion, looking at it sorrowfully, thinking of the wealth the owner of the place had, and the greater wealth he might have possessed. And his son, seeing him standing there, went out and put his arm about him and led him in. But there was nothing joyful in his welcome; for upstairs in a darkened room his own little son lay sick unto death.

"How did you know, father, that Peter was sick? I feared to send you word, and yet I wanted you to know. It was a long way for you to come alone."

"I was not alone all of the way, and I did not know that the boy was ill. It was not for that I came. For a long time I have known that I must come to you before I die; for there is something I must confess to you, for which I seek your forgiveness."

He was about to kneel down, but his son raised him up, and sat beside him.

"No, no, father! Whatever it is, I forgive you beforehand. You are my father, and I love you, no matter what offence you imagine you have committed against me."

"It is a very great offence, my son. Perhaps—God help me!—you will never realize how very great. You must know that in my youth I was very rich, for I possessed the greatest treasure in the world. It is true that I was not the sole owner of this wonderful gift: many, many thousands had it also. And perhaps because of this, or for some other foolish reason that I have forgotten, I did not value it. So when I came near to man's estate I threw my treasure away. I thought it a thing for children and women, a useless possession for a strong man. But I kept one coin of all that wealth,—one coin because my dying mother asked me. And it is because of that that I am here to-day,—to ask you to forgive me for robbing you of your birthright."

"You speak in riddles, father. I do not understand you."

"Then I will speak plainly, my son. The treasure of which I speak is the Catholic Faith in which I was born. My good mother did all she could to have me know and practise my religion aright. But at college I fell in with those who scoffed at it, called it antiquated mummerly, unfit for the mentality of a modern, educated gentleman. And because I was proud of my intellectual attainments, and wanted to go higher and be considered great among the learned, I cast away my faith and took the philosophers for my guides. I exchanged Christ for Nietzsche and Kant and the pagans. But every day, because I had promised my mother, I said one 'Hail Mary.' All my life long I have said that little prayer; and because of that I have the grace to be here now to tell you the truth, to ask you to forgive me for robbing you of the great treasure."

"It is a great loss, father," his son said

sadly. "I would that I had that Faith to lean upon in this bitter hour. I have often envied those who possessed it, never dreaming that it might have been mine. I did not know how to go about seeking its consolation. Perhaps I was slothful because I have observed that this Church exacts much of its followers. But now—oh, I would not care what it asked of me, what fasting, what prayer, if it would bring me to the feet of the One who has my child's life in His hands! All else is vain. No man's skill can save him,—only God." And he bowed his head and wept.

His father arose, his old eyes eager-bright, though he was trembling with weakness.

"Come, my son," he said. "I will bring you to the place of prayer. In these last months I have learned to pray again,—relearned the forgotten wisdom of my youth. Together we will seek the house of God; and I will ask for you the grace of faith, and you will ask for the life of your child."

And so they went, the young man supporting the old, to the church, where one had never been, which the other had not entered for many, many years. Kneeling down before the altar, with its still red light keeping watch, they prayed long and fervently. From one heart there went up short, sharp calls of anguished appeal; from the other, the stately, solemn outpouring of relearned words, sacred in their origin, sanctified by centuries of holy usage.

And to both, after a time, came peace, a nameless quiet of the spirit,—a part of the great peace that emanates ever from the abiding place of the Hidden God, to fall sweetly upon those that seek it prayerfully, that touches even the hardest and most rebellious hearts that come within its radius.

And peace, nigh unto resignation in the heart of the younger, was theirs still as they took their homeward way. And at the door of the house they were met

by a woman, pale of face and weary-looking, but with the light of a great happiness in her eyes.

"He will live!" she cried softly. "The fever is gone and he is sleeping."

The younger man took her in his arms, and she laid her head on his shoulder, sobbing in mingled weariness and joy.

"Mary," he said after a time, "I have just made a promise, a vow, that if the boy's life was spared we would do something for the God who has given him back to us. There was only God left, Mary: all the rest had failed. Father brought me to His house,—I felt it to be His true house as soon as I had entered in. The promise may not be easy in the keeping, Mary: we are comfortable and proud and fond of ease. My father tells me that this Christ in whose footsteps I have promised to follow was poor and meek, and never rested while there was aught to do. Do you think you can help me keep my promise, Mary?"

She looked up at him with tear-bright eyes.

"Were it ten thousand times harder, yes, I would fulfil my share of the promise. What would wealth or ease or station be to me without my boy?"

And the old man went back to his garden rejoicing, his dread of the shadows gone. Now indeed might the night come,—the long, long night of rest; for he was a prodigal no longer, but a true father to his son.

THE proverb which many believe to be Biblical, "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and which is really found in a book by Lawrence Sterne, is only an improved version of, "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure," found in a work of George Herbert, written a century previously, and translated by Herbert from a French author of the century before his. The underlying idea of this proverb may, in fact, be traced back to the Latin language.

Estaban.

BY ROBERT A. PARSONS, S. J.

II.

THE air of expectancy and disquiet which usually proceeds startling events was abroad through the hills and cities of Spain. Not yet had it invaded the cloisters of the Franciscan monastery at —, though the noise of clanking weapons and the marching of many feet disturbed the solitude of the countryside. The sound of axes and the falling of many trees in the forests near by were an everyday occurrence. The friars had been warned by their superiors to have no dealing with these men; and their orders had been scrupulously followed.

The darkness and chilliness which pervaded the silent Chapel of the Stigmata betokened the early days of October. A single friar, rapt in prayer, was its only occupant. In the stillness of the early dawn he had said his first Mass; and now he was praying for strength against temptations, against discouragements, against the allurements of the world which seemed at the present moment so far away. At length a hand was laid on his shoulder and a voice whispered in his ear:

"Father Francis, the superior wishes to see you."

Father Francis rose to his feet in silence and went directly to the room of the guardian.

"Father," observed the superior, firmly but kindly, "it is the pleasure of our King—may God protect him!—to make war upon England. Having equipped many ships with men and guns, he has asked our Order to supply chaplains. You, Father, I have chosen for the flagship of the House of Castile. Be ready to leave to-morrow morning."

At the word "Castile" Father Francis looked up suddenly, then flushed, as if the picture of some ancient happening had flashed upon his soul. The superior did not

seem to notice the confusion of his subject, but went on serenely with his instructions. On the morrow the new apostle left behind him all the happy memories of the past nine years. And now he was back in the world which he had so willingly renounced.

One day Brother Jerome, his companion, called his attention to a large field which was laid off for jousts, and was surrounded by four pavilions. The two travellers had passed along a white road in a deep forest, had come to the top of a hill, and, with various emotions, had viewed the scene which lay before them.

"There is a strange story connected with that field," said Brother Jerome; and hereupon the Brother (for he loved to talk when the time of recreation came) proceeded to tell the story of Estaban and Juan Vasco. The Brother continued:

"The whereabouts of Estaban no one knows. Some say that the old Duke killed him; others declare that Estaban fled his father's house."

Father Francis had been nervously clutching his habit as the Brother, enlarging on the prowess of Juan Vasco, and denouncing the cowardice of Estaban, prolonged the telling of his tale. After a short silence the Brother asked:

"Are you ill or are you too tired, Father? You always listen with great attention to my narratives."

"I am neither tired nor ill, Brother," hastily replied Father Francis. "I was thinking of what the future held in store for me on board the flagship *Isabella*,—isn't that the name?"

"Yes," replied the Brother. "And that reminds me that the hero of my last tale will be the hero of my next."

"What do you mean, Brother?"

"Oh, nothing!" answered the Brother, with a rather important air. "The captain of the *Isabella* is Juan Vasco."

"Juan Vasco?" cried Father Francis. "Am I his chaplain?"

"Certainly," said the Brother. "Don't you feel a trifle proud?" And then, mis-

taking a look of pain, astonishment, and fear on the Father's face for one of reproof, he hastily added: "Of course you can feel as proud as our holy rule will permit."

"Of course!" repeated Father Francis.

After a short time the Father remarked:

"Go ahead a few paces, Brother. I wish to have some moments to myself."

When the Brother had complied with his wishes, the Father drew his cowl down over his head and was soon lost in troubled thought. He was not afraid of death on the high seas: his past nine years of meditation long since had made him familiar with death; but to be chaplain to Juan Vasco? The struggle was short-lived. Father Francis, whispering a prayer to Christ crucified in thanksgiving for this victory which he had just won, hastened his steps and joined the Brother, who kept silence until their journey's end.

Father Francis had never before beheld a ship, much less an armada. The flash of the guns and the brass trimmings of the ships as they swung at anchor immediately caught his eye. The high prow and the equally high sterns, and the tall masts with their burden of white sails, now set the Brother's tongue rapidly moving on another long tale of his. Father Francis' eyes went higher than the masts: he sought for a crimson standard. A richer flag and a more magnificent vessel told him that this was the *Isabella*. Glancing around at the other flags, he suddenly asked:

"Brother, to whom do those ships belong,—those with the black standards?"

Brother Jerome then concluded his tale of Juan and Estaban,—how the old Duke had torn away the gold from the flag, and how ever since the House of Arragon had been in mourning.

Father Francis and the Brother gained the dock, at the end of which many small boats had been tied, ready to receive sailors and provisions. As they approached the *Isabella*, the Father could easily dis-

tinguish the captain by his broad back and strong arms. Upon their arrival on board, Juan Vasco somewhat haughtily welcomed them. Having paid the proper deference to his rank, Father Francis was conducted below.

After the fleet had got well under way, beginning with the first ship and growing louder and louder, as it passed down the line, a shout was set up: "The English! The English!" Hundreds of eyes were strained in their effort to obtain a better view of the enemy. North, south, east and west were scanned. At length everyone said contemptuously: "A mere handful opposes us. England will soon be a province of ours."

Nearer and nearer approached the English fleet across the crescent-line of battle formed by the Spaniards.

"Have they begun firing?" shouted some one on the *Isabella*.

"No!" shouted another. "A storm is gathering in the west."

At length the two fleets were within gunshot. The noise grew louder and louder, lights flared up, and there was the sound of many voices hoarsely shouting. The sickening smell of the powder produced a sort of nausea in Father Francis' soul. Under each blow the *Isabella* reeled, then righted itself, only to stagger on through the clouds of smoke. Many a man crept up to Father Francis, and departed (often to his eternal rest) with a quiet conscience. The chaplain could not but admire the bravery of the captain as he stood at his post, directing the vessel amidst the roaring of the sea, and cheering on his men stationed at the guns. Father Francis had just pronounced the absolution over a dying man when, glancing up, he saw Juan Vasco lurch forward with a cry on his lips:

"The priest,—Father Francis!"

When the Father had heard his confession, had called the surgeon, and had seen Juan Vasco carried below, he beheld the sailors suddenly rush to the small boats. Father Francis took in the

situation at a glance. They were under the impression that all was lost.

"Back, men, to your posts!" he cried, and not a trace of fear was in his heart or in his voice. There was at this moment something grand and awe-inspiring in their new leader,—his brown habit thrown back; his eyes dark and flashing; his whole person the commander of the hour, and every inch of him a leader. The men slunk back to their guns.

Though the *Isabella* plunged on in safety, their new captain did not fare so happily. A last volley of grape swept the decks, and a shot pierced the brown habit of the Father. Only once did he experience the old tremor of fear, and that was when he felt the sharp pain in his right side; yet he conquered his feelings and clung to his post.

During all this time the rumble of a heavier artillery—the battle sign of the elements—was drawing nearer and nearer. The storm which had been gathering during the battle struck the armada with all the violence of a hurricane. The winds churned up high mountains of water, and the sails groaned in their fastenings. Calling a lieutenant who was near by, Father Francis told him to shorten sail.

When the storm was at its height, the surgeon approached the new captain, and, wholly unaware of his condition, shouted in his ear:

"Father, Juan Vasco will be on duty to-morrow."

Father Francis directed the surgeon to the men who were lying about wounded and dying; but he said nothing of the great blood stain which he knew was becoming larger and larger every moment on the inside of his habit.

All night Father Francis was at his post; and when the dawn broke and Juan Vasco came on deck, Father Francis fell fainting into his arms. Gentle hands carried him below. The surgeon had a serious face. He said that the chances of the Father's recovery rested solely upon their reaching port within three weeks.

For a whole week the storm raged, and the *Isabella* was driven far out of its course. Ireland and Scotland were rounded, then the vessel headed due south. During all these days the sufferer was patiently awaiting death. He had long been preparing for this moment: he had now no fear.

When time permitted, Juan Vasco came below, and passed many hours at the bedside of Father Francis. From the position of host and guest, they became fast friends. Many a time would Juan tell of his past exploits; many a time would he tell of his ideals; and always would he depart with a stronger love for the sufferer who offered him such sound advice, who gave him a different aspect of life. Yet all this time he endeavored to draw out the past history of the Father, but in vain.

The second week went slowly by, and part of the third. The Spanish port would be sighted within two days. Father Francis knew that he would reach no earthly port alive. At last the night came when the Father realized that his end was at hand.

"Brother Jerome!" he gasped. "Juan Vasco!"

The captain hurried to his bedside; the Father motioned the Brother to remain.

"Juan Vasco," the Father spoke painfully, "do not bury me in the sea. Take me back to my father's home."

"It shall be done," replied Juan Vasco. "Tell me who is your father?"

"My father was—" Father Francis stopped. "My father is the—Duke of Arragon. I am his youngest son."

"Estaban?" cried Juan Vasco, as he clutched the Father's hand.

"Estaban?" exclaimed Brother Jerome.

"The same," came the whispered response. "Juan—coward? Brother—gold—standard. *Jesu, Maria*, I come!" And he smiled faintly and passed away.

Juan Vasco knew not how long he stood there in bewilderment and awe.

"He a coward? O God, no, not that! He saved my ship," cried Juan.

"Had he but told me!" murmured Brother Jerome.

When the *Isabella* put into port the next morning, a richly decorated coffin for a poor servant of St. Francis was tenderly carried on shore. That same day a mournful cortege, headed by a cross and a gold and black standard, was wending its way to the castle of the Duke of Arragon. This was the House of Castile coming to the House of Arragon, not now enforced by a sovereign's command.

When the castle was reached and Juan Vasco had told his tale, the Duke of Arragon summoned a servant.

"Send me the silversmith immediately."

In silence he took Juan Vasco by the arm and led him past all the empty armor of his ancestors, to the wall whereon was hanging a reversed shield. Passing the first three shields of his other sons, by this time resplendent with many a deed of knighthood, he was about to turn the reversed one to its original position, when he paused and said:

"Juan Vasco, you it was who caused my son to be a coward. It was I who reversed this shield. And now you have made him the glory of my house. Your hand alone shall turn it back again."

At that moment the silversmith arrived. The Duke, pointing to the plain shield, commanded:

"Inscribe: 'Knighted by the King of kings upon the high seas.'"

After he had spoken and the whole party were about to depart, Brother Jerome said:

"My Lord, Father Fran— Estaban told me that you could now restore the gold to your standard."

(The End.)

THE strongest and bravest men are, as a rule, the mildest and gentlest. Indeed, courtesy is often a sign of strength, because it implies and involves a certain self-repression.

The Legend of a Famous Picture.

RAPHAEL'S *Madonna della Sedia*, now in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, of all his pictures is the most beautiful and the most famous. It has been described as a glorification of the sacred relation of mother and child, but it is much more than this. Our Lady, whose face is of incomparable dignity, looks at the spectator with an expression of intense sweetness,—the sweetness of the Lily of Israel, and the dignity is the dignity of divine maternity. The Infant Saviour, resting His cheek against His Mother's and gazing in the same direction, has that wondrous characteristic which won for Raphael's work the term "divine." In St. John the Baptist, on the right, looking up in adoration, every feature is softened by enthusiasm and reverence.

Who has not seen a reproduction of the *Madonna of the Chair*? Generations of artists have admired this masterpiece of Christian art; it has adorned churches in all parts of the world, and formed the subject of altarpieces innumerable. It possesses the rare quality which attracts all classes of persons; even children will linger longest over this great work of art, admiring the pretty faces of the Infant Saviour and His Precursor. The fervent Christian and the cold-hearted atheist are alike drawn by a deep, sympathetic feeling toward the motherly face of the Madonna.

Readers of "Cranford," that delightful book which an eminent critic characterizes as "the purest piece of humoristic description that has been added to British literature since Charles Lamb," will recall the passage referring to the *Madonna della Sedia*. The poor wife of Signor Brunoni, alias Samuel Brown, with her child on her arm, toiling along under the burning sun of India, takes heart again in looking at Raphael's exquisite picture:

"From station to station, from Indian village to village, I went along, carrying

my child. I had seen the lady of one of the officers with a little picture, ma'am, done by a Catholic foreigner, ma'am, of the Virgin and the little Saviour, ma'am. She had Him on her arm, and her form was softly curled round Him, and their cheeks touched. Well, when I went to bid good-bye to this lady, for whom I had washed, she cried sadly; for she, too, had lost her children, but she had not another to save like me. And I was bold enough to ask her would she give that print. And she cried the more, and said her children were with that blessed Jesus, and gave it me; and told me she had heard it had been painted on the bottom of a cask, which made it have that round shape. And when my body was very weary and my heart was sick—for there were times when I thought of my husband, and one time when I thought my baby was dying,—I took out that picture and looked at it till I could have thought the Mother spoke to me and comforted me."

The picture takes its name from the chair in which Our Lady is seated. The legend describing the origin of this famous masterpiece, which "had been painted on the bottom of a cask," is one of the most charming stories ever told of artist or picture. Somehow, it makes the *Madonna della Sedia* dearer to us; and perhaps the popularity of the picture in European countries is due in great measure to the wide diffusion of a legend so intense in poetic feeling.

Not far from Rome, in a little wood near the river, there lived in times long gone by a good old hermit, who had built his hut under the shelter of a venerable, wide-spreading oak tree. The old man was very fond of this tree, and bestowed many tender names upon it, which were finally settled in one: his *cara figlia*—his dear daughter. He loved her dearly, and the birds and squirrels that made of her a home enlivened his solitude; for he was not a grim old hermit, but loved Nature and her beauties like all good

men. This "daughter," then, was a great treasure to him; but there was another daughter, a little *carissima*, he loved still more: a maiden, a vintner's daughter, of some seven or eight summers, who came to visit the old man now and then, with her dainty basket full of choice fruit or flowers for the Madonna; a kind of Italian Little Red Riding-Hood, going on her holy errand through the deep wood, meeting no wolf, however. When little Maria adorned his picture of her great prototype of sweetness and purity, the old man would kneel down and bless her, and in his pure heart would bless the stately green daughter as well.

Once, when the spring rains had carried the snow water from the mountains, the river near which our hermit lived overflowed, and the old man would have been drowned had he not been saved by his green daughter. Though old and infirm, he had been able to climb up the tree; but he was obliged to stay there without food for two days and two nights until the water subsided, and then he was too feeble and faint to get down.

Meanwhile the little Maria had heard of the disaster, and her heart was fluttering with the urgent desire of bringing help to her venerable friend. It was almost impossible to get to his hut; but a trusty, stout servant of her father's carried the child on his shoulders through the water. And, with his help, too, the old man was rescued from his perilous situation; and out of her little basket his "younger" daughter refreshed him with food and wine. His frail dwelling had been sadly damaged, and he was obliged to take up his abode in a monastery. But his gratitude toward his two daughters was unbounded. Both had saved his life; upon both he showered his blessing, that their deed and remembrance might remain forever and ever alive in people's minds.

Years had passed away. The old man was quietly sleeping under the waving lime-trees in the little God's acre of the monastery; the stately green daughter

had been hewn down, and Maria's father had bought the tree, which had been converted into some large wine-casks; and Maria herself had become the happy mother of two dear children. She was sitting with them one afternoon in front of her father's house, whither the wine-casks had been carried to dry in the sun; for the vintage was near. And the happy young mother sat under two lofty elms, which were tenderly embraced by a large vine.

A stranger passed by and saw the lovely picture. He stood still, lost in wonder at the natural grace and beauty of the three; and, full of the glorious art that was so thoroughly his own, his first thought was to fix the pose of that fair group forever on his mind. But how? He had no pencil, no paper, no colors. Looking round, he spied the clean white bottom of a wine-cask, and with a piece of chalk he drew the outline of that exquisite picture, the *Madonna della Sedia*, on the wood.

This stranger was Raphael. And thus the two daughters became united forever; for it was one of the casks of the old hermit's oak-tree. And, being pleased with his beautiful sketch, the great painter finished his picture on the wood itself; Maria and her little boys being his models for several days, sitting in their lovely, affectionate way on the chair (*sedia*) under the lofty elms.

Thus the old hermit's blessing was fulfilled; and thus it came to pass that the *Madonna della Sedia* comforted, amongst thousands, the lonely, wandering woman under the hot sun of India.

THE older I grow — and I now stand upon the brink of eternity — the more comes back to me the sentence in the Catechism, which I learned when a child, at my dear mother's knee, and the fuller and deeper its meaning becomes: "What is the great end of man?" — "To glorify God, and to enjoy Him forever."

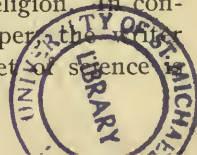
—Carlyle.

How Harm May be Done to Religion.

IT were to be devoutly wished that all those who write or speak in defence of Christianity were men with breadth of mind as well as depth of faith. We have no sympathy with liberals or minimizers; and yet, one is often constrained to exclaim, after reading the writings of some modern Christian apologists, "What a narrow conception of the Church!" Truth is a larger thing than most people can realize, and narrowness and bigotry are by no means confined to sectarians. There are Catholics who seem to regard the Church as an institution in some way dependent upon the existence of St. Peter's in Rome and the temporal power of the Pope; and who write and speak as if they considered themselves infallible oracles of Christian truth. The opinions of persons of this class are apt to be as set as they are erroneous; they misrepresent the Church in many ways, and sometimes repel honest inquirers. No wonder that our holy religion is so generally misunderstood by non-Catholics when so many of the faithful fail to illustrate it either by word or deed. It is well to consider at times whether our lives and our expressed opinions may not be doing actual harm to the Church.

Those especially who are disposed to condemn any statement put forward in the name of science which happens to conflict with their ideas, who seem to regard any one seriously engaged in the study of science as a half-heretic, ought to be made to see that they are really dishonoring religion. Alas! there are not a few such persons, and there is no telling the amount of mischief they do.

We have already referred to an able article by President Andrews, of Brown University, in which it is shown that science, its objects being but the works of God, is a natural ally of religion. In concluding his thoughtful paper, the President observes: "Even if a tenet of science



not proved, and is destined yet to be much modified, it is nearly certain to contain important truth, which must be recognized at last, putting to shame such as refused its right to be heard. Religion has suffered immeasurably from these false alarms, of which in the end it has always been obliged, however reluctantly, to admit the groundlessness. But this confusion is not the worst. To do aught against real science is to shut a prophet's mouth, to stifle a voice from on high. We may be sure of it, every discovery in any field of truth has its religious bearing. To suppress or to hinder this from coming to due influence is fighting against God."

The same thought is expressed by our own Aubrey de Vere in an able essay on modern belief,—an essay that goes to the root of the matter, and is calculated to benefit any one sincerely desirous of believing, though enveloped in the mists of speculation. After warning his readers against the credulous acceptance of scientific theories which may be shown eventually to be erroneous, he reminds religious teachers that to disparage science is to dishonor one of God's great gifts to men. "It is to her, progress, and that of Liberty, that Humanity looks forward with most trust for her future. . . . Only in one sense can Religion see an enemy in Science. Scientific truth can not contradict religious truth; but scientific error can contradict it; and the path of Science ever lies, through error, more or less partial, to a larger and purer truth. Before atmospheric pressure had become understood, it was philosophical to believe that 'Nature abhorred a vacuum,' and to add that her abhorrence extended only to a well thirty-two feet in depth. Science advances the more steadily for her victories being thus tardily won."

"I remember the time," says the distinguished Prof. Gray, in the first of two memorable lectures delivered to the theological school of Yale College, "when it was a mooted question whether geology and orthodox Christianity were com-

patible. . . . One need not be an old man to know that Laplace was accounted an atheist because he developed the nebular hypothesis, and because of his remark that he had no need to postulate a Creator for the mathematical discussion of a physical theorem. . . . Many of us remember the time when schemes for reconciling Genesis with Geology had an importance in the churches, and among thoughtful people, which few if any would now assign to them; when it was thought necessary—for only necessity could justify it—to bring the details of the two into agreement by extraneous suppositions and forced constructions of language, such as would now offend our critical and sometimes our moral sense. The change of view which we have witnessed amounts to this. Our predecessors implicitly held that Holy Scripture must somehow truly teach such natural science as it had occasion to refer to, or at least could never contradict it; while the most that is now intelligently claimed is that the teachings of the two, properly understood, are not incompatible. We may take it to be the accepted idea that the Mosaic books were not handed down to us for our instruction in scientific knowledge, and that it is our duty to ground our scientific beliefs upon observation and inference, unmixed with considerations of a different order. . . . "Half a century ago, when I began to read scientific books and journals, the commonly received doctrine was that the earth had been completely depopulated and repopulated over and over, each time with a distinct population; and that the species which now, along with man, occupy the present surface of the earth, belong to an ultimate and independent creation, having an ideal but no genealogical connection with those that preceded. This view, as a rounded whole and in all its essential elements, has very recently disappeared from science. It died a royal death with Agassiz, who maintained it with all his great ability,

as long as it was tenable. I am not aware that it now has any scientific upholder. It is certain that there has been no absolute severance of the present from the nearer past...."

In concluding his second lecture, the great naturalist uttered these remarkable words: "If I, in my solicitude to attract scientific men to religion, be thought to have minimized the divergence of certain scientific from religious beliefs, I pray that you, on the other hand, will never needlessly exaggerate them; for that may be more harmful. I am persuaded that you, in your day, will enjoy the comfort of a much better understanding between the scientific and the religious mind than has prevailed. Yet without doubt a full share of intellectual and traditional difficulties will fall to your lot. Discreetly to deal with them, as well for yourselves as for those who may look to you for guidance; rightly to present sensible and sound doctrine both to the learned and the ignorant, the lowly and the lofty-minded, the simple believer and the astute speculatist, you will need all the knowledge and judgment you can acquire from science and philosophy, and all the superior wisdom your supplications may draw from the Infinite Source of knowledge, wisdom, and grace."

The Christian who dreads the march of science, who fears the results of approved Biblical study or of historical research, whose religious sense is dulled by the study of nature, is either a man of weak faith or shallow mind. The greatest intellects the world has known have affirmed an after life and a living God. Only those who live up to the truth comprehend it clearly and grasp it firmly. A religious teacher ought to be a man of noble life, with a heart large enough to love all that is lovable, and a mind broad enough to embrace all truth. It must be confessed that there are Christian apologists nowadays who would be better employed in cultivating personal holiness than in defending the truths of religion.

The Passing of Pius X.

THE sudden death of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace, at the beginning of a war in which nearly all the nations of Europe are involved, is an object lesson so striking that the whole world has been impressed by it. The most powerful of all earth's rulers has passed away; but no one doubts that he will shortly have a successor, or that, whatever may be the fate of other sovereignties, his will endure. Again the mighty power of Christ's Church has been demonstrated.

Sad and solemn as is the great event—so momentous as to distract attention for the time being from all else that was absorbing the world's interest,—it is not without features of consolation and of hope. The last words of Pius X. were an exhortation to his world-wide flock to pray for the removal of the evil causes of war and the speedy restoration of peace. So saintlike were his piety and single-heartedness that it is easy to believe he offered his life for these ends. His loving heart was wrung by the thought of all the miseries that a war of so many nations would entail; and his compassion embraced every soul exposed to its dangers, every life sacrificed by its horrors. "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."

As to the place Pius X. will occupy in history, there can be no question that the virtues of which he was so conspicuous an example, not less than the works which he accomplished or initiated—there is no gauging their full importance at the present time,—will cause him to be ranked among the most apostolic in the long roll of Roman Pontiffs.

That the glory of God has been wondrously promoted, the Kingdom of Christ vastly extended, and the whole world bettered by Pius X., who can deny? "Well done, good and faithful servant! Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Notes and Remarks.

The Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes, many features of which have as yet been unrecorded on account of the war, was in several respects the most successful that has ever been held. As many as two hundred cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and other prelates were in attendance, and the number of priests was estimated at 5000. The laity were legion. Every country in the civilized world was represented, and the tongues of all nations were heard in the streets. The procession of the Blessed Sacrament was the longest and by far the most imposing ever witnessed at Lourdes, whose appearance during the Congress is referred to as picturesque beyond description. Several extraordinary cures are said to have been wrought, but it will doubtless be some time before authentic accounts of them are published.

Our missions in pagan countries will suffer serious losses as a result of the European war, unless Catholics in the United States come to their rescue,—as they surely should. If it is a duty at all times incumbent upon us to contribute to the support of foreign missions, it is a particularly imperative one at present, when they are deprived of the help that came to them so regularly from the nations now involved in war. Gratitude for the blessing of peace which our country enjoys should be an additional motive, and a powerful one, for more general and far more generous contributions to the beneficent work of the Propagation of the Faith.

The Industrial Accident Board of Massachusetts confirms, in its first annual report, the opinion quite generally entertained as to the preventability of very many of the accidents occurring so frequently in various spheres of industry. Principal among the stated causes of a number of specific injuries investigated are ignorance, care-

lessness, lack of experience in the operation of the machines with which the employees were entrusted, unsuitable clothing, defects of machinery, and the absence of safeguards. In nearly every case the accident was preventable. A study of these selected injuries shows that there is a strong basis for the statements made by leading safety engineers that fifty per cent of all the accidents which occur in industry can be prevented,—one-third by the use of practicable and accessible safeguards and devices; and two-thirds by the education of employees to the constant exercise of care, and the co-operation of employers and employees in the movement to reduce accidents to a minimum by the constant elimination of all conditions which make such accidents possible.

On September 11, 1814, Thomas McDonough, an American naval officer (born in Delaware in 1783), defeated the British squadron under Downie on Lake Champlain. He was appointed, the same year, captain, at that time the highest rank in the United States Navy; and, in consideration of his victory, received a gold medal from Congress, and an estate from the Legislature of Vermont. Under the auspices of the Catholic Summer School of America, a centennial celebration in honor of McDonough will be held at Cliff Haven, N. Y., during the week September 6-11. The national government and the States of New York and Vermont will have representatives present.

In a circular letter to the clergy and laity of the Archdiocese of Westminster, calling upon them to pray for those who are engaged in war or who have fallen in battle, Cardinal Bourne writes:

War is, in truth, one of the greatest material evils that the world can see; but our Divine Master has warned us that it is an evil for which we must be prepared. "You shall hear of wars and rumors of wars. See that ye be not troubled. For these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. For nation shall rise

against nation, and kingdom against kingdom." War is at the same time a reminder of sin; for without the sins of individuals and of nations, enmities and consequent hostilities would not exist. It is, then, in a spirit of humble penitence that we must approach the Altar of the Lord, and strive, by true contrition and a real turning from sin, to draw down upon our country and its rulers, and upon the whole Empire, the blessing of God, without which all armies are without avail. We exhort you, therefore, dear children in Jesus Christ, to make use of this time of national sorrow and anxiety, compelling us as it does to face the sternest facts of human life, in order to enter into your hearts, and recognize in all its consequences the supreme sovereignty of God, and cast yourselves as humble suppliants before His divine presence. We have so many things for which to beseech His clemency! In the first place, that He may give to the Empire a lasting peace and security; then that He may comfort and strengthen all those whose days must now be spent in constant and often unrelieved anxiety for the men who are perilling their lives in the defence of King and country; and, again, for the numberless souls who will be hurriedly called into the presence of their Maker with scanty opportunity of preparation for that summons.

A correspondent of the London *Tablet* furnishes the names of sixty Anglican parsons who have been received into the Church since 1910, the year of the Brighton conversions, the edifying story of which was told in our pages at the time. Though incomplete, the list is a sufficiently impressive one, and well calculated to give pause to those of our separated brethren who countenance renegade priests and ex-nuns,—that is, if they could be induced to institute a serious comparison between those who abandon the Faith and those who embrace it.

It is probably too much to hope for from that portion (no inconsiderable portion, be it said) of the American press which a few years ago eulogized Francesco Ferrer, that it should now furnish its public with the estimate at present made of that belauded anarchist by those who knew him best. Constant Leroy, Ferrer's secretary and collaborator, has just pub-

lished a book which throws an X-ray illumination on the character of the erstwhile hero of anti-Catholics. And we learn that the most radical of European journals now express only disgust of their former idol. *El Liberal*, of Madrid, speaks of "the mediocre pedagogue Ferrer, who is esteemed by only a few libertines"; while a Dutch Liberal journal of Antwerp characterizes him as "the bandit Ferrer." Barcelona itself is very disgusted at the statue recently erected to the anarchist in Brussels. And the Municipal Council, with the mayor at its head, and including even the radical councillor and leader Leroux, has passed a resolution energetically protesting against any monument to the anarchist as an insult to Spain.

This is one case in which the whirligig of Time has rather speedily brought in his revenges.

Incidents such as one recently told by Bishop Lillis to the Knights of Columbus of Kansas City are not so multitudinous—at least in our reading—that any apology is needed for reproducing it here. Referring to the House of the Good Shepherd, the Bishop said: "It is nearly out of debt. A gentleman who is not a Catholic—I can mention his name, and I do it with a great deal of gratification—called at my house and asked me what charity I would like to have helped at the present time. I told him that nearly every one of the charity institutions in the city was always in need of help, but that just at present the House of the Good Shepherd seemed to be the one in greatest need. He and I visited the House of the Good Shepherd. We came back and he said: 'Let us go to the Little Sisters of the Poor.' And when he came back to the residence after visiting these institutions, he handed me over ten thousand dollars—five thousand for the House of the Good Shepherd, two thousand five hundred for the Little Sisters of the Poor, two thousand five hundred for the Orphan Girls' Society. That man is Mr. Ford Harvey.

I want to say to you that he appeared to have a great deal more pleasure in giving that ten thousand dollars than I had in receiving it."

What a pity it is that more well-to-do citizens, Catholic and non-Catholic, do not personally test the accuracy of the Scriptural dictum, "It is more blessed to give than to receive"! Apart from the gratification he experienced at the time of his gift, it is safe to say that Mr. Harvey will have abundant future cause for believing that he has made the best possible investment of his ten thousand dollars.

From the following statement of Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, it is evident that the reception of Protestants into the Church, notable both in this country and in England, is proceeding apace in at least one section of Canada also:

I have completed my second Confirmation tour in the four years I have been bishop here; and in that time I have administered the sacrament to 8969 souls, of whom 662 were adult converts. This number of adult converts does not represent the total number of converts, because in many parishes it was not found convenient for all to attend. But the movement of our separated brethren toward the Catholic fold is coextensive with the diocese, and discloses a distinct tendency on the part of many non-Catholics to seek that peace and rest that are alone found in the bosom of the Church. It will be seen by the foregoing that the trend of thought which in the English-speaking world to-day is leading many souls to return to the Catholic faith, is at work at our doors, and encourages high hopes for the future of the Church in this Western peninsula.

Concomitantly with sensational stories, erotic plays, pagan dances, and ultra-suggestive moving pictures, degenerate songs are helping to corrupt the present generation. Writing in the *Metronome*, Mr. D. H. Kerr says of them:

The worst of it all is that not only do these songs appeal to the low and vicious-minded, but that the great majority of our church-going, pious-minded people pay out their money to attend theatres in order to hear and applaud them. It can not be denied that these songs

are having their effect; and the clean-minded minority seem to take little note of such effect upon the youthful generation to-day. Some of the music publishers are becoming so bold as to publish songs that are so lewd or suggestive that the postal authorities should take a hand and repress the sending of them through the mails.

The protest is a timely one, and should be shared in by all good citizens.

One can not help wishing that all the armies now in battle array on the continent of Europe might be dispersed as completely as a marching column was once routed by a hare during the Middle Ages. A war was on between two rulers whose names have not come down to us; and the army of one of them was marching to invade the country of the other. A hare crossed the road in front of the troops, and the soldiers of the advance line shouted to it to run; those behind, not seeing the hare, took the advice to themselves, turned and ran, until in a very short time every soldier save those causing the stampede had taken to his heels. Finding it impossible to rally their comrades—the louder they shouted the faster the fugitives ran,—and fearing death or capture for themselves, the shouters also took to flight.

Diverting as this incident may seem, it is related with all seriousness in a history of the time.

The "good Quaker poet" Whittier is probably not so familiar to present-day Americans as he was to their fathers and grandfathers; but he left in both his poems and his prose messages as pertinent and timely to-day as in the era of abolitionism or that of the Know-Nothing Party. Here is one of them:

Many people in this country have allowed their disapprobation of the Catholic religion to degenerate into a most unwarrantable prejudice against its conscientious followers. They have looked upon the constitutional agitation of the Irish Catholics for relief from grievous disabilities and unjust distinctions as a struggle merely for supremacy or power. In our country,

it would be well for us to remember that at the very time when in New England the Catholic, the Quaker, and the Baptist were banished on pain of death, and where some even suffered that dreadful penalty, in Catholic Maryland, under the Catholic Lord Baltimore, perfect liberty of conscience was established, and Papist and Protestant went quietly through the same streets to their respective altars.

There is clearly a recrudescence of the oldtime New England fanatical hatred of Catholicism, and the historical fact pointed out by Whittier is as suggestive nowadays as when he lived and wrote.

Deprecating the tendency to dower with a college education boys and girls who would be better off without it, Professor J. T. Stephenson, with forty years of college teaching to his credit, shrewdly observes, in the *Popular Science Monthly*:

Earnestness is no evidence of capacity; willingness to endure very serious inconvenience may be evidence only of willingness to follow lines of least resistance. Four years of self-denial at college may be far preferable to four years of hard work on the farm or in the shop.

A few years ago one would have been branded as a hopeless reactionary if one suggested that, not merely a college education, but even the elaborate modern high school course, is not an absolute necessity to every young American; but nowadays that statement is not universally regarded as preposterous. Culture is of course good, but it is not the only or the highest good; and its acquisition, or attempted acquisition, may be purchased too dearly.

The fact that eleven hundred delegates representing 70,000 members of the Woman's Catholic Order of Foresters in thirty-two States attended the triennial convention of the Order just held in Chicago, emphasizes the wide-spreading activities of an organization that does not unduly seek the limelight. It will be interesting news, we believe, to many of our readers that in the past three years as many as one hundred and fifty new

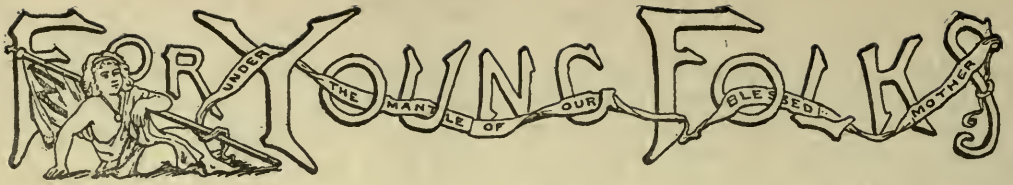
courts of the Order have been established, and that in the same period death claims to the amount of \$2,586,626.60 have been paid.

A considerable section of the volume of essays contributed by various writers on the occasion of the commemoration of the seventh centenary of the birth of Roger Bacon is devoted to a study of the illustrious Franciscan's work in the direction of mathematics and optics, by Prof. Smith, of Columbia University, who lays stress on the wide range of Bacon's reading, and shows that he was familiar with works, now lost, of great importance in the history of the subject. His mathematics were strictly utilitarian, and were mainly devoted to optics and astronomy, the only branches of applied mathematics which existed in his time.

All the facts connected with the life of our first great English philosopher that have been brought out by the discoveries of recent years are set forth in the volume referred to. It is edited by Prof. A. G. Little, and issued by the Clarendon Press.

A convert from the Protestant Episcopal Church sends us the subjoined extract which appeared in a recent issue of the *Living Church* (P. E. C.), with the remark: "Suggestive, is it not, of 'stones for bread' and of the plight of the sons of Sceva (Acts, xix, 14)? Anyway, it smacks somewhat unpleasantly of Bret Harte's 'Heathen Chinees.'"

The work in the Church of the Evangelists (Philadelphia), under the care of the Rev. V. R. Deljonas, for the Lithuanians, has been abandoned. For some time the experiment of having a service in the Latin language for these people was tried. It was thought that, having been familiar with the Latin service, the people could better be brought under the influence of the Church by continuing the service with which they were familiar. For a time the congregations were large and gave promise of justifying a work of that character; but soon the people rejected the Latin service without the Latin Church, and the congregations have been dwindling until there is none.



At Once.

BY NEALE MANN.

If you've something hard to do,
Start at once to put it through:

Don't you wait.

If you put it off and fret,
It will only harder get,
Sure as fate.

When you've medicine to drink,
Down with it,—don't stop to think
Of its taste.

You'll feel twice as much disgust
If you wait a while, so just
Drink in haste.

Have you had a falling out
With a friend? Don't sulk and pout
For a week.

Go and find him right away:
Clear things up, and let to-day
End your pique.

When a hard thing *must* be done,
Don't you let it spoil your fun
Very long;

Do it quickly as you can:
That's the way to be a man,
Good and strong.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XIII.

THE door below the staircase closed again, and the next part of the music began. First came a few notes that drove Lolo's tears away; for she fancied some one was calling. Then it was as if the birds were singing to each other. Soon it was as if dear little live things were all dancing,—the birds and the squirrels and the rabbits. She had never heard of fairies, or she might have imagined them dancing with

all the other pretty creatures that lived in the fields and woods. If there had been light, her eyes would have sparkled, and her merry smile would have shown glistening pearls. It was impossible any longer to remain far away in the dark. She climbed down, and sat on the floor, close to the doorway with the line of light round it. When she had finished thinking of the woods and the rabbits and squirrels, she would run away upstairs again, and nobody would ever know she had come so near to listen.

But after that fairy frolic came other beautiful things; one was just as if somebody were rocking and singing,—rocking and singing.

"Here is Lolo asleep on the landing!"

"Muzzer" said it quite gently, and carried her upstairs to bed.

The man with the fiddle in his hand had called out: "Splendid,—splendid!" And for once he was pleased.

Next day they gave her another small fiddle, and she began with determination to grapple with the mysteries of those four strings.

"You were a good child to come and listen last night," said the player. "Did you like it?"

"Yes," replied Lolo, shyly.

And then, to his amazement, she found an "E" high up on the "A" string; and, slipping her hand about anyhow, brought out quite truly the first few notes of the slow movement, with just a timid echo of its love and longing.

"Go on,—go on!" he shouted. "Lolo, go on!"

But she could do no more; she had played that much, only feeling about for the tune.

"What—a marvel this child is going to be! Quick,—quick!" he called to his wife.

"She has played a phrase out of the Mendelssohn Concerto. She is worth her weight in gold.—So you liked it, my dear, did you?"

He knew there was no use in telling his small student that the composer made that music when he was thinking of the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

"I wish I had known you were listening," he said. "I would have told you when the fairies were coming out to dance."

"What are fairies?" asked the child, sucking the top of the scroll of her new instrument, while she lovingly embraced it with both hands.

"Ah, I see!" the man said, reflecting. "It is an undeveloped imagination—an empty mind. We must fill it with everything artistic. We must have poetry, romance, castles, fairies, knights and ladies, sun, moon, and stars. Gracious! what a heap of work I have to do to make an artist out of that—that—"

"Gypsy brat!" his wife suggested.

"Just so, my dear,—that infant of a vagabond tribe!"

Lolo still regarded him with the broad gaze of a baby.

"Never mind," he said. "There is a fortune here worth any amount of trouble. We must get across to Prague or Dresden, and find some professor to help us. We shall get something to do there for a few years, and then this child will be a prodigy."

Half an hour after, hearing her friends in the next-door back yard, Lolo mounted by the water butt and the sooty shed, and stood on the wall above the ivy. She climbed like a boy or a goat, but she was not attired for gymnastics; for there was again the long, white embroidered frock, with the pale blue sash tied under the arms. Dressed in this quaint Old-World style, the child ran along the wall with the safety of bare feet; and, catching hold of a black bough of the chestnut tree, looked down between the large green leaves. The boys had a book, and one

was saying he would be a sailor when he grew up; and the other, that he would be a soldier like those in the pictures.

"I am going to be a 'prodgidy'!" said the small voice from above.

"A what?"

"A 'prodgidy.'"

"I think she means a musical prodigy," said one bright boy. "How is the fiddle getting on over there, Lolo?"

He meant the one in the water butt; but she said, "Quite well, thank you!" after the manner of a five-year-old. For she was thinking of her progress with the new present; and, as she was already beginning to love it (having, indeed, a great longing to love something), she thought it time to be again busy with her task and toy; and she went away along the wall.

Soon after, Bartholdy Wagner Woods travelled to Germany with his wife and the child. It was a remarkable thing that, though they left England as the family of Woods, they lived on the Continent as distinguished musicians called De Selvas; and the gentleman chose for himself also the name of Pedro, as it seemed to match the Spanish name better. He could choose a new name just like a new necktie. And now, as Dolores was to be trained by a great professor and was to blossom out into a professional player, it was time for the whole family to be Spaniards.

As the years of work passed, the "talent" developed. Lolo de Selvas became her new master's show pupil. She was the wonder of the older students of the local college of music, called in Germany the Conservatorium. She loved her violin with a passionate affection. They had now given her a fine old instrument, made by a great Italian artist of two centuries ago; and, though her hands were still too small to take a full-sized instrument, she played with a skill that was amazing to the critics, and with a rich round tone that was called wonderful.

Now nothing mattered—absolutely nothing—but her violin. Her medal was

gone; she had missed it one morning years ago, and had not seen it again. But religion had never found a place in poor Lolo's life. "Fahzer" and "muzzer," as she still called them playfully, had never shown her what it was. "Muzzer" sometimes finished making new finery on Sunday. Then they all went out into the park and had dinner at a restaurant; and went to a concert, if there was one good enough to attract them. Lolo was only ten, and she had learned to accept a loveless childhood. She had gone to some afternoon classes, and she had been dressed handsomely, and taught to speak a little French and German. There was only one work, one play, one romance, one joy in the whole world for Lolo,—only one thing to love, and that was her violin. And now they came back to England again,—the guardian and his wife and the wonder-child; and with them came the professor, who was to have his share of the profits for having trained the genius of Lolo de Selvas.

The agent in London wisely advised that the newspapers should be made to talk about her coming before she gave a concert of her own. There was a certain Lady Dalchester who entertained on a lavish scale, and one of these days she was going to have royalty at a reception in Grosvenor Square. Lady Dalchester would be glad of a really first-rate child artist to be shown off at her house before any other hostess had secured her. Oh, yes, the pay would be high! That would be all right. The party was to be magnificent,—one of the great days of the London season. All the papers would talk of Lolo de Selvas, and then she would be asked to play at Windsor Castle for royalty itself. And then—well, then the Queen's Hall would hardly hold her audience.

All was settled between the titled hostess and the concert agent. The professor came every day to the large flat occupied by the De Selvas family. Every day he pronounced the child of ten more

and more marvellous. Her dress was already chosen, and sent home, and approved. It was of the simplest white, with gold embroidery running across where the many folds were gathered toward the neck. In shape it was not unlike the quaint frocks of her earlier childhood; for above all things the speculators wanted the "prodigy" to look young. But instead of soiled cambric, there was creamy silk; and in the place of the old blue sash was this band of gold ornament, like a piece of barbaric splendor.

Lolo had not grown tall; that was all the better, they said. She was very small for ten. But her hands were broad and the fingers strong. When she tried on her frock, she looked a gypsy or an Eastern child-princess, with olive skin, and short black hair in a thick crop about her ears and neck. She had still the calm baby gaze in her eyes; but there were moments when she had the look of a dumb animal, a deer or a gazelle. Those eyes told that she had always wanted something and had never found it. Hers was an unsatisfied heart. How wistfully she had looked at other children, so happy with the father and mother that loved them! In the foreign streets and in the park, her eyes had filled when she saw groups of children, brothers and sisters, with their dolls and their dogs and their toy bears—real children! There were some families where there was even a baby brother. The elder children were allowed to hold him and to kiss him. There was plenty of love in their lives; in hers, alas! there was none. She knew it now, at ten years of age, quite well. Her "fahzer" and "muzzer" wanted only to make money through her.

Then she threw herself with a sort of angry determination into her work. She could play, and she would. Other children had everything, and she had only her fiddle. She would take eagerly all it was to bring her,—praise and admiration, new friends, and an entrance to grand houses, the applause of crowds in concert

rooms, beautiful dresses, jewels to wear, money to satisfy these two people. They were always telling her how much they had spent on her, when she had no claim on them because she was not their child at all, but a beggar, "a gypsy brat," whom they took in long ago.

And now the day of her first public appearance was come. She had played for her critical professor the Hungarian dances, and her "Reverie" composed by her own little self; and her Paganini music, which was to come last to show what four fingers could do. She played all easily from memory. There was not one slip. The tone was richer than ever; and if a listener's eyes were closed, it would have been impossible to think such brilliance and such depths of feeling came from a little creature only ten years old.

In good time Lolo was dressed in her cream-white and gold, and a hairdresser had come and put an artistic suggestion of curl in the straight black locks. She wore her little white shoes, and the dark blue cloak was laid ready on the bed,—a cloak with lovely white silk lining and swansdown round the edges.

"You will be quite beautiful," said "muzzer." "And for goodness' sake, child, play well, or your father will go mad! There is the taxi!" She looked down at the street. "Yes, come now! I have your music and your fiddle. I shall be there, waiting for you downstairs."

Lolo's heart beat as she stood up and put on the cloak, with the swansdown about her face. How small the dark blue figure looked! And what a baby face was fringed by the fluffy hood!

(To be continued.)

IN a little town in Austria a quaint and beautiful custom still prevails. At five o'clock each morning the public watchman knocks at the door of each house, at the same time repeating these words: "The clock has struck five. Beloved Christians, arise and praise the Lord."

The Magic Standard.

ONE morning the public criers of the palace proclaimed throughout the city the death of King Kandar, and enjoined upon the people to go into mourning, to keep their doors closed, and not to leave their houses for two days.

The mourning, however, was purely official; for, as a matter of fact, the powerful monarch's millions of subjects did not grieve for him at all. They had been accustomed to tremble at the mention of his name, so great was the terror he inspired; and consequently the news of his death was a source of joy rather than sorrow. King Kandar, in truth, had been of a warlike humor, and had dragged his people into many a dire catastrophe.

He had been uniformly victorious for a long time, and he died of sorrow that he could no longer hope to conquer. He had lost the blue and gold banner that had always secured his victories,—a standard which he had inherited from his ancestors. Not long before, Myrlane, king of a neighboring State, had by a cunning trick obtained possession of the precious talisman.

After the funeral, the King's will was read to the people from the main balcony of the palace. The principal paragraph ran: "The standard which always brought victory to our nation has been stolen from us by the robber King, our unworthy brother, Myrlane. My two sons, Zila and Zilos, are twins and have equal rights to the crown; our will is that it shall go to whichever one of the princes restores to our country its precious talisman."

The reading of the will caused considerable talk and anxiety among the people. The fate of the nation would probably be happy or miserable according as one or the other brother became its definite ruler. Zila took after his mother, and was mild and gentle, peace-loving and affable. Zilos, on the contrary, resembled his father, and, like him, was stern and

inflexible, of a warlike disposition, bold and very ambitious.

The council of regency that was to govern until the succession to the throne was definitely decided requested the royal brothers to present their respective plans. As a result, a formidable army was soon levied, and placed under the command of Zilos, who declared war on King Myrlane.

When Zila, in his turn, made known *his* plans, the council thought him silly.

"A good horse and my lute," said he, "are all I need to take me to my Uncle Myrlane, and to pass the time away during the journey."

"So you don't want to be king, Zila?" said his mother, the Queen, when he bade her good-bye.

"Mother," he replied, "if a king is bound to go to war, then indeed I don't think I'm suited to be a king. I'll obey, however, the last wish of my royal father. I'll go to the court of Myrlane, and will endeavor by quiet methods to regain our standard. All the same, mother, I think my well-loved brother Zilos, strong and valiant, and already a great captain, will know better than I how to wield the sceptre."

A few days later an immense army began its march under the command of Zilos, who heard all along the route the sobs of mothers and sisters from whom he was taking their sons and brothers.

On the evening of the same day a cavalier, without squire or retinue, rode out of the city by a different way; and when he reached the open country, the night being calm and beautiful, he dropped his bridle on his horse's neck, took his lute (an old-fashioned guitar) from his saddlebags, and began to sing. It was Prince Zila, going in his own way to conquer a throne.

After many days of fatiguing riding, Zila arrived about twilight one evening at a village where unusual silence and depression appeared to reign: the only residents were old men, women, and children. At the hostelry where he sought

lodging for the night, the Prince learned that he was in the territory of King Myrlane, who had summoned to war all the available men in his dominions.

Weeping women and sorrow-stricken old men cursed the war and predicted the defeat of Prince Zilos, whose rashness would be punished by the magic of the talisman standard. Zila also learned that he was within a few days' journey of the capital, where the precious standard was being guarded by Princess Aurora.

It was the first time Zila had heard the name, and he inquired with some curiosity:

"And who is the Princess Aurora?"

"She's the adopted daughter of King Myrlane," was the reply, — "the most perfect creature in the country, beautiful as she is good, and dowered with every grace and talent."

This was news to Zila; and naturally so, because his father and uncle had been at enmity for years, and the twins knew nothing of their uncle's family.

Two days later, as he reached the walls of the capital, Zila's difficulties began. Myrlane's great army was massed behind the walls, where they were awaiting the onslaught of Zilos, who was reported to be close at hand. Being asked who he was by the soldiers guarding one of the city gates, our Prince replied:

"I'm only a troubadour who gains his living by singing songs."

The guards had very little respect for troubadours, thinking them of no account in war time; and they concluded that if by any chance this particular singer should be a spy, it would be better to have him inside the walls than outside. Accordingly their sergeant said:

"Well, come in, singer. You may sing your songs through the city, and you will be well received, provided your verses celebrate the power of King Myrlane and the certainty of our victory."

The next morning the Princess Aurora, with her favorite page, a pretty little fellow eleven or twelve years old, was

sitting on the palace balcony, enjoying the sunlight. Suddenly she leaned forward and listened attentively.

"Oh, what a sweet voice and what cheerful music!" she said. "Whose voice is it, Springtime? Do you recognize it?"

"No, your Highness," replied the page. "But I saw its owner last night. He is a stranger and a troubadour,—quite a young man, and a handsome one, too."

"Tell them to bring him up here, so that we may hear him better."

When Zila was led to the balcony, he bowed courteously to the Princess; and if he found Aurora a very model of beauty and grace, she on her side had to acknowledge that the troubadour appeared to be an accomplished as well as a fine-looking young gentleman.

After singing a couple of stanzas and receiving the cordial praise of his auditor, Zila thanked her for the honor she conferred upon him, and the indulgence she manifested in her appreciation.

"I am desirous," she replied, "that you remain among the people of my suite. You will divert me with your pretty songs, and you can also give me lessons on the lute. Of what country are you a native?"

"I've come from the country of your father's nephews, the sons of the late King Kandar."

"The son, you mean,—he who has declared war on us,"

"Pardon, Princess! There are two sons—Zila and Zilos,—twin brothers, of whom only one is to be king."

"And which one?"

"He who can secure the ancestral standard that is in your possession."

"I see! So that is why my cousin Zilos (as I suppose I may call him) is waging war upon us?"

"Solely for that, Princess."

"And what about my other cousin—Zila?"

"Oh, you have nothing to fear from him! He hates war. He is mild and gentle, and will certainly try a more

peaceful way of recovering the standard."

"Indeed! You interest me in cousin Zila. Do you know him?"

"I know him very well, Princess."

"Is that so? What sort of a looking person is he?"

"You may judge for yourself, Princess. He and I are said to be perfectly alike."

Aurora then dismissed the troubadour, requesting him to come back the next day at the same hour. Accordingly, he visited the palace for three or four days, and each time the Princess seemed to take increased pleasure in his songs and subsequent conversation. In the meantime Zilos' army had not appeared, and people began to think he had repented of his folly.

On the fifth morning, however, Zila's songs were interrupted by the boom of cannon. The enemy was at hand. Much against her will, the Princess had to stand on the palace balcony, holding the blue and gold banner in the view of Myrlane's army. The battalions clashed, and a sharp fusillade slaughtered hundreds of Zilos' soldiers.

"Oh, 'tis horrible!" exclaimed Aurora. "Here," she said to Zila, "help me to hold this standard. I feel almost ready to faint."

For a moment, indeed, she left the standard in the hands of the troubadour; and forthwith the fortune of war changed: it was now Myrlane's soldiers who succumbed. Aurora seized the standard again, and once more the troops of Zilos were decimated.

"Oh," cried the Princess in tears, "how can this awful butchery be stopped?"

"By letting me hold the standard with you," replied Zila, who had remarked the extraordinary results of the talisman's being held by her and then by himself.

"Let us try it," assented Aurora.

Then an astounding thing occurred. The firing between the two armies grew still more furious, but not a soldier fell on either side,—the bullets no longer killed.

"What prodigy is this?" exclaimed the Princess.

"I'll tell you, fair lady. I am your cousin Zila, and it is because both of us hold the standard that neither of our armies can be conquered."

"Something told me," said Aurora, joyfully, "that you were not a simple troubadour. But look, cousin! The battle-field has become a regular scene of peace. Alas, if it could be always thus!"

"It *will* be thus, Aurora, as long as we two hold the standard."

King Myrlane came upon the scene just then. Aurora told him the whole affair, and introduced Zila, who respectfully suggested that if his uncle would give him his adopted daughter in marriage, the war would be at an end forever.

"So be it, my children!" said King Myrlane. "Keep the magic standard between you, and two nations weary of war will have done with it."

And thus Zila became King, and won far more honor in making himself loved than Zilos would have done in making himself feared.

Stories of Painters.

The Greek painter Apelles once happened to see a picture painted by the Rhodian Protogenes, and was so charmed with it that he determined to pay the artist a visit. Protogenes was out, but the visitor was received by an old woman, who was watching a fresh canvas all prepared for the brush. "What name shall I give?" asked the old woman, just as servants ask nowadays. Apelles took a pencil and drew a line upon the canvas, saying, "Tell him that the one who drew this line was here."

Protogenes came home in a little while. "It was Apelles!" he exclaimed. "No one else could have made so perfect a line." Then he took a pencil of another color, and made a parallel stroke. "If he comes again," he said to the old woman, "tell him that the one he was asking for drew

that." Apelles did call again, and was given the message; upon hearing which he seized a third pencil, and made a line so perfect and so delicate that Protogenes, when he went home, did not try to rival it; but started at once to find the painter, confessing his inability to do as well as he had done.

A similar story, and one much better authenticated, is told of the Florentine painter, Giotto. The sturdy peasant artist was at work in his shop—for studios were "shops" in those old days, and artists but workmen,—when there came an envoy from the Pope. "He intends," explained the envoy, with some pomposity, "to undertake a series of decorations on a large scale, and is obtaining from all the painters of Tuscany specimens of their work, in order that he may select a person competent to superintend the undertaking." Giotto took a piece of paper and drew a perfect O. "Take that to his Holiness," he said. "I can do no better."

The story goes that it was that O, so accurate and done with such freedom of wrist, or maybe the quiet, confident drollery of the peasant painter, which turned the tide in his favor. To this day, in certain parts of Italy, you will hear people make the comparison, "As round as Giotto's O."

A Unique City.

Venice has been often described by travellers, but it is always full of interest. It is a city without streets, without carts, carriages, horses, or any beasts; a vast city, rich in costly mansions, stately palaces, churches, paintings, and galleries of the fine arts, yet floating in disjointed parcels on the bosom of the sea. There is not another city like it on the face of the earth. If you would visit a friend, or go a-shopping, or assist at divine service, or draw money from your banker, you must step into a gondola and be borne to your destination by water.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A collection of valuable books and manuscripts sold lately at auction in London included a Psalter, English MS., early fourteenth century, for which \$245 were paid.

—A book that should interest all classes of citizens, more particularly the man in the street, is "Your Pay Envelope," by Mr. John R. Meader. It will make its appearance next month.

—Mrs. Kathleen Norris' new novel, "Saturday's Child," is the story of the life of a modern girl whose experiences are concerned with various kinds of society. It is the author's longest work.

—"Beauty and Nick," by Mr. Philip Gibbs, just published by the Devin-Adair Co., is the novel already known to many readers as "The Custody of the Child," the title under which it originally appeared in England.

—The only book by a living author included by delegates of Oxford local examinations as a set-book in English literature is "San Celestino," by John Ayscough. In the syllabus for junior examinations (1915) he has the honor of being bracketed with Ruskin.

—"The First Irish National Pilgrimage to Lourdes" (M. H. Gill & Son) is an octavo brochure of 145 double-columned pages. It is the official record of the devotional journey to Lourdes undertaken by several hundred Irish pilgrims in September, 1913. An interesting chronicle, profusely illustrated, it makes a valuable souvenir of what must have been a gratifying as well as an eventful pilgrimage.

—"Initiation into Literature" is the second of a series of handbooks by M. Emile Faguet, of the French Academy,—the former volume being an introduction into philosophy. The book begins with the literature of earliest times, and closes with contemporary writers,—all in a compass of two hundred and sixty-three pages octavo. Inasmuch as the literatures of all nations are considered, the treatment is necessarily brief; the French genius for clarity, however, successfully prevents that brevity from becoming obscure. Nevertheless, the book is more journalistic than scholarly, as witness this pertinent assertion (page 85): "The community of literature pre-eminently admires the hell [of Dante]; the eclectic have been compelled to assert and therefore to believe that the paradise is infinitely superior." We learn also, on page 207, that Newman's "sermons at Oxford and

the Tracts exercised much influence, and provoked such impassioned and prodigious revival of old doctrines and of an antiquated spirit in religion"; which phraseology, we submit, is no credit to the translator, Sir Home Gordon, Bart. Scholarship is again impeached by the omission of the name of Sienkiewicz in the consideration of Polish literature. Putnam's Sons, publishers.

—"The Teachers' Story Teller's Book" is a work of compilation made by two practical teachers—Alice O'Grady and Frances Throop. Besides some familiar fairy stories from standard writers in this vein, there are new translations from Russian folklore. Some of the stories are in verse. The book is intended for use in kindergarten work, and it has no color of religion. Published by Rand, McNally & Co.

—Father T. J. Gerrard's latest work, "A Challenge to the Time-Spirit," is no light and airy book for summer reading, but a thought-provoking volume for serious study. Some of its chapters have already appeared in the *Dublin Review* and the *Catholic World*. The "time-spirit" of the title is described as "a general tendency to exaggerate subjective claims at the expense of objective evidence. This general tendency manifests itself in particular tendencies, all having for their aim the undervaluing of the various forms of authority—the authority of evidence, the authority of God, the authority of Christ, the authority of the Church." A volume, for the student and man of culture rather than the general reader, but a genuine addition to contemporary Catholic literature. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—"Essays," by Alice Meynell, is uniform in binding with her "Poems," published a year ago. "Essays" is likewise a collected edition, and closes, according to the publishers' statement, Mrs. Meynell's reprinting. Here again, as in the case of the "Poems," we must remark that the announcement seems ominous. Yet we doubt not there will be other essays as there will be other poems by Mrs. Meynell, and only some far future declare her re-editing definitive. A liberal choice from her five previously printed books of essays is here given, together with four others, one of which forms the introduction to a seventeenth century anthology edited by this writer, and three other essays "here for the first time put into a book." The selections are grouped under such alluring and suggestive titles as: "Winds and Waters,"

"Wayfaring," "The Darling Young," etc.,—eight divisions in all. Among the included essays are such classics as: "Rain," "The Rhythm of Life," "Domus Augusta," "The Point of Honor," and "Fellow Travellers with a Bird." We regret the absence of "A Memory," Mrs. Meynell's tribute to her father. Those who by nature or by discipline are able to appreciate her style, will be richly rewarded in this volume with the enjoyment of the presence of a personality such as the years do not too readily mould. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—The publishers of the Catholic Library (Manresa Press) have laid English-speaking Catholics, lay and clerical, under a genuine obligation by issuing, as Nos. 12 and 13 of their series, "Lourdes," by Monsignor Benson, and "The Question of Miracles," by the Rev. G. H. Joyce, S. J. With the former work most of our readers are familiar (it originally appeared in these pages); of the latter, it is sufficient to say that Father Joyce thoroughly and lucidly explains the significance of the facts described by Mgr. Benson, as of all other miraculous facts recorded in history or in contemporary literature. The chapter-headings of the second volume mentioned will show the scope of its erudite author: True Idea of a Miracle, Possibility of a Miracle, Proof of a Miracle, Miracles and Faith-Healing, Evidential Value of Miracles, Miracles of the Gospel, and Ecclesiastical Miracles.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading,

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Lourdes." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 30 cts.
 "The Question of Miracles." Rev. G. H. Joyce, S. J. 30 cts.
 "The First Irish Pilgrimage to Lourdes." 1s.
 "A Challenge to the Time-Spirit." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.25.
 "Essays." Alice Meynell. \$1.50.
 "The Teachers' Story Teller's Book." Alice O'Grady, Frances Throop. \$1.

- "The Black Cardinal." John Talbot Smith. \$1.25.
 "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." Alfred Perceval Graves, M. A. \$1.75.
 "The Church and Labor." Rev. L. McKenna, S. J. 40 cts.
 "The Sweet Miracle." Eça de Queiroz. 30 cts.
 "Lourdes." Johannes Jørgensen. 90 cts.
 "Ideals and Realities." Edith Pearson. 2s. 6d.
 "The New Man." Philip Gibbs. \$1.
 "The Shadow of Peter." Herbert F. Hall, M. A. 70 cts.
 "Sons of the Sea Kings." Alice and W. H. Milligan. \$1.50.
 "The Waters of Twilight." Fr. C. C. Martin-dale, S. J. \$1.20.
 "A Rosary of Song." Brian O'Higgins. 2s. 6d.
 "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. 35 cts.
 "Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.80.
 "Supernatural Merit." Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M. 15 cts.
 "Richard of Wyche." Sister Mary Reginald Capes. \$1.50.
 "Cedar Chips." Canon Sheehan. \$1.50.
 "Selections from Parerga." A Sister of Mercy. 50 cts.
 "Watching an Hour." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 75 cts.
 "Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet." John Thomson. 90 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Emile Labbe, of the diocese of Fargo; Rev. John Lynch, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph Keegan, diocese of Erie; Rev. Patrick McCarron, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Stephen Eisler, C. SS. R.; and Rev. Paul Manion, O. S. B.

Sister M. Hilda, of the Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Petronilla, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Charles Picard, Mr. J. T. Wray, Mrs. Mary Phelan, Mr. Charles Whitman, Eleanore M. Tully, Mr. Joseph Diekmann, Miss Nora Ryan, Mr. John Saunders, Mr. James O'Brien, Mr. B. J. Durnin, Miss Rita Crowley, Mr. P. F. Manion, Mr. Herman Englert, Mr. Thomas Gilroy, Mr. Charles Lowe, Mr. John Madigan, and Mr. J. C. Miller.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Children Weep.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

HE stood in spirit on the mountain-side,
And heard Christ's words to His disciples
there:

"With Me I wish the children to abide,—
Suffer them all to come unto My care."
Suffer the little ones! He turned away,
And smiled upon the children of the land.
He gave to babes the First Communion Day,—
To Christ he led them *all* at Christ's com-
mand.

To-day he sleeps his everlasting sleep
Within the shadows of Eternal Rome;
And through the land the children softly weep:
The Christ has called their loving leader Home.
The children weep! Dear God of kindness, see!
Summon this hour the children's Pope to Thee!

Our Lady of France: Gothic Cathedrals.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

WHILE Romanesque architec-
ture reigned fairly over all
Europe, even in Holland and
distant Poland, a new style
began to appear in France, which the
Italians—far ahead of all other nations
in culture and refinement, but attached
then as ever to the classic ideal—called
by a name of contempt in their own
tongue, meaning that it was odd, uncouth,
ungainly: "*Gotico*." Much has been said
and written anent the origin of the Gothic:
it was imitated from the aisles of tree
trunk and overarching boughs in nature;

the French Crusaders had brought the
idea from Syria; it resulted mathemat-
ically (from the cross-sectioning of roof
spaces) into acute arches and groin vaults;
it was designed by the French Cistercians
for their abbey churches; lastly, Mr.
Lethaby, a great student of the Byzan-
tine, explains that centuries of saturation
in the Byzantine, with the new element
of Northern energy invading it, would
issue precisely in some such manifestation
as the Gothic pushed to its extreme
characteristics.

Twelfth-century France is the locus of
typical Gothic. There we have it best
for purposes of study, and can ascertain
the intention of its first exponents. First,
a huge bulk, much, much bigger than
anything ever attempted before; second,
brick excluded, and stone alone used in
the building, making it more stable, more
difficult of labor, and much more expen-
sive; and, third, a highly organized plan
demanding more science than any form
of construction yet attempted. In the
fine Romanesque of such churches as
Unser Liebe Frau of Freiburg, and Maria-
Laach, the high central nave with lower
supporting side naves—and even the
engaged outer buttresses for strength—
appear. But the Gothic builder, in the
interior, took and carried his rib-line from
the capital of each column up and up to
an enormous height, making it at last
curve inward to join its companion oppo-
site in a series of acute, soaring head-
arches of almost frightful depth.

The tall walls of the central hull, much
too high in proportion to their thickness—

and, indeed, too high for safety in any case: witness the collapse of Beauvais,—demanded support from the outside; so the Gothic builder thickened his lower walls on the exterior, with pier and buttress, at the points of thrust from the upper structure, and made his wonderful invention of the flying arch,—a sort of architectural spinnaker sail, cutting the sky with its wing-like side line, but having the purpose of propping the outwall of the upper structure and receiving and transmitting the pressure of the great spanning arches of the nave. The Gothic alone can boast the flying arch. Stark and austere was the skeleton of this new architecture and gigantic in size. It clamored for decoration, but a decoration suited to it. Sculpture was the very thing,—durable, fitted to spaces of all kinds, prominent or flat, as needed. Gothic stone sculpture, Catholic—Catholic only, and devoted to the service of religion exclusively,—developed with the Gothic cathedral. Nowadays the knowing are just beginning to see how fine it is. It has taken seven centuries for this.

One more problem remained for the cathedral builder to solve. Above the arcades of the nave were vast wall-spaces, not contributing to beauty, as they were bare; and greatly increasing the weight of those troublesome high-reaching walls. He resolved to take out whole sections of them and to replace them by windows; there would be a big increase of light and of lightness in the structure; so where the Romanesque has blank dark walls, or rare windows, the Gothic has its poetic clerestory,—its series of colored legends. Out of the Gothic cathedral, or in it and with it, grew the art of stained glass. Briefly stated, the whole enterprise of the Gothic builder was this: to express in stone the everlasting, upward aspiration of the soul Godward; and, as to the material structure, it was to combine the maximum of strength with the maximum of lightness, grace, and daring. The very essence of the French spirit is

stamped in these creative lines; the dream is certainly theirs.

As a group, the French cathedrals stand like splendid flags that have never been lowered, witness to the faith and chivalry of a people. Most of them are dedicated to Our Lady,—Notre Dame of Paris, Notre Dame of Chartres, Notre Dame of Rheims, Notre Dame of Amiens, Notre Dame of Strasburg (French then), Notre Dame of Bayeux, Notre Dame of Coutances, Notre Dame of Rouen, and a dozen more. The four best known come within a radius of some hundred miles about the city of Paris: Chartres, Notre Dame de Paris, Rheims, and Amiens.

To Chartres, for various reasons, belongs a sort of historic primogeniture. Paris claims the same, but Chartres shows the severe simplicity of an early ideal in unadorned façade and plan; and the western portal, in Roman-Byzantine style, is an indication that this monument of pure Gothic may have known the presence of minds still imbued with the traditions of Constantinople. Chartres, furthermore, is the first great non-monastic church wherein (owing to changes in the social order and in government) the responsibility falls on the bishop and secular clergy, seconded by their flock; and the spectacle is first given of that host of volunteer workers—pilgrims, penitents, or merely pious people—pressing forward to engage upon the service of God in a public enterprise which each felt to be in some way his or her own. The whole nation engaged in the building of the Gothic cathedral; and engaged solely for the love of God and of His Holy Mother. Even non-Catholic historians have stood amazed before the colossal impulse. Knights returning from the Holy Land put off their armor and carried stones. Laborers toiled day by day without remuneration, satisfied with the dole of daily bread made to the workers. Women bent to the tasks of men. Few saw the completion of the undertaking; but master and artisans

labored faithfully until life's evening, and when death took them, left the unfinished work to others.

The others came. At Chartres, first the common people were called upon in the name of Our Lady; noble and peasant responded to a man. Haimon, abbot of St. Pierre-sur-Dive, saw the scaffoldings of Chartres. In 1145 he wrote to the Fathers of an English monastery: "It is a marvellous sight, to behold powerful men, proud of their birth and riches, and accustomed to an easy and voluptuous life, attach themselves to a wagon by harness and draw stones, mortar, wood, and all the materials necessary for the building of the sacred edifice. Sometimes, so heavy is the load, one thousand persons, men and women, are harnessed to the same vehicle; and yet so great is the silence you would not hear the smallest murmur."

The workmen, organized by groups, elected one to be their chief, and obeyed him. Every newcomer, before beginning his work, was required to approach the Sacrament of Penance, and deliberately to renounce all enmities and projects of revenge. Any man nursing a hatred was forced out as unfit for Our Lady's service. Most of the building was done during the fair months of the year, as extreme cold damaged the materials. The workmen slept on the ground in the open around the cathedral; and their wagons were drawn up, with lighted torches on them. A crucifix was often set between the torches, and part of the night reserved for prayer and the singing of canticles. In some cases the workers did not sleep at all, but, after the hard labors of the day, made the night a holy vigil, watching before God, that He might accept and bless their service.

Chartres is one of those churches which claim to be among the earliest French sanctuaries of Our Lady. It occupies the site of a grotto wherein the Druids offered worship to "a Virgin who should conceive a God." It shelters the memory of the martyrs who suffered here under the

Prefect Quirinus. The "Well of the Holy Strong Ones" in the crypt is said to be their grave. A first Romanesque church, built in the peace of Constantine, was consumed by fire in 1020. The ancient baptismal font, of shallow cup and elegant shape, apparently a Byzantine work, is probably a remnant. The Gothic cathedral was a reconstruction of the twelfth century. In 1260 it was ready to be consecrated; and St. Louis the King, Ninth of his name, petitioned his States that it should be dedicated to Our Lady St. Mary, the Holy Mother of God.

Simplicity, dignity, solidity, characterize the exterior. It is rather dark in tone, the stone rubbed and polished by time. The vertical movement of line predominates with little ornament; considerable plain spaces are pierced by only a few point-arches and, indeed, by some Roman arches. The two spires go up unmatched,—the "Vieux Clocher" (old clock-tower), quite unadorned; the more recent "Flèche" (arrow, or spire), broken into successive stages of beautiful proportion, arch above arch, and pinnacles, crockets, and sculpture at the angles. For perfect Gothic, this "Flèche" is the chief pride of Chartres town, immortalized in the French saying, "Choir of Beauvais, nave of Amiens, portal of Rheims, spire of Chartres." From the exterior to the interior, there is no change of mode; they are in true relation, therefore in harmony. Enormous space hangs above one's head; the lines are grave, noble, pure; the daylight comes in softened, and seems to float, like subdued music, in the air.

The stained glass (one hundred and sixty windows, one of the most remarkable monuments of its kind in the world, marvellous both in its quality and in its perfect preservation) is vivid of color and laid out in strongly contrasted effects, like mosaic. The schemes of color vary: deep red, blue or topaz being predominant. The rose-windows, supreme ambition of the thirteenth-century Gothic artists, are

superb. In the northern one, given by St. Louis, and called the "Rose of France," Our Lady and the Divine Infant are at the heart; around them radiate the Kings of Judah who were their ancestors; farther out, the Prophets who forespoke the Virgin Mother and the coming Saviour; while at the rim are the twelve great flags of France borne into battle.

In the grave, primitive Gothic plan, the main nave flanked by lower side aisles was all, and there were no side chapels. Thus Chartres. The Vendôme Chapel is an addition of 1413, to enable Louis, Count of Vendôme, to fulfil a vow which he had made to Our Lady. What small chapels there are form bays in the ground-line of the apse; the principal one—as in most cathedrals, those even which are wholly dedicated to her—being named for Our Lady. It is said that when Napoleon stood in the nave of Chartres, he gazed around him at the hoary, venerable walls, in that silence impregnated with prayer and with the faith of centuries that had bled and died for the name of Christ; then at last he said: "An atheist would be ill at ease in here."

The sculptures of Chartres are obviously of different periods. While some show the hand of primitive French-Gothic sculptors, others would seem to be Romanesque. The tympanum relief of Christ in glory has all the fineness of workmanship, and the slender and elegant proportions of the Byzantine, and their manner of carving draperies, close and circular, fold within fold. The position of the hand raised in blessing—thumb and fourth finger in contact—seems to us to prove beyond doubt that the artist was a Greek.

Like Chartres, Notre Dame of Paris goes far back to legendary trails of foundation. As a Gothic structure, it dates with the name of Bishop Maurice de Sully, 1163; the façade was finished in 1212, the south portal in 1313. One can not approach the great, looming pile beside the Seine without a sense of awe, it is

so old, so solemn, so majestic. The exterior is rather bare, perhaps; but those spaces of solid wall—borrowed from memories of walls of defence—stand for strength and stability. "*Aplomb colossal*," says a French writer, meaning that gigantic and defiant air of having and holding all the conquered, humbled soil beneath its feet. Squarish in form, of a dark brownish color, it is flanked by two unyielding towers; yet the towers are courteous to each other, one having moved back a little (did the builders do it purposely?) in order that the summits of both might dwell in almost perpetual sunshine. The portal looks low even yet in that vast front, though the Great Louis heightened it in order that his pageantry of dais and banner need not bend.

The wild passions of the Revolution scarred the face of Notre Dame,—gallery of kings smashed or knocked headless; magnificent stained glass wrecked; statue of Our Lady as Queen of Paris hurled from its high place. Part of the havoc has been repaired, part is still evident. One's eyes fall, from noting it, to the carvings of the "Last Judgment" in the portal. Archaic they are, but the sculptors believed as though their eyes had seen them already,—those tremendous acts of retributive justice. Even to our modern eyes, the concrete images are more powerful than book or preaching. Thus, indeed, the Medieval Church meant to teach. Yet, curiously enough, in this very portal, we have one of the gentlest images of Our Lady,—one of the few instances in early sculpture in which she kneels in intercession before an angry Judge. "The year of Our Lord 1257," runs the legend in Gothic script, "on the second of the ides of February, this portal was begun in honor of the Holy Mother of Christ; during the life of Master Jehan of Chelles, mason." Master John, who calls himself so simply a mason, was one of the successive great builders to whom we owe Notre Dame.

Sense of vast space, sense of mass and

sturdy weight, and the same crowding of overwhelming richness of memories, in the interior. The whole history of France has touched the name of Notre Dame. A vast nave flanked by double side aisles, five in all; colossal pillars with leaf capitals; an ambulatory circling the choir; and many side chapels. The gravity, beauty, solemnity even, of the architecture, thrown everywhere into gigantic proportions, opens broad, majestic vistas to the eye.

Marvellous beyond words are the sculptures of the roof and roof galleries,—angels, symbols, animals, grotesques. It is as though the sculptor's fancy, held in check near the altar, bounded out here into the open amid the flying arches, and allowed itself full play. Some of these creatures are true to nature: a pensive dog, gathered upon his haunches; an eagle, blinking in the strong light. Others again are allegorical like the vices, crouched on their narrow ridges of stone, and clinging by claw and sinuous body. Chimeras, called after the mythological beast with the lion's head, goat's hoofs, and dragon's tail; the gargoyles, often confused with the chimeras, but distinguished from them by their specific purpose, which is to discharge rain water by stretching long throats (*gargula*) as far out as possible from the precious walls,—all these are conceived with tremendous power and significance; and the chisel has hewed and hacked without finishing, but with an artistry—or, better, with a genius—that defies time.

Some of the sculptures are world-famous. "Le Stryge," the vampire of the night in Oriental legends, said to typify the wickedness of Paris, leans upon the balustrade, supporting his ape's head on his long, evil-looking hands, and gazes craftily down upon the city. The lips droop at the corners, and the tongue curls out to lick the chops. It is a hideous conception of profound badness. Far different is the Old Man of the Parapet, the Rip van Winkle of Notre

Dame. He, too, leans out agaze, but his honest, rugged hands are the hands of toil; he wears artisan's garb—belted tunic and round, pointed cap; his flowing hair and beard blow in the wind. Those eyes of his, seven hundred years unclosed, have seen the city wax from narrow Medieval streets and walled precincts, to Eiffel Tower, "Métro," and monoplane.

The story of Rheims cathedral is a remarkable chronicle of the faith that moves mountains. In the early ninth century, it was decided to rebuild on the site of an older foundation, and to make the new cathedral, in honor of Our Lady, worthy of her. Unfortunately, no material was at hand. This first vital difficulty seemed insurmountable. However, Rheims was surrounded by a stout wall of defence, built with squared stones while the Romans were allies, and some daring spirit proposed taking these stones. Cries of horror went up from all the timid. What! Lay the city open to her enemies?—"Pull down your defences for Our Lady's sake, and trust to her," answered the strong. In the end, their sheer and daring courage carried the day. Louis le Débonnaire gave his own architect, Romuald (a serf), to the Bishop Ebon forever to direct the operations (827).

This early cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1211. The Archbishop Alberic, nothing daunted, proposed to rebuild at once, and selected Robert de Coucy as the architect. Robert, one of the greatest builders of his day, was on fire to begin; but there was no material, funds were low, and he was face to face with the impossible. Seeing him pause, Alberic cried aloud—and the word became history: "Do but begin, and God and man will help us!" His trust was not vain. The clergy went abroad throughout the province begging alms to rebuild Notre Dame; and gold, silver, jewels, endowments, labor given spontaneously, were outpoured in response to Our Lady's name. Alberic died, and Robert also; but the work did not stop. It took about

two hundred years to bring Robert's great scheme to completion. In 1481, after so much toil, through the carelessness of plumbers, a conflagration started: the leads of the roof melted, the bells melted, and torrents of burning metal pouring down prevented any work of rescue. The cathedral was almost wrecked. Even then the courage of these people did not fail. They repaired, rebuilt, reorganized,—resolved that, at all costs, the church of Our Lady should stand. They won, for it *does* stand. And so beautiful is it that in this final making all past labor and failure seem repaid.

The façade, flanked by twin towers, is divided into stages,—the base forming a triple portico with tall, gable apexes covered with sculpture, each delicately tapering to a point. Statues and carvings, rose-window and arch, stone wrought until it curls over in delicate edges like the petals of living flowers,—all this is Rheims; supreme evolution of Gothic at high-water mark without extremes. Pushed further, it will become the flamboyant; but not here. Between the sections of the main portal is the lovely thirteenth-century Madonna, French-Gothic, standing, a supple, rather nervous form, but very graceful; a head that bends to smile upon her Child; a sweet, somewhat piquant face. True to her nationality, true to her period, and once more a type image in Marian art, we shall find her, with scarce any change, in all the cathedrals that bear her name.

Within the vestibule, the entrance is lined with a stylobate, base and cornice; and each column bears a statue which is part of it,—a king, queen, bishop or saint. The reliefs are from the Life of Mary. The peculiarly slender, sharp, rhythmic character of the architecture is repeated in the interior. The carving is crisp; the arches excessively acute. A certain exotic, Medieval atmosphere breathes in the rather dark interior; yet the whole triforium clerestory is perfect, and at sunset the west burns its glory through the

amber windows. History places the baptism of Clovis at Rheims, wherefore the kings of France came hither to their anointing. Here Maid Joan brought the doubting Charles for his crown.

The cathedral is in a special way under the custody of the holy angels. They press into the south rose-window, 'crowd the stone relief of Our Lady's "Coronation," and stand wide-winged in their row of niches on the west exterior,—one of the loveliest side-walls in France. Supreme in quality is the sculpture of Rheims,—flora of the countryside, vivid countenances of the kings, the famous "Knight Receiving Communion," and that figure of our Blessed Lady in the group of the "Visitation," said to be the finest in all Gothic art.

Rheims would be without question the gem of the French cathedrals were it not for Amiens; but Amiens holds its own. Beginning as the small sanctuary of Our Lady of Martyrs in the third century, with St. Firmin, it becomes St. Acheul in the sixth century; yielding up its name and its relics of the martyrs to the new church, "Notre Dame and St. Firmin, built by the Bishop St. Salvius (St. Sauve). A mysterious light and a sweet odor had revealed the tomb of St. Firmin; and as they carried his remains processionally to the new church all the countryside round about burst into blossom. St. Sauve's church of Notre Dame was partly demolished by the barbarians in 881. Patiently repaired, it perished again in 1218 through storm and lightning. Everard de Fouilloy, then bishop, showed the constancy of his predecessors. He called to him the great architect, Robert de Luzarches; and between them they planned a cathedral which it took the lives of several generations to build.

Colossal, sumptuous, and held everywhere true to the unity of its first plan, Amiens shows a great perfection and purity of style. In the midst of the flat, rather sad land of Picardy, it raises its

solemn front. Squarish in mass, with three protruding porches above steps, and belfry towers dissimilar. These advancing porticoes are a natural development, but a special feature of Amiens. At the central portal, tall and majestic, yet fair of countenance, stands "*Le Beau Dieu d'Amiens*." On one side St. Firmin, on the other an exquisite group of the Blessed Mother with the Child fallen asleep in her arms. An angel at their feet plays on a rebeck (a three-stringed viol). The porticoes contain many statues; the plinth is covered with that famous double row of quatrefoil reliefs (one hundred and eighteen) in number,—virtues and vices, signs of the zodiac, months and labors; or by a flat flower pattern in low relief, which gives the stone surface texture and makes it soft as damask. The interior—though some have murmured, "Too much light!"—is the very dream of a Gothic nave,—immensely high, immensely harmonious, side-walls almost removed, the clear day shining mildly through the tempering glass. The best windows, of early, brilliant stain, date from 1297.

One chapel has a relief of a man and woman carrying a heavy sack between them, and the inscription tells of the thirteenth-century woad-gatherers,—backs bent all day to the hard toil of plucking the bluing herb for the dyers (*isatis tinctoria*), who, penny by penny, built this chapel for Notre Dame. "*Les bones gens des villes—D'entour Amiens, qui vendent woïdes—Ont fait cheste capelle—De leurs omones*." The salamander of Francis I. appears in the towers, whence the soldier-king watched the Spaniards' defeat (1597). Walter Pater, one *Corpus Domini* at Amiens, saw the immense fane crowded from altar to threshold, and the incense go up in clouds around the God of the Eucharist, while the *Tantum Ergo* rolled and thundered along the solemn aisles. He seems to have felt how the seven hundred years intervening are nothing. "Their very hymn," he wrote, "the Cathedral Builders: and the same Faith."

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

VII.

BEING in less haste on his return journey, Romey found that he had given himself unnecessary trouble during the first one; and discovered a trail, discernible by the line of fencing that bordered it, which dipped back due north for two miles, then turned sharply east, and then south, making good way among the low hills till it ran past the foot of the steep rise which abutted, after an hour's arduous climbing, on the lower levels of his own property. It was by that road, coming up from the south, that he had first reached it. In his excitement at being told by his guide at this point that here lay the Government quarter section they had been seeking, he had quite forgotten to inquire whither the trail might lead farther on. Now he rejoiced. The next time he called on his neighbor he could cover the distance in reasonable time.

The short winter day was drawing in when he put up his horse in the stable and unlocked the front door. Of course the fire was out—he had banked it down before leaving in the morning,—and now it must be made up quickly; for, having missed dinner, Romey lost no time in getting his supper. That done, he sat down, with his feet to the fire, to smoke his evening pipe and think things over. They were pleasant thoughts that came to him to-night as the logs crackled in the little stove, and the pipe sent up gentle clouds of the fragrant tobacco smoke toward the raftered ceiling. Patch, who had followed him into the house, and beguiled him out of a share of bacon and biscuits and condensed milk, was too happy to keep still, but stepped daintily up and down the long carpenter's bench, which now had to serve for a table, purring rapturously,

and reaching out to rub his head against Romey's arm every time he approached the end near the fire.

And in the warmth, so pleasant after the exertions and the cold of the day, the master's head sank on his hand; the other one, with the pipe still clasped between the fingers, dropped to his knee, and he relapsed into a blissful doze, which must have become real sleep; for before it ended he was dreaming again of a girl standing in the doorway, holding a lamp which caused a ring of light to hover above her gold-touched hair.

And over there in the distant cabin, the girl was standing with her back to the wall, her eyes dark with fear and indignation, as she faced a rough-looking man who was sitting at the table close to the light, pouring out a torrent of angry words.

"I seen them!" he said, his small sharp eyes gleaming threateningly. "I seen them tracks, comin' up to the back door right on to the porch! You let him in—durn him, whoever he was! Don't you dare to tell me you didn't! Ain't you the limit? That good and pious—oh, my! Jumpin' on me for swearin' and talkin' rough, and then havin' a young man here all day, when I told you there wasn't a livin' thing to be let near the place till I got back! I'll take care of him next time, by gosh! Spring guns is a picnic to what he'll find when he comes nosin' round other folks' property agin! As for you, if 'twasn't for that pore mistaken parent of yours, that'll do it himself, for all he's so fool soft about you, I'd give you a lickin' you wouldn't forget in a hurry, Miss Marie! There, get into the back room, and don't let me see you again till I want you! I'm goin' to lock you in now, for fear you'll be scootin' out to meet your young man."

He half rose in his chair, and, with both hands on the table, thrust his head forward with a hideous leer that showed his sharp, irregular teeth and bristling

red hair, all too horribly clear in the yellow gleam of the naked little lamp. He looked like a mangy, hungry coyote; and Marie covered her face with her hands to shut out the evil sight. Then her courage and resource came back to her. With a quick turn, she opened the door against which she had been standing, passed in like a flash, and closed and locked it noisily. Rhinehart's threat had been an empty one, for the key was on her own side.

He heard her push a table against it, and sank back in his place, panting.

"Holy snakes," he growled, "but that was a close shave! S'pose I'd met that man when I was comin' back through the wood just now, with—ah, durn it, that girl's upset me!"

He poured out half a tumbler of whiskey and drank it off at a gulp. Then he felt over his pockets as if ascertaining what was in them. He made a movement as if to draw out some bulky parcel—and desisted, glancing nervously over his shoulder at Marie's door, and then at the square of the window with its flimsy muslin curtain.

"I guess not!" he muttered. "That Hayes may be hangin' round now—the Siwash he is,—spyin' to see what I got off Le Breton. Ugh! Wish somehow I'd never clapped eyes on the man and his daughter. It don't feel so good when all's done. And the girl's goin' to be the devil of a nuisance till I can frame up some stunt to get her off the place. Wonder if she can peep through that door?"

This as a slight sound made itself heard on the other side. Carefully he crept to the door and tried to look through the keyhole, but jumped back with a curse. A sharp sliver of wood had been pushed into it, darkening it completely, and the protruding point had grazed his eye.

But, at any rate, he was secure from observation there. The door itself was fairly solid, and showed no cracks through which his movements could be watched. Then he lighted a lantern and went out,

making a careful inspection of every spot where any one might be lurking outside. He lingered long over those strange footprints in the snow, scrutinizing them as if they were the tracks of some wild animal; and finally following them up the rise and down into the hollow beyond, where he found other prints,—those of a cayuse, which had evidently been tethered to a tree for some time, as the snow was much broken up by its stampings. After this there were only the hoof-prints; and, stooping low, he followed them till they turned eastward, just before reaching a thick wood of pines which stretched its dark belt far back into the steepness of the hills.

There Rhinehart straightened himself with a gasp of relief. The lantern's gleam showed big drops of sweat on his forehead, for all the coldness of the night.

"Praise be!" he muttered. "The d——d Siwash went right off the premises! Guess it must be that feller that's took up land on the bench across the lake. I'll look out for him,—settle him good, first time I get a chance. And to-morrow the girl comes out with *me*. Guess I'll have to tout her round most times. Safer that way, and it'll keep Hayes from worritin' me. He was scared about the girl, first go-off."

Marie, standing in her dark room, in a storm of anger which for the moment drove out fear, heard Rhinehart go out,—heard him prowl round the house and come onto the back porch, and then move off; the sound of his steps on the snow-crust growing fainter, and then dying out in the distance. Still in the dark, she pulled a blanket off her bed, and, groping her way to the window, hitched it onto the bar and nails which supported the muslin blind. Deftly she spread it over the sides and top, so that no gleam from within the room should show through. Then, finding the matches, she lighted her candle, set it in a corner on the floor, and sat down on her bed

to try to collect her thoughts. At first they would not obey her. She was still trembling all over from the horror of Rhinehart's attack. As the whole scene came back to her, she shuddered, and covered her eyes as if to shut out the memory of it. What could it all mean? Why had her father, always so careful of his daughter, left her for days—was it three or four?—alone with this dreadful man?

Yet he had not seemed dreadful at first. When, after long travelling south from the Canadian border, they had met him and that other man just outside of Trenton, Rhinehart, in spite of his unprepossessing exterior, had shown himself kind and serviceable; and he and his friend, on learning that Mr. le Breton was seeking for land, had thrown themselves eagerly into the business of helping him find it. Rhinehart said there was a good tract in the neighborhood of his own ranch by "Lost Lake," and had invited the father and daughter to come and stay with him, so as to inspect it. Even in Trenton he had spared them the expense of stopping at the hotel, insisting on putting them up for the night outside the town, in a cabin of which his partner, Hayes, had the key. He had very kindly told them to rest for the morrow's rough ride, while he drove into the store to lay in provisions for the party.

Marie remembered his laugh when her father drew out his whole roll of notes to find a ten dollar one for Rhinehart's shopping, and how Rhinehart had said: "Lucky I saved you from doing that in the store, Mister! You hadn't better be showing them coyotes all that money, or you'll get 'held up' some dark night. D'you allus keep it all together like that?" And Marie's father had replied: "Well, I have so far, and nothing has happened to me yet."—Rhinehart said: "An' it won't, neither, so long as me and my partner's round."

They had left Trenton so early that no one was out in the streets when they

passed through; and then had come the long, laborious drive through the snow to this place, which they reached only at dusk. And the next morning, although it was snowing, Le Breton had gone off with the two men to look at the tract; and they had told Marie to keep warm, and have supper ready for them, since they could not get back much before dark. She had not minded the loneliness that day. Everything was new and interesting; and she baked bread and got a good hot meal ready for the wayfarers long before Rhinehart returned—alone. He had told her hurriedly that her father had been “tickled to death” with the land they had shown him, and, falling in with a team going that way, had seized the opportunity to return at once to Trenton and settle matters with the Land Commissioners. Hayes had gone with him, “to see he wasn’t skinned.” And Mr. le Breton had sent word to his daughter to stay where she was: he would be back the next day, or the day after at latest.

Days ago now! And each day Rhinehart had gone out early and come back late, always alone; and always asking if she had adhered to his injunctions to let nobody know of her presence in his house, giving as a reason that there were so many tramps and roughs about in the mountains that her only safety lay in hiding herself during his absence. She was thankful that he stayed away so much. He was moody and silent when he was in the house, and always seemed anxious to escape from her society as quickly as possible. She thought he must have divined how intensely she was beginning to dislike him; how furiously uncomfortable it made her to look up from her cooking or dishwashing and find him staring at her, with knitted brows and narrowed eyes, as if puzzling out some problem of which she herself was the subject. And at times a hot wave of anger against her father rose up in her heart. How *could* he leave her, a grown

maid, carefully nurtured, day after day alone with this rough, unknown man? What would the folks at home say of such a thing? What would her mother have felt,—the dear mother dead only six months, whose loss had driven Le Breton out into new country because the old reminded him too intolerably of his grief!

As Marie, mechanically fingering her Rosary, went over it all now, the tears rolled down her cheeks till the beads were wet. She heard Rhinehart come back, enter the front door and lock it behind him. The candle was burning out now, and there was nothing left for Marie but creep into bed and cry silently till she fell asleep.

Toward midnight the man in the outer room raised his head from the table and listened. Sleep had caught him there as he waited till all was still and there was no danger of being interrupted. Now he removed his boots, and, creeping about in the thick German socks which deaden all noise, hung his coat over the window, made sure the door was locked, and returned to his seat by the table. The lamp was smoking horribly, but he recked nothing of that. From within his shirt he drew forth a large packet wrapped in a blue and white handkerchief, opened it, and disclosed a soft moose-skin bag buttoning over like a tobacco pouch. With eager haste he turned back the flap and slid the contents out on the table, catching at a gold coin or two that rolled out of a bundle of notes. The coins he examined, holding them up to the light. Then he laid them down, with a little snarl of irritation. They were not eagles, but king’s heads,—as damning as the notes if they were changed this side of the border.

The notes he spread out and counted carefully. There were ten, of twenty pounds each,—a thousand dollars in American money. His eyes shone as he fingered them. It was but a matter of time to ride the sixty miles to the frontier, and then stray from town to town for a

couple of weeks and get them changed at different stores. It would not be the first time he and Hayes had done that, and eluded the sharp eyes of the Canadian police rangers. Hayes—ah, Hayes had not actually seen these, and Le Breton had not mentioned the sum he was carrying! Why tell Hayes how much it was? He had no right to it, anyway. Hadn't done a thing to earn it, the mean skunk!—only maundered like a loony about the risks and what was to be done with the girl. Hayes was "yaller,—a reg'lar quitter every time. He'll have to have a bit to keep him quiet, but not the half,—no, *sir!*"

Hullo, what was this in the wallet? More notes? Oh, shucks! Only stray letters and a coin—no, a medal: some Brotherhood badge, most likely,—and a bit of silk paper wrapping up a lock of brown hair. Rhinehart sat back and laughed silently. Of all the loonies! Then he sprang to his feet, white with terror, his hands clutching at the notes and papers. A whistling wail had swept round the house,—the first onslaught of a night wind suddenly tearing down from the hills, but sounding to him like the herald of doom. For a minute or two he stood, frozen, staring at the window. Then, realizing what it was that had startled him, he sank back into his chair, very quickly gathered all the original contents into the wallet, rolled it up once more in the blue wrapping, and looked round for a place in which to bestow it safely. For some reason, he shrank from carrying it about with him any longer.

He approached Marie's door stealthily and listened for any sound. All was quiet there. Then he crossed the room, and knelt down beside the rough dresser and very slowly moved it out until it stood quite a foot from the wall. The space thus uncovered showed a short piece of flooring between the two long ones. This he prized at cautiously till it came up, disclosing a box, about a foot square, let

down below the floor in the empty space left by the builder between that and the raw soil below. The box was empty but for an old black purse thrown in one corner, and a coil of loose cord trailing beside it. Angrily, as if disturbed by the sight of them, Rhinehart pulled these out, carried them to the stove, and, lifting one of the lids, dropped them among the still glowing brands, which he gathered over them with the stove lifter, so that they might be the more quickly consumed.

"Ought to have done that 'fore now," he told himself. "Somebody might have found 'em, though it's five years ago; and if they had, the 'pen' for G. Rhinehart! There was hue and cry enough after that chap to hang a dozen men, only we're skeered of hangin' in this refined and humane State of Washington. It upsets the ladies reading about it,—bless their kind hearts! An' how was we to know he was a nevvvy of their blamed Governor's? Ought to have had it written all over him, and we'd have let him be. My, wasn't Hayes the limit that time! See him now, squirmin' here at my feet, bawling like a woman, asking me to save him! Now—easy!"

He dropped the blue parcel into the box—which had held another ugly secret so long and so faithfully,—replaced the board, and brushed over the crevices some of the thick dust which had gathered under the old dresser. This, with infinite care, he lifted back into its place close to the wall. He seemed to be a master of silent movement; for the whole operation had not made a sound that could by any chance penetrate into the next room.

(To be continued.)

LET us, then, try to think more of the dead in Christ. To think of them purifies our affections, and accustoms us to dwell upon the things that are not seen, rather than those of this visible world, which is so soon, as far as we ourselves are concerned, to pass away.—*Lord Halifax.*

Have Mercy, Give Peace!

BY CHARLES A. DOBSON, B. A.

O LAMB of God, who takest sin away,—
 Oh, by the Cross on which for us wast slain,
 And by Thy sorrow, shame, and lingering pain,
 Have mercy on us, Lord, we, sighing, say!
 O Lamb of God, still sacrificed each day,
 Who thus Thy off'ring dost renew again,
 That so with us Thou mightest e'er remain,
 Have mercy on us, Lord, to Thee we pray!

O Lamb of God, who reign'st in heav'n now,
 Thy blood for cleansing still doth gently plead;
 Before Thy throne, we, sinners, humbly bow,—
 For whom Thou didst on earth in anguish
 bleed:

Still gracious hear our prayers, and give us peace,
 'Mid heavenly joys that nevermore shall cease.

The Spirit of Lucette.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

GRANDMOTHER had always held the place of honor in the household at the Mountain. She had had so many busy years of almost phenomenal activity! She had had many sons and daughters, most of whom were married either in the village or in the neighboring parish of St. Jean Baptiste; so that she had never lost sight of them, and had had an intimate share in the events of their several lives. But at last Ma'am Larivée was getting childish; and, though her physical condition was fairly good, she lay a great part of the day in the high four-post bed, looking out with eyes whose brightness was at last obscured, and with a mind that saw things dimly as one sees in dreams.

To her own consciousness, however, she was young again. Her bright, dark eyes looked out from rosy cheeks; her wisp of dry, white hair was thick and glossy brown. She was the village belle, courted

by more than one of the young men of her own neighborhood, as well as by others who came occasionally from St. Denis or St. Charles. Oh, life had been very bright then, all sunshine and happiness, though she had worked hard all the time! She had helped both within and without,—in the fields, even at the building of the stone fences; though it must be admitted that the young men took care that she lifted only the smallest stones. She had milked the cows and tended the flowers, and given a hand at the haymaking. Aided by her little brothers, she had picked the wild berries that grew in the woods, or in exquisite spots on the mountain-side. In the autumn, there had been the business of picking apples or red plums from the orchard, half of which were always sold. In the dark afternoons before Christmas, there were heavy stockings to be knit, cloth to be spun, and rag-carpets to be sewed together, besides the mending and the making and the cooking. All these things and many more had come to the young girl's share of work; for the mother was dead, and she had had to keep house for Papa Leonide Déry, and to take care of her brothers and sisters, all younger than herself.

But she had found time to go to all the merrymakings, the *veillées*, at one house or another in the long winter evenings. There were some who said that Lucette was frivolous and coquettish, because her laughter was so gay, and so many of the young men gathered round her. But there was no one who could reproach her with the least misconduct. The *curé* had much to tell of her regular attention to her religious duties, and of the care with which she prepared her charges for the reception of the Sacraments.

Then all at once into her active, cheerful life had come Jean Larivée. He was six feet in height, lean and muscular, with coal-black hair and eyes, and a brown skin deeply tanned by life in the shanties or in the fields. Everyone spoke of him

as an exceptional young man, of handsome physique, though a little too shy and retiring. At the *veillées* he always took the corner farthest from the gay Lucette—whom he watched, however, out of his black eyes, and whose laugh was music to his ears.

"Hem!" exclaimed the *curé*, when Larivée came to ask that the banns should be published. "The rogue has found means to make him speak."

As the next sister was now old enough, and had been carefully trained by Lucette to take charge of the paternal household, there was no obstacle to the marriage. It was celebrated with much solemnity at the parish church, and the merrymaking and the feasting were long remembered at the Mountain.

"Ah, those were beautiful days!" the grandmother said, as she lay in the four-post bed, looking out dreamily at the nodding trees, and the glimpses of the Mountain she could get through a small narrow window near her bed.

Gradually all else seemed to fade from her mind,—the long years of her matronhood, and her premature widowhood, which had been incessantly busy and helpful. Children had risen up round her, increasing her cares and responsibilities, until she had suddenly found herself a grandmother, still active and helpful, and had seen another generation of children crowding upon the footsteps of the last. There had been a few more years of usefulness, during which *grandmère* withdrew from the *veillées*, but still held an honored place at the fireside, her judgment deferred to, and her venerable white hair resting as a crown of glory round her brow. Then had come inaction, helplessness, a half-unconsciousness as to external things, a failure of memory as regarded the present, and an entire throwing back of her faculties into the past.

In all her waking dreams, the grandmother was a girl again,—Lucette, the belle and beauty; Lucette, young, gay, and pleasure-loving. When the children

came to her bedside with her meals, or little messages of affection, she often addressed them by the names of her brothers and sisters, some of whom were dead or gone away; those who survived being elderly men and women. The *curé*, who visited her occasionally, and roused her dormant faculties sufficiently to administer the Sacraments, was invariably mistaken for his predecessor, who had been sleeping these forty years in the graveyard near the river. She would laugh aloud with strange glee, or carol in a faint voice some dainty little song that had been popular in her youth:

C'était un beau temps, nous avions vingt ans,
J'étais amoureux, de tes jolies yeux bleus.

Then the voice would change suddenly into the cadence of a hymn to the Holy Virgin or good St. Joseph. Sometimes, though rarely, she mistook one or other of her sons-in-law for Larivée, the beloved husband dead many years. The eyes that watched were dim with tears when the old voice, gravely tender, addressed him as *mon ami*. The younger people used to remark that it would be strange in eternity when this aged woman should meet that young, stalwart husband, who had died in his prime, until they reminded one another that in heaven there would be no old age, but perpetual youth.

One day she was left alone for a while. It was harvesting time and all were busy. The carts laden with hay were hastening hither and thither, shedding around a sweet perfume, while the shouts of the haymakers rent the air. The fruit in the orchards, ripening into red and gold, also gave forth a rich odor, mingling with the scent of honey. All was warmth and radiance. Summer was still reigning supreme. In the house, everything was still save the ticking of the clock; so that even the soft movements of the cat, cautiously feeling her way about, could be distinctly heard. The sunshine was fairly flooding the kitchen, threatening to fade the rag-carpet, and streaming in with greetings of joy to the grandmother.

Perhaps the unwonted stillness of the place disturbed her; perhaps the warmth and brightness communicated themselves to her aged frame. But, after stirring uneasily a few times, the old woman sat up in bed. Her waking dreams had suddenly become realities: she was Lucette. She rose; and, finding her clothes beside the bed, began to dress.

"I have slept too long. I am lazy this morning," she muttered, accounting thus for the heaviness that hung about her limbs and the slowness of her movements, that would have been so strange to Lucette. A new strength seemed to have been infused into her aged frame.

Having dressed, she went out into the kitchen, and found everything there bright and shining and in good order. "Just as I left them last night!" she reflected. She knelt and said her prayers before the pictures of the thorn-crowned Head and the Mother of Sorrows, which hung precisely in the same places as in her youth. She drew the checked muslin curtains, and straightened the rag-carpet, which she believed to be the same her hands had wrought. She spoke to the cat, calling her by a name that dated back several feline generations. The animal was undisturbed by the mistake; and the oblique glance from her amber-colored eyes followed the human figure as it paused an instant at the door and then stepped out. Lucette, invested suddenly with youth, went out to the Mountain to pick flowers and blackberries; hoping, perhaps, to meet her lover beside the stream that was rushing down through the woodlands to the valley. She had it in mind that it was a beautiful day for a walk; and she thought it was Sunday, because everything was so still.

"Jean may be over there," she said, pointing vaguely before her; "and if I do not meet him going, for sure I shall meet him coming back."

She plunged into the woods, and followed the course of the stream as she had been wont to do. This led her away from

the farms, so that she met no one. Her aged feet, still urged on by that unnatural strength, carried her small, bent figure, which in her own imagination was a vigorous girl, glowing with youth and happiness. Many of the trees she passed were old, like herself. They had known her in youth; and their leafy whisperings, could they have made themselves intelligible, would have described her as she once was, and have cried out to her cheerily: "*Ah, bon jour, Lucette!*" Many others were young upstarts that had sprung up since her day; and, if they noticed her at all, would have superciliously regarded her as a forlorn old woman, withered, wrinkled, and feeble in her gait.

She meandered on, finally straying from the path and moving in a circle. Even to her dulled senses, the odors of the woods were strong and pungent, seeming to breathe into her veins the air of immortality. The pines became slippery under her feet; the stones in the path grew rougher, and caused her to stumble. But as long as the glow of that fancied youth was upon her she pursued her way toward the lover who would meet her over yonder. The spirit of Lucette took full possession of her, and the Mountain seemed to hug its lost child to its breast. She was young again, slipping over the pine needles and the green moss with joyous step. Her eyes were alight. She sang, in her weak voice, the little love carol of her youth. She picked some of the late berries that grew there, and ate them with relish. She gathered a knot of bright-colored wild flowers and stuck them in her dress. How Jean would smile at her appearance! She laughed aloud at the squirrels that crossed her path, scampering away into the brushwood; and she threatened that she would make them into pie. She gave an involuntary little scream as a wild bird, the mountain heron, startled at her coming, rose and soared into the air.

But at last the weariness of her years

began to assert itself. She stood still in a bewildered fashion, and looked about her.

"Jean is not coming!" she murmured. "Why, then, is he so late? He must have missed the road."

She sank down at the foot of a beech tree, and relaxed her tired limbs upon the velvet softness of the moss that her youth had trodden. Her youth, her strength, had deserted her in an instant. She fell into a sleep; and there was silence in the woods, save for the loud droning of the insects, and the twittering of the birds in the branches,—a little anxious because of the human presence that had invaded their solitude. They looked down upon her with their bright eyes as she lay outstretched upon the sward.

II.

Down in the valley, as the long afternoon wore to golden evening, and the workers in the fields and in the orchards returned to their dwellings, where men and cattle should find the needed rest of the night, there was presently at the Larivée farmhouse a terrified hue and cry. That dwelling was in a consternation, which communicated itself very soon to the neighboring houses and farms. When an exhaustive search of the premises had been made, the whole neighborhood was visited, in the hope that the old woman might have strayed to some friendly door. The heart of the Mountain village was stirred to life, and the sympathy that bound those humble folk into a real solidarity was roused to the uttermost. Once it was realized that she was not anywhere in the parish, the obvious conclusion was that she must have found her way into the woods; though how she had done so was a mystery to all. They knew nothing of that lightening of the spirit that had carried her forward.

To have got into the woods, with night coming on, was a menace so serious for one of her age and feebleness that it set the imagination of her children working

as to the numberless dangers and pitfalls that might meet her there. Search parties were organized with vigor and dispatch; for it was all important to utilize every moment of that long twilight before it should be night in the woods. Clear and opaline, there was still the glory of amber and crystal over all the landscape. The searchers, divided into bands, and providing themselves with lanterns, struck out into the woods in various directions. They called and they shouted and they whistled, hoping to attract the wanderer's attention; but the old woman still slept on. The impenetrable mystery of the woods had closed in around her, giving no trace of the path which she had followed. At the various clearings in the forest, the searchers soon beheld the glimmer of the first stars, and the pale radiance of the crescent moon, too faint and too far off to be of service.

Fear and anxiety grew in every heart to which the *grandmère* was dear, and even in the hearts of the kindly neighbors to whom she had long been a familiar presence. But, call as they might, search as they might, there was no response. They began to fear that, even if she could hear their cries, her voice would be too feeble to reach them from any distance. Even for those strong men provided with lanterns the way soon became difficult enough. There were the huge rocks arising with startling suddenness upon the path; there were the twisted stumps of trees, the tangle of vines, the slipperiness of the pine needles; and also there were, here and there, ravines sufficiently deep to be a menace to any one unprovided with a light, and against which even the fitful shadows of the lanterns were not sufficient protection.

A strange terror began to seize upon them. Surely if the grandmother were there, and were living at all, she must hear them. Surely some one of all those calls that were waking the echoes over all the mountain-side must have reached her. At last the search had to be reluctantly

abandoned, with the promise of renewing it at dawn. The wearied men dispersed to their several homes; and all, save those whom heart-wearing anxiety kept awake, slept profoundly. But their sleep was not so deep as that of the old woman, from whom the spirit of Lucette had dropped as a garment.

The next morning, just as an exquisite dawn brightened the Mountain and the village roads, the search was begun again, and continued until late in the day, when some one had the happy thought of borrowing a hound from a farmer in a neighboring village. That animal, which had an extraordinary sense of smell, was brought into contact with some of the poor old woman's clothing, and he was set upon the trail. It was his joyous barking that told one detachment of the searchers that their quest had been successful; though they feared, indeed, that it would be only the mortal remains of the poor wanderer that would meet their eyes. The dog, having run forward, was barking and careening around a certain tree, and several of the men hurried in that direction. Amongst the party was one of Ma'am Larivée's sons, who held back with a sudden overmastering dread. But there upon the green moss, in the shade of a giant beech, was *grandmère*, sleeping as calmly as a child, and with a bunch of scarlet flowers stuck in her dress.

The spirit of Lucette never returned to the grandmother. She lasted a few days; then the candle of her life flickered and went out.

WHEN the shipload of sacred earth from the soil of Jerusalem was mingled with the common clay in the Campo Santo at Pisa, a new flower grew up from it, unlike any flower men had ever seen before,—the anemone with its concentric rings of strangely blended color, still to be found by those who search long enough for it, in the long grass of the Maremma.

—Pater's "*Renaissance*."

A Chat about Conclaves.

BY WILFRID C. ROBINSON.



WHETHER its aim, its methods, or its composition be considered, a Conclave is certainly the most solemn, most dignified, and ablest of electoral bodies the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see. A book entitled "*Le Conclave*," published in Paris some years ago, gives an accurate and detailed account of the origin, organization, laws (since revised), and history of the Conclave. Its author signs himself "*Lucius Lector*." From internal evidence, he would seem to be a Frenchman living in Rome. He is at home in Canon Law, and has dived deep into the literature of his subject. It would almost seem, too, that he was present, as cardinal or in some other capacity, at the Conclave of 1878, in which Leo XIII. was elected Pope.

There are many curious things in this volume of nearly eight hundred pages. The first quarter of the work is somewhat dry. In it the author tells how in the first ages of the Church the elections of Popes were made by the people and clergy of Rome. Later on, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, through the wise measures taken by Popes St. Leo IX., Nicholas II., St. Gregory VII., and Alexander III., in order to avoid popular tumults and imperial meddling, the election of the Popes came to be entrusted entirely to the Sacred College of Cardinals.

The cardinals, whatever their rank in the Sacred College, are all electors of the Roman Pontiff, and alone enjoy that right. But if a cardinal—as sometimes happens—be not in Holy Orders, he may not vote at a Conclave except in virtue of an indult from the deceased Pontiff, or else by entering at once into Holy Orders. An excommunicated cardinal is not, to use a term of modern political

life, disfranchised. A cardinal may resign his dignity to enter—as did the pious Odescalchi in our times—a religious Order; or even, if he be not in Holy Orders, to return to the world; but on his resignation being accepted by the Pope, he loses his right to vote in Conclave. The Pope may for grave reasons deprive a cardinal of his right to vote without depriving him (as he of course could) of his dignity of cardinal. Pius VI. suspended Cardinal de Rohan for having compromised himself in the “Diamond Necklace Affair”; and the same Pope deposed Loménie de Brienne from his dignity of cardinal because he had taken the oath to the Civil Constitution of the clergy in France in 1791. Such, then, are the electors of a Conclave. They must enter into it free from all promises to elect this or that personage. In the simple words of Pope Gregory X., they must enter Conclave “with open minds and clear consciences.”

A Conclave need not be held in Rome, and has often been held elsewhere. At one time it was thought necessary to hold it at the place where the last Pope had died. But when Pius VI. died at Valence, the Conclave that elected Pius VII., his successor, was held at Venice. On the death of Pius IX., one of the first cares of the cardinals was to debate in congregation whether the Conclave should be held in Rome or elsewhere. The Russian armies were then within sight of Constantinople, and King Humbert had just succeeded to his usurped throne. Italy and the Powers, providentially, were too fully occupied by other matters to allow them to interfere with the freedom of the Conclave, and so it was held in the Vatican.

A Conclave, as the word implies, is a closed assembly. All communication with the outer world is cut off for the cardinals and their attendants when once the Conclave has begun. Every issue is bricked up except the great door of entry, which is, closed and bolted

within and without. The Marshal of the Conclave guards it outside, while the Cardinal Camerlengo keeps watch within. They open the door only to permit the egress of some sick cardinal, or to admit some cardinal arriving after Conclave has begun. But there is a small window with a turning box, such as is used in enclosed convents, by which, under strict inspection, the cardinals may receive or send letters on private affairs.

This strict enclosure prevents outside influences being brought to bear on their Eminences, and helps to hasten their deliberations. It took its rise at Viterbo in 1271, where seventeen cardinals had been deliberating for two years! Yet the times were critical and a Pope was sorely needed. St. Louis had just died on the burning shores of Africa, and the Crescent was menacing Christendom. In vain St. Bonaventure exhorted the cardinals to hasten. The people of Viterbo took a ruder and more telling method. They shut the cardinals up in their palace, put them on short commons, and took the roof from over their heads. The cardinals at last elected Blessed Gregory X.

Several Papal constitutions strive to hasten the decision of the cardinals by cutting off their supplies of food. But in modern times they have not been reduced, as the constitutions suggest, to rations of bread and wine. Plain and wholesome meals are allowed, and at the last Conclave a kitchen was established within the Conclave itself. It had to provide for nearly two hundred and fifty persons. There were sixty-one cardinals, each with an ecclesiastical and a lay attendant. The Conclave had also its confessor, secretary, master of ceremonies, doctors, and other attendants.

The most important personage in the Conclave is undoubtedly the Cardinal Chamberlain, or Camerlengo. His office is about the only one in the Papal Court which does not cease or fall into abeyance at the death of the Pope.

During the vacancy of the Holy See he is its administrator. He certifies the death of the Pope in an Old-World way. On the death of Pius IX., this solemn duty fell on Cardinal Pecci as Camerlengo. He entered the death-chamber, and, kneeling beside the couch of the deceased Pontiff, he prayed silently a while; then, rising, cried aloud thrice, "John!" (using the dead Pope's Christian name), and at the same time gently striking the cold forehead of the dead Pontiff with a silver hammer. Then, turning to those present, he declared that the Pope indeed was dead. It is also his duty to order all things for the funeral of the late Pope, to direct preparations for the Conclave, and to keep up relations with foreign Powers. Were he to die in Conclave, the cardinals must at once appoint his successor. He is aided in his labors by three cardinals in rotation appointed "Heads of Orders" of the Sacred College. If he be elected Pope, as was Cardinal Pecci, his first official act is to name a new Camerlengo.

During the vacancy of the Holy See the most important official outside the Conclave is its Marshal. Ever since the Savelli guarded that first Conclave at Viterbo, that family, until its extinction, held the office; it was then given to the Chigi, by whom it was exercised at the last Conclave. The dignity is perpetual in the Chigi family, though of course the Pope could take it away. The duties now are more honorary than real, since the Italian Government has taken on itself to keep watch and ward outside the Vatican.

Having assisted at a Mass of the Holy Ghost and a sermon, on the tenth day after the Pope's death the cardinals may enter into Conclave and take possession of their cells. Three are allotted to each cardinal. In one of these, cardinals who are priests usually say their daily Mass. They assist every day at a sort of community Mass, and morning and afternoon at the voting in the chapel,

which was the Sistine in the Conclave of 1878. All the cardinals in Conclave, unless ill, must take part in these votes under pain of excommunication. Cardinals alone are present. The vote is written and secret, the voting paper being so folded that the signature and device of the elector are hidden, and the name of the cardinal for whom the vote is given is alone visible. Election is not valid unless two-thirds of the votes of the cardinals are given to the candidate.

At each sitting the cardinals vote twice, unless some one has secured the two-third majority required. As an old Bull quaintly says, it is easier to practise than to explain this second round of votes. The votes given in the first round remain to the credit of the candidates. At the second round no cardinal may vote for the same candidate for whom he has previously voted, but he may give a blank vote. The votes of the second round are then added to those previously obtained; and if some one candidate has obtained the two-thirds required, after a careful examination of the votes—it is here that the devices and names are used to see that a candidate has not voted for himself—he is proclaimed Pope.

His consent is then asked, and often not immediately obtained. Cardinal Sarto, when he saw how the votes were going in his favor, wanted to tell the cardinals that they were making a terrible mistake. "I have none of the qualities," he said to a fellow-cardinal, "for being Pope." The latter made answer: "We are better judges of your learning than you are; as to your other qualifications, God knows them. Let His will be done." With tears in his eyes and with pallid face, Cardinal Sarto accepted the burden of the Supreme Pontificate and assumed the name of Pius X.

OUR acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—John Fletcher.

Pius X. as I Saw Him.

BY A PILGRIM TO ROME.

"HALF-PAST eight, *sharp*. I will meet you at the end of the colonnade in the Piazza of St. Peter's."

The words were buzzing through the telephone by means of which I had, with much difficulty and amid many interruptions, been communicating from my pension under the Pincian Hill with my Benedictine friend in his cloister on the Aventine. It was the last intelligible phrase that reached me; and I was left wondering exactly where our rendezvous was—at which end of the colonnade, and indeed which colonnade; for, as everyone knows, there are two, enclosing in their mighty semicircles of round pillars the great Piazza with its tall obelisk and leaping fountains. Whatever happened, I must not fail to meet the kind monk, armed with the little yellow ticket which was to admit me, a pilgrim from far lands, to a privileged place in the Basilica for the great festival,—a place under the very shadow of the baldachin, the central point of the august function of the morrow.

It was only a few minutes past eight next morning when, resolved to be in time, I stationed myself at the end of the north colonnade nearest to the great bronze door of the Vatican,—the likeliest place, I thought. Cardinals and *contadini*, prelates and pilgrims, men and women of all races and all ages, were arriving in scores and hundreds,—afoot, in carriages, in cabs; advancing in orderly crowds through the Porta di Bronzo, where the black and yellow Swiss Guard scrutinized each comer, and pouring up the great stairs to the side doors of the Basilica. Black-cowled monks, too, there were in plenty, each and all furnished with their Gregorian music books—but where is *my* monk, without whom I can not cross yonder threshold?

It is after half-past eight o'clock, and the throng is growing visibly thinner. Ah, here he is! A hurried greeting—"It was at the *other end* of the colonnade that I was waiting! No matter!"—we too pass up the stairs, then a few steps along a corridor, through a great double door, and we are in St. Peter's.

It is like getting into the open air again, so vast is the space, and so distant seem the towering walls, hung with their festal damask of crimson and gold. Everywhere a surging sea of faces, from end to end and from side to side. But in the middle of the nave a broad passage is kept clear by the Palatine Guard, in their sombre, telling uniform of black and white. Our yellow tickets pass us through into this clear road, and so we move on unimpeded, right up to the Confession, with its cluster of golden lamps burning over the Tomb of the Apostles, and into the right-hand transept, where are mustered the great array of singers, monastic and secular, who are to render to-day the Church's own especial music, her traditional Plain Song, in the most glorious temple of Christendom.

There is a pause now, while monsignori pass to and fro, canons in violet and spotless lamb's-wool tippets, and chamberlains of honor in their dress of ceremony—black doublet and cloak, sword and cambric ruff. But soon there is a stir at the far end of the great Basilica: the opening chords of the Pope's March, played by the Pope's own trumpeters, break upon the silence, and one sees in the distance the beginning of the long procession. Stately and slow it advances up the wide nave,—prebendaries and canons, prelates and abbots, bishops, archbishops, cardinals,—all in due order.

Immediately preceding the Pontiff walk the members of his Noble Guard, in their rich uniforms, good-looking, well-set-up men all; then the heads of the Orsini and Colonna, princes assistant at the Pontifical Throne. Now we catch sight

of the tall *flabelli*, the ostrich feather fans waving on either side of the Pontiff's chair. A thousand white handkerchiefs are waving too, fluttering in the hands of the faithful as the august procession passes by. It is the only sign of welcome; for the Pope has strictly forbidden the cries of greeting that were wont to salute his predecessors as they entered St. Peter's. And the silence is, in truth, far more impressive than used to be the shouts.

So, borne high on his *sedia gestatoria*, with the folds of his long, embroidered *manto* gathered round him, and wearing the sacred tiara, symbol of his supreme office, Pius X. passes through the serried ranks of his children gathered to-day from many lands, and blesses them as he goes. Serious indeed is his look, but not sad, as some have described it. His thoughts, one may believe, are partly of the multitudes who throng round his feet, but more of the sublime mysteries which he is about to celebrate: Peace, benediction, and perfect recollection,—that is the impression, deep and unforgettable, which the sight of his countenance makes on me as the procession sweeps round to the great transept, and we kneel low to receive his blessing as he passes onward to his throne.

IN the matter of bodily health, there are diseases which can not be cured, wounds which will leave us maimed or lamed to the end of life; constitutional maladies which can be controlled and limited, yet never cured. Why should we be surprised at finding similar maladies in the spiritual life? You do not surely believe in the perfectibility of human nature on this side of the grave. You do not expect that you can reach a state of sinlessness before you die, or that your corrupt nature shall become incorruptible while it is still mortal. In many cases the management of the mischief is our highest attainment. In others the diminution of it is the utmost we can hope.—*Faber*.

The Distinguishing Virtue of Pius X.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL says of Christian simplicity: "It is a virtue most worthy of love, because it leads us straight to the Kingdom of God, and at the same time wins for us the affection of men; since one who is regarded as upright, sincere, and an enemy to tricks and frauds, is loved by all, even by those who from morning till night seek only to cheat and deceive others."

Obviously, the Christian who prides himself on his astuteness rather than his artlessness avails himself of the argument that Our Lord told the Apostles to be not only "simple as doves," but "prudent as serpents"; and of course no sane spiritual writer decries prudence, or minimizes its importance as a Christian virtue. At the same time it is quite possible—nay, extremely easy—to mistake selfish policy and the prudence of the world for the Christian virtue which the God-Man inculcated. It is interesting to read St. Francis of Sales' commentary on the text from which the phrases just quoted have been taken. In conversation with an intimate friend, he once said:

"I do not know what that poor virtue of prudence has done to me, that I find so much difficulty in loving it. And if I love it at all, it is only from necessity, inasmuch as it is the support and guiding light of this life. But the beauty of simplicity completely fascinates me. It is true that the Gospel recommends to us both the simplicity of the dove and the prudence of the serpent, but I would give a hundred serpents for one dove. I know that both are useful when they are united; but I think it should be in the proportion observed in compounding some medicines in which a little poison is mixed with a quantity of wholesome drugs. Let the world, then, be angry,—let the prudence of the world rage, and the flesh perish; for it is always better to be good and simple than to be subtle and malicious."

On another occasion, when St. Francis was told by a friend of his, "You would have been very successful as a politician," he replied: "No: the mere name of prudence and policy frightens me, and I understand little or nothing about it. I do not know how to lie, invent, or dissimulate without embarrassment, and political business is wholly made up of these things. What I have in my heart I have on my tongue; and I hate duplicity like death; for I know how abominable it is to God." Entertaining such sentiments, the saint throughout his whole life sedulously avoided whatever smacked of astuteness, artifice, and craft; and he thus exemplified in striking fashion the truth uttered by a modern philosopher: "Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great."

This dictum irresistibly suggests at the present moment Pius X., who was as greatly simple and as simply great as was the gentle Bishop of Geneva himself, or the equally energetic foe of all artifice and duplicity, Milan's illustrious prelate. And it was this Christian characteristic, patently visible to all mankind throughout his occupancy of the Apostolic See, that, more perhaps than anything else, endeared him not merely to the hundreds of millions of his own spiritual children, but to the whole non-Catholic world as well. The quiet unostentatiousness of his private life, the frankly accepted modest poverty of his brother and his sisters, his discouragement wherever possible of splendor and pomp, his uniform accessibility to the lowly and the humble,—all this taught the world a much-needed lesson,—one which, if it has not profited by, it has at least genuinely admired.

It would be easy to multiply quotations exalting the merit and the beauty of simplicity. They abound in Holy Writ, in the pages of spiritual writers, and even in the works of profane authors. "The simplicity of the just," says Proverbs, "will guide them: and the deceitfulness

of the wicked shall destroy them." "Purity and simplicity," declares Thomas à Kempis, "are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention, purity in the affection. Simplicity turns to God, purity unites with and enjoys Him." Happy, then, is the Christian who can apply to himself, even in some comparatively inconsiderable measure, the language of St. Paul in his Second Epistle to the Corinthians: "For our glory is this: the testimony of our consciences, that in simplicity of heart and sincerity of God, and not in carnal wisdom but in the grace of God, we have conversed in this world."

The "carnal wisdom" here inferentially denounced is naught else than the worldly prudence and policy which frightened St. Francis of Sales, and which St. Vincent de Paul thus distinguishes from the Christian virtue whose guise it so often assumes: "Prudence is of two sorts—human and Christian. Human prudence, which is also called the prudence of the flesh and of the world, is that which has no other aim than what is temporal, thinks only of arriving at its end, and makes use of only such methods and sentiments as are human and uncertain. Christian prudence consists in judging, speaking, and acting in that way in which the Eternal Wisdom, clothed in our flesh, judged, spoke, and acted; and in guiding ourselves in all cases according to the maxims of faith, never according to the fallacious sentiments of the world, or the feeble light of our own intellect."

On the whole, then, it would appear that simplicity—of judgment, manner, word, and work—is a quality that Christians may profitably strive to acquire; and that the prudence by which we too frequently seek to justify our departure from the simplicity of the saints, and the Master of saints, partakes far more than it should of the astuteness and policy and craft and deceit of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Notes and Remarks.

Interest in the war of nations in Europe should not altogether distract our attention from Mexico, which, if reports are to be credited, is likely to experience another crisis in the near future. Things can not long go on as they are. Influential American Catholics would do well to remember that further blunders in dealing with the situation in Mexico can be more easily avoided than remedied. Now is the time to clip the wings of the Revolutionist that has, unfortunately, been put into power. Let us not be deceived by any fair promises that he may make. Unless pressure is brought to bear upon him, he is most likely to continue the course for which he is already so notorious. What further information our Government may require regarding the worthies in Mexico with whom it has been sustaining diplomatic relations, it is hard to see. But those who have it in their power to supply such information should see to it that such information is abundantly supplied.

While fully agreeing with much that is said by Mr. Hartley Withers in his new book, "Poverty and Waste," we question whether such productions are any great help in arousing the public to a sense of social responsibility. Political economists should weigh their words well. Exaggeration, in their case especially, is calculated to repel the class they seek to influence, and to increase the discontent of those whose lot they are trying to ameliorate. Mr. Withers would have luxury eliminated in order to free capital and energy for the production of necessities. He defines "luxury" as "anything we can do without without impairing our health of mind and body." This definition savors of rigorism. The author loses sight of the fact that what is a luxury in the possession of one person may be a necessity for another. One non-Catholic reviewer, we

notice, has reminded him of St. Augustine's dictum: "The needs of different people vary: the rich are not to be required to use the same food as the poor, but may have such food as their infirmity has made necessary for them; while at the same time they ought to lament the fact that they require this indulgence." A temperate and not less truthful and wise saying.

The wondrous and blessed change in the attitude of our fellow-citizens toward the Church since the election of Pius IX. in 1846 is strikingly illustrated by the tributes which leading newspapers all over the country have paid to Pius X. They have the glow of eulogies, and show how deeply his personality impressed all right-minded men. Notable among these tributes was that of the *Chicago Tribune*, which we quote almost entire:

Earth's most powerful absolute ruler died yesterday. And his rule was over the spirit of men. Sheerly by divine right, he held sway over more than 200,000,000 of the civilized inhabitants of the globe. His authority was exercised unrestricted by any constitution, and with no parliamentary mediation. He combined in himself legislative, executive, and judicial functions, and from his decision there was no appeal. In the minds of all who accepted his sovereignty, there is in all the universe, in all eternity, no place where his "writ runneth not." His vast power was all the greater because it rested not on jails and guns, but on the voluntary submission of each of his subjects. His armies of black-clad men and women were all the better disciplined from the fact that they were volunteers. Yet the man who wielded all this power was a democrat in theory and in practice; and his elevation from the poor peasant priest to "Pontifex Maximus" proved that a man might achieve all honors and titles and power and still remain a democrat.

"Pope Pius X., Bishop of Rome, the Vicar of Christ on earth," never ceased to be "Beppo" to his sisters, the simple, homely, farmer-women, who dreaded their bi-weekly visits to the Vatican because the liveried servants embarrassed them too much. Nor did his greatness alienate him from other relatives—the peasants, the washwomen, the village mail-carrier, the street-vender of penny cakes. No

artificial equalization of position by the bestowal of titles, honors, and money upon his poor relatives—such devices as kings are wont to use to make lowly favorites fit companions for themselves—was resorted to. They were all equal before God. That was enough for the simple old man who gave away most of his revenue of \$1,500,000 a year, and lived on \$3 a day in his vast palace....

Writers of church history may dispute whether he was a great Pope. But Giuseppe Sarto, who bought a return ticket when he went from Venice to the last Conclave, was not a man to care much for the verdict on such questions. The verdict for which he incessantly urged his millions of followers to strive, the verdict which he prized above all glory or worldly success, the verdict which is his without reservation, is: he was a good man.

* * *

A thoroughly appreciative notice of the dead Pope in another secular journal was entitled "The Vacant Throne of Peace." "His wonderful experience from peasant boy daily trudging miles to and from school, through the grades of the priesthood, to the supreme position he reached," says the New York *Sun* in an editorial on "The 'Poor Pope,'" "left him unspoiled in modesty, a stranger to avarice, and in his relations to his sacred charge a true custodian and faithful trustee.... Will not this splendid example of the cardinal virtues, so naturally displayed, influence men's minds long after the political and polemical questions that arose in his time have faded from all except historical memory?"

In combating Socialism it is well to remember that Socialists themselves are not agreed as to what their systems or doctrines are. Nor should it be forgotten that there are Socialists and Socialists. Certain features of Socialism, however, pointed out by Mgr. Parkinson in an address at the Cardiff Congress, are unmistakable: "1. Socialism claims to be either independent of religion, or else its own religion. 2. It looks for the gradual expropriation of practically all the privately owned means of production, with or without compensation. 3. Col-

lectivism means the regulation of the entire social fabric by parliamentary action. 4. Syndicalism means the control of industry and of the entire social body by the industrial workers. 5. Guild Socialism declares the immorality of wages, as such. 6. Agrarian Socialism stands for the abolition of rent, and for compulsory expropriation of landowners by taxation, sale or otherwise."

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It was a gracious as well as a thoroughly timely and pertinent thing for Bishop Burton, of Clifton, to remind his fellow English Catholics, at the Cardiff Congress, of a debt which some of them have of late months apparently been forgetting. "The Catholic Emancipation Act," said the Bishop, "was obtained thanks chiefly to the ability, the tact, the energy, and the eloquence of the great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. We must never forget this truth—that the liberty and freedom of action which we now enjoy in this country was not due so much to the struggles of our own ancestors as to the help given to us from across the water by our brothers in the Faith—the Irish Catholics. It was the Irish Catholics who finally won the battle for us."

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A really remarkable discourse is presented in a recent number of the New Jersey *Monitor*, in which a Congregational minister, the Rev. John Faville, sets forth his tribute to the Church,—not, as the Catholic editor points out, that it is a matter of moment to the Church; still, for the vast number of outsiders these words of an outsider will carry weight. One point from Brother Faville's address will exhibit him at his best:

The Catholic Church stands for womanhood, for motherhood. The exaltation of Mary,—do we realize what that has meant in these centuries? Put aside, if you choose, some ideas about Mary on which there is not agreement, just as you may some ideas about Christ. Here is the splendid fact: Mary exalted in centuries when woman was degraded; Mary the Mother deified (?) in ages when lust and

debauchery have been sanctified (?); the Madonna and Child; the singing of *Magnificat*, that eternal Christian song of motherhood through the centuries,—why have we not seen better the worth of that to all Christianity?

The Rev. Mr. Faville would not sacrifice strength as an apologist if he sacrificed rhetoric a little; but, on the whole, his point of view is sane, his thinking clear, and his expression admirable. Of course the two words we query are not the ones he intended to use.

It will be a long time, we fear, before Windthorst's great idea of a Catholic international congress can be carried out,—not until the peace of Europe has been restored and the wounds of so many nations have been healed. But the idea should not be forgotten. It was expressed in a letter to the Second Congress of German American Catholics held at Cincinnati in 1888. "Assemblies of this sort," wrote the great tribune, "ought to be organized in every country where there are Catholics. When this has been achieved, delegates of the gatherings of the different countries ought periodically to gather together in a universal or international Catholic Congress in close accord with, and under the patronage of, the hierarchy of the Church. Such an international gathering of Catholics would seem to be urgent, in view of the present situation of the Church and the oppressed state of the Holy See."

The July issue of the *Fortnightly Review* contained a paper on "Oxford Liberalism and Dogma," and another on "Plain Talks about Christian Missions." Both are criticised in the August number by an "Anglican Catholic," who says among other things:

Contempt is poured on the good Catholic who discusses "neither the sense nor the logical import of what he believes." Yet this is precisely the attitude of mind which reason leads the orthodox to adopt toward the great vital doctrines, such as the Trinity and the Virgin Birth. Reason is convinced that God is so

immeasurably removed from man that it is in the nature of things that we can not grasp His fiat. . . .

We hear much nowadays of the historical method. Now, if there be one fact more than another strengthened by historical research it is the foundation of the Church. Yet of this early Church and its history and philosophy men are singularly ignorant, and their ignorance in this matter leads them into grievous error. Concerning this, we must ponder with regret over the breach which took place at the time of the Reformation.

The critic concludes by querying: "Are we Protestants losing the Faith?" We do not wish to be ungenerous, but it is proper to say that "the Faith" can scarcely be lost by those who have it not in their possession. The increasing number of English men and women who are entering the Church are, however, *finding* the Faith.

The death of the Superior-General of the Society of Jesus, the "Black Pope," as the Romans call him, almost simultaneously with that of the Holy Father, the "White Pope," whose last ministration was the Apostolic Benediction which he sent to the dying Jesuit, is one of those picturesque coincidences in which historians delight. They will have little to record, however, of Father Wernz. He was an authority on canon law, and while professor in the Gregorian University in Rome, of which he afterward became rector, wrote a number of books on the subject. The Christian and religious virtues and mental gifts for which he was distinguished, and on account of which he was elevated to the headship of his world-wide Order, are best known to its members. A hidden life was that of the "Black Pope," as all the world knows. How it was lived, the world cares little. Even less did Father Wernz care for the opinion of the world.

In an address delivered at the recent convention, at Mansfield, of the chiefs of police of Ohio, Mr. Jacob Mürtz, of

Cleveland, who was elected president, stated that, in a personal experience in detective work covering a period of over thirty years, he had never yet been called upon to "sweat out" a member of the Knights of Columbus. This goes to show the importance of such organizations for our youth. They are not only a factor in the building up of character: they constitute a prop for young men who have been deprived of proper home training or are easily led astray. Mutual encouragement and protection, as well as mutual benefit, is the inestimable advantage of fraternal societies. Opposition to the Knights of Columbus on the part of Catholics has always been incomprehensible to us.

Not all the absurdities of anti-Catholic contemporary journalism are found in the malodorous sheets published in different parts of this country. The official records of the census in Ireland furnish some statements as ridiculous as any that emanate from cis-Atlantic bigots. In calculating the percentage of illiteracy for Ireland, all children under five years of age are recorded as illiterate. Of ninety-one thousand children over five years and under six, fifty-nine thousand were registered in a recent census in the same category. Gravely to state that babes in arms and tiny toddlers of two and three years bear the stigma of illiteracy, and this for the purpose, apparently, of maligning Irish educational standing—could anything well be more grotesque?

In rather notable as well as gratifying contrast to the apparent belief and lamentable practice of some Catholic parents in the matter of religious education, the organ of the Methodists, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, thus plainly and fully endorses the traditional Catholic opinion:

The theory which is now finding acceptance with educationists of all beliefs and even of no

belief has been the theory of the Church from the beginning.... It is because the Church has recognized the supremacy of the religious nature of man that Church schools have been founded; it is because good men and women have been convinced of the soundness of the Church's contention that they have given money to carry forward the Church's educational program.

Let us add that it is because some Catholic parents are less heedful of their responsibility for the religious training of their children than they should be that the faith and morals of too many Catholic boys and girls are being endangered in sectarian (or near-sectarian) colleges and universities.

It is announced that the Oxford University press will soon publish a volume consisting of studies by representative missionaries working among Moslems, which convey their answers to questions put to them with the object of eliciting first-hand information from their own experience. Of all missionaries among the Moslems, the Capuchins have been the most successful, as they are, needless to add, the most beloved. If the information they could very easily furnish were included in "The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam," its value and interest would be vastly increased; in fact, there will be comparatively little of either without it.

Coming from a Catholic, there would be nothing either notable or original in the following statement made by Mr. G. E. Woodberry in a recent issue of *Scribner's Magazine*; as the declaration of a non-Catholic, however, it is worth reproducing. The increasing frequency of such statements—not a week passes without them!—is a sign of the times:

Protestantism is the best example in human affairs of the actual working of anarchy; and in proportion as its sects recede from the authority and organization of the Catholic Church, it presents in an increasing degree, in its individuality of private judgment and freedom of religious impulse, the anarchist ideal of personal life.



Our Lady's Birthday.

BY F. G. M.

AS there not joy in heaven
The day of Mary's birth?
I'm sure that all the angels
Looked lovingly on earth.

For after days of darkness
And nights of weary gloom,
They saw at length in beauty
The Rose of Sharon bloom.

They saw the Lily of Israel
Stand tall and white and pure,
And knew that in her virtue
Was our redemption sure.

So, sing we with the blessed
A hymn in Mary's praise;
And, like her, may we follow
Her Son in all our ways!

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XIV.

L OLO was on her way to play at a great fashionable party,—to make her first appearance as a wonder-child. Her heart beat. She sat in the corner of the shady carriage; her dark blue cloak was round her; her face peeped out of the hood with dread at "fahzer" seated opposite. "Muzzer," wearing high feathers and much scented, was beside her. The violin case was on their knees. The child looked flushed and excited; there were dark shadows under her eyes. No one knew that she had been awake all night.

The "taxi" sped along. The afternoon streets were crowded, but never once did the hood with the fluffy white edges turn

toward the carriage window. Lolo saw nothing but the dreaded man opposite. Even the fruit shop at the corner did not get one glance, loaded as it was with heaps of country lilac and pyramids of oranges. The roll of the car was full of the music she was to play. Her pulses throbbed with it. Last night, when she laid her head on the pillow, the Hungarian melodies were dancing away all the time. Fragments came over and over, till they were almost a real sound. Then the Reverie worried her, and would not let her rest; and when she got rid of it, Paganini's notes were whirling about in the dark. It was a weary night. No sleep at all! The music had taken possession of her, and sang through her mind, never letting her alone.

"Fahzer" was excited, but in a different way. His eyes blazed; his hand shook when he opened the carriage door for the "prodigy." Every time Lolo had seen him that day he had been drinking another glass of fizzing wine from a bottle with a silver neck. "Muzzer" spoke in quick whispers, and never kept still. She pushed Lolo's hair about under the front of the hood, buttoned the small white kid gloves, with some pinching of the little wrists, and then made the child's little heart give a great jump by saying:

"Here we are! This is the house, with the awning over the steps. Now, mind you play out, and don't be silly!"

Then they were going along a broad pathway of red carpet, and up a few steps into a large hall, which appeared to be full of flowers and alive with footmen in livery. For a moment the floor seemed unsteady, the walls faded, voices were strange and far off. Then the giddiness had passed. This was not a dream: it was real. Her little white-shod feet were going up the softly carpeted staircase.

What a beautiful staircase that was! The banisters had changed into a rampart of bloom. Flowers were everywhere,—flowers all the way up! The landings were like gardens of roses under green palm trees. Lolo delighted in playing music; it was her one great pleasure. And yet she looked uneasily about this immense house, full of a grandeur so new to her; and, somehow, she wished the concert was all over, and that she was coming down the flowery staircase again.

The guardian, Pedro de Selvas, Madame with the great feathered hat, and the child artiste were led to a back room where many other people were waiting, seated on comfortable sofas and easy chairs. Ladies held rolls of music; some turned round to the mirrors and gave a last touch to their hats. China and cakes, bottles and glasses, were on a table at one side; and a man with a white cloth in his hand was going about drawing corks, while a trim maid was asking people whether they would like tea or coffee.

Lolo thought she would not in the least mind playing, if this was the party. Ladies gathered about her; and one, with a yellow silk dress and a white-plumed hat quite at the side, said Lolo looked "adorable," and kissed her, nearly smothering the poor child in face powder and perfume. Then "muzzer" took off the hooded cloak, and pushed the child's dark curls about again, and answered many questions as to how old she was, and called her "my own" and "my pet," which she never did at home.

"Fahzer," who wore a white waistcoat and looked proud, said that his daughter had played from the age of two years, and had swept up all the medals of the German Conservatorium like so many sweets, and that she was pronounced already to possess the gifts of Paganini, Sarasate, and half a dozen other great names, rolled into one. This was all news to Lolo.

"Keep your lips shut, and don't stare!" whispered "muzzer." But Lolo did not know she had played since she was two

years old; neither did any one else. As for medals, she had never had any except the one she lost in Germany. Of these wonderful successes and gifts she herself had not heard until now. It was very hard not to open one's mouth as well as one's eyes.

"Unpack your violin," said "muzzer," afraid the child might put in a word of her own if she listened any longer.

After that they all had something to eat and drink. Whenever the door opened, Lolo began to hear, with a beating heart, a sound of many voices somewhere else. It dawned upon her that this was not the party; and, somehow, the cake became dry, and she could not swallow more than the first bite. People were asked to be so kind as not to speak to her till after her performance. The only one that was allowed to approach her now was the young man who was to play the piano. He was to accompany. A very pleasant young fellow he was, with fair hair all standing up, and quick round eyes almost starting out of his head. Where was the music she was to play?

"And you are going to play that?" he said. "Brava, little girl, — *bravissima!* How old are you? Seven? Eight?"

Lolo, small and sturdy, with those calm baby eyes, did indeed look younger than her age.

"Ten!" he said. "Oh, that is very grown-up! You and I must take care when they begin to clap. You will bring down the house."

Then he was off to talk to some one else. The accompanist was going to be very busy.

"Why don't they put up props?" Lolo asked, and looked round anxiously. People laughed; and her question was repeated in every corner of the room, as if it were a joke.

"She is only a baby," they said. "Ten! Why, I should not have thought she was more than eight."

And the lady in yellow silk told her she need not be uneasy: those walls were

quite strong. 'Bringing down the house' meant getting great applause.

"If they keep on clapping for you," she said, "you will have to go out on the platform again, and bow nicely. They may call you back more than once. If they throw bouquets of flowers, you are to pick them up and smile prettily and carry them away. I expect she will be loaded, won't she?"

The singer addressed thought so, too. Had she brought an *encore*? Yes: only the piano music of two more things—a slumber song and a serenade; she played everything by heart. "Fahzer" said it should be something short for an *encore*, and she was not to give it till they asked three times.

"Oh, I see, my little lady! There is not much to teach *you*," said the singer in yellow. "You are not going to give them extras too easily."

And they were making merry over Lolo's dignity as a professional, when the white waistcoat was seen pushing through the crowd, and the guardian again begged of the lady in yellow not to speak to Dolores till after her performance.

Then there was silence for the waiting "prodigy." A stout gentleman with long hair was in ambush behind the door, ready to rush up at any moment and begin the concert valiantly.

"Vy do vee not blay?" he said. He seemed to be quite impatient to get at the piano.

"The royalties have not come yet."

"Ah, I zee! Goot!"

A lady peeped down the flower-decked stairs, and drew her head in again, closing the door softly, and nodding to the people in the room.

"They are coming up the stairs now," she said. "The princess? Yes, I just saw her. Oh, I wish I had not caught this cold! Is the piano high, Mr. Buxter? No? That is a good thing. If it was, I could never jump straight up to my last note."

The stout professor with the long hair had already gone, and in a few moments

they heard him making a terrific storm of music in the distance. There was not much beginning, middle, or end to it: he seemed to be doing his best to knock the grand piano to pieces, and getting on fairly well.

"Sort of scattering it round the room, isn't he?" said Mr. Buxter, who was going to play the accompaniments. "It is not right to do that to us, is it?" (He was looking at Lolo.) "He gets at that piano first, and even if I can slap it up together again—there! He has knocked the breath out of it for the rest of the afternoon!"

A far-off noise of applause was now going on, and a man servant with a list in his hand appeared at the door.

"The next is Mr. Lolo de Selvas. Where is Mr. Lolo de Selvas?"

"That's me!" said the small girl, timidly, standing up.

The man wore a scarlet waistcoat. The sight of it brought to her a flash of memory,—a glimpse of another life, where there were fields and trees—and tents. But he had gold braid on his collar and cuffs, and his hair seemed to be plastered thickly with flour. It was only the waistcoat that seemed to belong to some sweet "long ago."

"Then come, please, Miss!" said the man. "Yes, I see it is not 'Mr.' on the paper. I thought you were a gentleman. Shall I carry your music upstairs?"

"Your gloves, — take them off!" cried "muzzer," in a whisper that was almost a shriek. "Leave them here, child!"

"Your fiddle!" bellowed "fahzer," jumping with excitement. "Under your arm — so! Don't forget to carry your bow! No: the other hand!" His shout sank to advice low at her ear: "Look at your audience straight, and smile; then don't look at them any more. Listen to yourself, and play well, or—or I'll kill you!"

Lolo had been bewildered enough. The last words terrified her. She followed the servant-man with desperate resolu-

tion, stiff with fright. Up two or three steps they went, and into a lofty room, where, with a helpful lift from the man's hand, she found herself at once mounting to a platform, covered with red, and bordered with flowers and ferns. On this platform there was a grand piano at one side—quite whole and sound,—silent and ready with gleaming white keys and lifted cover.

A crowd of people, all richly dressed, all gay, all talking, spread like a living sea before the little violinist. The opposite side of this room seemed to be open, showing a still greater room beyond, thronged like this one, and with a row of windows from floor to ceiling, curtained and shaded.

As the child smiled and bowed, a sudden silence fell, except for a little rustling and whispering. Then a kind gentleman in one of the front seats clapped his big hands together, and the whole room took up the clapping, and gave a tremendous welcome. It was no wonder; for what they saw was a dark-haired little girl in white, looking no more than eight or nine, with a round face, and great, solemn eyes. In her hands were a violin and a bow, with which mysterious things—the marvel of all music!—this little creature was going to play for a thronged audience of hundreds of people.

The young man with the starting eyes was at the piano,—the same who had said she would bring down the house. He had given her one central note, and she was gently tuning with exquisite care. Her cheeks were burning. She had caught a glimpse of crowds of strangers, standing to see her better. Ladies were whispering audibly about her age: how old was she, or rather how young? One said, "Italian"; another, "Spanish"; a third, "What a little gypsy she looks!" This was all very confusing. In fact, it was hard to listen to the tuning. But at last, softly and surely, it was done.

The child turned and stood facing her audience. Her fiddle was up to her

shoulder. There was a moment of weakness and giddiness; everything became unreal; the people were a shining haze. Now or never! She lifted a round brown arm, and came down upon her strings in a mighty chord.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the encouraging gentleman who had started the clapping a while ago. He had been taken by surprise. No one expected this little sweet-faced, curly-haired child to start off with the firmness and strength of an artist. The hint of praise was life to Lolo. The people would like her music. This was what she had grown up from babyhood for,—her one ambition. This was what she had striven for, through uncounted hours, through patient years. Now or never!

And so Lolo began to play. All the wildness of her gypsy blood was in the music; all the warmth of sunny Spain. She swung, she rocked; her whole soul danced, and the fiddle was alive. It had a human voice; it laughed about on the high notes, and it swept down to the lowest with gorgeous depths of tone. There was not a whisper in the room now. Everyone was breathless, amazed. The climax of the piece was a swift flight of running notes; and it was there—alas!—that something happened. Suddenly she stopped.

If the player had been older and wiser, she would have patched up her mistake by some clever turn; she would have made her own *cadenza*, as the great violinists do. But she was only ten, and after the first brilliant notes she forgot what came next. She tried again, and forgot again; and now she was too nervous to do anything. Her mind was a blank. The audience began to applaud, and whispers of "Hush—hush!" went over the room. Every moment they thought she would continue playing.

Lolo was in agony. This was something she had never expected. She could not go on, and there were hundreds waiting; to the child their numbers seemed more like thousands.

A low voice from the piano said:

"Begin the last part again. Don't think!"

Lolo's eyes were brimming over. Her mouth was ready to go down at the corners.

"I can't!" she answered out loud.

"Miss Lolo de Selvas will now play the Reverie composed by herself," said the pianist, kindly. He wanted to change the defeat into glory.

"No, I won't!" said Lolo to him, in a very loud whisper. "*I'm going!*"

(To be continued.)

The Wise King.

There once lived, in the far East, a monarch who had a great love for learning. His court was crowded, not with gay seekers of pleasure, but with learned men, whose sole business it was to collect for him the wisdom of the world. Philosophers brought there their theories; astronomers lived in the tower rooms of the palace and studied the movements of the stars; alchemists were provided with laboratories wherein to make experiments; while scribes were busy day by day recording the result of all this labor. The library was so large that it required fifty Brahmins just to keep the scrolls in order.

When the monarch died, it was found that he had left behind him a thousand camel loads of documents. The new king was quite as fond of wisdom as his father, but had a very different way of estimating it. It did not seem wise to him to expend so much labor in writing and caring for a lot of dusty old parchments; so he ordered the wise men to take those his father had left and condense the wisdom in them as much as possible. They worked for twenty years, and at the end of that time sought their master, who was beginning to have silver in his hair, and told him that their work was done: that they had condensed all

the learning in the scrolls until it could be written in books that thirty camels could easily carry. The new king had not learned patience in those twenty years, and he flew into a rage.

"Go to work again! Do you think I can read thirty camel loads of books before I die?" he asked.

The Brahmins set to work anew and wrought steadily for ten years more; then again went to their king.

"Your Majesty," they said, "we have packed the thoughts very closely and discarded many. All the wisdom we have kept, and the scrolls can now be loaded upon a single camel."

The king, now quite gray, and much perplexed with the trials and duties of his position, answered, more calmly than before:

"Try again. Bring me the wisdom of the whole world written so that I may read it at a glance."

The Brahmins retired and set to thinking; then they threw away their inkhorns and presented themselves at the throne room once more.

"Your Majesty," remarked the oldest Brahmin, "the wisdom of all ages is comprehended in the fact that man really knows next to nothing. Kindly lend me your fan for a moment."

The king handed him the fan, and on it he wrote the word "Perhaps."

When the monarch died, very gray and full of years, men called him "the wise king." He had learned the wisdom in the word "Perhaps."

A Favorite Prayer of Columbus.

The Latin couplet which follows was a favorite prayer of the Discoverer of the New World:

Jesus cum Maria,
Sit nobis in via.

The lines may be translated thus:

Jesus and Mary, we pray
Be with us on our way.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The lectures and papers read during the Eucharistic Congress at Lourdes are soon to be issued in book form.

—To meet the increasing demand for "San Celestino," John Ayscough's best book, Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. have issued a new and cheaper edition, with an Introduction and notes by the author.

—Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. are the American publishers of "A Garden of Girls," by Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A., already noticed in these pages. As we have said, it is a volume to instruct and to delight.

—The publishers of Mr. Bird S. Coler's timely book, "Two and Two Make Four," have issued a less expensive edition in paper-board covers. It is gratifying to hear of an increasing demand for this really valuable work.

—"The New Testament Booklets" is the title of another new series issued by Messrs. Burns & Oates. The first numbers are: "The Sermon on the Mount," "The Parables of Our Lord," and "The Miracles of Our Lord,"—consisting in each case of the words of the New Testament in the Rheims Version, revised by Bishop Challoner. The booklets are tastefully printed, and attractively bound in vellum.

—"The Holy Eucharist in Art," by Dom Corbinian Wirz, O. S. B., briefly noticed in a recent number of THE AVE MARIA, is for sale in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. It is a survey of what art has produced in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The illustrations, which number almost one hundred, were carefully chosen, and are creditably produced. Mr. T. J. Kennedy is to be congratulated on the excellence of his translation. A handsome book, for which, we hope, there will be a very general demand.

—A great labor is well done in Fr. Rickaby's "Index to the Works of John Henry Cardinal Newman." (Longmans, Green & Co.) Tried by the tests which the compiler himself suggests—namely, "Did Newman say this?" "Did he ever unsay it? And if so, where?" "Are there any notable sayings of his not brought into due prominence?"—this index has proved itself a signal success. Meant to be "a guide to Newman's thought," rather than a mere concordance, it exhibits faithfully that thought's development through the course of Newman's

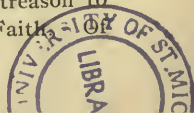
work. Consequently, this index—it is a handy volume of only one hundred and fifty-six pages—is invaluable to the student of Newman. We congratulate Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., B. Sc. (Oxon.), upon the excellence of this really monumental work.

—"Through an Anglican Sisterhood to Rome," by A. H. Bennett (Longmans, Green & Co.), is a delightfully interesting account of a life such as, of late decades, has been lived by far more ladies than the world ever hears of. As a graphic picture of concrete Anglicanism (which is so often Catholicism in the making), it will appeal to many readers. Eight good illustrations enhance the book's interest.

—A penny pamphlet which evinces the intelligent and vigorous interest that Scottish Catholics have in the school question is entitled "The Educational Grievance of Scottish Catholics." It is made up chiefly of an address delivered by the Hon. Lord Skerrington at the annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Great Britain, but contains also four appendices dealing with matters of cognate interest.

—We regret not to be able to give unqualified approval to "American Literature," by William J. Long. (Ginn & Co.) Mr. Long has something of a genius for text-book making, and to our knowledge his books are studied with excellent results. We do not think he is consciously unfair in his omissions of such men as Brownson, Charles Warren Stoddard, and John Boyle O'Reilly; nor consciously partial in certain inclusions. Nevertheless, the work is apt to give one-sided impressions, and leaves too much for the teacher to do or undo. Mr. Long's presentation of American history is terse and vigorous, and he is always interesting and able. All this but increases our regret.

—Nos. 4, 8, 10, and 11 of the Catholic Library are respectively: "Allen's Defence of English Catholics, 1584," Vol. II.; "The Triumphs over Death," by the Ven. Robert Southwell, S. J., edited from the manuscripts by John William Trotman; "The Religious Poems of Richard Crashaw," with an introductory study by R. A. Eric Shepherd; and "S. Bernardino, the People's Preacher," by Maisie Ward. The second volume of Allen's work carries forward and concludes his argument that the English Catholics are not guilty of treason to the Crown in maintaining their Faith.



the hundred and thirty-six pages which compose "The Triumphs over Death," almost exactly half, in the shape of two appendices, are from the hand of the modern editor. This is an evident disproportion, scholarly and interesting as his notes are, especially his surmises regarding the personality of John Trussell. The text itself by the martyred Jesuit is a clean-cut and powerful expression of religious truth as resting on the essentials and ignoring the trifles of fleeting time. It is gratifying to have a convenient collection of the religious poems of Crashaw. They assuredly form part of the treasure of the English tongue. In Mr. Shepherd they have an ardent panegyrist, as he terms himself,—one who does not hesitate to enter the lists, in behalf of his idol, against so formidable a lance as Francis Thompson. "S. Bernardino" tells, in nine swiftly-moving chapters, the interesting events which made the life of Italy's great popular preacher, and shaped the destiny of so many other souls. The tenth and concluding chapter is made up of extracts from the saint's sermons. The price of each volume in the Catholic Library is thirty cents.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Index to the Works of Newman." Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.75.
- "The Holy Eucharist in Art." Dom Corbinian Wirz, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "A Garden of Girls." Mrs. Thomas Conannon, M. A. \$1, net.
- "Through an Anglican Sisterhood to Rome." A. H. Bennett. \$1.35.
- "Lourdes." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 30 cts.
- "The Question of Miracles." Rev. G. H. Joyce, S. J. 30 cts.
- "The First Irish Pilgrimage to Lourdes." 1s.
- "A Challenge to the Time-Spirit." Rev. T. J. Gerrard. \$1.25.
- "Essays." Alice Meynell. \$1.50.
- "The Teachers' Story Teller's Book." Alice O'Grady, Frances Throop. \$1.

- "The Black Cardinal." John Talbot Smith. \$1.25.
- "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." Alfred Perceval Graves, M. A. \$1.75.
- "The Church and Labor." Rev. L. McKenna, S. J. 40 cts.
- "The Sweet Miracle." Eça de Queiroz. 30 cts.
- "Lourdes." Johannes Jörgensen. 90 cts.
- "Ideals and Realities." Edith Pearson. 2s. 6d.
- "The New Man." Philip Gibbs. \$1.
- "The Shadow of Peter." Herbert E. Hall, M. A. 70 cts.
- "Sons of the Sea Kings." Alice and W. H. Milligan. \$1.50.
- "The Waters of Twilight." Fr. C. C. Martin-dale, S. J. \$1.20.
- "A Rosary of Song." Brian O'Higgins. 2s. 6d.
- "Parish Life Under Queen Elizabeth." W. P. M. Kennedy, M. A. 35 cts.
- "Footprints of the Ancient Scottish Church." Dom Michael Barrett, O. S. B. \$1.80.
- "Cedar Chips." Canon Sheehan. \$1.50.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Bernard Kloecker, of the diocese of Erie; Rev. Roman Scholter, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Adam Tonner, diocese of Pittsburgh; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Matthew Taylor and Rev. Michael Feely, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Andrew Coyle, diocese of Buffalo; and Rev. Francis Girolt, diocese of Indianapolis.

Sister M. Innocentia, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; and Sister Hyacinthe, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. George Ganss, Mr. Walter Harris, Mrs. Margaret Hayes, Mr. John Burns, Mr. Edward Gunn, Mr. Henry Martin, Mrs. Mary H. Keiley, Mrs. Samuel Franklin, Mr. F. H. Soller, Mr. Albert Monch, Mr. James O'Brien, Mrs. Catherine Clarke, Mr. Walter Watson, Mr. Denis Halloran, Miss Carrie McNamara, Mr. John Bruch, Mr. Alfred Frettig, Mr. Morty O'Donnell, Mr. Andrew Leibing, and Dr. Leonard Spalding.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions:

Friends (Utah), \$2; H. K., \$2; E. L. Bauer, \$10; T. J. D., \$5.

For two poor missionaries:

Friend, \$7.80.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 11

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The Shrine.

BY STARK YOUNG.

AH, little Tuscan town upon the hill,
My heart is sped away unto you there;
And all the white doves of my thought are flown
To you across the starry, silent air!
And Thou, sweet Infant, 'neath Thy Mother's
eye,
I see Thee through the trees within Thy shrine;
And in my shadowy room the moonlight falls,—
Smile, Holy Infant; for Thy peace is mine!

Some Thoughts on Catastrophes.

BY FR. H. REGINALD BUCKLER, O. P.

WITHIN the last ten years, five especially awful catastrophes have befallen the world: the earthquake at San Francisco, the earthquake at Messina, the eruption of Mt. Pelée in Martinique, the sinking of the *Titanic* in mid-ocean, and the sinking of the *Empress of Ireland* in the St. Lawrence River. From time to time in the history of the world, from the days of the Flood, of Sodom, and of the Egyptian plagues, dire calamities have fallen upon peoples and nations in various forms, and continue to do so. War, pestilence, famine, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, shipwrecks, desolating fires, explosions, collapse of buildings, railroad accidents, and other calamities, are found to be more or less constantly afflicting

humanity. But for vastness, suddenness, fearfulness, and death in the midst of life, there seem to be but few parallels in all history (among them, indeed, being the "Black Death" of the fourteenth century) equal in natural horror to the five disasters just named. The Siege of Jerusalem under Titus was of a different order, and far more frightful, lengthy, decimating, and dreadful in its details than anything the world has ever seen, or probably will see until the Day of Judgment; more especially as this was a case, not of the Lord of life and death dealing with His creatures, but of humanity afflicting humanity.

It would be a thousand pities for any one to suppose himself capable of forming a full view, much less a fair judgment, of events which are beyond the management and jurisdiction of human power. Twenty different principles in all their relations to God and mankind must be summoned before we begin our considerations; and all based upon confidence in God and diffidence in ourselves. The misery of many so-called thinkers nowadays is their overweening conceit in considering themselves competent to judge of divine things by their own puny standards. They see but a little on the surface of things, while infinitely more is utterly hidden from them. They belong to the human order: how can they understand and judge the divine order of things? "We are acquainted with but a very small part of the natural and moral system of the universe. There are innumerable things in the dispensations of Providence past,

in the invisible government of the world present, and in what is to come, of which we are wholly ignorant."*

We are so little! We can have but half and quarter views of things, which show but a small part of an object, and that indistinctly. Thus "weak minds are deceived by themselves and others. And even the serious and considerate can not disentangle and see through the perplexities in which subjects are involved, and which are heightened by the deficiencies and abuse of words. We plainly forget the very condition of our being. . . . Partial views give the appearance of wrong to things which, upon further consideration and knowledge of their relation to other things, are found just and good. Thus it is perfectly credible that things objected against the wisdom and goodness of God may be rendered instances of wisdom and goodness by their reference to other things beyond our view, as entering into a divine scheme beyond our comprehension, and carried on for wise purposes by general laws. But what objectors ask for is, to have all difficulties cleared. It is like asking to comprehend the divine nature, and the whole plan of Providence, from everlasting to everlasting."†

What could a microbe say to a fly? Or what could a fly say to an eagle? Who, then, is man to speak to God, — to judge, criticise, advise Him?

Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,—

Then drop into thyself and be a fool.

"Man, in proportion to this earth, is a tiny dot. And the earth itself in proportion to the universe is an invisible speck. We try to measure the world with a two-foot rule. We can no more scan the workings or understand the plans of the Infinite Worker than can microbes or flies understand the works of rational men. And when men think themselves learned, the fringe of knowledge has just been plucked at."‡ It is like looking for the sun's workings with a rushlight!

It is only reasonable to furnish our

minds with principles of this sort, if so be we are tempted to question the mysterious details that are indeed ever surrounding us in the workings of divine power, and which from time to time descend with awful stroke, as though to awaken to some sense of divine fear men who will not, or do not, serve their God by love. Of course our little minds proceed in their own little ways. *Operatio sequitur esse*. Because nature quakes, and waters rush in, and a thousand human beings are suddenly in the throes of suffering and death, a cry goes up: 'Why is this?' Can nature reply? How could it or can it? Let men look to themselves first. What about the Siege of Jerusalem under Titus, the most awful of events in the world's history? "The multitude of those that perished," says the Jewish historian, "exceeded all the destructions that either men or God ever brought upon the world." All this was man's own will and working. Let him see to himself before he looks to God. God is ever merciful and forgiving, and He strikes in order that He may heal. Man can not be culprit, witness, jury, and judge all together. But we must learn from grace and revelation by means of right reason and faith.

In considerations of this sort we have always to contend more or less with that power of singular activity called imagination. It is well described as a "forward and delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere." It makes a good servant when properly managed, but it is a bad master. Reason, enlightened by faith and governed by grace, is our master. We can not, therefore, either be run away with by imagination or think independently about the mysteries of nature and grace. In the light of faith and the strength of grace, with confidence in God and diffidence in self, we have to walk along the path of life, come what may. Looking calmly at the order of the world, we see that the scheme of the Divine Master and Ruler is carried on for wise

* Butler's Anal. † Id., p. 2-8, et seq. ‡ R. Conder.

purposes by general laws. In conjunction with this, we know that the Creator has made man master of his acts by reason and will; and in a certain sense, too, He has made him master of the world. "Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor; Thou hast placed him over the works of Thy hands."

Let us remember that God is the *universalis Provisor*. He oversees Nature's needs under ground as well as above it. There are the laws of gravitation and attraction; they must not be interfered with. Man has wonderful powers of invention and construction, and God leaves him master of his acts. Add to this that all along the line here below man's condition, in all he undertakes, is one of probation and trial for the better life hereafter; and suffering must come in during life upon earth. How could it be otherwise with flesh and blood? If a man falls, he hurts himself and dies. If he bends over the ship too far, he falls into the sea: the law of gravitation is there. He struggles and dies in the ocean waves. God governs by general laws. Were He to be constantly coming in with interpositions, how would men be masters of their acts and of the world? They would not know where they were, or what was going to happen next.

The generality of men do not think thus; they do not advert to such things. All the worse for their lack of self-training. So they scream and cry to no purpose. Then comes in the solemn question: 'Are they loving and serving their Creator?' If not, they must be taught. They ought to think more of the God who made them. But they seek their own pleasure instead. "All we like sheep have gone astray. Everyone hath turned aside into his own way." Years go by, and they are still pleasure-seekers,—yes, and live "without God in this world." More awful to say, they "drink down iniquity like water." And others learn from them, and all their bad customs together corrupt the world. Will they ever turn to the loving God

who made them for Himself? Now and then a word of advice falls upon them, or maybe they are sometimes moved by an impressive sermon. But their souls are as the hard wayside or the thorns or the dry rocky land in the parable of the sower. What can God do with them? A hundred times He has spoken to them, and they hear not.

It is time for a lesson now. And sometimes God gives a tremendous lesson. His lessons are what the world calls catastrophes. For many they may be judgments. "Who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor?" But for others they are divine lessons and warnings. Men—the world—*must* be reminded at times, and at times chastised. They often believe supremely in themselves without regard to a higher Power; and, living as countless millions do, without religion and without God, who is to teach them, who to admonish, who to rebuke them, who to stay and stop them? They will not serve God by love, although no creatures are related to them so closely and so intimately as God is, and no created love can compare with His. Is it to be wondered at that God should sometimes strike in order to heal? What son is there whom the father does not correct? Moreover, we are debtors. Punishment is due to lawbreaking. It is better to suffer here than hereafter.

Further, God alone knows when and how it is best for each man to die. Scores that are buried in the ruins of an earthquake, or that go down in the waters of the deep, may just have time to turn to God by love and contrition—seeing that it is never too late to mend,—and so save their souls by these occasions, which thus turn to be blessings in disguise; whereas by living longer in pleasure they would ultimately perish. And it is certainly far better to perish in body than in soul. Doubtless for others who say, *Non serviam*, such occasions are intended not only as lessons and warnings, but also as judg-

ments. Sinners must be taught. They will not have love: let them have fear. Maybe, after lives of hardness as to spiritual things, they will soften at the last moment, and "mercy seek and mercy find" as they fall, or as they go down. Thus, viewed in the light of eternity, disaster is a friend in disguise.

At other times God wills to "sweep out the world," as the Curé of Ars said. The "Black Death" seems to have been an instance of this. No doubt the imagination is afflicted at the sight of thousands suddenly struck in the midst of life, when it would be very little disturbed in the case of one or two. But this faculty, as we have seen, is too forward and delusive, and ever obtruding beyond its sphere. A hundred thousand people are suffering and dying every day, but the fact is not brought home to us as it is by a sudden calamity; and so reason or faith, as the case may be, accommodates itself to the inevitable, without obtrusiveness from the imagination. The mistake is to be ever looking on the dark and never on the bright side.

Truly, if life abounds in trials, it abounds in consolations also. For forty or fifty years we have been enjoying the abundance of good things. Now for a day or two, or an hour or two, the trial comes; and is not this life professedly the time of probation? The Kingdom of Heaven is not to be bought with pleasure and ease and comfort. The love of preference is wanted, as are also loyalty and fidelity and self-sacrifice and self-discipline and spiritual training. The creature must be subdued to the Creator. A little trial and suffering are the testing and subduing forces; and even with them there is the mingling of consolation, both from nature and grace. Sight, hearing, speaking, breathing, understanding, loving, remembering, the beauties of nature all about us, are natural consolations. And there are a thousand others besides. Have we not enjoyed them all our lives? God gave them, and is still giving them to us all.

How good, how kind, how loving He is to us, His children! And He gives Himself, too,—His light by faith, His mercy by hope, His love by charity; His own sacramental Presence ever in our midst; the working of His grace in all the other sacraments; His Holy Church ever ready to help us; and the prospect of everlasting delights in the heavenly life to come. And, lest we should sever the good from its Source, seeing that He wills to give us Himself as well as His gifts and goods, He sends sufferings and inflicts privations to detach us from lower things, that we may not miss the mark. Let us not forget that suffering and privation subdues us to Himself. "All things must be subdued to Him, that God may be all in all."

One of the old spiritual writers tells us that God does not want to deprive us of pleasure, but to give us pleasure in its totality. But to be made fit to be the recipients of the divine light, love, life, and happiness, we must first be emptied of worldly and selfish pleasure, as a vessel can not be filled with gold until it is emptied of earth. Is not all this the work of suffering and death? And God sends them when and how He wills. Let Him work His work within our souls as He pleases, even though it be by an earthquake or a shipwreck. He knows better than we what will serve our best and highest interests. All must suffer and die in order to be subdued to Him. The mode of dying is but accidental. All things pass away. "Let all that passes, pass." But the happy life afterward never passes. To give all for everlasting love with God and one another, come what may, is a most sweet bargain.

ALL things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.—*Ruskin*.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

VIII.



SUDDENLY, in the tardy December daylight, there came a knock at Marie's door. She was up and dressed, but she would not answer. The knock was repeated, and then Rhinehart's voice, abjectly apologetic, reached her.

"Say, Miss Marie, you got to forgive me for lettin' into you that way last night. I was skeered blue thinkin' what might have happened to you here all by yourself, an' some of them miner tramps hangin' round. Honest to God, that were it! Come out now,—there's a good girl! I got your coffee ready, an' I'm goin' to take you for a sleigh ride after breakfast. What say?"

Thus adjured, Marie opened the door and confronted the enemy. He had washed his face and attempted to comb his hair; and she felt, in spite of what had occurred the evening before, almost inclined to laugh at the sight of his eager, imploring expression. He was evidently sincerely contrite, and of course he would have to be forgiven—on conditions.

"That's all right, Mr. Rhinehart," she said loftily. "We won't speak of it again. But don't let it happen again either. I've seen lots of tramps up in Canada, and fed them, too—poor hungry creatures!—and not one of them ever said a rude word to me. Father would be terribly angry if I were to tell him how you behaved last night."

A queer cloud came over Rhinehart's eyes when she said this; and he turned away and busied himself with the coffee-pot, which he presently placed on the table, saying with a rather forced geniality:

"Now you come and get your breakfast, Miss Marie; and then you'll wrap up and come for a sleigh ride. I've got

to haul some wood. What we got ain't goin' to last more'n two or three days; and I got a couple of fine dry logs waitin' to be fetched in from the woods."

"I don't know as I want to come," Marie replied dubiously. It would be pleasant to get away from this desolate place, but the prospect of passing some hours in this man's close proximity was not alluring.

"Oh, yes, you do!" he said, and this time there was a symptom of threat in the tone. "It'll do you good. Get moped here by yourself. I figure any girl would. You get your wraps on, an' we'll start right off. It's a bit of a ways from here, anyhow. Want to get back before dark."

"But," Marie protested, "suppose father comes back while we're away, and finds nobody here? He won't know what to think."

Rhinehart was banking up the fire. At her words he dropped the stove lid with a bang and straightened himself. His back was toward Marie.

"Maybe we'll meet him," he said gruffly. "We're going that road."

That decided her. She flew to put on her fur jacket and cap, and a few minutes later came out and climbed to her high perch beside Rhinehart, all smiles and good temper again.

At that very moment Romey was setting out on his own delayed expedition after fuel. He had been unwilling to cut the fine but scarce trees on his own ranch, and, by Terence Molloy's advice, had gone some miles south to where a great tract, included in a Government forest reservation, offered to neighboring householders the facility for cutting fuel for themselves, so long as they did not utilize it for sale. The small amount thus taken did no injury to the woods, two or three of the great trees providing one family with fuel for several months. Romey had got Terence to help him out and saw into lengths two of these

giants, and he proposed by repeated journeys to get the whole brought home before long.

He found the trails pretty heavily buried in snow; and it was all of three hours before he unhitched his cayuses and gave them their feed, while he labored at filling up the high wagon, which, after the first fall, had been transferred from wheels to runners. Then the long chains had to be drawn across and across to prevent spills on steep places, so that by the time he started on his homeward way the afternoon was drawing in a little too quickly for his taste. It was growing colder, too; and, instead of red in the west, a bank of leaden-colored cloud lay across the sky; and the snow peaks rising against it took on the deathly grey whiteness that betokens a coming storm.

Romey lit his lantern and placed it between his feet, drawing up the rugs over all; so that he felt fairly warm as he drove along, sometimes whistling, sometimes talking to the horses, which, not having done much hard work lately, were inclined to shirk at the stiff places. The going was easier than it had been in the morning, when he had to break trail all the way. But, nevertheless, the end of the day caught him in a narrow defile, at least five miles from the last turn, that would bring him out on the steep incline leading to his own land.

The drifts were deep here, and the cliffs on either side shut out the pale half-light which broods over the snow on the darkest night in the open. The cayuses advanced but slowly, and before Romey knew it he had scraped against an outstanding rock. Grumbling a little, he dived for the lantern, and hooked it on the high splashboard so as to see where he was going. Then he became aware of a dark stationary mass ahead of him on the road; while a man's voice, growling and cursing, was bidding somebody "sit tight," and calling down a string of maledictions on things in general.

Romey twisted his reins round the

upright, and sprang down to offer his assistance. The folks ahead of him seemed not even to have a lantern, so he took his out, and plunged on as fast as the now freezing snow would let him.

"Hullo!" he shouted, as he slipped past the side of the wagon and came out on a team, of which one horse had fallen and was straining on the harness so as to very nearly bring down his fellow. "What's wrong? Had a breakdown?"

He was holding his lantern above his head to inspect the mix-up; and its light showed his handsome dark face very clearly under the fur cap, and all framed in the upstanding fur collar. A little cry out of the darkness above him made him look up quickly, to see a girl bending down from the high driving seat and gazing at him with shining eyes and parted lips. He had never beheld her face before, but he did not need that to tell him who she was. The soft golden hair that strayed wildly from under her cap he had seen flashing through the sunlight; and the look of recognition in her eyes, the little dimple of a smile that the lantern's light revealed, showed well enough that she knew him. He took a stride nearer and looked up joyfully; but before he could speak she made a sharp movement with her head and a terrific frown of prohibition wrinkled her forehead. Then she gathered the reins she was holding into one hand, and with the free one pointed imperiously to the far side of the wagon; while she leaned over that way a little, and said with a clearness Romey perfectly understood as intended for his benefit:

"What is it, Mr. Rhinehart? Can I help?"

The muttered answer escaped the young man as he obediently made his way round to the other side. There he stumbled over a man kneeling in the snow, apparently feeling the iron of the runner.

"Sprung — doggast it!" the stranger remarked. "Hullo" — turning a troubled

countenance up to the new arrival. "Where in thunder did you come from? Got a wrench or a hammer, now you *are* here?"

"Guess so," Romey replied. "I'll go back and look."

As he again made his way round the wagon, the man rose to his feet and followed him for a few paces. Then he stood doggedly waiting while the other, twenty yards back, climbed up and rummaged under the seat for the desired tools.

Marie leaned over and whispered breathlessly:

"Mr. Rhinehart, ask him if he has seen anything of father. He may have met him somewhere."

Rhinehart shook his head.

"Want to give the old man away to the first bum meets him in the road, don't you? Didn't you never hear of a hold-up, then? You hold your tongue if you don't want to make trouble."

Só Romey came back and worked for a full half hour over the refractory runner. And when all was in place again, and the frightened cayuses ready to start, Rhinehart scrambled up to the driving seat, snatched the reins from Marie and made off at the best pace he could, without so much as a "Thank you!" for the assistance he had received. The girl had been silent, too; but, as Romey waited behind for them to move on, he thought she turned her head to look at him. Then all was darkness save where his lantern shone on a few yards of trampled, lumpy snow, shifting eerily as his heavily laden sleigh moved over it. For a while he heard the crunch of the runners in the blackness ahead; but when at last he came out of the defile on to a smooth tract, nothing was to be seen but the ghostly snow-light on the plain, and one or two big stars struggling through the driving greyness of the vault above.

When Rhinehart pulled up at his own gate, a dark figure slowly detached itself from the fence and came forward. Marie's heart stood still. Had her father returned?

Then the sinking of too familiar disappointment came over her; for that was not her father's voice addressing Rhinehart as he climbed down to open the gate. A word or two of the rough colloquy reached her as, stiff and cold, she descended unassisted to the ground, and passed the men to go into the house. They had not even looked her way, but she had identified the other man. It was Hayes, Rhinehart's partner, who had come up with him when he brought her and her father to this place, and had also driven away with Rhinehart and Le Breton when the latter went to inspect the land they had to show him. She took it for granted that Hayes would stay the night, it being already so late, and hoped to have a chance to question him; so she set about preparing supper with a little more heart than usual. The evening meal, alone with her unattractive host, had become singularly abhorrent to her.

But she was not to be spared that to-night. As she was kneeling before the cook-stove, carefully drawing the hot biscuit from the oven, the sounds of angry altercation reached her, culminating in some shouts of abuse that almost startled her into dropping the scorching pan which she was carrying to the table. Then, as she stood there pale with alarm, Rhinehart burst in, and slammed and bolted the door behind him. One stride he took into the room, and then became aware of Marie gazing at him, her eyes dark with fear. To her surprise, it was fear she saw in his face as he stared at her,—fear with a great questioning behind it.

"Well?" he managed to say at last, and his voice sounded curiously strained. "Well?" he repeated irritably as she did not answer. "Anything the matter with me? What are you staring at me like that for?"

"I—I don't know," she stammered, taken aback by the unexpected attack. "I thought—I heard—isn't Mr. Hayes going to stay to supper?"

"No, he's not! He'll never get bite or

sup in this house again, d——n him! What's that you thought you heard? I was only tellin' him he was a doggasted horse thief an' he'd better clear 'fore I give him what was comin' to him."

"He! Why?" Marie exclaimed, surprised out of all reflection. "You used to be such good friends! Has he really stolen one of your cayuses—oh, I can't believe it! Wouldn't he have kept out of your way instead of coming to talk about it, if he had?"

"He'd better keep out of my way now, anyhow," Rhinehart replied, audible relief in his voice. "Supper ready? That's the girl! You do get round spry when you've a mind to. I'll say that for you."

Marie turned away and busied herself with laying the cloth. Rhinehart in one of his rare fits of good temper was more odious than Rhinehart cross. When she had seen that he had all he wanted, she picked up her cup and plate and took them into her own room, saying that she was too tired to sit up any longer.

(To be continued.)

Beauty.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

NAY, not the lordly crimson rose,
Nor monstrance of the west:
'Tis the white star the daisy shows
You ever love the best.

And not in wood of birchen gold,
Nor on the Druid hill,
But from the waters palely rolled
Your grey smile flickers still.

Not in the great roar of the gale,
Not in the ocean's sound,
But in the tiny nightingale
Your sweetest voice is found.

Nor there where ancient Sirius swings
For aye his torch of fire,
But in your common wayside things
Abides the world's desire.

Oldtime Books, Scribes, and Librarians.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

WHEN writing or speaking of our old monastic libraries, it must be remembered that at first there was no special place set aside for books, which were kept in wooden cupboards with carved doors—or aumbries, as they were then called. This we learn from the author of "The Rites of Durham," who tells us of "certain great aumbries of wainscot, all full of books," against the church wall in the cloister; with "great store of ancient manuscripts" to help the brethren in their study. And he goes on to describe the screen-work divisions known as "carrels," which served as some sort of shelter for the religious, who practically lived, studied, and wrote in the cloister, the four walks of which may be truly said to have formed the dwelling-place of the community.

Later on, however, after that revival of letters which followed the Conquest, an intellectual impulse, spreading from Bec like an onrushing tide, overflowed its own boundaries, inundated the whole of Normandy, and reached across the Channel with the new Norman abbots who had been established in the more important of the English monasteries. Thus it came about that writing-rooms, or *scriptoria*, formed henceforward a part of every religious house of any standing. In fact, it was in such noted *scriptoria* as those of Hexham, Canterbury, Peterborough, and others, that the chief works of Latin literature, Patristic or Classical, were copied and illuminated, the Lives of the Saints compiled, and entries noted in the monastic chronicle.

"It is characteristic of the national temper," says a well-known modern historian, "that the literary revival above referred to at once took the older historical form." This is evident from the writings of Turgot and Simeon of Durham, who

"threw into Latin shape the national annals to the time of Henry I., with an especial regard to Northern affairs"; whilst the earlier events of Stephen's reign were duly noted down by two priors of Hexham. Again, it was in the celebrated *scriptorium* of Canterbury that were written Osbern's Lives of the English Saints, Dunstan and Ælfeg, and Eadmer's record of the struggle of St. Anselm against the Red King, — works wherein we can not fail to remark the first indications of a distinctly English feeling telling on the new literature. Canterbury was, moreover, specially favored by our Blessed Lady; so much so, indeed, that in her oratory at the east end of the monastery, an ancient chronicler tells us, "the voices of angels and the melodious strains of holy virgins were frequently heard, and the Mistress of the World [Our Lady] did therein often appear."

Peterborough, too, was another of those big abbeys where, under the patronage of the Immaculate Mother of God, scribes labored strenuously, adding, day by day and year by year, contributions to the literature of England. Amongst these, one name stands out in bold relief—that of "Benedict of Peterborough," the author of that great monument of English prose entitled "The English Chronicle." This famous document "died out," history tells us, "amidst the miseries of Stephen's reign, and no great work in English appeared for more than half a century."

It is interesting to find that the war songs of the English conquerors of Britain were preserved by Henry, the Archduke of Huntingdon, who wove them into annals compiled from Bede and "The Chronicle"; whilst the reawakening of English patriotic feeling is even more plainly demonstrated in the "Sayings of Ælfred," and the legend of Hereward's struggle in the fens of Ely. Authorities suppose both these last-mentioned works to have been composed in the reign of Henry II.

Another famous historian, who was

also a monk, is William of Malmesbury. Of both English and Norman parentage, "he marks," it has been truly said, "the fusion of the Conquerors with the conquered"; and in the form and style of his writings we not only note the trend of English literature at the close of the Norman period, but detect the influence of those classical studies which were then reviving throughout Christendom. Discarding the older ecclesiastical models and the annalist form, he groups events together in a narrative that is always swift and never dull, breaking off at times to indulge in a lively digression concerning the general history of Europe and the Church. It is on account of this originality that he has been said to have taken his place "as the first of the more statesman-like and philosophic school of historians who began soon to arise in connection with the Court."

Yet another monk-historiographer is Roger Wendover, chronicler at St. Albans, to whose writings we turn for information relating to the reign of Henry III. His work ends in 1235, and is continued by his successor, Matthew of Paris, who was perhaps the greatest, as he is in point of fact the last, of our celebrated monastic historians. The school of St. Albans survived, it is true, till a considerably later period; but no writers ever again attained the same eminence.

Matthew, it will be remembered, was a skilled artist as well as an able historian, and many of the manuscripts which are preserved are illustrated by his own practised hand. He was the intimate friend of Henry III., who delighted in his scholarship, and, when making one of his frequent royal visits to the abbey, would seek out the learned monk in his *scriptorium* and present him with a store of political intelligence, and even himself contribute to the famous chronicle. On one occasion, it is related, "he invited him [Matthew] to his table and chamber, and enumerated by name two hundred and fifty of the English baronies for his

information." At another time, "one solemn feast-day," the King, "bidding him sit on the middle step between the floor and the throne, begged him to write the history of the day's proceedings."

"The Greater Chronicle," together with the abridgment of it, also a "History of the English," and the "Lives of the Earlier Abbots," were only a few amongst the voluminous works which attested Matthew's great and unceasing industry; whilst a large circle of distinguished correspondents, such as the holy and learned Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, ministers like Hubert de Burgh, officials like Alexander de Swereford—though furnishing him with minute accounts of ecclesiastical, political and official proceedings,—must have added not a little to his daily labor with the pen. Envoys from the Papal Court and pilgrims from the East brought news of foreign events to his *scriptorium* at St. Albans. Matthew had, moreover, says a modern historian, "access to, and quotes largely from, State documents, charters, and exchequer rolls." Nevertheless, "the case," as he himself remarks, "of historical writers is hard; for if they tell the truth they provoke men, and if they write what is false they offend God." For those seeking a reliable authority on the history of his time, Matthew's work is absolutely priceless.

That noted document, "The English Chronicle" already mentioned, was practically discontinued during Stephen's reign. The spoken tongue of the nation at large remained, of course, English as before; but, banished as it was from Court by the Conquest and superseded in legal documents by Latin, it ceased to be literary. Like merely popular dialects, it inevitably lost something of its grammatical complexities of gender and inflection; whilst new words from the language of the Conquerors of necessity crept in, and no important work in English was produced for more than fifty years. Then, again, it was no lay historian, but "a priest in the land, whose name was

Layamon," that wrote a poem which, as a monument of our language, is of highest value. This poet-priest, we are told, was "the son of Leovenath,—may the Lord be gracious to him! He dwelt at Earnley, a noble church on the bank of the Severn (good it seemed to him), near Radstone, where he read books. It came in mind to him, and in his chiefest thought, that he would tell the noble deeds of England, what the men were named, and whence they came, who first had English land."

Layamon, it would appear, had the untiring energy, the unlimited capacity for taking pains, of the true genius. Time and trouble, fatigue and difficulty, he counted but light if only he could fulfil his self-imposed task. In days when journeys meant something very much more arduous and dangerous than they do now, he travelled far and wide, seeking in the different monastic houses for the works of Bede, St. Augustine, and others. "He laid down these books," says an old writer, "and turned the leaves; he beheld them lovingly. May the Lord be merciful to him! Pen he took with fingers and wrote a book-skin, and the true word set together," leaving behind him work essentially English. Even the old poetic tradition remains the same; whilst in more than thirty thousand lines, fewer than fifty Norman words are to be found.

In respect of the "book-skins," authorities on the subject tell us that skins of animals were probably one of the most ancient mediums upon which men wrote at first in roll form; the latter being abandoned by degrees for the codex, or book form. The "Codex Sinaiticus" is said to be made of the finest skins of antelopes, the leaves being so large that a single animal could furnish but two of them. The oldest manuscripts of the Christian era, however, were for the most part written on the thinnest and whitest vellum; the parchment of later times being more coarsely grained, and not so well finished. Indeed, manuscripts a thousand and more years old show no

signs of decay or discoloration; whilst the ink also was better, and the different tints used in illuminating far more beautiful.

We know from ancient records that, in our old monasteries, it was one of the librarian's duties always to have ready a sufficiency of parchment, ink, and pens for the scribes; and to "provide those in cloister who could write, and desired to do so, with whatever materials they required." Furthermore, it was his business to prepare the ink for the writers of manuscripts and charters. And it is rather curious to find that the monastic "kitchener," whose duties were multifarious, had to furnish the librarian "with some of the best beer," wherewith the latter mixed the ink for the scribes, much of whose work must have been done in the north cloister, which, with its openings looking south, was of course the warmest; and where the prior and other members of the community sat, "not necessarily," Dr. Gasquet states, "in order of seniority, but in the positions that best suited their work." The prior, however, had his seat "in the first place, next the door of the church."

At the southern end of this same north cloister, the novices sat with their master, studying in silence, or learning the many duties and observances of the religious life; or practising the correct method of singing, chanting, and reading with the cantor, who, it must be remembered, was also the chief librarian and archivist of the monastery.

The author of "The Rites of Durham" remarks that "no strangers or other persons were suffered to molest or trouble the said novices or monks while they were at their books within the cloister." For this purpose, there was appointed to keep the cloister door a porter who had "a stool made fast in the wall to sit on; and before the said stool it was boarded in underfoot for warmth." The "carrels," or partitions in which the brethren studied and wrote, "were finely wainscoted and

very close,—all but the forepart, which had carved work to give light, and in every carrel was a desk to lie their books on."

When we bend in astonished admiration over those exquisite monuments of the monastic writer's skill in copying and illuminating—monuments undertaken, as we know, simply for the glory of God and the good of their community, and never to foster self-gratification or personal ambition,—we are lost in wonder at the courage and endurance of the men who accomplished such tasks practically out of doors, amidst the cold and damp of our Northern winters; for no methods of heating the picturesque stone cloisters had yet been invented. As we have already seen, it was not till some time after the Norman Conquest that writing-rooms, or *scriptoria*, began to form a necessary part of every important monastic house; whilst, again, the Middle Ages were well advanced ere the practice of gathering together the books of the establishment, and arranging them in one place, became at all general.

It is interesting to find that Michael de Mentmore, who was abbot of St. Albans from 1335 to 1349, besides enriching with books the carved presses, or aumbries, in the cloister, made a special collection of volumes, on his own account, in what he called his study. As years went by, and more books were added by his successors, the collection grew; but it was not till 1452 that the library so long desired was finally completed by Abbot Whethamstede.

It was about this period that Prior Thomas Goldstone, of Canterbury, finished, in that monastery, a library, whose nucleus was formed of the books St. Augustine brought with him from Rome, together with those of Archbishop Theodore. Canterbury also, in all probability, inherited the treasures of Reculver, a neighboring monastery that possessed very valuable manuscripts. Among them were the famous Utrecht Psalter, and

another beautiful specimen of early palæographic art, known as "The Evangelia of King Canute," — a Latin manuscript of the Gospels, in which, at the beginning of St. Mark's narrative, are most interesting entries relating to that King. These entries would seem to be a certificate of Canute's reception as an associate of, or rather a proof of his affiliation to, the religious of the Canterbury monastery; for one leaf bears the inscription: "In the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Here is written Canute the King's name. He is our beloved lord worldwards, and our spiritual brother Godwards; and Harold, this King's brother; Thorth, our brother; Kartoca, our brother; Thuri, our brother." On the next page we see a charter, by the same King, confirming the privileges of Christ Church, Canterbury; and it seems more than probable that this book was given by Canute to the monks of that house. A copy of the Latin Gospels with *Umfridus me fecit* on the fly-leaf, was also presented to Christ Church by King Athalstan; and "one of the priors," says a reliable authority, "gave many precious classical manuscripts brought from Italy."

Canterbury possessed another most precious example of Anglo-Saxon caligraphy and illumination, called "The Gospels of St. Augustine's Abbey," to which house, as we see by an inscription on the fly-leaf, it belonged in the fourteenth century. This beautiful manuscript (now in the British Museum) contains four rose-colored leaves, with inscriptions in letters of gold and silver an inch long. Experts believe that the missing verses at the beginning of the Gospels were all written on this purple-stained, or rose-colored, vellum; for it is a well authenticated fact that, during the early ages of Christianity, the Greeks and Romans were in the habit of writing their most valued books in letters of gold and silver on purple-stained vellum, that color being the sign of royalty. Hence the practice of transcribing the Sacred Scriptures in

this shade is a proof of reverence, which was continued during the fifth and the three following centuries.

At Durham, in the year 1446 or thereabouts, we read that Prior Wessington made a "library, replenished with the ancient written Doctors of the Church, as well as profane authors, and divers other holy men's works; so that everyone did study what Doctor pleased him best, having the library at all times to go and study in, besides the carrels [in the cloister]." These words prove that not only was there at that time, in the Durham monastery, a library in which the volumes belonging to the house were stored, but also that it was used by the religious as a regular place for study.

No mention of the Durham library would be complete without a brief reference to that marvel of palæographic art, the famous "Lindisfarne Gospels," also known as "The Durham Book." The Latin text of this magnificent manuscript is in double columns; and the caligraphy, which is exquisitely beautiful, is the work of Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, who, whilst still a simple monk, "wrote this book" (so we are told in a note, in Anglo-Saxon, at the end of the Gospel of St. Matthew) "in honour of God and St. Cuthbert, and all the saints of the island; and Ethelwald, Bishop of Lindisfarne, made an outer cover, and adorned it as well as he was able; and Billfrith, the anchorite, he wrought the metal work of the ornaments on the outside thereof, and decked it with gold and with gems, overlaid also with silver and unalloyed metal; and Aldred, an unworthy and most miserable priest, by the help of God overglossed the same in English."

Time's destroying hand has laid no ruthless touch upon this noble monument of the Anglo-Saxon period: the whole coloring is as brilliant as if the loving, reverent hand of its monk-illuminator had laid it aside but yesterday. Nor, old as it is, does the vellum show the slightest sign of deterioration. The beautiful initial

letters and designs, like the most wonderful mosaics, together with the remarkable representations of the Four Evangelists, form a whole which words are powerless to describe.

Authorities on the subject believe that these illuminations were copied from a manuscript brought into England by the Roman missionaries sent by St. Gregory in the seventh century. This opinion is borne out by the fact that, according to Venerable Bede, Theodore, afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, and his companion Adrian, abbot of a monastery on the island of Nisita, near Naples, who came on a mission to Britain in the year A. D. 668, were both at Lindisfarne; and the author of "English Illuminated Manuscripts" (Sir Edward Thompson) considers that the Neapolitan manuscript from which "The Durham Book," or "Lindisfarne Gospels," derived its text, had been brought a few years previously from Naples by Abbot Adrian.

When the incursions of the Danes forced the monks to fly from the Holy Island, the old chronicles relate that they carried with them their two most precious treasures—the body of St. Cuthbert and this volume. "But the ship they were in was driven back by the tempest, and by the mighty power of God, as it would seem, upon the shore; . . . and also the said ship that they were in, by the great storm and raging walls of the sea, . . . was turned on one side, and the Book of the Holy Evangelists fell out of the ship into the bottom of the sea." Therefore, having reached the opposite shore, the monks, though in peril of their lives from the fierce invaders, waited till the tide went down, leaving, as it does to this day, a stretch of bare sand between Lindisfarne and the coast of Northumbria; and, to their unspeakable joy, when the waves receded, they found the book lying unharmed upon the beach. It is interesting to read in Raine's "History of North Durham" that this valued manuscript is referred to centuries later (in 1637) as

the "Book of St. Cuthbert which had fallen into the sea."

Another famous monastic library was that at Peterborough, which contained as many as seventeen thousand manuscripts. Bishop Tanner, in his "Notitia Monastica," mentions the great library at Wells, which must have been spacious indeed, seeing that it had twenty-five windows on each side. "That of the Grey Friars in London was 129 feet long, by 31 feet broad, and was well filled with books." The Priory of Dover and the Abbey of Leicester had each also a goodly store, as can be proved from the catalogues of their books at present to be found in the Bodleian.

When we remember "the incredible number of books written by the monks,"* priceless manuscripts which, at the time of the dissolution of the religious houses under Henry VIII., were sold as so much waste paper, we are constrained to re-echo the lament of a certain Bishop of Ossory, quoted by Leland: "I judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither the Britons under the Romans, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments as we have seen in our time. Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities."

We must, however, leave the fascinating subject of books, and return to the guardian of them, who, in Mediæval times, held the double office of librarian and cantor, or precentor. His was one of the most important posts in the monastery; for it was under his direction that all the church services were performed. As chief singer, "he was obliged by his office to go over the Lessons for Matins with the younger monks, and to hear the reader in the refectory before the meals, in order to point out defects of pronunciation and quantity, as well as to regulate the tone of the voice and the

* Dugdale's "Monasticon."

rate of reading." * In all matters relating to divine service, he had no superior except the abbot; although in certain instances "the sacrist might sign him to make the singers chant more briskly." According to one old English set of rules, the cantor should be of "proved upright character, wise, and thoroughly instructed in all knowledge pertaining to his office, as well as conversant with ecclesiastical customs." Besides his duties as precentor and librarian, he was also the monastic archivist, and one of the three custodians of the convent seal, holding one of the three keys of the chest in which it was kept.

As chief librarian, all the books in the aumbries, or book-cupboards, and later on the library, were under his care; and he was expected to know not only the titles of the different volumes, but their position on the shelves; and, by constant supervision, to see that they were preserved from dust, damp, or ill usage. Then, too, when they needed new bindings, or when any repairing or cleaning had to be done, it was his duty to see it all properly carried out. Moreover, for the renovating of manuscripts, it was not unfrequently necessary to employ skilled labor; and "at such times he received an allowance of food for the workmen engaged on cleaning the binding of the cloister books, and so forth." He was permitted also to have the use of certain moneys, "for making new books"; and it was his business "to provide the books used for reading or singing" during the church services; as well as at the Divine Office personally to assure himself that the public reader had his volume ready, and that it was duly returned to the aumbry at night.

It was, furthermore, the librarian's duty to give out whatever books were required, or those asked for by different members of the community, whose names, together with the titles of the volumes they had borrowed, were always to be

entered in his register. And, at the beginning of Lent, it devolved upon him "to remind the religious in chapter of those who had given the books to their house, or had written them; and subsequently it was his duty to request that an Office and Mass for the Dead should be said for such benefactors." What a charming proof is this of the true spirit of gratitude, and of what one old writer calls "the most divine and charitable affection to the souls of their benefactors, as well dead as living," which was cultivated so assiduously in the great monastic houses of England!

Seeing, therefore, how important was the librarian's office, and how many and varied were his duties, we can realize that it was eminently necessary to choose for the post a religious of tried character and experience, as well as one endowed with mental and spiritual gifts, — in fine, as an old set of monastic rules says, one who must ever "comport himself with regularity, reverence, and modesty; since his office, when exercised with the characteristic virtues, is a source of delight and pleasure to God, to the angels, and to men. He should bow down before the altar with all reverence; he should salute the brethren with all respect; he should, in walking, manifest his modesty; he should sing with such sweetness, recollection, and devotion that all the brethren, both old and young, might find in his behavior and demeanor a living pattern to help them in their own religious life, and in carrying out the observances required by the rule from each one."

Is there on this earth anything so tragic as the blind folly of a man who runs headlong to his ruin, none pushing him,—nay, in spite of warnings seemingly irresistible? And warnings not of and above the natural order are given, not now and then, but often; if we would only believe in them, if we would only learn to read and recognize them.

—John Ayscough.

* "Monastic Life," Gasquet.

The Substitute.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.*

HE was scarcely ten years old when he was arrested the first time for vagrancy. He knew nothing of his father. His mother, a washwoman, had died in a hospital several years before. The child had been a helper to a street singer who sold sheets of songs; but the mountebank had beaten and abused him till the boy ran away from him, and so was left without any means of support.

Since no one appeared for him, he was sent to the Central House of Correction. Dull, lazy, awkward with his hands, he was able to learn no better trade than that of chair bottomer. Obedient, passive, and taciturn, he seemed not entirely vitiated; but when, at seventeen, he was turned out on the Paris pavement again, he fell into bad company. He had been out only a few months when he was arrested for stealing a pair of shoes. This time he was sent to Sainte-Pélagie for a year, where he acted as servant for the political prisoners.

When he had served his time, he began anew his wanderings about Paris, watched from a distance by the police. This time he was out of prison for two years, eating and sleeping where he could, opening carriage doors, holding horses, and gathering together stray *sous* by less honorable means. When he reached the age for military service, he had the ill luck to draw an exemption. Who knows but that the atmosphere of honor one breathes in the army, and the military discipline, might have saved him?

Caught with a group of miscreants who were picking the pockets of drunkards asleep on the pavement, he vehemently denied that he was one of them. It may have been true that he was not; but his reputation was a bad one, and he was sent to Poissy for three years. Six

weeks after his release, he was implicated in a burglary, in which he had played an obscure part—half dupe and half receiver of stolen goods. This time he was sentenced to five years at hard labor. His great grief now was to be separated from an old dog he had found on a garbage heap and cured of the mange.

Toulon, the ball and chain, the work in the harbor, blows, wooden shoes without straw, the indescribable bean soup, five torrid summers and five winters buffeted by the mistral! Coming out more a brute than a man, he was sent under surveillance to Vernon, where he worked for some time on the river. Then the spirit of vagabondage came over him again: he broke his ban and returned to Paris.

He had fifty-six francs. He took lodgings with an old woman, to whom he represented himself as a sailor tired of the sea, who had lost his papers in a shipwreck, and who was anxious to try another sort of work. His tanned face, his calloused hands, and certain nautical terms which he let slip now and then, seemed to confirm his story.

One day when he had ventured out and was loitering along the street, he happened to wander into the quarter of Montmartre, where he was born, and a sudden recollection stopped him before the door of the monastery school where he had learned to read. It was very warm: the door was open, and the passing criminal had a full view of the peaceful schoolroom.

Absently, without realizing its meaning, Jean François read on the blackboard the verse from the Bible, placed there as a copy for the lesson in penmanship: "There shall be joy in heaven upon one sinner that doth penance, more than upon ninety-nine just who need not penance." It was evidently the recess period; for the Brother who was in charge had left his desk, and, seated on the edge of a table, he seemed to be telling a story to the boys who were crowding around him. It was a gay, innocent face that this

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA, by Roy Temple House.

beardless young man turned to the door, especially when, charmed by a candid priestly pleasantry he had had the good fortune to light upon, he burst into a laugh which showed his two rows of regular white teeth, — a laugh in which all his pupils joined boisterously.

Jean François stood silent for some minutes; and this savage nature, all compound of instinct and appetite, felt itself caught by a sweet, mysterious emotion. In the face of this sight which brought back his childhood, his eyes closed under a sudden feeling of oppression; and, repressing a violent gesture, tortured with regret, he walked away with great strides. The words he had read on the blackboard kept coming back to his mind. "I wonder if it is too late, after all?" he murmured. "Why can I not eat my black bread honestly like the rest, and sleep without a nightmare? Nobody is likely ever to know me. My beard is grown: I can lose myself in the great hive, and there will surely be work for me. At Toulon I learned to climb the shrouds with a load on my back. They are building all about here, and the masons need helpers. Three francs a day! I never made so much as that in my life. All I want is to be forgotten."

In three months he was another man. After the long day on the ladder, in the hot sun, in the dust, bending and rising again as he took the stones from the man below him and passed them to the man above him, he ate his soup in the cheap eating-house, worn out, with heavy feet, burning hands, and eyelashes stiff with plaster; but satisfied, with his well-earned wages safe in a knot of his handkerchief. He was quiet and sober. He slept the sweet sleep of weariness. He was free; and, best of all, he had a friend.

His friend was, like himself, a mason's helper,—a little red-cheeked peasant from Limoges, who had come to Paris with his earthly possessions in a bag at the end of a stick; who shunned the wine-merchant and went to Mass on Sunday.

Jean François loved him for his good humor, his candor, his honesty,—for all that he himself had lost so long ago. It was a deep and steady affection, which showed itself in the loving care of a father. Savinien, a weak, selfish nature, submitted amiably, glad to have a companion who shared his horror of the taverns. Since the resources of the two friends were very slender, they had been compelled to admit to their room a third companion, a somber and rapacious old Auvergnat, who was economizing from his slender wage to buy a piece of property in his own country.

Jean François and Savinien were together almost constantly. On the days when they did not work, they took long walks about Paris, and dined under an arbor in one of the suburban *cafés*, where there are plenty of mushrooms in the sauces, and innocent rebuses on the plates. Jean François would urge his friend to tell him some of the lore to which the city-born are strangers. He learned the names of trees, flowers, and plants, and the time of the different harvests; he listened eagerly to a thousand details of the country life and work,—the sowing in autumn, the plowing in winter, the joyous festivities of harvest and grape-gathering; the flail beating and the threshing-floor; the sound of the mills by the river; the weary horses led to water; the morning hunting excursions in the fog; the long evenings about the brushwood fire, shortened by rounds of marvellous stories. He discovered in himself a source of imagination whose existence he had not suspected, and found singular pleasure in the recital of all this which was so gentle, calm, and monotonous.

But he never freed himself from the fear that Savinien would discover his past. Now and then a scrap of thieves' slang or a vulgar gesture would escape him, and each time he felt the despair of a man who finds his old wounds opening; all the more that he seemed

to notice on such occasions the awakening of a morbid curiosity in Savinien. When the young man, already tempted by the pleasures which Paris offers even to the poorest, questioned him about the mysteries of the great city, Jean François feigned ignorance and changed the subject; but he began to be vaguely uneasy about the future of his friend.

His fear was not without foundation: Savinien was not destined to remain the simple-minded countryman who had come to Paris a few months before. He began to loiter about the illuminated entrances of the low dance halls and watch the girls go in in pairs, bareheaded, their arms about each other, whispering mysteriously. Then one night he himself went in, and from that time Jean François perceived a change in his habits and even in his face. Savinien became more careful of his personal appearance, more of a spendthrift; he began to borrow small sums of his friend, which he always forgot to pay back. Jean François, feeling himself neglected, at once indulgent and jealous, suffered and kept silence. He did not feel that he had a right to reproach his comrade, but he waited with an unconquerable presentiment for something worse.

One evening as he climbed the stairs, buried in thought, he heard inside the room which he was about to enter a dialogue between irritated voices, one of which he recognized as that of the old Auvergnat, his fellow-lodger. An ineradicable habit of suspicious caution caused him to stop on the landing and listen.

"Yes," the Auvergnat was saying angrily, "I am sure that some one has opened my trunk and stolen the three *louis* which I had hidden in a little box; and the person who did it must be one of the two men who sleep here, unless it is the servant Maria. It is your affair as much as mine, since you are the master of the house; and I will lay complaint against you if you do not let me examine the valises of the two masons. The

money was here the last time I had the trunk open; and I will describe it to you, so that no one can accuse me of having lied if we find it. Oh, I know them well enough,—my three beautiful gold pieces; and I can see them as well as I can see you! One of them is more worn than the others, and the gold is a little green; it has the picture of Napoleon. The second one is a big old fat man with a cue and epaulettes; the third has a Louis Philippe, with side-whiskers, and I marked it with my teeth. I would know them anywhere. Now, I need only two others like them to buy my vineyard? Come: help me to hunt through these fellows' goods. If you don't I'll call the police."

"Very well," said the voice of the proprietor. "We will hunt for the money. But I wash my hands if you don't find anything and the masons are angry. You forced me into it."

Jean François was wild with terror. He thought of Savinien's stringency and his own small loans, and remembered that he had been looking downcast for several days. Yet he could not believe that he was a thief. He could hear the Auvergnat panting in the ardor of his search; and he held his clenched fists against his breast, as if to restrain the beating of his heart.

"Here they are!" the triumphant miser suddenly cried. "Here they are,—my *louis*, my treasure,—in the Sunday jacket of the little hypocrite from Limoges! See! they are exactly as I described them to you. Here is Napoleon, and the man with a cue, and the Louis Philippe with the marks of my teeth on it. You can see the dents. Oh, the little rascal! I should have suspected the other one rather than him. Oh, the scoundrel! I'll have him sent to jail for it."

At this moment Jean François heard the well-known step of Savinien slowly climbing the stairs.

"I must save him!" he thought. "Three flights,—I have time!"

And he pushed open the door and entered the room, pale as death. He saw the lodging-house keeper standing quite stupefied, and the Auvergnat on his knees.

"See here!" he said in a hard voice. "I took that money and put it in my comrade's jacket. I've repented. I'm a thief, but I'm not a Judas. Go after the police. I shan't run away. But I must say a word to Savinien first."

The little peasant had reached the door; and, seeing that his crime was discovered, believing himself lost, he stood motionless, with staring eyes and helpless, dangling arms.

Jean François threw his arms about him as if to embrace him. He brought his mouth close to Savinien's ear and whispered in an appealing voice:

"Don't say a word!"

Then, turning to the others:

"Leave me alone with him. I shan't try to run away, I tell you. Lock us in, if you want to; but leave us alone."

And with a commanding gesture he pointed to the door. They went out.

Savinien, mute with terror, had dropped on a chair and stared at the floor.

"Listen," said Jean François, taking his hands. "I know what you did. You stole the three gold pieces to buy something for a girl. They would have locked you up for six months. But when you got out it wouldn't have been long till you had gone in again, and your life would have been ruined. I know how it is. I was seven years in the Central House of Correction, a year at Sainte-Pélagie, three years at Poissy, five years in Toulon. I'm not afraid of it any longer. I can stand it. I'll go instead of you."

"What do you mean?" cried Savinien; but hope was already reviving in his cowardly breast.

"When the elder brother is with the flag, the younger brother always stays at home," said Jean François. "I'm your substitute, that's all. Savinien, I have thought a great deal of you, and your friendship has made me happy; for it's

that that has kept me honest and pure, as I might have been always if I had had a father like yours to put a tool into my hand, and a mother to teach me my prayers. Good-bye, then! Don't make a scene. I hear them coming. It might spoil it all if we seemed to know each other too well."

He embraced Savinien hastily; then he pushed him away, and the door opened wide.

The proprietor and the Auvergnat entered with a squad of police. Jean François stepped forward, held out his hands for the manacles, and said:

"All right, I'm ready."

He is in Cayenne now, sentenced for life as an old offender.

Out of Evil, Good.

THE war-clouds that have enveloped Europe are apparently of such unrelieved blackness that it requires perhaps a thoroughly optimistic spirit to pierce their gloom and discern the blue skies and sunshine that lie beyond and above. Yet God rules the world in time of war as in time of peace; and no Christian can doubt that out of evil—so great an evil even as this continent-wide strife that is shocking humanity—He can assuredly draw good. Quite apart from the wider issues which the mightiest conflict in the annals of history will eventually determine, and which may conceivably be decided in a way that will make for the permanent benefit of the warring Powers, the private good of myriad individual soldiers may well be served by the unprecedented storm and stress to which they are being subjected.

As a matter of fact, the great war has already done inestimable service to many thousands of those engaged therein: it has awakened them from spiritual lethargy and brought them to a realizing sense of their dependence upon God. That the imminent danger of sudden and violent death has dissipated the religious indif-

ference, and quickened the religious faith, of the soldiery in most, if not all, the armies that have taken the field, is made abundantly clear by public and private letters received from beyond the Atlantic. There can be little doubt, we think, that among the thousands of souls recently sent to the other world, are many who bless the great war that has been the occasion of their conversion and ultimate salvation.

Writing from Belgium at the beginning of the strife, a priest said: "A beautiful trait in the mobilizations of the Belgian army is the eagerness of the soldiers to go to confession and Communion before starting for the frontier. In many cities where most of them congregate before being sent out, the churches are filled with soldiers, and Holy Communion is distributed as early as four o'clock in the morning." A Sister of Notre Dame, writing from Namur, declares: "Belgian and French soldiers are showing an admirable spirit of piety. When they meet a priest, even if it is in the street, they kneel down and go to confession to him."

In a letter just received from Rome, a correspondent tells us of throngs of officers and men regularly assisting at Mass and receiving the Blessed Sacrament,—a preliminary mobilization of their individual forces before being called on to take the field. Throughout Great Britain, too, there has been a marked revival of interest in religion, and a notably favorable change in the attitude of the non-Catholic public toward the Church.

In France, more especially, the religious change that has taken place during the past few weeks has been so remarkable that all Catholic correspondents in Paris and the provinces call attention to it. Many of them, indeed, state that the change is practically a religious revolution. "Not only is religion openly practised by multitudes of the soldiers," writes one of these correspondents, "but the whole character of the people seems to have been transformed. The levity with which the French nation entered on the campaign

of 1870 is entirely absent. To-day Frenchmen are serious and thoughtful, whilst perfectly resolute. And, under the strain of the situation, the Government has become tolerant. The decrees of banishment by which so many members of the religious Orders were expelled have been revoked. The French navy now has Catholic chaplains, and French officers are not forbidden to honor the clergy. When the troops were leaving Poitiers for the front, the Bishop, at the request of General Pellarin, solemnly blessed the colors."

Readers of our columns during the past few years do not need telling that there has been a notable revival of religious faith and action in France since the abolition of the Concordat; and of late months attention has been more than once directed to the increasing numbers of the young "intellectuals" who have abandoned agnosticism and proclaim themselves true sons of the Church. The war, it is certain, will increase still further the muster-roll of the believers; and we agree with a writer in the London *Catholic Times* that "there is reason to hope that the terrible trial through which France is passing will help to complete the Christian revival that has been making progress amongst Frenchmen for the past few years. They see what a support the Christian faith is in the hour of tribulation,—how it strengthens the hand of the lover of his country, and enables him to forget wrongs that his countrymen have done him. . . . The war, despite its miseries and the deaths it will cause, may prove a blessing to France by restoring religious life in hundreds of thousands of homes where it had decayed."

And to all the warring countries, peace, when it comes, will bring other blessings with it. Never again, it is safe to predict, will sovereigns resort to arms until all pacific methods for the settlement of their differences have proved ineffectual. The present war of nations in Europe, we may hope, is the last that will ever be waged,—a prelude of universal peace.

A New Pope.

THE election, without troublesome delay or secular interference, of a new Pope under the title of Benedict XV., in the person of Cardinal della Chiesa, Archbishop of Bologna, is another blessing to the Catholic world, and an added proof to unbelievers both of the inherent vitality of the Church and her unchanging dominion. She is the one institution in the world that can not be overthrown, the only power that can not be destroyed.

Of the high qualifications of Pius Xth's successor there can be no question. The fact of his having been so quickly elected is proof that the members of the Sacred College recognized in him the virtues and other qualities requisite for the supreme office to which he has been elevated. Consideration of the important positions which he had already filled, and the varied experience which he had acquired, together with the circumstance of his having been promoted to the cardinalate by a Pope so saintly and so wise as Pius X., doubtless influenced the choice of his colleagues. That Cardinal della Chiesa's name was not mentioned outside of the solemn Conclave as the next probable occupant of the Throne of Peter shows the folly, as general as preposterous, of forecasting the decision of the august electors.

Like folly, however, will be displayed in speculating on the policy of the new Pope in the government of the Church and in dealing with secular Powers. The times are troublous, and Benedict XV. will have no doubt heavy burdens to bear. But he will have the help that never fails, and the assistance that has been divinely promised. And his spiritual children the wide world over, while yielding him loving allegiance, will pray that he may 'ever desire those things that are pleasing to God, and perform them with all his strength.'

Notes and Remarks.

There is not the slightest doubt in our mind that the Mexican policy of the United States has proved unjust to Mexico. It kept us out of war, and that is good; but it put in power, over the border, a gang of miscreants and desperadoes, whose deeds of violence and injustice have caused a tremor of misgiving even in complacent Washington. We wonder what appeal the bandit Villa and the revolutionist Carranza (who, by the way, has been for years the leader of Mexican Freemasonry), and their methods of government, make to the gentle administration to whom at the moment the destiny of our own Republic is entrusted? Obviously, the Carranza government is set upon the extermination of religion,—which, of course, means the Catholic religion. How far shall this impious movement be abetted? If Catholics in this country had half the influence which their enemies fear they have, sufficient pressure should long since have been brought to bear on the proper officials to prevent the outrages that have become so familiar. Perhaps we are not supine,—perhaps only we are engrossed with other things: At any rate, it behooves us now to have a concern for the well-being of our Catholic neighbors in Mexico, and use what means are in our power to render that concern effective.

The questions are still asked, What was it precisely that started the war in Europe? Who are really responsible for it? Ignorance and Prejudice, of course, are the first to give answer; but Truth may be constrained to declare that it was the need or the greed of greater territorial possessions on one side, jealousy, hatred and revenge on the other. Common-sense will not credit the assertion, no matter how frequently or vehemently repeated, that nations so ready to go fighting were so reluctant to fight one

another. The responsibility for the awful calamity, with blood and death, ruin and poverty, and perhaps famine and pest as accompaniments or resultants, is not easy to realize. The patience and patriotism of the people are fine, and the spirit of bravery displayed by the soldiery is splendid; but the sense of justice and forbearance on the part of rulers is inconspicuous. Their chastisement may come through revolution, and the future progress of democracy may be marked by the downfall of thrones.

The Catholic Theatre Movement will surely reach the people; for it has "come down," in its latest venture, to the very lowest level of popular taste—we mean this in no invidious sense—by annexing the "Movies" as one of its mediums of theatrical renovation and reform. The street piano and barrel organ are the street child's opera; and the "Movies" are the stage and the art gallery for the street children "of a larger growth," since all men in a sense are children still. Now, the present attempt at purifying the motion-picture show, and directing it into channels of beneficent influence, has everything in its favor. It is a wise effort, as Cardinal Newman said of the method of St. Philip Neri, "to yield to the stream, and direct the current, which he could not stop, of science, literature, art, and fashion; and to sweeten and to sanctify what God had made very good and man had spoilt."

From the pastoral letter issued by the archbishops and bishops of Mexico (nine in number) assembled in the city of Mexico in July last, we quote the following paragraphs as a timely refutation of slanders all too commonly spread by a portion of the press in this country:

Furthermore, we raise our voice in protest against the false accusation with which many have deceived the people—namely, that we are helping the actual dissension and discord with our pecuniary support. Even if we wanted to do so, we could not, simply because we are

not possessed of riches, and the offerings from the people barely cover the current, pressing and urgent necessities of our dioceses. In these sad strivings of brothers against brothers, our ideals have been higher and nobler than that. All our aspirations, our preaching, our prayers, our labors,—all have been directed to the realization in our country of that sweet *Pax vobis* ("Peace be to you") which is the characteristic salutation of our loving Master and Redeemer, Jesus Christ.

In order to justify the spoliation of the priests and bishops, the absurd story has been spread everywhere, even in foreign countries, that the Church in Mexico abounds in riches and temporal goods. But what grieves us most keenly is that Catholics, who should be our help and consolation in the tribulations now pressing upon us, have helped the persecutors in spreading their false and malicious murmurings, when these Catholics must realize the privations and even misery to which are subjected not only the humble and self-sacrificing pastors of numberless parishes, but also some of the prelates.

Each in his own more or less limited circle, our readers can do their part in lessening the grief to which the sorely tried prelates of Mexico thus give expression,—can denounce as a falsehood the gratuitous assertion that the Church in Mexico can lay any claim to temporal wealth.

The simultaneous and energetic efforts of Russia, Austria, and Germany to secure the loyalty and adhesion of the Poles must have proved embarrassing to that long-suffering Catholic people. Freedom of religion and language, along with self-government, is now offered them by the very Powers by whom they have hitherto been bitterly persecuted. Naturally enough, they have responded most readily to the appeal of the Austrian Government, under which for forty years they have enjoyed some measure of peace and autonomy. Were it possible in the circumstances to preserve union and strict neutrality, however, the Poles might easily win their independence without shedding a drop of their blood. When the war is over, the Powers will all be so glad to get off with what they have saved or what may be

ceded to them, that little or no persuasion will be needed to make them part with possessions to which they have no right, and which could be held only with difficulty and danger. Poland's day of opportunity has surely dawned, and freedom and prosperity are plainly within her grasp.

Although the sense of humor is not highly developed in the Poles, they must have smiled while reading the Czar's palavering proclamation to them. They are too wise to doubt that, despite all guarantees, the Powers will be guided, when peace is restored, as they are guided now, solely by what seems to their own best interests. With the Triple Alliance gone to pieces, international pledges repudiated, neutrality violated, official declarations of one government officially and flatly contradicted by another, the Poles need not be told what kind of guarantees they should demand whenever the time comes to demand them.

Making the point that modern "tolerance" is "but the palest kind of religious indifference based on the assumption that there is no such thing as objective religious truth, or that, if there be, there is no necessity to determine what it is," a writer in the current *Catholic World* appeals for what he calls "the virtue of bigotry." The phrase is not so happy as it ought to be. Define "bigotry" as you please, the word is of ill-savor and ill-omen. For this writer's conception of "bigotry," however, we have no criticism. Here it is:

This, then, is our sacred obligation: to stand up manfully for what we believe to be the truth; to be intolerant of every creed that contradicts that truth; and, when occasion arises, to defend our faith against the assaults of ignorance and defamation. If this be bigotry, then bigotry is something ardently to be desired. Were there more of such bigotry abroad in the land to-day, there would be less fanaticism and less decay in the religious temper of our times. Our beloved country would then present to the world a striking proof that men can differ with regard to religion without ceasing to be

friends. There would be no room for so degrading and disgraceful a society as "The Guardians of Liberty"; and the death knell would be rung for such filthy sheets as some of our journalistic anomalies, edited by self-styled "patriots," who are to-day, greatly to the disgust of all decent Protestants, calumniating our clergy, insulting our devoted nuns, and vilifying that faith which millions of their fellow-citizens hold dearer than life itself.

A laudable appeal for a living faith as well as a strong statement of an imperative obligation.

—♦—

All civilized mankind has been horrified by the reports of deeds of utter savagery perpetrated by officers and soldiers of the armies now contending against one another in Europe. Although some of these reports are unconfirmed, others seem to be fully substantiated. It is well for the neutral nations to raise their voices against this barbarity, and to protest that something of humanity should be maintained in the usages of warfare. But let them be cautious in placing blame. War is war; and there probably never was one in which wanton destruction of life as well as property did not occur, and the commonest of humane instincts were not violated. Senseless massacre was not unknown during our own Civil War; and needless cruelties were inflicted, not only on battlefields but in prison pens. The voice of humanity is apt to be stifled in the din of war.

—♦—

The third biennial meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities is to be held in Washington on the 20th inst. and the three following days. We notice in the announcement of the meeting this interesting paragraph:

The Executive Committee has received many inquiries concerning attendance at the Conference. In answer to them, the Committee states that all Catholics who are interested in charity works are cordially invited to be present, and to take full part in all the deliberations of the Conference. It is not necessary that one be delegated by an organization. Many organizations do send representatives,

and they are encouraged to do so. But the Conference invites widest participation in its work by all Catholics. Credentials are not required, nor is any form of certificate used by the Conference.

The comprehensive character thus assured for the meeting should do much to promote the practicality of the discussions, and to direct attention to every corner of the vast field of charitable effort that invites the beneficent activities of the well-disposed.

The assertion that all domestic politics have been laid aside in England and that past oppression has been forgotten in Ireland as a result of the war, is abundantly confirmed. A correspondent in London tells us of a significant incident. 'I was leaving my hotel the other day,' he writes, 'when I met at the entrance a middle-aged, prosperous-looking gentleman, who, on seeing the cross I wear, raised his hat with a pleasant smile. I returned the salute, saying I was not good at remembering faces, and wished he would remind me where we had met. He replied: "I don't think we have ever met before, and it is likely enough we shall not meet again. I was saluting the cross you wear and the faith you represent, though I do not belong to it. I am a Protestant from Enniskillen" (a famous Orange centre in Ulster). I took his hand and said: "I am afraid that at Enniskillen there are not many Protestants who would speak in such a kindly, generous way." He answered: "You are mistaken, sir. There are many; and I feel sure that before long Catholics and Protestants will be good friends in Ulster."'

Argument for the superiority of our schools would be speedily exhausted if the most that we could allege in their favor were that they teach the principles of religion. Learning one's religion is so much less vital than living it. That we aim at and achieve the larger result is seldom more charmingly illustrated than by the following anecdote, related a week

or two ago in "Valerian's" excellent department of the Brooklyn *Tablet*:

"I have discovered an infallible rule," said a friend the other day, while strap-hanging in a West End train, "for picking out among a lot of youngsters in these trains the pupils of our Catholic schools. It is the respect they always show to priests, Sisters, and the aged and infirm. Just watch!" In came a Sister with a little girl. The car was crowded, those comfortably seated becoming at once immersed in their papers. The Sister reached for an unoccupied strap, when, presto! a young girl gave up her seat. To test the theory, I edged up to the young miss and said in a casual way: "That was nice of you. What school do you go to?" She said: "I graduated from St. Francis Xavier's Academy last June." At the next station an old man struggled through the throng. He was white-haired but sturdy and erect, and he had a Grand Army button in the lapel of his coat. I gave him my strap; it was the best I could do. Then a young man rose, tipped a salute and offered his seat. The old soldier demurred, said he would rather stand, but finally took the seat with thanks. Now for another test of the theory, though the young fellow didn't look a bit like a Catholic, but one never can tell the book by the cover. So I smiled at him, and dropped the remark that the old fellow did not want his seat. "No," was the reply; "but I noticed his button; and, as my father is a veteran, I knew the old man must be about seventy. I have read the history of the Civil War." I asked where, and he said: "In St. Francis' College, Butler Street." And there you are!

Now we wonder what a veteran Guardian of Liberty like Gen. Miles, for instance, would say to all that.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the Chinatown of San Francisco will be gratified to learn that, thanks to the initiative of Father Charles Bradley, C. S. P., the encouragement of Archbishop Riordan, and the co-operation of some devoted lay Catholics, a Chinese mission school, organized a year ago, is doing excellent work. Chinese converts in their own country make admirable Catholics; they are notably fervent in Montreal; and the size of the colony in San Francisco gives promise of a rich harvest of souls for the Church.



The Present from India.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

"**T**HAT poor, dear Henry!" said Madame Labrimade, wiping her eyes after placing on the table her spectacles and a letter she had just been reading. "He always remembers his old aunt. And so far away as he is! The dear boy is sending me, by a sailor who is returning to Marseilles, a souvenir of the country he's living in."

"Kind Monsieur Henry!" remarked Jeanine, who, having lived eighteen years with her mistress, was accustomed to give her opinion, whether asked for or not, on any and all matters. "And why shouldn't he remember so good an aunt, who spoiled him so much in his youth?"

"And who cried so much when he had to go to India, Jeanine. Poor boy! Boy! He's thirty-six now; but to me he is, and always will be till they bury me, a little boy."

"And when is the gift coming, Madame?"

"I don't know, but it will doubtless arrive before long, if, as I understand, the sailor Canadille has already arrived at Marseilles."

Two hours later, sure enough, a formidable ring at the door-bell made the two women jump. It was the messenger from the nephew in India, carrying in his arms a good-sized square box.

In her joy, Madame Labrimade almost fell on his neck and embraced him. He left the box in the garden, and followed the good woman into the house, as she insisted that he must not think of going away without having some refreshments, and especially without giving her news of her Henry.

In the dining-room Canadille was pressed to partake of what he afterward described to his messmates as "a tiptop, square lunch"; and while he ate and drank he was bombarded with questions about the dear Henry,—the country he lived in, and the kind of life he was leading. Without missing a bite or swallow, he informed them that the "poor boy" supported his exile quite patiently, and was living a fairly agreeable existence in the distant East.

As a matter of fact, Canadille did not know a great deal about these topics, his acquaintance with Henry being rather slight, and with life in India still slighter. That did not bother him, however; like all sailors, he could "spin a yarn" purely imaginary; and he accordingly favored his auditors with the most impressive details concerning the points on which they desired information.

"It's a fine country," he said,—“yes, a magnificent country; but, unfortunately, 'tis full of ferocious beasts. The most dangerous of all are the serpents; the Indian snakes are of all sizes and all colors. And the worst of it is that the sting or bite of nearly all of them is fatal. You walk through a pleasant-looking garden; you feel something tickle your foot; and, presto! you're deader than if swallowed by a whale."

The two old women shuddered. Satisfied with having interested and impressed them, Canadille said he must return on board ship; so, thanking them for the lunch, he took his leave.

"And now," said Jeanine, who was devoured with curiosity, "we must open the box right away, mustn't we?"

"Yes, and we'd better do it out here in the garden: it's getting dark in the house. But go to work carefully, Jeanine; and be sure you don't break or spoil any

of the contents. I dare say there are some Indian fruits and confections in the box."

"That's quite likely," said Jeanine. Then, prying the cover off the box, she added: "and how well packed they are! No danger of their getting crushed."

As she spoke, she pulled off a covering of mat-work; next, some cotton-waste; then she uttered a cry of terror, and, dropping everything, she seized Madame Labrimade by the arm and half led; half dragged her into the house, shutting and locking the door as soon as they entered. This much accomplished, she sank into a chair, apparently half dead with fright.

Madame Labrimade, trembling in sympathy but ignorant of any cause for fear, at last demanded:

"Well, Jeanine, what's the matter? Are you going crazy?"

"What's the matter, indeed? Didn't you see it in the box, Madame?"

"See what? For goodness' sake, explain yourself."

"A serpent, Madame,—a great big snake!"

"Serpent? You're joking, Jeanine."

"I'm *not* joking! Good God forbid! It was a real snake and a living one. I saw it move its head. And it's an enormous one. O Madame, such an animal in our garden! Just to think of it gives one the goose-flesh. And it's crawling around the garden now, no doubt. I'll never dare set my feet outside this house as long as I live. Alas! will they ever be able to kill it, I wonder? And it can't even get out of the garden, on account of the walls."

"So much the better for the people outside, Jeanine. A serpent!"

Suddenly Jeanine, uttering another cry almost as piercing as the first one, jumped off the chair, to the great alarm of her mistress—who thought she had felt something moving under her feet—and started for the hallway.

"What is there now?" asked Madame

Labrimade. "Have you seen the reptile from here?"

"No, Madame; but I've just remembered that the basement windows are open. The snake could so easily get into the dining-room and into the kitchen—"

"Hurry up! Let us shut all the windows," interrupted her mistress,—"those on the first floor, too. You can't tell where those serpents can climb to."

And both the old women, terrified, hastened to close all the windows, their hearts palpitating with the fear that even then the dread serpent had glided into the house. When everything was shut tight, they returned to the dining-room and took counsel one of the other. What would become of them with the enemy in the garden, which was full of shrubbery and surrounded the house on all sides?

"We'll die of starvation, for a certainty!" sighed Jeanine.

"We'll be asphyxiated for want of air, since we dare not open the windows," said her mistress.

"And we can't even call for help," continued the servant. "What a state we're in!"

They did not dare go to bed. How get to sleep when perhaps during the night the awful snake would crawl under the sheets!

"We'll go to my room," said Madame Labrimade. "We'll light lamps and candles, so as to make everything in the chamber clearly visible; and then, each of us in an armchair, we'll wait till morning, when perhaps some one may come to our rescue."

This programme was followed out, though not until the house door was well barricaded, as if the dreaded serpent were a battering-ram that threatened to break it down. They had scarcely tried to compose themselves to sleep, however, when a cry of distress from her mistress made Jeanine bound from her chair like a professional acrobat.

"There! there!" exclaimed Madame

Labrimade, wide-eyed from terror, and pointing to a corner of the room.

As a matter of fact, there appeared on the wall a black head, triangular in shape, long and flat.

"There! Look at it—the snake!" repeated Madame Labrimade, whom terror kept nailed to her seat, while Jeanine promptly mounted a table. Believing herself secure at that height, she examined more closely the cause of her mistress' fright. It turned out to be the shadow of an umbrella handle thrown on the wall by one of the candles set upon the floor.

The night seemed interminably long. The two women shivered at the slightest noise. Finally morning came; and as soon as there was any stir on the street, Jeanine opened a window and shouted for help. Her mistress joined her. Several persons, hearing them, thought them crazy, and notified a police sergeant.

Before the officer reached the house, however, it was approached by two employees of the museum, carrying a box much like that which contained the unwelcome serpent. One of them climbed over the garden wall, while the other remained outside in charge of the box.

As the first of the two drew near the house door, he heard the warning:

"Look out! Take care! The snake will attack you."

"The snake?" thought the employee. "Now I bet they are afraid of the serpent that was brought to them by mistake instead of the box we have without!"

Going closer to the door, he discovered the box opened by Jeanine the night before.

"Why, here's the snake!" he exclaimed. "And it doesn't seem to be alive." He stooped down, touched the serpent, and found that it was—stuffed.

Bursting into a hearty laugh, he held it up to the view of the two women, crying out:

"Not living, but stuffed, Madame! Moreover, it belongs to the museum. *Your* box, which the sailor Canadille left with

us when he brought ours here, is at your garden gate."

And the speedy opening of their own box, together with the gratification caused by the luscious and beautiful gifts it contained, not only restored Monsieur Henry to his old aunt's favor, but compensated her and Jeanine for their fright over the wrong present from India.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XV.

WHEN the small violinist whispered across the red platform to the pianist, "No, I won't! I'm going!" the gentleman in the front said:

"By Jove, she's a *prima donna* already! I've heard of a lady that had one shoe on, and the audience waiting, and she wouldn't put on the other shoe till the manager gave her another hundred pounds. It's a fact!"

The audience was inclined to laugh now as well as to applaud. But there was quite a storm of clapping, and some people laughed when Mr. Buxter, with his hair on end and his round eyes starting, began the soft notes as a prelude to "the Reverie composed by herself." The young man did not know what they were clapping for, and why any one should seem amused. He finished the prelude, and looked round for the violin to begin. He was alone on the platform. The "prodigy" had fled. That outburst of applause was for Lolo when she was running out without looking at any one.

The child had fled down the flower-decked stairs, and dashed into the artiste's room. Her violin fell on the floor with a clatter, and she rushed into the arms of the lady in yellow.

What had happened? What had she done? Her eyes were full of tears, but she struggled hard not to cry. One of the small, brown, helpless fingers was at the

corner of her mouth; her dark eyes peeped in terror toward the group of men where the white waistcoat was, and the big gold chain.

Pedro de Selvas, or Bartholdy Wagner Woods — whichever you like to call him — saw at a glance that his "prodigy" had done something dreadful. Had she broken down? It seemed impossible. For him, too, it was the unexpected that had happened. He stood scowling, glaring at the child. Then he snatched his hat from the table, growled something that sounded wicked, and left the room.

The next "professional" had hurried away to the drawing-room to fill the gap, not perhaps free from nervousness either, but hiding it with the self-control of grown-up people. The child's face was buried against the yellow silk. Lolo's sense of failure was awful. She had no idea any one had clapped for her. She knew only that she had broken down, and that people laughed at her when she fled. She thought her professional career was over, and that the terrible guardian would "kill" her to-night.

"What on earth did you do?" It was "muzzer" that was asking the question. "Why did you not go on playing, you stupid child?"

Somehow, the news had leaked down from the drawing-room. The facts were known. Sharp things had even been said up there about the people who forced such a child to play in public too early. "Muzzer" was boiling with rage.

"You are very kind," she was speaking in icy tones to the lady in yellow; "but you must not spoil her. She has been too naughty to-day. She can play perfectly well, when she likes.—You have played those pieces hundreds of times, haven't you, Lolo?"

"Yes," answered Lolo, without raising her eyes.

"There!" said the angry woman. "Now, what is any one to do with a child like that?"

"What are you to do with her? What

I should do," said the professional lady, "is to keep her till the right age for coming out. We must not expect too much of a baby like her, — not if she were going to be the finest player in the world. How old are you, you poor little mite?—Eight? Ten? Well, what is ten to face an audience! She ought to be playing with a skipping rope."

This made "muzzer" more angry than ever. She said something about not wishing to receive advice.

"You see, Madame, this child is a genius. Excuse me, if I say she is our own, and we know how to manage her.—Come at once, Lolo. You must answer for this to your father."

Just then the door opened, and in came a lovely young lady in white. She went straight to Lolo, saying:

"This is from the princess. Her Royal Highness said I was to bring it to 'the darling little girl.' That is just what the princess said."

Lolo received into her hand a small gold clasp sparkling with diamonds.

"You played most beautifully," said the messenger in white. "Oh, don't cry! We all knew you stopped only because you forgot. My mother — that is Lady Dalchester — said you must play for us again, when you are big—in a few years' time. Oh, poor little darling! I have only made you cry. See how pretty the diamonds are? Look! Do!"

Lolo had struggled long. Under the love and kindness she broke down, and sobbed with torrents of tears, while the girl in white petted and comforted her.

"She is tired out, — that is it! Does she stay up late?"

"I did not sleep last night at all!" sobbed Lolo.

"Then," said the kind voice close to her, "how could we expect you to play any more? Now you must go home to bed, sweet little one! And put this brooch under your pillow, and see how it will shine in the morning. I am quite sure the princess would give you a kiss if she



could. So here are two kisses,—one from her and one from me."

The dark blue cloak was put on, and Lolo went silently down the softly-covered staircase. There were the great banks of flowers, that had looked so gay when she was coming up. Ah, she had thought then how nice it would be when she was going down again! And now it was anything but nice. The present from the princess was the one bright spot. The child was very quiet. Only a little gasp came now and again, when she was trying not to cry any more. She climbed into the taxi that "muzzer" called. The roll of music and the fiddle case were put in after her by a man with gilt cuffs and a powdered head—and a red waistcoat! And, oh, how she wished now that they had left her in the far-off land, where the eyes of her babyhood were first gladdened by a scarlet waistcoat!

"Show me the jewelry!" demanded "muzzer" the moment the car was driving away.

Lolo, not raising her eyes, gave something between a sigh and a sad little sniff. She opened the hand lying in her lap, and closed it again upon her sparkling treasure. It was no wonder she wanted to keep it.

"You will have to give that to me," said the lady beside her,—not really "mother," but the lady with the big plumed hat and the scent, whom Lolo at four years old had been taught to call "muzzer." "You will have to give that to me. It can be changed into money."

"Oh, can't I keep it?"

"You ungrateful little beggar!" said the pitiless woman. "We took you in from a gypsy camp, and fed and clothed you. Whatever comes to you is ours. That is mine. Give it to me, I tell you!"

The taxi had stopped at the entrance to a block of flats. Handsome windows, curtained and with flowers on the window-sills, rose floor above floor. This place

was called by some grand name,—somebody's "mansions." And it was here they lived.

Lolo had suddenly become hardened.

"The princess meant me to keep it," she replied, in a small whisper of self-assertion.

"Nonsense! Your father will sell it."

"Oh, no!" said Lolo, piteously. She sprang from the car, and ran in at the open doorway.

"We shall see!" said the guardian's wife. There was a threat in her voice. "Selfish little animal! You want training, and you shall get it. A little hunger will make a lot of difference."

The woman crossed the pavement slowly, to conceal her rage. Then she went up by the lift. Lolo had gone up the staircase. The hall porter said Mr. de Selvas had not yet come in. Oh, wait till Mr. de Selvas came! And then, if he was literally to half kill Lolo, Madame was too angry to lift a finger to save her.

But where *was* Lolo? The door of the flat had been open. Betsy, the maid, had heard her run in. But she was nowhere to be found. There was silence in every room: no furniture displaced, no curtain bulging and betraying a hiding-place.

"Lolo! You shocking child, come out this minute!" said Madame de Selvas to silent walls that did not answer. She peeped under beds and tables and looked in all the cupboards.

"Are you quite sure she came in, Betsy?"

"Oh, yes, Madame! But shouldn't we let her be? It's only a bit of fun."

"Hold your tongue, Betsy! Her father will find her fast enough." Madame said this at the door of the box-room, where she had opened the baskets and trunks.

The lady dined alone, finding fault with everything. The hard-worked, kind-hearted Betsy was afraid to ask about Miss Lolo's first concert. She waited at table, and quaked. If this was "Madame" what would "the master" be?

All this time a little figure very hot,

with a blue cloak, was hidden in a large basket which usually held soiled linen. This basket stood in the corner of the small box-room. So one can imagine how Lolo held her breath when the angry lady was talking at the door of that very room. And all the trunks and baskets had indeed been opened—even Lolo's basket. What, then, had Lolo done? She had the corner of a sheet over her head, and she crouched down; the tall round basket appeared to have only a bundle of linen in it. Madame de Selvas would have found her, if she had poked the top of the bundle; but luckily she did not do that. She put the wicker cover on, and Lolo began to breathe again; for the voices and the footsteps went away.

The thieves in the story of Ali Baba were not more cleverly concealed in the jars than was Lolo in that high, narrow basket. She slipped the sheet off her head now, and pushed the lid up, and looked out. How long could life go on in a basket? If Betsy knew, there would be a chance of food; Betsy would not let her starve. At present she was too frightened to feel hungry.

It was a queer place for a white and gold frock and a silk-lined cloak to get stuffed into. Lolo cared nothing for the finery now. It only reminded her of that terrible failure this afternoon. The diamond clasp was still in her hand. She began to count up the kind people in London. Anyhow, there were four. There were the princess and Betsy and the lady in yellow silk, and the tall girl in white who brought the message and gave her the two kisses. The rest of London was a world of unkind people and strangers. No wonder that she sank again into the depths of the basket, and had to struggle hard not to cry. If she let the tears begin, her trouble might reach an acute point, at which she would have to roar out loud. And if she roared out loud in the clothes-basket—all would be over!

Suddenly, with terror, she heard the

arrival home of Pedro de Selvas. There was the latchkey rattling, the hall door opening in the distance, the heavy step in the passage, the harsh voice. He was asking where was Lolo. She crouched and trembled. That was "fahzer" at last. She would die of fright if he came searching into the box-room.

Oh, those beautiful words, "father" and "mother"! How little poor Lolo knew of their meaning!

Well, no one came to the box-room yet. Perhaps it had been explained to "fahzer" that Lolo was hiding, and that she would have to come out when she was hungry. It was clear that he had sat down to dinner; for there was much ringing of bells and carrying of dishes. There was also a loud "pop"!

The child climbed out of the basket onto the top of a large trunk. As she scrambled up, the brooch in her hand pricked her. She took one look at it. The middle diamond caught an evening sunbeam from the window, and blazed. Spots of light went dancing up the wall and across the ceiling. But this was no time to play at flashing the sunshine about: she had to consider seriously whether one could live more comfortably in a trunk or in a clothes-basket. Would she have any air in the trunk? The basket did not shut out all the air; but, then, it was so very narrow! She had heard the old song of the "Mistletoe Bough," and it was fearful to remember how the bride hid herself playfully in an oak chest, and the lid shut down, and she never got out again. But this was not an oak chest. It was a sort of dress-basket, with glossy black stuff drawn tightly over the outside. She raised the lid and looked into it. Dusty old hats and rubbish! Oh, what was that bit of dingy silver down in the corner? It was a tarnished medal on a little chain,—her own old medal, discolored with lying by, but certainly the one she used to wear. In Germany, two or three years ago, she had missed it one morning, and had searched for days. How

did it come to be here? Things in a trunk are things put away. Had it been taken from her in the night, or picked up in the house? Some one must have thrown it into this trunk, to keep it out of her sight, so that she might not find it or wear it any more.

"It is my medal," said Lolo, and she clasped the little silver chain about her neck. It was what she remembered longest, — part of the old life among the fields and trees, when she was very little, and people loved her. Oh! if she could get back to the gypsies again. Where were they? Would they have her? Could she not go out now, and walk, and walk, till she reached the country, and try to find them?

Noiselessly as a mouse and very quickly, she crept along the passage. The angry man was still at his dinner. She could smell roast meat as she passed the dining-room door. Only then she felt very hungry, for she had hardly tasted food all day. He was having "fizzy" wine, too, for the cork had popped. He was talking loud, raging like a madman.

She would have liked to say good-bye to Betsy, and she would have liked a piece of bread and butter, too. But Betsy, with the kindest heart, might stop her escape. And as for bread and butter, it was better to be hungry than to be killed.

So she softly drew back the latch of the hall door, and slipped out. Her little white shoes made no noise as she ran away down the long flight of steps to the street.

(To be continued.)

"PE," in China, means "north," and king means "the capital"; hence Peking: the northern capital. Tien means "heavenly," and Tsin means "place"; so Tien-Tsin has meant "heavenly place" for many centuries. When the famous Marco Polo visited the town in the thirteenth century he translated its name into "Citta Celeste."

A Royal Deed.

The Lorraine family of France bears upon its coat-of-arms a golden shield crossed with a red bar, on which are three silver eagles, or, as they are called in heraldry, *alérions*.

The story goes that one of that family, a pious monk, emerged from his seclusion and followed Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Crusader King, to Jerusalem. He was one day in great need of a pen wherewith to sign some official document. "I will furnish you with one," said the King, taking an arrow from its quiver. His quick eye scanned the sky; and there, flying low over the Tower of David, were three majestic eagles. To see was to act: the King quickly drew his bow: the arrow flew upward; and, before his followers knew what he was doing, down it fell again, and with it the largest eagle. Turning to the astonished monk, the King said, "Here is your pen, my friend," and drew a fine quill from the wing of the bird. No doubt all his followers did the same. The King graciously added that the family of Lorraine should always bear the arms above described.

One does not blame the noble family that owes its honors to the kindness of so fearless a king, who, as the historian of the Crusades relates, "at the head of seventy thousand foot and ten thousand horse, all arrayed in complete armor and under the banner of many princes, but united under his own standard, bravely entered Palestine to subdue the followers of the Prophet Mahomet."

An Open Book.

BY L. H.

THE Book of Nature bound in bark,
Is open, so 'tis said,
To all the world in autumn time,
When many leaves are red.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Macmillan Co. announce a new edition of "Southern Italy and Sicily," by F. Marion Crawford. It is a work of perennial interest and charm.

—A more enduring value would attach to "Leaves from the Note-Book of a Missionary," by the Rev. Wm. B. Hannon (B. Herder), had the editing been more competent. The work is durably bound.

—The sumptuous new edition of Vasari's "Lives of the Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," translated by G. de Vere, and published by Lee Warner, is nearing completion. Vol VII. is now on the market.

—Hitherto withheld, the poems of Emily Dickinson, written to her "Sister Sue," will shortly be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.; having been edited by the poet's niece, Mrs. Martha Dickinson Bianchi.

—The Presentation Alumnae of San Francisco have issued a new magazine which they call *Womanhood*, and term "the last thing in Feminism in recent years"; going so far, too, as to admit that it is a "literary creation." We observe that by far the bulk of the contents in the first number is contributed by the unfair sex.

—From the Century Co. we have received one of a series of American Historical Readers, "The Period of Discovery," by Joseph V. McKee, M. A., Fordham University; and Louise S. Roemer, Public Schools, New York city. The readings are chiefly biographical and in story form, and ought to prove interesting to the average boy or girl. Several of the stories toward the end of the book deal with civics in a concrete fashion decidedly commendable. Profusely illustrated, printed on heavy paper, and strongly bound, the volume's externals are just what a text-book ought to be.

—An edition of Pustet's *typica* Breviary for those who need large print is now available. The volumes are, of course, somewhat more bulky than those of the first edition for general use; but they are, nevertheless, remarkably handy,—far more portable than the original *editio typica*, which was considered so perfect. Correctness is assured, and the publishers have spared no pains to render this Breviary as convenient, durable, and elegant as possible. The elegance, however, is not in mere ornamentation. Each volume is supplied with all the

adjuncts that could possibly be desired. It is a pleasure to recommend this edition of the Breviary to those who find the print of the first edition a little too small; in all other respects, it will suit them exactly. Price in Turkey morocco, \$14.50.

—We learn that *Our Sunday Visitor*, of Huntington, Ind., has absorbed the *Live Issue* of New York city. It would be very gratifying to announce that the editor and his entire staff had also been "taken over," but Fr. Noll states that the latter periodical will be continued only by a department in his widely circulated weekly.

—The Latin text, with an English translation by Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J., of Blessed Edmund Campion's "Ten Reasons Proposed to his Adversaries for Disputation in the Name of the Faith, and Presented to the Illustrious Members of our Universities," forms Volume VI. in the Catholic Library series. For sale in the United States by Mr. B. Herder.

—Ransom Sutton's "The Passing of the Fourteen" (the Devin-Adair Co.) has for subtitle "Life, Love, and War among the Brigands and Guerrillas of Mexico." The narrative is a cross between the historical novel and the candidly fictitious tale of adventure. The story deals with Mexico during the brief rule of the unfortunate Maximilian, and the subsequent presidency of Benito Juarez. Lovers of the romantic will like the book, although Catholics will naturally resent the author's references to the Church and churchmen. We can not highly praise this book on any score.

—"Saturday's Child," the longest and perhaps the most "ambitious" of Kathleen Norris' works, is well worth reading. The author's forte is always her point of view—her wholesome love of life and its duties. The value of this is not diminished from the fact that it is woman's life and woman's duties which she chiefly considers. As a novelist, Mrs. Norris excels in the creation of characters that live. In none of her works does this quality strike the reader more forcibly than in "Saturday's Child." The working girl who is the heroine of this realistic romance becomes not only a vital figure herself, but she is the medium through which the other characters live for us. We see through her eyes and judge with her lights. Unless the author achieve this result with all her readers, some of them, the moralists, will fall foul of the

second part of this story. A Catholic, too, will be left wondering often to know just the status of Susan and her friends as regards the Faith and its practices. One shall be taken, another left, seems to have been the author's policy. We can not but think that, on the whole, the story will benefit while it entertains the generality of readers. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—A welcome addition to the Westminster Library series (Longmans, Green & Co.) is "The Priest and Social Action," by the Rev. Charles Plater, S. J., M. A. Six of the book's fifteen interesting chapters deal with the concrete social action of the clergy in Germany, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, and the United States and Canada; and the account of such action makes inspiring reading. Few priests, we venture to say, can read the volume without experiencing renewed zeal not only for the strictly charitable action that seeks to *relieve* poverty and misery, but for the social action that tries to *prevent* them as far as possible by removing their causes. The appreciative Introduction to the work is contributed by the Bishop of Northampton.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Saturday's Child." Kathleen Norris. \$1.50.
 "Ten Reasons." Bl. Edmund Campion. 30 cts.
 "The Priest and Social Action." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. \$1.20.
 "The Period of Discovery" (American Historical Readers). McKee-Roemer. 50 cts.
 "Index to the Works of Newman." Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.75.
 "The Holy Eucharist in Art." Dom Corbini Wirz, O. S. B. \$1.10.
 "A Garden of Girls." Mrs. Thomas Con-
 cannon, M. A. \$1, net.
 "Through an Anglican Sisterhood to Rome."
 A. H. Bennett. \$1.35.
 "The Question of Miracles." Rev. G. H.
 Joyce, S. J. 30 cts.

- "Lourdes." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 30 cts.
 "The First Irish Pilgrimage to Lourdes." 1s.
 "A Challenge to the Time-Spirit." Rev. T. J.
 Gerrard. \$1.25.
 "Essays." Alice Meynell. \$1.50.
 "The Teachers' Story Teller's Book." Alice
 O'Grady, Frances Throop. \$1.
 "The Black Cardinal." John Talbot Smith.
 \$1.25.
 "Irish Literary and Musical Studies." Alfred
 Perceval Graves, M. A. \$1.75.
 "The Church and Labor." Rev. L. McKenna,
 S. J. 40 cts.
 "The Sweet Miracle." Eça de Queiroz. 30 cts.
 "Lourdes." Johannes Jørgensen. 90 cts.
 "Ideals and Realities." Edith Pearson. 2s. 6d.
 "The New Man." Philip Gibbs. \$1.
 "The Shadow of Peter." Herbert E. Hall,
 M. A. 70 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Richard Campbell, of the archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Thomas Farrelly, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Joseph Egan, diocese of Trenton; Rev. James Walsh, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. W. P. McQuade, archdiocese of Boston.

Sister M. Alphonsus, of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Theodore Tack, Mrs. Matilda Sherland, Mr. Michael Molloy, Mr. Valentine Chevaux, Mr. John Sullivan, Mr. Paul Grenzer, Mr. Michael Kane, Mr. Charles Gulick, Miss Brigid Flaherty, Mr. John Cox, Miss Alice Hughes, Mrs. Anna Jones, Mr. James Harkins, Mrs. Elizabeth Wilkinson, Mrs. Mary Reilly, Mr. E. L. Howard, Miss Loretto Murphy, Mr. Frank Mitchell, Mr. John Heelan, Mr. Michael Heelan, Miss Julia Peitz, Mr. David Murphy, Mr. Walter Wright, Nora and Cecilia Tangney, Mr. John Wernsing, Mr. T. H. Schlarmann, Mr. Thomas Glynn, Mr. Charles Kipfer, Mrs. Anna Donovan, Mrs. Anne Flanagan, and Mr. Casper Kessler.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

- For the Chinese missions:
 Mr. McS., \$5; a priest, \$20.
 For other foreign missions:
 Friends, \$4.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 19, 1914.

NO. 12

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For a Birthday Book.

A hitherto unpublished poem by the Rev. Abram J. Ryan, popularly known as the "Poet Priest of the South." It was written in 1885.

MY name is nothing and my songs are less;
Fame is the echo of one's nothingness
And the sad shadow of earth's emptiness.

God's thoughts of us, not man's, are ever true.
He sees us as we are, a clod, a star;

We are just what we are in Heaven's hue,
And nothing less and surely nothing more,
No matter what we seem to earthly view.
The light that flashes from the Eternal Son
And falls upon us,—it alone is true
In photographing all,—and me and you.

Six Days at Lourdes during the Late Congress.

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

IT is hard to believe as we write these lines, not a month after the Eucharistic Congress of Lourdes, that so short a space of time has elapsed between a feast of peace, where French, English, Germans, Americans, Slavs, Italians, and Orientals were united in mind and heart, and the terrible conflict that has set fire to Europe. Lourdes seems far away, its peacefulness contrasts so sharply with the warlike activities that now surround us. But its past memories gain in sweetness from the very fact that the present is fraught with anxiety and pain; and, in the retrospect, our six days' stay at

Mary's City appears as a happy dream.

We reached Lourdes on Tuesday morning, July 21, in a train filled to overflowing with travellers of every nationality,—with Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Americans, and so forth,—priests and laymen. A French archbishop, seeking in vain for a seat at Pau, gratefully accepted a corner in our crowded carriage. There was in the air a pleasant feeling of brotherhood, that made all inconveniences insignificant. The Lourdes station, where flags were flying gaily, presented a curious aspect,—a cardinal in scarlet robes; a poor priest, whose luggage consisted of a few possessions wrapped up in a red handkerchief; as well as peasants from Brittany and the Pyrenees. Happy pilgrims from Paris, who are now a prey to mortal fear for their best beloved, poured into the open space outside. But the mountains were veiled in clouds, that lay low on their green slopes; in fact, it was only on the last day of the Congress that the sky thoroughly cleared and the sun shone gloriously.

The first public ceremony at which we were called upon to assist was the solemn entrance of the Pope's Legate, Cardinal Granito di Belmonte Gennaro, who, preceded by Pyrenean Guides on horseback, and escorted by his suite, passed through the narrow and steep streets of the little town. The Legate, tall above the average, high-bred, dignified, with chiselled features and a gracious smile, immediately won the hearts of the people. His slight figure towered above his surroundings when, later in the afternoon, he presided over

the first of the great gatherings that took place daily on the wide Esplanade in front of the Basilica. Here the *Magnificat* was sung by the assembled multitudes. The words, *Et exaltavit humiles*, seemed fraught with a special meaning when we remembered that it was at the bidding of the Queen's messenger, a simple peasant girl, that the pilgrimage of Lourdes was founded. Truly the Pyrenean shepherdess Bernadette, like another shepherdess, her countrywoman, Joan of Arc, was among the lowly ones whom the Lord exalted.

Our next visit was to the well-beloved and familiar Grotto. Here the atmosphere is at all hours one of earnest, silent prayerfulness. All the pilgrims to Lourdes know the attraction of the place. Here we feel as if we were standing on the borderland of the invisible. On a spot once illuminated by the smile of the Mother of God there still lingers an influence that brightens, comforts, and calms our hearts.

Worshippers are numerous in front of the Grotto. An Italian penitent, wrapped and hooded in dark cloth, kneels with outstretched arms. A Hungarian couple, who have come on foot, are prostrate in contemplation; the man's look of ecstasy and the woman's sweet face are good to see. The Basilica above is also crowded. Here penitents are waiting in serried ranks to go to confession, with that unconventional simplicity that is one of the characteristics of Lourdes.

Only on the second day, Wednesday, July 22, did the real business of the Congress begin. A congress is not a pilgrimage, although at Lourdes it evidently had a more prayerful character than either at Vienna or London. Lourdes, the city of miracles, is essentially a city of prayer; and, even in ordinary times, the supernatural atmosphere of the place seems to enfold its visitors. For this reason the supernatural features of a Eucharistic Congress could not develop in more suitable and congenial surroundings. The outward pomp and splendor of

Vienna, even of London, were necessarily wanting in the little Pyrenean town; and one missed, too, the co-operation of the reigning Powers that was a striking feature of the Vienna Congress.

A Eucharistic Congress is not only a devotional and solemn manifestation of faith: it has a learned and practical side; that at Lourdes was well to the front in the different meetings, where important questions were discussed. The Congress officially opened at four in the afternoon on July 21, on the Esplanade, where the Legate, surrounded by seven cardinals—those of Rheims, Lisbon, Seville, Bordeaux, Lyons, New York, and Ireland—sat on the reserved platform, in front of more than one hundred bishops. Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, president of the Committee, spoke first, and declared that the twenty-fifth Eucharistic Congress was opened. After him spoke in turn the Bishop of Lourdes, the Archbishop of New York, the Archbishop of Seville, the Patriarch of Lisbon, the Auxiliary Bishop of Cologne, the Archbishop of Rheims, and others. Many of their discourses were notably eloquent; and the mere presence of these prelates from many lands, banded together in a common feeling of faith and love, was impressive.

The speech of the Cardinal Legate was listened to with particular attention. He reminded his hearers that the first idea of the Eucharistic Congress originated in France, at Lille; and he alluded to the royal honors paid to the Blessed Sacrament two years ago at Vienna. "At Lourdes, the Congress is under the patronage of Mary. Official France, unbelieving and persecuting, is absent; but Catholic France, devout and enthusiastic, is here, eager to proclaim the supreme sovereignty of Jesus Christ present in the Sacred Host."

However much one might be taken up with, or interested in, the theological and devotional side of the Congress, its general aspect is perhaps what appeals most

strongly to the average visitor. The long waiting on the Esplanade, where, in order to hear the speeches, it was necessary to be present an hour or two beforehand, could not be employed entirely in prayer, and the humors of the crowd were sometimes amusing. An overwhelming perception of the universality of the Church seizes hold of one at Lourdes. It makes one breathe an enlarged atmosphere, and imparts a feeling of brotherhood that minimizes small annoyances, such as the irrepressible chatter of a French abbé who insisted on conversing with his neighbors, an Irish and a Saxon priest, neither of whom spoke a syllable of French. The endeavors of the first to answer the flood of questions let loose upon him were more praiseworthy than successful. Again, in a more pathetic form, the same sense of catholicity returned to us at the Grotto, where a Polish pilgrimage slowly wended its way toward evening. The Poles surrounded their banner, and, in their own language, sang hymns and the Litany of our Blessed Lady. There was a haunting sadness in the music,—a slow, sad, imploring note, that reminded those present that these were the sons of martyrs, perhaps themselves sufferers for the Faith.

The evening procession, at six, brought other impressions in its train. The Blessed Sacrament was carried round the Esplanade, followed closely by the Legate, whose reverent attitude was combined with quiet dignity. Before and after him came the cardinals, bishops, prelates, and priests in serried ranks. The religious habit, prohibited in France, is assumed freely at Lourdes. Here Dominicans, Carmelites, Franciscans, and Cistercians are able once more to wear the garb of their respective Orders. For instance, Père Janvier, a prominent member of the procession, wore his white robe instead of being, as in Paris, disguised as a Canon of Notre Dame. Religious liberty has found a refuge at Lourdes, the only spot in France that, so far,

has been safe from sectarian persecution.

The Legate's Mass at the Grotto, which we heard on the following morning, was the occasion of a demonstration all the more touching because it was spontaneous. The people pressed round the Cardinal's tall figure when he left the shrine to return to his carriage; they kissed his hand, implored a blessing or a word, with a fervor not unmingled with the indiscretion that characterizes pilgrims of every nation. Not that Cardinal Granito di Belmonte Gennaro resented it: on the contrary; when, just as he was seated in his carriage and ready to drive away, a poor woman holding a sick child in her arms pressed through the crowd, the Cardinal immediately stepped out, and, advancing toward the suppliant, blessed and caressed the baby.

On the third day—Thursday, July 23,—the meetings in the French section, that held its assemblies in the large church of the "Rosaire," were particularly interesting. The venerable Père Bailly, Superior-General of the Assumptionists; Mgr. Chollet, Archbishop of Cambrai, and others, spoke on the subject upon which was concentrated the attention of the Congress—the social royalty of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. It was treated from a high theological standpoint by Mgr. Chollet, and in a more practical manner by other priests, who either advocated, under different forms, acts of devotion to be performed toward the Blessed Sacrament, or else gave an account of the results that have been obtained. Thus an Irish priest, in excellent French, told the story of the little Irish girl, "Little Nellie of Holy God," who, in a mysterious manner, seems to have forestalled the Holy Father's decree on the early Communion of children.

The weather of the Thursday was threatening, with occasional showers; but the prayerful pilgrims at the Grotto heeded not the rain. In the Basilica, the Blessed Sacrament, exposed day and night, attracted crowds of worshippers.

Toward evening the clouds lifted; and the procession, which took place as usual at six, developed under a serene sky. Indeed, the lights on the mountains were that evening exquisitely blended; and, viewed from the *Place* in front of the Basilica, the procession was a glorious sight. In the moving mass, groups of white, purple, black, and red were clearly visible. A pathetic feature was the presence of the sick in chairs. They took up their station on the Esplanade, and before them the golden monstrance stopped. Then the famous invocations, heard only at Lourdes, rang out so clear that from our elevated position we heard them distinctly: "Lord, I believe in Thee! Thou art my Lord and my God! Christ, Son of the Living God, grant that I may see, that I may hear," etc.

The words, eagerly repeated by the multitude, rolled along, a big wave of sound, to the throne of God. We thought of a little white-faced boy whom we had seen more than once in an invalid chair in front of the Grotto, and we waited for the *Magnificat* that always proclaims a miracle. But no *Magnificat* came. Such is the mysterious power of the Lourdes atmosphere, however, that we were more than satisfied the supplication was answered only in another and better way. As we watched the procession—a ribbon of black, white, and scarlet winding along the Esplanade—a peasant woman from the mountains of Dauphiné came to kneel near us. Social barriers do not exist at Lourdes; and we marvelled, after a few minutes' talk, at our neighbor's spiritual insight, at her keen sense of the supernatural, and her loving faith.

Another procession took place later that night; and, again from our station in front of the Basilica, we looked down, this time on a moving sea of light and fire. As the torchlight procession marched up and down, in and out, the familiar *Ave, Ave, Ave Maria* was taken up by the priests and people below, and by the pilgrims who were massed on the terrace or along

the climbing paths, until, out of the darkness, it seemed to echo from the very stones under our feet.

Our last station was at the Basilica, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed day and night. It was literally packed with worshippers, many of whom remained the whole or greater part of the night. Most impressive was the vigil. Men and women of every rank and age were there, wrapped in silent, earnest prayer. By the light of the tragic events that have since then occurred in Europe, we are inclined to wonder, in the retrospect, if some of these prayerful souls were not, unconsciously, gathering strength to meet future trials.

A visit to the different sections occupied Friday morning. In the English-speaking section an Indian missionary, who proudly claimed to be a British subject, spoke with much earnestness of the Eucharistic League Missions in Madras. Other zealous missionaries followed. The purpose of all their speeches was the honor of the Blessed Sacrament. The German section seemed numerous and active, the speakers' guttural accents contrasting with the musical tongue of the Italians close by. Here a numerous group of bishops and laymen, seated round a table, were engaged in animated discussion; the grace and vivacity of their gestures were charming to witness. They too, like their neighbors, were absorbed by the one supreme subject of the Congress: how to forward the reign of Christ on earth. The Tchèque section was the only one where the national costume of the "Congressists" was to the front; the women, with their short petticoats of brilliant colors, ample white bodices, and picturesque headgear, presented a striking appearance. The Spaniards' section was one of the most numerous. They are the near neighbors of Lourdes, and devotion to Our Lady is a prominent feature of Spanish Catholicity.

This homage rendered by all nations to the one Sovereign whose reign is

universal is most striking. It makes one realize that the Blessed Eucharist is, in truth, the central fact of our religion,—a truth so obvious as to need no explanation, and yet too easily put aside in the hurry of daily life. How often have we been distressed by the aspect of some village altar where the Holy of Holies reposes alone and neglected! An Austrian bishop incidentally expressed our thoughts when he urged all the priests present to make the altar of the Blessed Sacrament something so distinctive, so specially cared for, that any stranger entering the church should go to it at once,—“after which he can visit the altars of the saints and ask them to supplement our poor prayers with theirs.”

At one of the meetings, a Spanish priest explained that there existed in his country an association placed under the patronage of the “Three Marys,” the friends of Our Lord’s lonely hours of agony, who clung to Him when even the Apostles fled. The women belonging to this Association make a point of visiting the uncared-for churches in their neighborhood, and of bringing adoration and love where there are solitude and neglect. The idea is a touching one, and we know of some places where the “Marys” would find ample scope for their activity.

Friday afternoon we kept away from the Congress; but, although we attended no meetings, the visits that we paid all referred to the event to which the little Pyrenean city owes its fame—the apparitions of Our Lady to the peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, in 1858. At the convent of the Sisters of Charity and Christian Instruction at Nevers, situated on the other side of the Gave, opposite the Holy Grotto, we found a nun, Sœur Thérèse, who for two years had been Bernadette’s fellow-novice at Nevers. The little peasant entered the community in 1866, eight years after the apparitions. During those eight years she had been called upon repeatedly to bear witness to the truth of her statements. She then

lived under the Sisters’ care, at the “hospice” of Lourdes; and, in spite of the visitors who flocked to see her, she remained absolutely simple and humble. To the end, she was a child in appearance and manner; her humility demanded no effort: she seemed not to see that she was an object of veneration.

The nun whom we questioned spoke of her willingly. Hers was a suffering life, she said, from her babyhood. She was a martyr to asthma, and this only increased with time. But, although obliged to spend most of her life in the infirmary, Bernadette was never sad. She was quiet, active, always happy, as if during her mysterious interviews with the Invisible she had made a provision of hidden joy that was to last a lifetime. Sœur Thérèse was, when a novice, astonished and almost scandalized at her superior’s severity with regard to Bernadette.

When the first book on Lourdes came out, it made a sensation that is still remembered by old people. M. Henri Lasserre, the author, wrote with deep conviction and stirring eloquence, and his volume had a world-wide success. It was, of course, devoured by the Sisters of Nevers. Bernadette alone never read a line of the work in which her name so often occurred. Yet the young Sisters, her contemporaries, could not be kept ignorant of a marvellous story that concerned the honor of Our Lady. The book was sometimes brought to recreation; but on these occasions the superior told off Sœur Marie Bernard to look after the sick, that were her special charge. The order, added our informant, was usually accompanied by words of reproof: “Sœur Marie Bernard, I fear your patients are neglected: you must give up a day’s recreation to look after them.” And when Bernadette, always submissive, had left the room, the reading began.

Never once did she herself allude to Lourdes, unless absolutely obliged to do so. “There are many miracles at Lourdes,” said some one, hoping to tempt

her to speak. "I am told so," was her answer. Her one endeavor was to pass unnoticed, and the wisdom of her superiors helped her considerably to attain this object. Sœur Thérèse told us also that, more than thirty years after her death and burial, Bernadette's body was found supple and incorrupt; that her "Cause," to use a technical expression, is now introduced, with a view to her future beatification; and that many graces, spiritual and temporal, have been obtained through her intercession.

The evening procession on Friday was more striking than the previous days, on account of the presence of the "Cheminots," or Catholic railroad men, who came to Lourdes with their banners. Our American readers may have heard of this Association, that now numbers more than fifty thousand members, strongly banded together on the standpoint of religion. It was founded some fifteen years ago by an Alsatian priest, the Abbé Reyman. Its aim is to bring in touch with the Church men whose absorbing duties as public servants make the practice of their religion difficult. The Catholic "Cheminots," who are at the same time excellent public servants, have won for themselves golden opinions by their discipline, their strong faith, and their devotion to duty. About four hundred of them, at the cost of great fatigue and trouble, succeeded in coming to Lourdes, where they received a special welcome from the Legate.

On the Saturday, last day but one of the Congress, we again assisted at the meetings held in the great hall of the "Rosaire," where several ladies belonging to different women's leagues spoke on subjects directly connected with the Holy Eucharist. This is a novel departure from Old World customs; but, on the whole, it was found that the lady speakers had worthily filled their parts.

In the afternoon, Père Janvier, the preacher of Notre Dame, spoke on the Esplanade, in presence of the Legate,

cardinals, and bishops, who were gathered, a picturesque mass of color, on the platform to his right. By taking up our post over an hour in advance, we heard every word of his splendid oration, delivered with a clearness of enunciation that made attention easy. He spoke on the "Eucharistic Miracles of Lourdes"; and, as usual, he treated his subject with a surety of doctrine equalled only by the eloquence of his words.

During the procession that followed, a rainbow (that seemed to start from the steep hill on which stands the old fort of Lourdes) spanned the sky, cleared by a recent shower, and overhung the crowded Esplanade. When, only ten days later, the pilgrims of Lourdes found themselves wrapped in a whirlwind of public and private anxieties, the thoughts of some went back to that evening when the emblem of hope appeared radiant in the heavens.

The voice of prayer rose more earnest as the end of the Congress drew near. The Basilica continued to be filled to overflowing. Day and night before the Grotto were gathered kneeling pilgrims, who, with outstretched arms, never ceased their intercessions. The speeches, discussions, sermons, had their meaning and their use, and played a necessary part in the organization of the Congress of 1914; but its chief feature was undoubtedly the prayer that never ceased.

Sunday, July the 26th, rose radiantly fine; it was, in fact, the one day in the week that was absolutely cloudless. In the morning, for the last time, we knelt in the Basilica for early Mass; and then, without returning to our hotel, we took up our station on the Esplanade for the Mass celebrated by the Legate at an altar erected in the open space, in front of the "Rosaire." To the right rose the throne of the Papal Envoy; to the left were the armchairs reserved for the cardinals; behind them the bishops had places on benches; and, a little lower, seats were kept for the Catholic deputies,

senators, Academicians, municipal councillors of Paris, and so forth. The arrival of the Legate and of his suite, of ten cardinals and two hundred bishops, was impressive. They walked down the left slope of the "Rosaire," a cluster of brilliant color; then, when they had taken their places, the Pontifical Mass began. The ten thousand spectators kept silence; and, although in some respects the afternoon procession was more picturesque, nothing could equal the solemnity, dignity, and reverence of the morning celebration.

After a hasty lunch, we were ready for the procession, which we had the good fortune to witness from the balcony of the Hôtel Royal, before which it passed on starting. The Pyrenean Guides on horseback opened the march; then came the different banners. The Spanish pilgrims, conspicuous for their number and their spirited singing of Spanish hymns, were followed by the Canadian, Polish, English, and Irish pilgrims, with their respective banners. But again we noticed that the Catholic "Cheminots," or railroad men, were, beyond doubt, the most popular of any. Loud applause greeted their banners, many-colored, richly embroidered, where a smoking engine is a conspicuous object.

After the "Cheminots" come innumerable religious,—Norbertines, Carmelites, Franciscans, White Fathers, Dominicans, Jesuits,—men who, after enduring long years of cowardly persecution, are now serving their country at the front; then the bishops, purple robed, with mitre and crosier; the Cardinal Legate, under the canopy, followed by his brother cardinals, whose scarlet robes are borne by young seminarists.

Only in Rome, on certain occasions, and at other Eucharistic Congresses, is it possible to realize, as we do here, the universality of the Church. The red and violet prelates who pass represent widely different lands and races; they come not only from Great Britain, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Belgium, and the

United States, but from more distant countries still. The Patriarch of Constantinople looks as if he had stepped out of a Medieval stained window, with his gorgeous vestments, and dome-shaped mitre set with diamonds. Other Eastern bishops are wrapped in precious silks,—pale blue, soft pink shot with gold and silver. A dark-skinned bishop from Borneo; the Archbishop of Smyrna, with his black veil; the Bishop of Nazareth, emaciated, with long hair parted in the middle,—all these bring visions of the Far East into the little Pyrenean town. It is a feast of peace,—an almost unique example of men, belonging to widely different races, closely united in a supreme act of faith.

When the procession returned to the Esplanade, toward six o'clock, and the Cardinal held the golden monstrance above the thousands of adorers kneeling below, it seemed as if this solemn blessing ought to weld forever the links that prayer and faith had just formed between the representatives of many nations gathered together at Lourdes. Yet it was at that precise moment that, to many present, came a sharp stab, foreboding catastrophes close at hand. The message of peril struck them when, after the ordinary invocations; rang out the unusual and unexpected words: "Lord, give us peace,—give peace to the nations!"

A few hours later we were hurrying home; our last vision of Lourdes being the fort, the Basilica, the "Rosaire" outlined in glory against the dark sky. Again a few hours, and we were enfolded in the war cloud that had descended upon Europe. The cloud has now burst, and, with heavy and anxious hearts, many of yesterday's pilgrims turn toward Lourdes and its Queen in anguished supplication for their beloved ones.

THE Mother of God is the ladder of heaven. God came down to earth by this ladder, that men might by Mary climb up to Him in heaven.—*St. Fulgentius.*

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

IX.

ROMEY was becoming reminiscent. Two or three days went by; and, while he occupied himself with the many little jobs that fall to the lot of the lonely settler, he pondered, as he came and went, on the encounter in the dark defile. Who on earth were those strange people? What freak of circumstance had connected the evil-looking man and the beautiful, dignified girl? Her mode of addressing him showed that they were not related. How could they be? There were some mistakes that even Nature would not make in a hurry.

There was something behind it all that troubled him with iterant pertinacity,—the intuitive conviction that he should move, should act. The girl had made him feel that she was taking him into her confidence by her mute warning of the man's presence there in the defile. Her one imperious gesture conveyed both command and appeal; but, blindly ignorant as he was of everything that lay beyond, what could he do to quiet that irritating sense of shirking, of holding off from a duty, which had haunted him ever since the chance meeting?

There seemed to be only one thing he could do: make another excursion round the lake, and see if this time he could lure the girl into conversation. Now that she had seen him—for he was sure that when he came forward that evening to help Rhinehart patch up his runner she had recognized the visitor who wanted orders for wood—she might not be so shy. It was worth trying, anyhow. For two nights the lamp had not been placed in the window.—Suppose she were to go away? Suppose she had already gone away and he were to lose track of her forever?

The thought came to him as he was

working on the planing of a table he had made,—the first piece of furniture for Alice, and a task on which he had started joyfully the day after he had come back from the distant sawmill with his first provision of lumber. It was early in the day; and, though Christmas was close at hand, the sun was shining with delightful warmth through the open door of the cabin, and turning the fresh shavings into a froth of gold where they lay heaped on the floor at Romey's feet. The place was fragrant with the resinous sweetness of the pine; and as Romey suddenly paused in his work and straightened himself, a little breeze blew into the room, sending a flurry of the feathery, honey-colored ringlets into every corner. Romey noticed nothing. The thought that had come to him made him forget everything else; and he stood for a moment staring out at the bank across the lake, where the little white tree was stretching up like an iris bloom, and the cottage roof showed clearly among the other snow-decked trees behind. The level light was reflected in the young man's clear brown eyes, and played kindly on his clean-cut features and strong, shapely throat, left bare where the blue shirt fell away from it.

"I will, — I will go to-day!" he told himself. And then he was gazing at a vision which struck him dumb with unbelieving joy. In the narrow doorway stood a girl, smiling shyly, the lovely color coming and going in her cheeks, and the sun shining in her hair. In one hand she carried a little covered basket, and the other was catching at her cap which the breeze threatened to blow away.

"May I come in?" a sweet voice asked. "I have brought you some cookies,—you were so kind the other night."

Romey vaulted over the table and was beside her in an instant, holding out both hands, his eyes radiant with a welcome for which he could scarcely find adequate words.

"Come in?" he cried. "I should think

you could! Of all the good luck! How—how—*dandy* of you to come! But—the place is all in a mess. I'm so sorry! I'll sweep this up right away. Come on in and sit down, Miss—" He stopped suddenly. He did not know her name.

She laughed softly, all her shyness gone in the triumph that comes to the most single-hearted of girls when she finds herself the mistress of the situation.

"My name is Marie,—Marie le Breton," she informed him. "I know yours. I got your card—through the back door."

She laughed again as she stepped daintily across the floor and put down her basket on the new table.

"You see," she continued, "it's close on Christmas—"

"Is it?" Romey interrupted. "Then I wish it would come oftener."

She glanced up at him gravely.

"I suppose everybody wishes that," she said. "It's the grandest feast in the whole year. Just think what it means!"

"I don't know that I ever did," Romey replied dubiously. "I know everybody is supposed to have a good time, and spend a heap of money on presents. The folks at home will be cooking and working like mad these days, and I thought there wasn't going to be any Christmas for me. But now you've brought it, Miss Marie—oh, *say!*"

He leaned eagerly over the table where the girl had been unpinning the cloth from her basket. This now disclosed various parcels wrapped in colored paper, and on top of all a little picture, the duplicate of the one which Romey had dreamed over so often in these lonely weeks.

Marie held it up for him to look.

"I thought you would like it," she said. "It is not exactly a Christmas picture—that ought to have the Manger and the Shepherds,—but it'll remind you all right. Why," she exclaimed, as she suddenly caught sight of the copy of her picture, in a rough unglazed frame, hanging on the wall opposite, "you have one already!

Ah, you are a Catholic! I didn't know. I am so glad!"

Romey was surprised to find how unwilling he was to deny the statement. He would have given anything to be able to say that she was right in her supposition. There was real joy in her lovely eyes, and truth demanded that he should quench it.

"No," he said, "I'm not a Catholic, Miss Marie. I haven't had time to think much about those things. My folks back home called themselves something, I don't exactly remember what; but it made them feel hard against Catholics, I remember; and I never knew any, so—"

"Never knew any!" repeated Marie, darting across to where two or three books stood on a shelf. "Then where did you get 'The Faith of our Fathers,' and *that?*"—she pointed to the picture on the wall.

"Oh, those? Yes, you are right. I met one of your priests coming into Trenton. His name was Mortier—Father Mortier,—and he gave them to me, and told me to read and—and pray. I had forgotten him."

"And," her voice softened wonderfully, "have you done what he told you?"

"Oh, I've read all right!" said Romey. "I hadn't anything else to read, and I went right through those books, but I don't know that I took in much. As for *praying*, it takes a minister to do that; and I shouldn't know where to begin—even if I was sure there was somebody to pray to. I wish to goodness there was!" he broke out passionately. "Seems not fair to slave away all one's life working hard for a living, and then get snuffed out and spaded down for good at the end of it."

"Oh, you poor boy!" Marie spoke with profound pity.

Romey had been looking the other way while he spoke; but the new tone in her voice made him turn quickly, and he saw that there were tears in her eyes.

"Look here," she went on more gaily,—

a little embarrassed, to tell the truth, at having shown her feelings so plainly. "You want somebody to explain these things to you. It's not your fault you can't understand them right off. How could you, all by yourself? Isn't there a chance of your seeing that good Father again?"

"I should have to go and look for him in 'Trenton," Romey replied. "I will if you like. I'll do just anything you want me to,—that's a 'cinch'! But 'Trenton's a powerful way off in this kind of weather, and Father Mortier isn't there more than half the time, though 'tis his headquarters. He's mostly on the road, looking after the folks he calls his 'sheep.' He's a mighty good little man; but I don't know as he would feel called to bother much over me. I'm not one of them, worse luck!"

"'Bother'!" cried Marie, scornfully. "Why, you don't know our priests! They'd walk from here to New York barefoot to save a soul. Why do they give up everything—home and friends and every comfort in life, and go wandering round in cold and heat, getting abused, getting insulted, getting killed—except to save souls? And people, even decent people, do make it so hard for them out in these countries. The Indians treat them lots better than the white people do, most of the time. There, I didn't mean to get angry! I ought to do a bit of Father Mortier's work for him, and explain that catechism to you right now; but I can't. I must be getting back as quick as I can."

With hands that trembled a little—for she had spoken out of a hot heart,—she lifted the little parcels and laid them on the table; while Romey, in a storm of new emotions, stood on the other side of it, watching her silently.

"This is a cake," she explained, holding up a good-sized cube, and lifting a corner of the paper to peer anxiously at the contents. "Ah, it isn't broken! I was afraid it would be. It was fresh out of the

oven when I put it into the basket; and cake does go back on you so when it is too fresh!"

Romey had found his voice by this time.

"You are too good for anything, Miss Marie!" he exclaimed. "I hate to think you took all that trouble for me. But I'm so glad you did. I don't know how to thank you a little bit."

"Don't thank me yet," she laughed: "wait till you've tasted the things. Like spices?" she inquired with sudden anxiety. "I had to put in a lot to make the cake taste of anything at all. Oh, it's 'poor man's cake' all right! Snow beaten up for eggs, and lard for shortening. But it'll make you feel kind of Christmassy! And the cookies are fine. Good-bye! Merry Christmas!"

She had pulled on her mitts, twisted the white comforter over her cap and round her neck, and was moving to the door. Romey stood beside her before she reached it.

"Oh, please don't go!" he exclaimed. "I'm coming down the hill with you—and all the way back if you'll let me."

He slipped on his mackinaw and reached for his cap.

Marie paused in the open doorway, smiling at his eagerness. She looked enchantingly pretty and gay, standing there in the full midday sun.

"No," she said, "you mustn't come back with me! You couldn't keep up with me, anyhow. I've got a cayuse waiting down there among the trees—and—and—" She paused, and a slow flush mounted to her cheeks as she went on: "The man—the folks I am boarding with—you see, they're not very well fixed, and they are kind of ashamed to have callers round."

She spoke hesitatingly, because untruths were odious to her; but all her womanly pride revolted at the thought of letting this kind, straightforward young fellow know of how she had been left for weeks, to keep house for a single man, an utter stranger. The blood flushed hotter to her

cheeks and brow as she thought of the construction that might be put upon her conduct; and she could not explain the situation without drawing down censure upon her father, who had so inexplicably consented to place her in it.

But Romey was not to be daunted.

"I shall walk down the hill with you, anyway, Miss Marie," he said, stepping out beside her as she moved away from the door. "And I'm going to return your call—right away, too! 'Not well fixed,' indeed! Look at this place! Do you call me well fixed? Why, my house is just a shed to cook and sleep in! People don't expect to find velvet carpets and bell boys up in the mountains, do they? If my cabin was good enough for you to come to, I guess that where you are living will do for me to call at. Who are the people, anyway? Kind of unneighborly, aren't they?"

Marie had no intention of answering this question. Instead, she stopped and looked back toward Romey's house.

"I have gone and left my basket on your table!" she exclaimed. "Oh, dear! Won't you run back and get it for me?"

Romey looked down at her beseeching little face, with both mirth and obstinacy in his eyes.

"No, I won't!" he said, gently touching her arm and turning her toward the descending path. "I'm aiming to bring it back myself,—*there!*"

"You are a very naughty and ungrateful young man!" she retorted, but there were only pleasure and friendliness in the tone. "You can keep the basket. I have another. And now I must race, or I shall get into trouble."

She was off down the snowy trail like a flash, and Romey dashed after her. He caught up with her only when she paused beside a ragged-eared cayuse tied to the branch of a tree by a rope bridle. The saddle consisted of a bit of blanket tied on with a strip of sacking. Romey gave a low whistle of dismay.

"Is that all they let you have?" he remarked. "Pretty poor kind of outfit for a long ride, isn't it?"

"Oh, it is all right!" she returned. "I'd rather ride barebacked any time, and it's much safer when the trails are the way they are now. Steady!"—this to the pony as she gathered the bridle short and gingerly, and edged him up to a boulder standing out from the bank.

Romey took the bridle from her.

"Let me put you up," he said, as the cayuse moved a foot or two away from the rock on which she was now standing, an exquisite figure poised as if for flight.

The next moment she had snatched at the pony's head, twisted her firm little knuckles in its mane and landed, rather breathlessly, cross-saddle, on its back. A shake of her blue woollen skirt brought it down in close, correct folds to the edge of her shoes; her heels tapped the pony's sides; and, with a gay nod of her head, she was off down the trail, bending this way and that to avoid the low-swinging pine branches, her lithe young figure giving to every movement of the animal, while her limbs seemed to have become a part of it already.

As Romey stood looking after her she turned and called back to him:

"*Don't* come over! You must not! *It's not safe!* I'll go away for good if you do!"

Then she started the cayuse to a trot and disappeared.

"Good gracious," she was saying to herself, "I had forgotten what that wretch said about mantraps!"

(To be continued.)

DISCUSSING some affair with St. Charles Borromeo one day, a member of his household declared: "I will now tell you sincerely what I think about it." The saint interrupted him with: "Then you do not *always* speak sincerely. Now, bear this in mind: no one who does not habitually speak with sincerity, and say with his lips what he means in his heart, can be a friend of mine."

When the Weather's Gray.

BY P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

WHEN the weather's gray, and clouds are raining, raining,

O weave a dream of Summer into a song!

Then what to thee the trees to winds complaining?

The dawn is in thy heart, the day is long.

When the weather's gray, O think of the glad lark singing

Above the clouds, just below the angels' feet!

Think of the lavish rose to the desert flinging

Her gift of incense: still is the good rose sweet.

Keep light within thy heart, thy head uplifted:

The sleeping buds will wake at the touch of May;

The sky's face will be blue when clouds are drifted,—

Keep hope within thy heart when the weather's gray.

Eugénie Bonnefoy and Her Work.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

IN a distant quarter of Paris, that stands somewhat out of the way of modern traffic, a large monastic building is still inhabited by nuns,—a rare circumstance in France at the present time. So far, the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary of Picpus have escaped destruction. But they know that their fate trembles in the balance; and the advent of the Viviani ministry bodes no good to these harmless women, whose prayerful lives may any day be supposed to threaten the safety of the Republic.

The convent, built early in the last century, has no pretensions to picturesque; but it possesses a large garden, full of fruit trees, beyond which lies a narrow, walled-in burial place. Here, in what was a sandpit, were thrown the headless bodies of over one thousand people, who were beheaded on the neigh-

boring *Place* in June and July, 1794. Among these victims of the Reign of Terror were the sixteen Blessed Carmelites of Compiègne, who were raised, seven years ago, to the altars of the Church. The nuns who live in the big convent formerly had a girls' school; but, this having been suppressed by the Government, they continue to receive only lady boarders, generally belonging to the middle class. These spend their old age happily enough in this quiet retreat, that lies far out of the noise and traffic of central Paris.

Among these pensioners was an old woman, Mdlle. Eugénie Bonnefoy, whose death in June, 1914, was commented on by the leading French papers. Some years past, in 1897, Mdlle. Bonnefoy enjoyed a brief season of fame; the French Academy, on November 18 of that year, having bestowed upon her its "Prize for Virtue," of the value of 2500 francs, in recognition of the excellent work done by her among the *forains*. It is impossible to find an English equivalent of the word *forains*, which in French is applied to the strolling actors, mountebanks, clowns, acrobats, fortune-tellers, who go about from one big fair to another throughout France. Their covered carts are their homes. They travel along the highroads, among the broad fields, and under the free sky; and, until the old woman now dead moved in their behalf, their children grew up like savages, with no religion, and indeed with very little instruction of any kind.

Eugénie Bonnefoy, whose real name was Jeanne Marie, belonged to these wandering people. She was born in 1830, and spent her childhood on the roads of France and Belgium. Her father, a native of the Département du Rhône, had with his own hands made a tiny theatre of "Marionnettes," which he proudly exhibited in the towns where a fair was held. And, when only four years old, his little girl, attired for the occasion in a pink dress covered with silver spangles, played a

prominent part in the performance. He was an honest man, with a violent temper and no religion; whereas his wife, a gentle and careful mother, taught little Eugénie to read out of a copy of the Lives of the Saints; and, later on, arranged that she should, although somewhat late, make her First Communion.

The child and her only brother Melchior were familiar figures to the spectators who attended the family theatre. As soon as she could speak, to Eugénie was entrusted the responsible task of showing off the dolls that her father had constructed; and the contrast between her tender years and her vivid explanations delighted the lookers-on.

One experience of her infancy enlightened her as to the difficulty of giving religious habits to the *forains*, and had an important influence over her future career. Madame Bonnefoy was anxious that her daughter should be suitably prepared for her First Communion; but the great fairs where the family theatre was exhibited lasted at most one month, and often only a fortnight; hence it was impossible to give Eugénie the necessary religious instruction,—the *curé* being firm in his demand that she should attend catechism for some months together before her First Communion. Monsieur Bonnefoy, who looked upon his little girl as indispensable to his show, refused to part with her. It was, therefore, as impossible to put her in a convent school as it was to send her to the parish catechisms for the number of months required by the *curé*.

Both the girl and her saintly mother, however, clung to the hope that one day the obstacles that stood in Eugénie's path might be removed; and meantime she was a frequent visitor to the churches of the different towns where the fairs were held. Her gift of speech, that attracted the public to her father's show, gave her a strong influence over her little companions. They followed her to church, and hung upon her quaint explanations

of the sacred pictures and painted glass. From her mother she had learned stories of the saints that appealed strongly to her young imagination. When Eugénie was eighteen, it became possible for her to make her First Communion at Liège. She kept a tender recollection of the day, and this stimulated her to procure the same blessing to other children similarly circumstanced, whose difficulties she could understand from having experienced them.

It was no easy task for her, unaided, to bring the *forains* into touch with the truths of religion; but in 1855 (she was then twenty-five) the happy thought occurred to her to seek counsel and help from the Jesuits. The annual fair of Amiens was going on; and not very far from the Champ de Foire stood an important Jesuit college, La Providence. Thither Eugénie made her way, and from the rector, Father Guidée, she received the kindest reception. He listened attentively to her description of the lives of the *forains* among whom she had grown up,—“at heart they are neither wicked nor irreligious, though their wandering lives make it difficult for them to practise their religion regularly.” Finally, she inquired whether two Fathers might visit the vans in a friendly manner, and endeavor, by their tact and kindness, to gain the confidence of the strolling players. She added that this was by no means difficult; and that, the way being paved, it would be easy for the Fathers to penetrate below the surface and to minister to the spiritual necessities of their new acquaintances.

Father Guidée entered into Eugénie's views, and her programme was carried out to the letter. The priests appointed to visit the vans were equal to the occasion, and they found themselves cordially welcomed by old and young. The result of their apostleship was excellent. At the college was instituted a class of catechism, which the children of the fair attended regularly; baptisms and marriages were celebrated, confessions were heard; and,

when the fair broke up, a general Communion of the *forains* took place in the college chapel.

Thus was instituted the Œuvre des Foraines, that now exists all over France. Its members continue the mission started at Amiens more than half a century ago, and their visits to the vans are fruitful in happy results. Mdlle. Bonnefoy, who spoke from experience, held that the *forains*, like her father, take a pride in their profession, carry it on from one generation to another, and are, as a rule, respectable folk, open to religious influence. She had scant esteem for the gypsies, or *romanichels*, people of unknown origin and doubtful honesty, whom the French peasant always looks upon with a certain fear.

After 1870, Eugénie found herself, through her mother's death and her father's state of infirmity, sole manager of the little theatre. She was more than ever pursued by the desire of evangelizing her fellow-workers, but undecided how to do so effectually. In the meantime the show prospered under her able management, and she soon invested in a larger van. Having thought the matter over, she now decided to use her old barrack as a little school, which should be attached to the caravan. Here the children of the strolling players might imbibe the first elements of knowledge. Their wandering life makes it impossible for them to attend a regular school; therefore their teachers must come to them and share their lives. Having obtained the necessary permission from the Government, Mdlle. Bonnefoy opened her school; a Government grant was awarded to her, but it has since then been withdrawn. In the Ecole Foraine, as in all other French schools, religious instruction is given only *after* class hours to the children who are willing to receive it; but a large crucifix hangs in the place of honor, and the foundress made no secret of the fact that she worked for God. The withdrawal of her grant did not disturb her. "Help," she says,

"has always come when and where I least expected it."

The Ecoles Foraines receive children of every nationality and religion. They are governed by the rules that exist in ordinary schools, except that there are no regular holidays: the days spent in packing and unpacking the van and its contents count as such. Two teachers are attached to each movable schoolroom; they are paid by the Œuvre, the members of which assist them in the religious instruction of the children. In all the large towns where an annual fair takes place, the big, dark green van, on which is the inscription, "Ecole Foraine," is a prominent object. The children that attend it come from many countries.

When the school hours are over, voluntary catechists, usually ladies and young girls affiliated to the Œuvre, take possession of those among them who wish to learn their religion; and, in a neighboring church, they teach these little waifs and strays to know God. It is difficult to apply hard and fast rules to these "children of the road"; but it is a fact that, in most cases, they respond heartily to their teachers' advances. They are generally more rough and wild than perverse, and are open to feelings of gratitude for kindnesses received. Owing to Eugénie Bonnefoy's exertions, notions of right and wrong, the elements of religion, a general knowledge of God and His rights, and of man's duties toward Him, are now implanted in souls that would otherwise have been steeped in hopeless darkness. Only when the secrets of this passing world are unfolded shall we be able to estimate aright the far-reaching effects of this humble worker's endeavors.

The most important of the big Paris fairs takes place in the early spring at the Place du Trône. It is popularly known as La Foire aux Pains d'Epices. And at this gathering, when vigorous enough to carry on her business, Eugénie Bonnefoy was a regular attendant. She was accustomed, when the day's work was over, to

retire to pray in a quiet convent chapel in the neighboring Rue de Picpus; and when, some years ago, her age and infirmities obliged her to give up her wandering life, it was here that she elected to make her home.

To one born and bred on the road, the change meant real pain; and, submissive though she was to the will of God, Eugénie Bonnefoy clung to the memory of her old life. Her beloved van, or *roulette*, the home of her best years, came with her to the convent; it was safely located under a shed in the courtyard, where its possessor could see it. When, on a spring day, the Foire aux Pains d'Épices was in full swing on the *Place* close by, the sound of drums and trumpets echoed through the quiet convent garden. The familiar music stirred the old woman's heart, and its call could not be resisted. More than once she would steal out, and with tottering steps make her way to the broad *Place de la Nation*. Here, among the booths, panoramas, menageries, wax figures, primitive theatres, she seemed to breathe her native air; and the *Écoles Foraines* reminded her of the work that she had endeavored to do to bring her people closer to God. The nuns of the convent of Picpus used to be alarmed at their pensioner's expeditions; but Eugénie Bonnefoy was too familiar a figure on the crowded *Champ de Foire* for any harm to happen to her; and her love for her adopted children was warmly returned by them.

Let us add that, although she never courted publicity or applause, Eugénie Bonnefoy's good work on behalf of the strolling people among whom she had grown up met with recognition in high quarters. Dearer to the old woman's heart than the sum of money voted to her by the French Academy was a faded photograph of Leo XIII., upon which the Pope had written a few words of fatherly approval. This she kept close to her till her dying day.

It is difficult to estimate the definite

results of a work that applies to a floating people, with no fixed home, and of unconventional habits. Yet a proof that the seeds sown by the *Œuvre Foraines* do not fall on barren soil lies in the fact that an association has been founded by the children themselves, with a view to living up to a Catholic standard of morality. The rules of the association are less rigid than those of the well-ordered Children of Mary of a civilized centre; but they all touch on important points, and reveal a strong sense of right and wrong. The young members bind themselves to avoid coarse language and evil habits, to keep up their religious practices, and to assist one another on all occasions. This alone would fully justify Eugénie Bonnefoy's oft-repeated assertion that, in spite of appearances, her beloved *forains* have "Christian hearts."

Sir Walter's Vow.

A LEGEND OF CITEAUX.*

IN Germany there lived a certain noble knight, named Sir Walter of Birbech. He was a right powerful lord of that land; for he possessed much riches, and was besides very valiant. But this brave knight, though all did him great honor, had a pious and an humble heart; for all his love was set on things unseen; and even from his childhood he had been accustomed to count himself above all else the friend and servant of God and of His Mother, Our Lady Saint Mary. Therefore, when that he was come to the flower of his age, at the which time it is the custom of chivalry to swear fealty to some fair lady, whose gage one may bind upon one's arm, and for whose sake one may tilt in the lists, jousting against all comers to uphold her fame: then did it seem to Sir Walter that no better queen of love could he choose for his

* Adapted from THE AVE MARIA from the Early English version by Evelyn Underhill. The legend dates from the thirteenth century.

worship than the Virgin Mother of the Love Divine—to wit, Our Lady, Queen of Heaven. And he vowed himself altogether to the upholding of her honor: taking her device—that is the lily flower—to set upon his pennon and his shield; and binding about his arm her favor—that is a scarf of blue exceeding fair. Great joy did he have of this devotion, as all that Lady's lovers do; and he fasted and gave alms that he might make himself more worthy of his Mistress every day hearing her Mass if he might contrive it. And thus in the secret places of his heart he greatly increased in her love.

Now, on a certain time it was decreed and proclaimed that a great tourney should be held in a castle of that land. Thither would Sir Walter go with many knights and squires of his company to do battle for his Lady's fame. Therefore, having made himself ready, he set out for this tournament on the day that was ordained; having with him his esquire and divers knights, that would join in the jousts. And it was Saturday, the which day is most specially dedicate to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

And it happened that their road passed by a certain abbey that was consecrated in the name of the Mother of God; and it was very early in the morning, being close upon the hour of Prime. And when Sir Walter saw this abbey church, he, knowing very surely that the Mass was offered at that time, did exhort his companions with exceeding fervor that they should enter and hear Mass before they went into the lists. But the knights his companions refused him, saying, "It grows late, and if we loiter we shall but arrive when the tourney is at an end." Saith Sir Walter: "Natheless, I will go in; for never did faithful knight come to misfortune for any courtesy he did to the Lady of his desire."

Then he entered into the church, that was very great, having several fair chapels and altars therein; and at one

of the said altars a priest, with his clerk, was beginning Mass. Thither Sir Walter went, and kneeled down upon the ground right humbly, that he might have the benefits of that most sweet and precious miracle whereby the Lady Mary's Son is brought anew into the world.

But when this Mass was ended, came a priest to another altar, and there began to say the Introit of the Mass in honor of Our Lady Saint Mary—that is the *Salve, sancta Parens*. Then did Sir Walter think within himself, "Verily, it would be greatly discourteous were I to rise up and go from the church whiles that my Lady's Mass is being said. Rather must I wait till this one be finished, and so soon as the *Ite* is come I will go out right quickly and haste me to the tourney lest I be too late."

But when the second Mass was nearly over, came the lord abbot to recite the *Confiteor* before the high altar that was in the midst of the choir; for it was the pious custom of this abbey to honor Our Lady each Saturday with so many Masses as they might. And, one following another as quickly as could be, Sir Walter left not his devotion, but heard each right humbly to the end; for he held it but unknighly to make his departure during a Mass in honor of the Lady that he loved.

Then when at last the Masses were done and the clerks gone out of the choir, he went out from the church and pursued after his comrades as quickly as he could. And now the morning was well-nigh spent; but he knew it not, for short had seemed the time whilst he made his orisons. And when he drew near to the castle where the tourneying should be, there he met many knights all armed for the lists that came from it.

Then he hailed them, and said: "What! Is not the jousting yet begun?"

They answered: "Yea, and is long since over; for it is close on noon, and we go homeward."

And he, greatly vexed⁷ because of his

ill fortune, said: "Who has prevailed?"

Replied these gentlemen: "Sir Walter of Birbech, a most fair and valiant knight; and indeed his name is in all men's mouths, for he carried all before him."

Then was Sir Walter full of amazement, for he could not understand how this might be. Howsoever, he went on his way to that place where the tourney was, and there he entered into his pavilion that was set upon the field, and made him ready; putting on his armor that was bound about the armpiece with the gage of blue stuff that he wore for his Lady's sake, and taking his shield whereon was blazoned her lily flower. Then he went forth into the field. But the joust was altogether done, as those knights he had met upon the way had said; and the ladies were gone from the galleries, and the heralds from the lists. Natheless, much folk yet there was, that spoke upon the fortunes of the day; and so soon as Sir Walter was come into the ground, behold divers knights that were there armed cap-a-pie separated themselves from this company, and came forward to do him honor.

Then said Sir Walter: "Fair sirs, I know not of what you speak, nor what may be the cause of your petition."

Said the knights: "Know you not that this day you have overcome us in the lists; wherefore we are every one your servants according to the law of chivalry? Therefore, we make our submission, and ask only that you do entreat us graciously and use us well."

Sir Walter replied: "My sweet friends, here is some error; for very surely I have neither jousted with you nor overcome you this day."

"Nay," said the knights; "but it is a true thing that this day we have given ourselves into your hand; and indeed no man could resist you, so well and fiercely did you tilt. Never have we seen such marvellous deeds of arms as those that you have done in these jousts; for wherever the press was thickest, there did we

see your shield that has the lily flower; and wherever you went, good fortune went with you. Verily, it seemed that some power was with you; for none might touch you, however valiant; and no man, however skilled, went free of your spear. And no error can there be; for we heard your voice, that cried perpetually, '*Virgo Virginum!*' and also, '*Jesu, Maria!*' And likewise we saw the blue gage that is yet bound about your arm."

Then did Sir Walter fall down upon his knees right humbly, giving thanks; for he perceived that no less a one than his dear Mistress—that is the very Mother of God—had that day upheld his honor in the field. For whilst that her knight did kneel before her altar and there do her all the courtesy he could, that Queen of Heaven did send one of her angels in his likeness, and ride to the tourney in his place. And when he disclosed the matter to those knights his adversaries, greatly were they amazed; and they cried mercy, one and all, to the Blessed Virgin, for that they had presumed to tilt against her messenger. Then did each embrace other, all weeping for gladness, and they went altogether to the abbey church of Saint Mary, that there they might give thanks.

And Sir Walter made offering of his shield upon the altar. And he thanked his Lady very heartily for this courtesy of hers, and swore ever to keep spotless the pennon that she had deigned to bear, and never to use that spear wherewith she had helped his honor save for the defending of pure womanhood or the succoring of the oppressed.

Now, after many years had gone, it happened, on a certain high feast of the glorious Virgin Mary, that Sir Walter came with many others to a church where her Mass was said. And now his age was ripe, and the fame of his valor and holiness was gone out into many lands; whereby it was known of all that he was the knight of Our Lady Saint Mary, and rode not save in defence of the just. But

the priest that said this Mass was a stranger unto him, being newly come to the place; and he knew not who the knight might be to whom all did so great a reverence. And, behold! when he was come to the sacring of the Blood of Christ, and raised the holy chalice from the altar whereon it stood, that priest saw beneath the place where the cup had been, a cross of pure gold, exceeding rich and fair, and therewith a cartel of vellum; and on the cartel there was much writing, that was in letters of fine gold like to those Gospel books that are made for the use of pious kings.

And he took it in his hand and read it, and these were the words thereon: "This holy cross you shall bear on my part, that am Mary the Mother of Christ, to my dear servant, Walter, knight of Birbech; and for my sake and that of my Son, whose sign and gage it is, this token he shall now put on and bear even until the end of his life, in the place of that favor of blue that he hath long worn about his arm."

When this matter he had read, the priest was greatly amazed. Being come to the ending of the Mass, he mounted into the pulpit, and cried, saying: "Is there here a knight that has the name Sir Walter of Birbech?"

Then several of them that stood about Sir Walter, that knew him well, cried: "This is he!" And they brought him to the priest, the which led him apart a little way, that they might speak together privily.

Then when they were alone, that priest saith to him: "Give thanks, my brother; for Our Lady Saint Mary is pleased to show you a most sovereign grace."

Saith the knight: "This may well be; for the loving-kindness of that Lady is beyond aught that we can understand."

The priest said to him: "Kneel down upon the earth, the more fitly to receive the holy gift that she hath sent you." And when Sir Walter had so done, he gave to him the fair cross and also the

cartel, saying: "Now have you received the very gage of Jesu Christ His Love, even the Sign of our salvation."

Then did Sir Walter receive the cross with exceeding great joy, giving thanks upon his knees in that his glorious Mistress had held him worthy of this gift; for thereby he knew that he was called to a higher service than that of earthly warfare—namely, to the very chivalry of God and of His saints. And, being wholly converted to thoughts of heaven by this high mystery that the glorious Virgin had declared to him, he did betake himself straitway to the Abbey of Hemmerode in that country; and there he made offering of Our Lady's cross upon the altar, and took the habit of religion according to the Rule of Citeaux. Many years did he live in that brotherhood, in God's fear and much gladness; and great and arduous battle did he wage against the Evil One, the which is doughty foe for any knight. Many wonders did he also by Saint Mary's grace, that here were too long to set in writing; and the Order of Citeaux had great honor because of the sanctity of his life.

And when he was come to a great age, being full of faith and of charitable works, contrite though holy, for he knew that nought he might compass could make him worthy of his Mistress' love, the Blessed Mother of God was pleased to call him to herself. And by her safe conduct, that had vanquished alike his temporal and his spiritual foes, he did pass from darkness unto light, from labor to rest, from warfare to reward; from this world's tournament to the pleasance of his heavenly home.

It is not improbable that no man ever had a kind action done to him who did not in consequence commit a sin less than he otherwise would have done. There are few gifts more precious to a soul than to make its sins fewer. It is in our power to do this almost daily, and sometimes often in a day.—*Faber*.

An Impressive Feature of the Pope's Coronation.

IN none of the accounts of the coronation of Benedict XV. that we have seen, whether in religious or secular papers, has there been any reference to one of the most impressive features of that grand ceremonial. We allude to the *Laudes* chanted by the senior Cardinal during the celebration of the Mass, which in former times was in St. Peter's instead of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican.

After the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the new Pontiff proceeds to his throne; then the senior Cardinal Deacon chants (of course in Latin) the words: "Christ, hear us!" The assistants respond: "Long life to our lord — [here the name of the new Pontiff is inserted], who has been appointed by God as Supreme Pontiff and Universal Pope!" Then follow three invocations to the "Saviour of the world," two to "Holy Mary," and one to each of the Saints Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, the Baptist, Peter, Paul, and Andrew. After each invocation the assistants chant: "Help him, thou!"

That these *Laudes* were used centuries ago at every coronation of a Roman Pontiff is shown by the "Roman Ceremonial" which was published by Pope Gregory X. in 1274; and even by that work which Cencio Savelli (afterward Pope Honorius III.) wrote under the title of "Customs of the Roman Church" in 1192. In the "Pontifical Book," an authoritative work which was begun in the eighth century, we are told that on the occasion of the first visit of Charlemagne to the Eternal City, all the school-children saluted him not only with the *Laudes* but with "all appropriate laudatory accompaniments." And when the grand Frank prostrated himself at the feet of the Pope at the main door of St. Peter's, all the Roman clergy sang: "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord!" A few days afterward,

during a Solemn Mass, the Pontiff, says the "Pontifical Book," caused the following *Laudes* to be sung in honor of Charlemagne: "To the Omnipotent God, and the said Charles, King of the Franks and Patrician of the Romans!"—"Long life and prosperity to the pious and august Charles, crowned by God as Emperor!"

The reader must remember that the *Laudes* were not mere acclamations such as are shouted by the multitude in honor of the great: these praises were really liturgical, as is shown by a manuscript preserved in the National Library of France. Translated, they are as follows: "Christ conquers, Christ reigns, Christ commands."—"Hear us, Christ! Long life to our Pontiff, Leo III.!"—"Hear us, Christ! Long life to the pacific Charles, crowned by God as King of the Franks and of the Lombards, and as Patrician of the Romans!"—"Hear us, Christ! Victory to the army of the Franks!"—"May [Charles] have prosperity for many years!" Similar *Laudes* were chanted, according to circumstances, in nearly every cathedral during the Middle Age; even now the Liturgy of the United Greeks prescribes such acclamations.

We read in the "Pontifical Book" that in Constantinople the legate of Pope Agatho (678-681), during one of the sessions of the Sixth General Council, while celebrating Mass in the Latin language, was greeted with the shouts of the congregation: "The subjects of the Emperor Constantine wish many years to the Orthodox Roman Pontiff Agatho!" These *Laudes* were always chanted at every solemn coronation of a Pope, even in the first eight centuries of the Christian era, as is shown by such passages of the "Pontifical Book" as: "They conducted the elect to the Lateran *cum vocibus adclamationum laudibus*."—"Cum laudibus they led the Pontiff to the Basilica of the Saviour."—"In ejus laude all took part." The persistence of this custom is indicated

by the fact that when the enemies of Pope Stephen II. (752-757) intruded momentarily a certain monk named Philip into the chair of Peter, it was, according to the "Pontifical Book," done *cum laudium vocibus*.

In the Roman Ordo which is numbered as the Ninth, and which, together with the Seventh Ordo, is found among the manuscripts of the ninth century, we read that at the Pontifical coronation, when the *Gloria* has been sung, the new Pope gives the *Pax*; and that then the customary *Laudes* are chanted not only by the singers of the Basilica but also by the provosts of all the *rioni* or districts of Rome,—an indication of the popular approval of a Papal election which was then in vogue. Then occurred a solemn procession, the Pontiff "seated on a white mule," and the people "chanted the *Laudes*," such as "Long life to our lord, Pope —, whom St. Peter has chosen to sit on his chair for many years!"

The antiquity of the *Laudes* is demonstrated by the Father of Ecclesiastical History, Eusebius. He tells us that at the election of Pope St. Fabian (238-250), the people, in a transport of joy, shouted: "He is worthy!" Similar *Laudes* were either chanted or shouted in the early centuries at every episcopal election which gratified the people. We cite the election of the successor of St. Augustine,—an election procured by the great Doctor himself when he found that the infirmities of age were interfering with his duties to his flock. Having summoned all his clergy and the principal laity to his cathedral, the holy Bishop of Hippo concluded an explanatory discourse with these words: "Since it often happens that the death of a bishop is followed by factious troubles, I wish to prevent such evils in this diocese; therefore I now declare my will, which I believe to be the will of God—I wish the priest Heraclius, here present, to be my successor." Then

the entire congregation shouted, "We thank thee for thy decision!" sixteen times; and, "Be it so!" twelve times. The ceremony concluded with the chant, by both clergy and people, repeated thirteen times, "*Deo gratias! Christo laudes!*" "*Exaudi, Christe! Augustino vita! Te patrem, te episcopum!*" chanted eight times; "*Heraclium episcopum!*" sung eight times.

History's Repetitions.

A PROVERB is oftenest defined as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one"; and, as a rule, it is easier to discover some of the many who have discoursed wisely on certain matters than to find the particular one who summarized their reflections in the pithy saying that quickly became proverbial. Who, for instance, first said that "history repeats itself"? The dictum conforms to the requirements of a proverb: it is the wit of somebody, if Pope was correct in saying, True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
but who the somebody was has never as yet been satisfactorily determined.

The substantial thought of the proverb had, of course, found expression of some kind long before it was crystallized in this best expression. Thucydides, for instance, some five centuries before the Christian era, said much the same thing in this sentence: "I shall be content if those shall pronounce my History useful who desire to give a view of events as they did really happen, and as they are very likely, in accordance with human nature, to repeat themselves at some future time,—if not exactly the same, yet very similar." Plutarch, too, in the first century of our era, writes: "It is no great wonder if in long process of time, while Fortune takes her course hither and thither, numerous coincidences should spontaneously occur. If the number and variety of subjects to be wrought upon be infinite, it is all the more easy for

Fortune, with such an abundance of material, to effect this similarity of results." Montaigne varies the thought a little in one of his essays: "'Tis one and the same Nature that rolls on her course, and whoever has sufficiently considered the present state of things might certainly conclude as to both the future and the past."

Many another author discoursed in similar fashion about the probability that, since human nature is radically the same in all ages, the activities of humanity in one period would resemble those of some previous period; and, then, one day the unknown philosopher condensed the wisdom of the many into the terse statement: History repeats itself.

The Eternal Chair.

THE accession of a new Pope recalls a matchless passage of Newman with which many of our readers may not be familiar. Like other faithful sayings of that great master, it expresses, in terms at once glowing and musical, the sentiments of loyalty and obedience to the Vicar of Christ with which every Catholic heart should be filled. Searching and thought-bearing, precious and memorable are these words:

Deeply do I feel, ever will I protest—for I can appeal to the ample testimony of History to bear me out,—that, in question of right and wrong, there is nothing really strong in the whole world, nothing decisive and operative, but the voice of him to whom have been committed the Keys of the Kingdom and the oversight of Christ's flock. The voice of Peter is now, as it ever has been, a real authority, infallible when it teaches, ever taking the lead wisely and distinctly in its own province; adding certainty to what is probable, and persuasion to what is certain. Before it speaks, the most saintly may mistake; and after it has spoken, the most gifted must obey.

Peter is no recluse, no abstracted student, no dreamer about the past, no doting upon the dead-and-gone, no projector of the visionary. Peter for eighteen hundred years has lived in the world; he has seen all fortunes, he has

encountered all adversaries, he has shaped himself for all emergencies. If there ever was a power on earth who has had an eye for the times, who has confined himself to the practical and has been happy in his anticipations, whose words have been deeds and whose commands prophecies, such is he in the history of ages who sits from generation to generation in the Chair of the Apostles as the Vicar of Christ and the Doctor of His Church....

When was he ever unequal to the occasion? When has he not risen with the crisis? What dangers have ever daunted him? What sophistry foiled him? What uncertainties misled him? When did ever any power, material or moral, civilized or savage, go to war with Peter and get the better? When did the whole world ever band together against him solitary, and not find him too many for it?

All who take part with Peter are on the winning side.... Has he failed in his enterprises up to this hour? Did he in our fathers' day fail in his struggle with Joseph of Germany and his confederates—with Napoleon, a greater name, and his dependent kings,—that, though in another kind of fight, he should fail in ours? What gray hairs are on the head of Judah, whose youth is renewed as the eagle's, whose feet are like the feet of harts, and underneath all the Everlasting Arms?

These words are hidden in the pages of one of Newman's books; and when invited to contribute to a volume that was to be presented to Pius IX. in 1867, he could furnish nothing better than what he had already written about the "Eternal Chair." Could more fitting words with which to greet Benedict XV. be found in all current Catholic literature?

Consultation of the recently published index to the works of Newman shows that there is hardly a religious subject on which like fitting and fortifying words have not been furnished by that great father of souls. His published writings constitute a mine of instruction; but when the volumes of his correspondence are added to them we shall have a storehouse from which to draw in any controversial emergency that may arise. More and more does the career of Cardinal Newman seem a providential one. Ecclesiastical historians of the future will refer to his conversion, as a leading event of the nineteenth century.

Notes and Remarks.

Never before, perhaps, has the accession of a new Pope occasioned wider interest or livelier joy than in the case of Benedict XV. The whole Catholic world rejoiced over his election; and even from a secular source came the happy greeting, *Benedictus qui venis in nomine Domini!* For the first time in four centuries, partly through the breaking down of obstinate prejudice, but principally on account of the unmistakable sincerity and absolute conscientiousness of Pius X., the Church is revealed to the world in her true light. More clearly than ever is it seen that her primary care is the salvation of mankind,—is it recognized that her head is indeed the Shepherd of Christ's Flock.

What a wondrous and blessed change in a comparatively short period! The predecessor of Pius IX. was an unknown personage to the non-Catholic world of his time, and his word had little weight with those outside the Fold. The successor of Pius X. is known to all Christendom; and his first message to the sheep of Christ, enfolded or strayed—a plea for peace,—has been received on all sides with respectful and sympathetic attention. Long life to Benedict XV.! And may the spiritual success of his pontificate be the admiration of all who shall be called upon to review it!

The united efforts of five religious sects, at variance with one another in the United States, to Christianize Mexico are doomed to failure. The powers that be in that most distressful country have no love for Americans in the first place, and care as little about religion as they do about law. Their followers are, for the most part, like themselves—lawless hordes, bent on adventure and plunder. A prudent regard for their physical well-being will prevent any ministers of the Evangelical Church, as the new combi-

nation calls itself, who may “invade” Mexico from tarrying there. The millions said to have been collected for the furtherance of this movement are needed for purposes which it is not for us to specify. We can not refrain from remarking, however, that—to judge by some of the speeches made by ministers of various denominations convened to form the Evangelical Church and plan the “invasion” of Mexico—a crying need of our separated brethren is an institution for erratic and feeble-minded clergymen. Many of these unfortunates, with hallucinations on the subject of the Vatican, are now at large in the United States; and, though no great harm is to be apprehended from them, charity demands that they should all be placed under gentle restriction.

All God-fearing persons in this country, to whom President Wilson has addressed a proclamation requesting them to repair to their places of worship on Sunday, the 4th of October, and pray for peace and concord among men and nations, will admire the spirit of piety and humility which breathes in this rather remarkable public document. It is so frankly religious throughout as to deserve reproduction in every Catholic paper in the land. We are glad to quote it:

Whereas, great nations of the world have taken up arms against one another, and war now draws into battle millions of men, whom the counsel of statesmen has not been able to save from the terrible sacrifice; and

Whereas, in this as in all things it is our privilege and duty to seek counsel and succor of Almighty God, humbling ourselves before Him, confessing our weakness and our lack of wisdom equal to these things; and

Whereas, it is the especial wish and longing of the people of the United States, in prayer, in counsel, and all friendliness, to serve the cause of peace; therefore,

I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do designate Sunday, the 4th day of October next, a day of prayer and supplication; and do request all God-fearing persons to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to

Almighty God, that, overruling the counsel of men, setting straight the things they can not govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in His mercy and goodness showing a way where men can see none, He vouchsafe His children healing peace again, and restore once more that concord among men and nations, without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit of toil or thought in the world; praying also to this end that He forgive us our sins, our ignorance of His holy will, our wilfulness and many errors, and lead us in the paths of obedience to places of vision, and to thoughts and counsels that purge and make wise.

Coincidentally, this proclamation is dated September 8, the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; and the day designated for prayer and supplication is the Feast of the Holy Rosary.

We note in the *Catholic Register*, of Denver, that an oldtime prediction of ours is, at least on a small scale, being verified. We foresaw some years ago that the patently superior advantages of the parish, as contrasted with the public, school would eventually lead to the request of Protestant parents to allow their children to frequent the former. And that is just what is happening in Denver. Says the *Register*: "In such high regard is the local parish-school system held by numerous non-Catholics that a number of Protestant parents have asked to have their children admitted as pupils in the Immaculate Conception Cathedral school." The extension of such a movement throughout the cities and towns of a given State would simplify the solution of the problem: how to give Catholic children a Catholic education without paying, as at present, a double educational tax.

A renegade priest and ex-monk now imposing on the ignorant credulity of Protestants in country districts of the United States has the astounding effrontery to repeat the Luther legend of discovering the Bible. Being appointed librarian of

his convent, he "discovered" among the "dangerous and prohibited books" a copy of the Sacred Scriptures, carried it off to his cell, devoured it, and was "converted." Alas, how few of those who listen to this tale will ever be convinced of its preposterous falsity! Many intelligent non-Catholics, in fact, would be surprised to learn that a society for the spread of the Scriptures (the Society of St. Jerome) exists among Catholics, or that one of the last published acts of Pius X., following the example of Leo XIII., was to encourage Bible-reading by a grant of indulgences. In a recent issue of the official organ of the Vatican we read that—

In an audience granted on April 23, 1914, to the Rev. Father Assessor of the Holy Office, his Holiness has been graciously pleased to grant the following indulgences: To all and several the pious Sodalities already canonically erected by Ordinaries of places or which in the future shall be so erected, with the scope that their members unite to promote the Gospel more and more, and for this end propose to themselves: 1. Frequently, and if possible every day, to read a part of the Gospel, using editions approved by the Church and enriched with numerous and lucid notes; 2. Often and opportunely to recommend this practice to others; 3. To recite frequently the invocation, "Grant, O Jesus, that we may obey Thy Holy Gospel!"

A list of the indulgences follows.

The recent election of the Sovereign Pontiff, successor to St. Peter, "first Pope and Bishop of Rome," gives timeliness to a statement of the Catholic attitude toward our Ordinaries—bishops of Sees united with, and subject to, the primatial See of Peter. Such a statement we find in the report of a sermon lately delivered by the Rev. Father Tobin in the cathedral of Little Rock. We quote one paragraph from this exceptionally interesting discourse:

To the power to rule so solemnly bestowed on a bishop on the day of his election there is a corresponding obligation on our part to obey; for the same St. Paul from whom I have taken my text as to who really selects bishops to rule the Church of God, tells us: "Obey your pre-

ates, and be subject to them. For they watch as being to render an account of your souls, that they may do this with joy and not with grief." And this obedience called for by Holy Writ is not a mere nominal obedience. If it be worth anything, it must be a generous obedience, it must be a prompt obedience, it must be the obedience of a child toward a father; and the bishop is the father of all the faithful in his diocese. He is held responsible for them. Hence the first and most elementary duty of Catholics is to avoid the spirit of criticism. Dr. Brownson—a distinguished convert and scholar, who has written much on all sides of ecclesiastical affairs—says that "no layman, whatever his zeal, his learning, or his piety, is able to judge the administration of any bishop; for no layman knows all the difficulties with which a bishop has to contend, the complicated and delicate affairs he has to manage, or the compromises in order to avoid greater evils he is frequently obliged to make. While it is lawful for us laymen to defend the bishop who is assailed or whose character is disparaged, we should be chary of breathing a censure against any bishop who has not manifestly forgotten his character and office."

It would be superfluous to add that Dr. Brownson's remarks are especially applicable to editors. "A Catholic paper at variance with the Ordinary of the diocese," said a noted journalist some years ago, "is an anomaly and anachronism"; and a so-called Catholic paper that permits itself the incongruous amusement of "handling bishops without gloves" is a positive detriment to the cause of religion.

"Conventional education," says that shrewd observer, "Looker-On," in the *Pilot*, "is all very good, but it can impose a taboo on no man of real ability who has acquired wisdom in his own way." At a season when so many of our young men see those whom they probably consider their more fortunate brothers taking their way to college or university, it is perhaps not out of place to remind them that all is not gold that glitters in education any more than in minerals. This country can supply a goodly number of instances in which honor, fame, wealth, power, and, better than any of these,

sterling Christian character, have been acquired by men who lacked the opportunity of a college training. As "Looker-On" further says: "Many a man whose hard conditions have not permitted him to qualify before the constituted educational tribunals stands in awe of their degrees, and, in mistaken humility, longs for the badge that the great school has given to his more fortunate brothers. He mistakes the apparent for the real, the casket for the gem, the manner for the matter. He has but to take thought, gird up his loins, put faith in his own manhood and steady purpose, and it may be his lot to surpass the schoolmen to such a degree that in after years the rising generation will pore over his words to learn wisdom and expression."

The failure of very many American Catholics to patronize Catholic periodicals and to purchase Catholic books is admittedly one of the drawbacks to the expansion of our literature on the one hand, and to the increase of robust faith and Catholic action on the other. Nowadays there is far less excuse than there was a few generations ago for the almost exclusive reading of secular books and periodicals. In all departments of literature there is a Catholic supply much in excess of the Catholic demand; and the Rev. John J. Moylan, writing in the *Register*, gives excellent reasons why that demand should grow. To quote only one paragraph of his article:

The fundamental reason why Catholics should read their own literature is because they have immortal souls to save, and such literature is an aid to their succeeding in this difficult undertaking. They have to contend with the world, the flesh, and the devil; and, after preaching and the dictates of their own conscience, there is nothing better calculated to give them a knowledge of the tactics of their enemies, and of the methods to be used in defence, than spiritual reading. The religious state represents the life of the Christian at its highest perfection, and one of the elements of the religious life is this pious reading. It keeps this manner of existence, hard as it is, ever

fresh and interesting to the followers; increases their devotion, shows them things spiritual in new lights, and enables them to come out victorious in the ever-arduous contest. Now, those in the world have souls to save as well as their brethren in the sanctuary and their sisters in the cloister; and, therefore, the means that these latter find so helpful, the former should use,—in keeping, it is true, with their altered conditions and needs, but use nevertheless.

Well said. Spiritual reading should be a not uncommon occupation in every Catholic home; and reading other than spiritual—fiction, biography, history, poetry—should in such a home be at least preponderatingly Catholic.

So much has been said and so much more surmised about the unfitness of the army as a vocational field, that it is with a shock of pleasure one comes upon so fresh a point of view as that expressed by Captain Paul B. Malone, U. S. A., in an article, "The Young Man and the Army," contributed to a recent issue of *America*. He writes:

There is a fear on the part of parents that young men entering the army will give themselves up to a life of dissipation. It must be confessed that, whenever men are brought together in large groups so that the evil deeds of each individual are observed by all the members of the group, weak human nature is liable to be adversely affected. It is my opinion, however, that the dissipation in the service is not so great as, and certainly not greater than, in civilian communities of the same magnitude. Moreover, the man in the service is constantly urged by his officers to follow the better path and do honor to his uniform, while the civilian is left very much to his own inclinations. The coercion of the service is a powerful influence for good. Perpetual drilling develops subconscious obedience; thus the soldier develops the faculty of loyally following his military leaders, and of courageously leading his subordinates; and if he returns to his community with this faculty fully developed, his influence will be a positive factor for good.

This is a good word indeed, and very much in season.

Among the countless tributes from non-Catholics to the late Sovereign Pontiff,

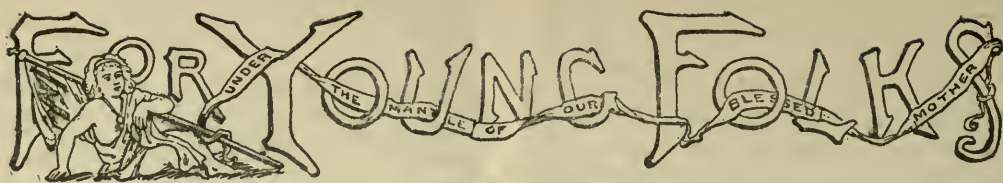
that of the Rev. Dr. Craik, of Christ Church Cathedral (Protestant Episcopal), Louisville, is differentiated from the rest by its reference to the possible prohibitive influence of fervent and united Christian prayer previous to the actual declaration of war in Europe. Dr. Craik said, among other things:

Whatever may be our attitude as to the claims and teaching of the Church of Rome and of the Pope as spiritual head of Christendom, everyone must agree that in the death of Pope Pius X. the world has lost a man of supreme personal piety and religious earnestness, of singular humility, of world-wide sympathy. If all Christians had been as deeply moved over the horrors of the present war and had prayed with the same intensity of devotion for peace as did Pope Pius X., we believe God in His mercy might have moved the hearts and minds of the rulers of the world for its accomplishment.

The rupture of universal peace is now past praying for, but the speedy termination of the tremendous conflict is a blessing which all Christians may congruously beg of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. So far as Catholic Americans are concerned, their praying is earnestly urged both by their spiritual head, Pope Benedict XV., and by their chief civil ruler, President Wilson.

The philosophy of humorists is considerably more in evidence than is the humor of philosophers. Not Seneca or Plato, or any of their disciples, ever characterized flattery more graphically than did Josh Billings' simile: "Flattery is like Cologne water—to be smelled of, not swallowed." And a similarly apt dictum is this, by the editorial paragraphist of the *Catholic Chronicle*:

A contemporary scribe gives vent to a longing for The Land of Beginning Again. He speaks of it in rhyme as "some wonderful place, where all our mistakes and all our headaches, and all our poor selfish grief could be dropped like a shabby old coat, at the door, and never put on again." Let him go to confession. That's as near as he can reasonably expect to come to a country like The Land of Beginning Again.



After Vacation.

BY S. H.

GONE are vacation's golden days,
Its pleasant walks, its merry plays:
Gone—things only to remember;
And here you are again, September!

Away with hoops and balls and toys:
There's no more fun for girls and boys;
From closets dark your school-books bring,
Over your shoulders school-bags fling.

"Ah, where's my slate?" "And where's my pen?"

"I've lost that history chart again."

"Kate, here's your atlas, gnawed and torn—
Mouse-eaten, sure as I am born!"

"Good-bye! good-bye!" And off they start;
I watch them with a saddened heart.
How silent seems the house once more!—
Fido, come in: we'll close the door.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XVI.

"WHERE are you off to, missie?"
the hall-porter asked.

"I can't tell you now!" said
Lolo, running past him, and away down
the street.

She was round the corner in a minute.
People wondered why such a prettily
dressed child was out alone. Was she
running to a party without leave? Was
she left behind by chance and trying to
overtake her friends? The hood edged
with swansdown had fallen back, and the
cloak flew wide, showing corners of white
silk lining, and a white party frock
underneath.

It was only when the little girl had run
a long way that she looked startled, and
stopped. She had not the brooch in her
hand. Where was it? Her heart gave a
great jump. She had lost the princess'
present. The last she remembered of it
was that the gold pin pricked her hand
when she climbed out of the basket, and
that the diamonds caught the sunshine
and made spots of dancing light. Had
she, then, dropped the brooch when she
found the medal? Very likely. Perhaps
it was now on the floor or in the trunk
among the rubbish. She dared not go
back to look for it: she might be caught,
and the man's anger would be worse than
ever. No: she was out, and would remain
out, diamonds or no diamonds. What
did they matter? After all, she had her
medal that she had been so fond of always.
It was a good exchange. And she was
free, and on her way to the gypsies. Not
for all the jewels in the world would she
return to those hard, unkind people,—of
that she was certain.

Strangers were beginning to ask if she
herself was lost, or if she had dropped
anything. So she darted off through the
crowd again.

"She knows her way," they said, when
she ran straight off. "Fine short-distance
sprint, eh? There, you see! She knows
what corner to run round."

And now where were the gypsies?
This place was all streets. One might go
on and on, and find nothing but houses
and shops forever and ever. Lolo had
not yet seen the country at the end of
any street. If only she could get to the
trees and the fields, she would ask at the
first cottage if there was a gypsy camp
anywhere. But at present there was no
prospect of trees or fields or cottages.
The crowds were endless; the streets
seemed of infinite length; and there was

always traffic,—horses and motors, buses and vans roaring past in the middle, so that she was quite afraid to cross. Ah, here was a chance,—some one to ask! Any one with heaps of flowers must have been in the country.

At the edge of the pavement there was a flower-girl standing. In front of her was a huge basket loaded with blossoms, yellow and white and pink. Lolo drew near, and gazed at the basketful of bloom. The flower-seller thought this little girl had only strayed a few steps from some loving mother's side.

"Buy a pretty flower, missie?" she said pleadingly. "Beautiful tulips and white narcissus?"

The girl wore a big hat with a long, violet feather. She had curls on her forehead, and large gold rings in her ears. Her face was brown and rosy, for she was always in the open air.

Lolo came round to the other side of the basket, and said in a confiding little whisper:

"Where is the country, please? Which is the way to the country—where the flowers come from?"

The flower-girl had no grammar but a great deal of kindness.

"These wasn't never in the country," she said. "We gets 'em in the market, missie. Tuppence a bunch these is; and them there, fourpence."

"I have no money," said Lolo.

The flower-girl thought the child was looking wistfully at her stock, so she put together two pink tulips and a white narcissus, and said:

"There's three nice ones; take them three for nothing, missie, and run along."

Lolo took the flowers with eager thanks. Here was a friend, indeed!

"I am going to the country," she said. "Tell me which way must I go?"

The flower-seller was puzzled.

"Which part of the country do you want? Is it Hampstead or Highgate?" (She said "Amstid or I-git?")

"Anywhere," replied Lolo.

"Oh, but you mustn't go alone, missie! You'd get lost."

"I *am* lost."

"Don't you know where you live?"

"I don't live anywhere," said Lolo: "I've come away."

The flower-seller stooped down to question her. People passing by must have thought the child was only buying flowers, or a crowd would have gathered.

"Tell me your name, little girl."

"I haven't got any name," replied Lolo.

The flower-girl opened her eyes wide.

"Not a real name," Lolo went on. "'Fahzer' made it up."

"Ah! I 'spose your father's made up a pet name for you. That's about it," said the flower-girl. "You are somebody's darling, I know, with that smart coat on you. My word, indeed! Fluffy edgin's on it, and white shoes on yer feet! Which way did you come, missie? We must ask the policeman to take you safe home."

This sounded cruel to Lolo. Her trust was betrayed. She thought the flower-seller was going to be her friend, and instead here was a threat of being given to the policeman! For we must remember that the policeman had been the bogymen of Lolo's infancy. Her furthest recollection was of screaming and crying one day, and being told that if she was not good the policeman would be called,—the gypsy word meant "the man who runs after people." She had not yet got over her dread of big men with helmets on. So no sooner did the flower-seller mention the word than Lolo was gone. She vanished through the crowd in an instant—greatly to the girl's regret.

"Something wrong with that little un!" she said. "I wish I'd clutched hold of her by the frock. Looked as if she'd been cryin', too. I should have ketched her when I 'ad her.—I say, awficer" (to a policeman coming in sight after five minutes), "there's a kiddie gone that way,—lost. . . . What do you say? 'Might as well look for a needle in a bundle of

straw.' So I thought. Lord forgive me! I wish I'd ketched her!"

Lolo was far off by this time in a street of grand, solemn houses. One house had flowers on the window-sills and an awning of red and white all along over the balcony. A man was lighting colored lanterns under this awning, in front of the upper floor; and there was a pathway of red carpet outside on the street, from the edge of the pavement up to the door. This was not Lady Dalchester's: that terrible place was in a square with a garden in the middle. This house was in a street. But the mere thought of a party made Lolo sick at heart. She still felt crushed, disgraced—a failure. And so she shrank away, and knocked up against a woman in black, who was carrying a very large cardboard box.

"Steady, miss! Don't knock your head off!"

"Muzzer" had told her to apologize whenever she wanted to pass close by any one. So, with her best manners, she said:

"Skews *me*, please!"

The woman laughed.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?"

"I am going to the country. Which is the way?"

"Oh, my dear! Do you live in the country? You should go in the train or the bus. I expect you've run out from a party of little ladies before you were sent for. I'll just hand in my parcel first, my dear, and then I'll see what can be done."

Lolo trotted along beside her. The workwoman had to deliver some finery in the box that evening. It was soon given in at the door of a 'great house with lighted windows. The evening was growing dark. Lolo wondered if she would ever find the gypsies to-night. She was getting desperate.

"Did you ever see gypsies anywhere?" she said timidly.

The workwoman stopped and looked at her.

"Gypsies! Oh, my dear? Is that the way with you? Well, there's a pretty set-out!"

They were going up a narrow street, and at a corner there was a shop with a most charming window. A gilt cow, like a large toy, stood in the middle. A china dairymaid with her pail was at one side on the marble slab; and on the other side was a china young man in a green suit, with pink stockings, and with a basket of eggs on his head. There were plates of cakes in the window under glass shades, and there was a silvery pail of milk. The mere sight of it made Lolo thirsty. She left the young woman, who seemed not to be at all sympathetic to a lonely child wanting the gypsies; and she leaned against the ledge of the shop window, and pressed her forlorn little nose against the glass, gazing in at the cakes and milk, the china figures and the gilt cow.

The workwoman had gone in, for she happened to lodge over this shop.

"That child has run away from home," she said to the girl behind the counter. "What should one do?"

"Cake and milk," answered the practical girl. For the moment, that was certainly a good idea.

Lolo was called, and came in willingly, and perched upon a high chair near the counter.

"Tired?" said the girl.

Lolo's round face was very serious.

"I *am* tired," she said, "and thirsty and hungry."

"Oh, dear, dear, that's bad! Put your flowers on the counter. What pretty pink tulips! Now here is a bun and a glass of milk."

"Thank you!" said Lolo, and she began solemnly eating.

"You have been to a party?"

Lolo nodded. She was very hungry, and a large and woolly bite had come off the bun.

"Ah, I thought so! Now we shall hear where she lives," said the workwoman, "or at least where the party was."

"Was it a nice party, my dear?" the girl behind the counter asked.

Lolo was now busy with the milk. She looked up over the edge of the glass, and replied, with great feeling:

"No: it was a horrid party."

There was such a peal of laughter that she went on for a little while with the bun and the milk, refusing to answer any more questions.

"You should let the police know," said the shopgirl. "The father and mother will be breaking their hearts for *her* somewhere."

Lolo slipped down off the chair.

"I'll go now," she said. "Good-bye!"

She held up her face, standing on tiptoe outside the counter, for the girl to kiss her. Then she repaid the workwoman with another kiss. It was clear to her that people did not know how terrible the police were. She had her own opinion about the force, and would not wait. When the workwoman ran between her and the door, Lolo said with her utmost politeness, "*Skews me!*" and whisked past, dashing out into the road, and across the street—and away.

Through crowds and crowds she ran, darting nimbly zigzag outside one and under the elbow of another. Coming to a great space full of traffic, where many streets met, she dodged a motor car, plunged under the nose of a horse, got away from a motor bus that was sweeping on toward her like thunder, and, in avoiding it, ran in front of something else all noise and wheels. There was no getting away from *that*. She tumbled down, hit her head against the road, and knew no more. Poor Lolo! Oh, but she was not hurt much! A big policeman was just in time. She had only been knocked down, and had fainted.

"Don't get about her now, all you boys! Get along out o' that!" he said.

Her eyes opened and closed again, as she was lifted up by strong arms. Her head was against the policeman's shoulder. After that came darkness.

When next she was conscious, she had been laid down on something soft. A woman's face encouraged her with a smile; and there was cold water on her lips and forehead. Two children were close beside her.

"Father," one of them called out, "the little girl that got killed is getting better!"

(To be continued.)

St. Cuthbert's Vision.

Cuthbert was a shepherd-boy watching his flock on the Lammermuir Hills, by the side of the river Leader, not far from the ancient town of Lauder. One night, while his companions were sleeping and he was praying, he saw a wonderful light break through the darkness, and in the midst of it a company of angels descended to the earth. Having received among them a spirit of surpassing brightness, the angels returned to their heavenly home.

The shepherd was struck with awe at this sight and began to offer up praise and thanksgiving, calling loudly on his companions to join him. He told them he had just seen the door of heaven opened, and there was led in thither, amidst an angelic company, the spirit of some holy man, who now, forever blessed, beheld the glory of paradise and Christ its King, while they were still grovelling amid this earthly darkness. He said it must have been some holy bishop or some favored one of the company of the faithful whom he saw thus borne up to heaven. As Cuthbert spoke the hearts of the shepherds thrilled with reverence and praise.

When the morning came he found that Aidan, the holy Bishop of Lindisfarne, had passed away at the very moment of the vision. Immediately, therefore, he delivered over the sheep that he was feeding to their owners, and decided to become a monk. He went to Melrose, the monastery two miles east of the

present abbey, where Boisil was prior. He was admitted, and Boisil at once saw the future greatness of this young novice, who lived a holy life there for ten years more.

After leaving the great monastery at Melrose, St. Cuthbert became an eloquent preacher in the neighborhood of Galloway; and in 664 was made prior of Lindisfarne, where to this day the little shells found only on that coast are called St. Cuthbert's shells; and the sea-birds, his favored friends, are called St. Cuthbert's birds. He built a cell, and pilgrims from all parts flocked to ask his counsel and his blessing and his prayers. After eight years passed thus he was chosen Bishop of Lindisfarne. When not engaged in the administration of his diocese he retired to his cell at Farne.

When his last days drew near, in 687, he directed his brethren to wrap his body after his death in the linen which the Abbess Verca had given him, and to bury it, as they so earnestly desired, in their church at Lindisfarne. His last words were: "Keep peace with one another and ever guard the divine jewel of charity. Despise not any of the household of the faith who come to you seeking hospitality, but receive and entertain and dismiss them with friendliness and affection."

His remains were taken to Lindisfarne, where, amid the prayers and the solemn chants of the brethren, they were interred in a stone sarcophagus on the right of the altar in St. Peter's Church. Eleven years later the body, still incorrupt, was taken from the tomb, wrapped in fresh linen and placed in a shrine of wood, which was laid on the floor of the sanctuary. Great veneration was shown to the saint's relics by King Alfred, King Canute, and William the Conqueror. The Cathedral of Durham was dedicated to his memory, and in the twelfth century his relics were transferred to that place. In the year 1537, when his shrine was plundered, his body was found still incorrupt.

The Gates of Paradise.

Lorenzo Ghiberti, a famous Florentine sculptor, who excelled in casting his sculpture in metals, had acquired so great a reputation that the municipal authorities gave him a commission, about 1439, to decorate the chief doors of the church of San Giovanni with bronzes representing scenes from the Old Testament. The doors, when finished, met with unqualified praise from all sides. When Michael Angelo was asked what he thought of them, he said: "They are so beautiful that they might fittingly serve as the gates of paradise!" This artist put his own portrait and that of his father on the decorations of the border of the door.

Lorenzo had shown his genius at the age of twenty, when he won the prize for which the most famous artists of his time competed—the commission to make a bronze representing the sacrifice of Isaac. Other bronzes portraying similar subjects followed. For this great work he was liberally paid, and its admirable execution led to many lucrative commissions. But the great triumph of his life was won when Michael Angelo paid him the compliment which has become as historic as the doors of San Giovanni themselves, and which illustrates how high a great soul soars above the petty jealousies of little men.

A Language of Courtesy.

It must be very easy for the Japanese to be courteous; for, Sir Edwin Arnold tells us, it is impossible to use abusive language or to revile any one in the tongue which is used by the dark little people. If you wish to express your mind in Japanese in regard to some one of whom you have a very poor opinion, the worst you can possibly say is that he is a "fellow"; and the most vehement indignation can find no vent but in "There! there!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, New York, have brought out a second English edition of Fr. Tesnière's excellent little work, "Mysteries of the Holy Rosary."

—From P. J. Kenedy & Sons comes the fourth edition of "Within the Soul," by the Rev. M. Watson, S. J. Of ordinary prayer-book size, this collection of helps in the spiritual life should be welcome to many.

—Among the reprints from the Bombay *Examiner* that are of special interest is "Thirteen Articles on Freemasonry," a 16mo pamphlet of 120 pages. The characteristic sanity and lucidity that distinguish the editorial work of Fr. Hull, S. J., are in evidence throughout the series of informative articles.

—"Teacher and Teaching," by the Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J., is a collection of fourteen essays originally contributed to *America*. They are full of wise thought and excellent suggestion, and should prove thoroughly stimulating to all who are concerned in the responsible as well as noble work of Catholic education. The last two essays in particular—"The Boy and the Priesthood" and "The Boy and the Religious Life"—are exceptionally admirable. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—An interesting and unusual volume is "Altar Flowers and How to Grow Them," by Herbert Jones, with a preface by the Rev. David Dunford. (Benziger Brothers.) The object of this work is to present a concise and convenient guide to the selection and culture of white flowers for the service of the church. For that specific purpose the demand may not be great; however, the directions given are of general value. Probably this treatise will find its natural home in our convents. It is helpfully illustrated.

—It is unfortunate that the plan of the works in the Catholic Library prevents the completion in one volume of a treatise such as "Holy Mass, the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy," by the Rev. Herbert Lucas, S. J. A double size volume at a double price would be far preferable to splitting the work into two single numbers, as has been done. Besides, they are not consecutive, being V. and VII. A briefer and more popular treatise than that of Dr. Fortescue's, the work of Fr. Lucas, nevertheless, makes claim to high scholarship, and not merely that of antiquity either. It is decidedly abreast of present liturgical science.

Volume I. treats the Mass as far as the Preface; Volume II. completes the study, and is provided with a serviceable index. It is to be regretted that the work as a whole is not more popular. For sale by B. Herder.

—A catalogue of Catholic books in the public library of Ottumwa, Iowa, has been compiled by the local council of the Knights of Columbus. The collection thus catalogued is a fairly good one, though hardly down to date. In fiction we looked in vain for the names of Ayscough, Benson, Egan, Fraser, Reid, and Waggaman. And we wonder how comes the name of E. A. Poe among the Catholics.

—"From Court to Cloister" is a sketch, by M. A., of the life of Madame Sainte-Beuve, based on the large work in French by H. de Legmont, and "The Nuns of Port Royale," by M. A. Lowndes. The portrait presented is the fairly familiar one of "great possessions," in the worldly sense—wealth, beauty, talents—turned to the service of God. Catholic France in its best days has acquainted us with the type. Madame Sainte-Beuve was a worthy follower of her great prototype, St. Jane Frances de Chantal; and the record of her life is replete with edification and interest. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—For Catholics, a purely academic interest attaches to the publication of "The Vulgate Psalter," with Introductions, notes, and vocabulary by A. B. Macaulay, M. A., Minister of the North United Free Church, Stirling; and James Brebuer, M. A., Late Rector of Harris Academy, Dundee. Yet, since its appeal is "to those whose chief interest in the Vulgate lies in the devotional use of the Psalter," our Scripture students may let this work pass. Their need is amply supplied by Father Higgins' admirable "Commentary on the Psalter," for which, we are gratified to notice, there is a demand on all sides.

—Retreat masters particularly will welcome the publication of "Conference Matter for Religious," compiled by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., in two volumes. (B. Herder.) In this ample scope will be found treated practically all the matters that concern the life of religious. Fr. Girardey draws this material from three sources, one of which is the Ven. Fr. Champagnat's work of direction for his Little Brothers of Mary; another, "Ecole de Perfection Religieuse," by Fr. Clément, C. SS. R.,—a work which follows

such standard authors as St. Alphonsus, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Teresa; while the third source is the compiler's own conferences to religious. Primarily intended for the spiritual director or preacher, this work will be of profit as a book of spiritual reading for religious generally. Solidity is its chief character. In the translated portions the compiler has done admirably, while his own contributions do not suffer by comparison with the work in whose company they are. The volumes are excellently printed and durably bound.

—In reply to inquiries for "Dion and the Sibyls," by Miles Gerald Keon, we have to say that this once very popular classic novel is still in print. It is included in Benziger's Standard Library, other volumes of which are: "Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," by the Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B.; "The Light of His Countenance," by Jerome Harte; "Bond and Free," by Jean Connor; "The Turn of the Tide," by Mary Agatha Gray; and Cochem's "Life of Christ." The print of these books is somewhat smaller than is now the fashion; but it is clear print, and it is on good paper. The binding, too, is neat and durable. Fifty cents is an exceedingly low price for even the smallest of these volumes.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Conference Matter for Religious." 2 vols.
Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$2.50.
- "From Court to Cloister." M. A. 85 cts.
- "Holy Mass, the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy." 2 vols. 60 cts.
- "Altar Flowers and How to Grow Them."
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Russell, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Julius Rothkegel, diocese of Omaha; Rev. Joseph Geis, diocese of Rockford; Rev. T. C. Gaffney, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. Michael Bryce, diocese of Superior; Rev. Matthias McDonald, diocese of Newark; and Rev. Bartholomew McLoughlin, diocese of Ogdensburg.

Sister M. Clement, of the Sisters of Providence; Sister M. Agnes, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Sister M. Charles, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Herbert Spring, Mrs. Ellen Wright, Mr. George Berube, Miss Helen Malone, Mr. John Clayton, Miss Margaret Russell, Mr. William Zellers, Mrs. Archie McDonnell, Mr. George Franke, Mrs. Bridget Murray, Mr. William Munn, Mr. Frank Shea, Miss Josephine Miller, Mr. Anthony Patrilli, and Mr. Charles Wilson.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOI. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 26, 1914.

NO. 13

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Like Children.

BY THOMAS E. BURKE.

AS little children, coming home at eve,
Sleepy and restless with the day's long play,
Fall into slumber in their mother's lap,
And nestle there in their own simple way:

So come we, Mother Mary, home at eve,
Faint and awearied from the dust and heat;
And, having sought the shelter of thy smile,
We lay us down like children at thy feet.

Making the Best of Ourselves.

MOST of us feel in our heart of hearts that we are capable, with God's grace, of much better things than we have yet accomplished in the spiritual life. There sometimes rises up before us a vision of what we might have been—even we—had we rightly developed our capacities and used our advantages and opportunities; had we, in a word, made the best of ourselves. This vision is not a mere fancy. We need not imagine, indeed, that we are called to walk in the extraordinary ways of the spiritual life: to imitate the saints in those things which required a special call and extraordinary graces from God; but we are all called to holiness. For each one God has marked out a certain degree of Christian perfection which each can attain by the development of the capacities, and the use of the graces and opportunities, which God gives. All can

take the saints as a pattern in the faithful use of ordinary graces, in the practice of the Christian virtues, and especially in their making of religion a happy service of love. It is in this sense that our Divine Lord addressed to all His invitation, "Be ye therefore perfect, as also your Heavenly Father is perfect." (St. Matt., v, 48.)

God surely did not mean, in giving us the Christian religion, that Christians should "muddle" through life somehow, without definite aim at any sort of Christian ideal of life and conduct; risking salvation many times and oft in the process, or trusting to some far-off day of amendment, or a deathbed repentance which easily might never be actualized. Nor is the ideal of a Christian—we do not speak of saints but of ordinary Catholics—fulfilled by careless, tepid souls, who, though generally avoiding mortal sin, often with a breathless skirting of the precipice, yet can not be said to serve God with anything approaching generosity or devotedness. There is the infinite and amazing mercy of God; there is purgatory; and many are saved, "yet so as by fire." Nevertheless, it is not worthy of any Christian, it is not worthy of us, whose souls have been ransomed at the price of the Precious Blood, to go through life with little or no endeavor to develop its spiritual possibilities, or to seize its opportunities in the religious sphere.

Yet few of us make the best of ourselves,—the best of our capacities, our graces, our advantages as Catholics, our opportunities of advancing in holiness. Let us consider some of these things,

and how to make the best of them. We have spoken of making the best of *ourselves*, because it is by the proper development of our own natural powers and faculties, under the influence of divine grace, that we are to reach holiness and perfection. Grace builds on nature: it is man, with man's nature and man's faculties, that the Christian religion is designed to sanctify and make perfect. It is you and I, with our individual characteristics, our own particular temperament, that grace acts upon in a way suited by God to the character and circumstances of each. Our part is to co-operate with grace, to lend ourselves to its influences within us, as well as to use the opportunities and external aids that we find, as members of God's Holy Church, round about us.

There are certain powers and faculties that we possess in common with all men. Thus we all possess intelligence, or understanding, will, the emotions, and bodily senses. In these powers and faculties we have the material for holiness and perfection. It is by the proper development of the will and the intelligence, by knowing God with our understanding in a supernatural manner, and by loving Him supernaturally with our will, that we are made holy and perfect. And, while this is the work of grace acting upon the soul and its powers, we can and ought to press into the service the emotions and even the bodily senses, and make them contribute to the great work; for the whole man was made for God, — body as well as soul, emotions as well as intelligence and will. But, besides these faculties and powers of body and soul that we possess in common with others, there is our own individual character and temperament. This individual character and temperament, summed up in the word "personality" (used in the modern and colloquial, not in the philosophical, sense), colors, of course, the spiritual life and the spiritual combat of each; and must, therefore, be taken into consideration,

and largely so, in our plans for "making the best of ourselves."

Let us take first the will. By the will we mean that faculty of the soul which loves and desires, or, on the contrary, hates and fears; which strives after and pursues the objects of its love and desire, rejects and shrinks from that which it fears and hates. Now, there is in the will a constant, unalterable desire for and striving after good and happiness,—a natural love of these two things. A man may make a mistake, and be in blameworthy error as to what his real good and happiness consist in; he may try to find his good and his happiness in sin; but it is good and it is happiness that he wants and that he seeks all the time. We must make the best of this strong, ineradicable love of and desire for good and happiness by directing it always to what we know is alone our true, supreme good and happiness — God Himself, His love, and His happy service. The saints had their yearnings for happiness, the reaching out of their wills to good; but they realized, as we do not always realize, wherein true happiness and real good lie.

Here, then, is an asset that we must make the most of, — our natural, strong, unconquerable love of, and desire for, good, and for the happiness that comes from the possession of good. Nature of itself teaches that this good and happiness are to be found only in the possession of God by knowledge and love. This is a truth of pure reason discovered by philosophers of the days before Christ, and acknowledged, at least in the abstract, by most philosophers since. But nature and philosophy alone do not lead us to the actual possession of God: this is the work of Christianity and of divine grace. The gift of divine charity, poured out in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, seizes hold of our natural instinct toward our supreme good and bliss, and elevates it to the supernatural order; so that, as Christians, we have not only a will tending toward God by its natural desire for hap-

piness, but a will already united to Him in the bonds of supernatural love.

What a motive to put away from us the inferior good of earthly things, and to fix our hearts upon heaven, where alone true joys are to be found! Good, happiness—absolute eternal good and complete, final happiness,—I must have; my whole being cries out for it; this desire is implanted in me to lead me to God; grace and charity already put Him in my possession. I must make the best of this by cultivating my desire for happiness in the right direction, and refusing to be led away by the trifles of this world.

Then, again, man has an intelligence, an understanding,—that is, a faculty made for the reception and knowledge of truth, and giving no rest to the soul till its search is rewarded by discovery. How endlessly man seeks the “why” and “wherefore” of all things! By its incapacity to be satisfied with earthly truth, this faculty leads us to the idea of an absolute Truth which alone can satisfy completely and for good,—that Truth who is the primal Cause, and therefore the Explanation, of all things. To this natural faculty comes the supernatural revelation of God, the Blessed Three-in-One, as the supreme Object of knowledge, beatifying the soul by the unveiled vision of Himself in heaven. And here below He reveals Himself supernaturally in the doctrines of the Church, giving to the intelligence of man the gift of faith also, by which he is enabled to grasp and assent to divine revelation.

Why do we not feed our minds more assiduously upon the enlightening and ennobling truths of religion? Why are our thoughts and interests so little fixed upon the wonderful things that are at our disposal in the great body of Catholic doctrine? How few develop this great asset as they might, or nourish the intellect, with its insatiable desire for knowledge, upon the divine truths made so easy of access by sermons, books, and the Catholic press! How many try to

satisfy the thirst of their minds with miserable scraps of secular knowledge, or with mere gossip and the news of the day! Those who have tried, know that there is no knowledge so satisfying, so truly interesting, and of such permanent, lasting value, as religious knowledge, taken in its widest sense,—the knowledge of doctrine, illustrated, vivified, made real and actual by study of the marvellous lives of God's saints, of the past history and present activities of the Church of Christ. It is no mere abstract knowledge; for we can put it into practice in our actual everyday lives,—imitating, in our measure and degree, the lives of Jesus Christ and His saints, dwelling thus in a sphere lifted up above the littleness and meanness of worldly existence.

Emotion, too, which plays so large and so inevitable a part in our lives, enters into the religion which God has given us. That religion was made for man; and there is no element or faculty in man's nature which is not meant to be brought under its sway, or to help us in our religious development. We should make the best of our emotions in our spiritual life. An unemotional religion is of no use to the normal human being; and the attempt to be religious while despising and trying to crush out all emotion must end in failure; for it is unnatural; and true religion, though supernatural, is not unnatural,—not contrary, that is, to nature. Emotion, indeed, needs regulating by doctrine, and must be submitted to the guidance of the Church; but the Church herself appeals, and appeals very largely, to religious emotion in her teaching and preaching, as well as in her inimitably beautiful worship.

Emotion, then, is an asset to be made the best of; and there is wide scope here for individuality. Here especially come in differences of temperament. A person, let us say, is naturally sympathetic and open to impressions of pity. What a field for devotion is opened to such in compassion for our Blessed Lord in His

terrible sufferings! What a field for active and practical sympathy toward His poor, destitute and forsaken members in His body, the Church! Another is naturally enthusiastic. What a power this enthusiasm might be if directed to the spread of the Faith and the promotion of works of charity and religion! Many find devotion and piety a dull and difficult affair, because they are afraid to follow the bent of their minds, and think that religion involves the stamping out of their natural characteristics. Far from this being so, the truth is that these natural characteristics, to which God Himself adapts the grace He gives to each, elevated and brought under the sweet yoke of Christ, will form a special and individual beauty of the soul in heaven, as they form a special and individual beauty in the lives of the saints on earth.

Even to the bodily senses religion makes its appeal; and we should take full advantage of that loving indulgence of our mother. Sweet music, beautiful ceremonies, grand architecture, the fragrance of incense, — all these, blessed and consecrated by the Church, have a power to charm the senses, and through the senses to elevate the mind. One suspects something wrong in the spirituality of those who decry High Mass and have no appreciation of the religious influences of processions of the Blessed Sacrament.

To those who would wish to follow up more completely the line of thought that could be only briefly sketched out here, we would recommend that golden book of Father Faber's, "All for Jesus," where he treats, not of the arduous paths of high spirituality, to which we may come, indeed, some day, but of what he calls the "easy ways" of divine love for beginners in the devout life.

To weigh other minds by our own is the false scale by which the greater number of us miscalculate all human actions and most human characters.

—Mrs. Craigie.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

X.



AFTER Marie had left him, Romey went back slowly to his cabin, and stood on the doorstep for a moment before entering, looking at the room and its contents with new eyes. Everything there had taken on a new value. There were her little gifts on the table, the pretty Indian basket lying overturned beside them; and there was the picture she had brought him. How good of her not to take it away again when she found he possessed the duplicate! Did she know that already it was the most precious thing he had? — that it, and anything else her dainty hands had touched, would be treasured jealously for the rest of his life? Perhaps she did know. Alice used to say that girls knew lots of things without being told. So Marie had left him that bit of her sweet self to comfort and companion his lonely hours, bless her!

He sat down on his bed and buried his face in his hands, calling up every line of her lovely countenance: the low white forehead, with the loose waves of gold above it; the grey eyes, so cool and clear; the funny, rather severe, small nose, that was so delightfully belied by the smiling young lips with that ever-ready laughter-dimple at one corner. Oh, was there anything dreamable or desirable in life in comparison with this Marie girl from across the lake? When could he see her again? What a dazed fool he had been to let her go away without making her answer any of the hundred questions that he had been putting to himself about her for days past,—who she really was (for her name alone told him nothing), how she came to be there, why the little lamp had shone so faithfully for a few nights and now shone no more!

Ah, well, he must remember all that next time. And, in spite of her warning and her threat, called back as an after-thought, he vowed that "next time" should happen no later than to-morrow, if he could help it.

And Marie, riding back through the short winter afternoon, was congratulating herself on having told him nothing of all these things. The visit had been made after much reflection, and was only possible at all because Rhinehart, coming in late the night before, had told her that he should have to go away early in the morning and could not get back before dark, perhaps not even at all the next day. He did not invite her to accompany him this time, but contented himself with repeating his injunctions about staying in the house and locking the doors. He even went out and brought in a generous provision of wood for the stove, because, as he explained, it was better she should not even show herself out of doors when she had no protector near. Marie listened with a sarcastic little smile which he had to take as assent, seeing that of late she had become so chary of her words that she seldom spoke to him at all.

Her heart was beating wildly when at last the shabby old bobsleigh lumbered away toward the woods. In a clandestine excursion to the stable the day before, to see if by any chance one of the hens had forgotten the season and laid an egg somewhere in the straw, she had discovered three cayuses where till now there had been but two. If Rhinehart would only go away for the day and leave the new one behind, she might get a taste of the liberty for which she was starving—a scamper among the hills—no: a voyage of discovery to the home of her Romey Johnson across the lake. That would be something like a "lark." And she would not go empty-handed, either. She had felt furiously angry with Rhinehart for accepting the young man's help in his difficulty in the defile and never saying

a word of thanks for it. By beginning early and utilizing all her meagre resources, she could make something nice to take him as a thank-offering of her own. Then everything had turned on the chance of Rhinehart's leaving his new cayuse in the stable. When she saw him drive off with only the two that he always used, she danced a waltz step round the kitchen for joy, and then flew to preparing her dainties.

Had she but known it, Rhinehart had no intention of taking out his last acquisition in horseflesh for some time to come. He had sighted the pony straying over the hills; and, on coming closer, instantly recognized the brand as that of a Swedish farmer who lived some five or six miles to the north of his own place. He did not hesitate for a moment. The pony, quite a tame one that had merely wandered out of bounds, was caught as soon as Rhinehart's keen eyes told him that nobody was in sight, and led back to be shut up in his own stable, until he could efface the brand by applying one of his own. That job could wait a day or so. It was dark when he got in, and he had to be off early the next day to try to find, among the scattered ranchers, one who would trade him a few provisions, and thus obviate the necessity, under which he would otherwise lie, of going down and showing himself in Trenton, where some inquisitive fool might start asking questions. In spite of all the precautions he and Hayes had taken, it was still possible that somebody might remember the man and the girl who had come down from Canada in the autumn looking for land. One never could tell. Those idle fellows who were always hanging round the saloon and the hitching rack had long memories, and he preferred to give them a little more time to forget anything they might have heard.

To Marie the day of liberty was one breath of enchantment, and her success in carrying out her plans filled her with a royal sense of elation. On her return, as

she rode up to the gate, and slipped down to open it, she looked at the low prison-house among the trees and shook her fist at it.

"No, you don't," she informed it in a dramatic whisper, — "you don't hold me any more! I am going to get out every day, whether that horrid old man likes it or not. I don't owe him any obedience—no, *sir!* And I'll tell you something else. If father doesn't come back this week, I mean to steal one of the cayuses and ride down to Trenton, *all by myself*, and find him! *There!*"

The night came on, still and very cold. Marie opened the door and looked out at about eight o'clock, wondering whether Rhinehart meant to return. The utter stillness made her forget the cold, as she stood gazing out at the big glory of the earth and sky. The stars—but who could describe the deathless brilliance of them on a night of midwinter in the North, with the mercury at forty below zero, and the very winds held prisoners in the bite of the frost? The firmament, only, seems to breathe, — a vault of blue-black lapis-lazuli, velvet, fathomless in its depth; but veiled, back to infinity, by net after net of throbbing jewels, as if a thousand millions of broken diamonds had been spilled on invisible gossamers, that shook and trembled, ran them together and broke them in showers again, flung the star dust back to the fixed heaven that we ache for and can not see; and let through, to hang over our heads, the enormous hearts of light, with their thorn darts of intolerable brightness, that we have little names for, and that swing in their faithful splendor forever and ever round our sun.

On such a night the earth lies mute in a frozen trance, and gives back not a single gleam from its shroud of snow. The space is too mighty. The Spirit of the North broods jealously over her deathly work. Her breath has gone forth, and life is at pause till she shall draw it in again. But she has other wonders to

work before that. "Lie thou there, hot-hearted, rebellious daughter," she seems to say to earth, "and watch what I shall show thee to remember when sister Summer comes dancing up out of the South to scorch thee black with her feet of fire and her pitiless suns!" And earth watches like a child scared dumb; and suddenly her shroud is no longer white but ruby; the sky nor blue nor starred, but one zenith-sheet of carmine washed in fountains of running silver and rose, rose and silver—crimson of all the world's June roses glowing through fountains that sheet the firmament and veil the stars, — that sinks back into the lap of the North as if to breathe. But the next moment the vault is again seared from the horizon to the zenith, not with rose and silver now, but with two-edged blades ninety degrees long, red and terrible, like new swords wet with blood.

Maid Marie had seen it many a time up there in Alberta, but its wonder filled her ever with new delight. She forgot everything—the cold, the solitude, her own little mortal identity—as she stood in the square of the doorway, gazing out, the lamp inside the room making a warm haze behind her. Then she sprang back with a cry; for a dark, stooping figure had crept round the corner of the house, and was sidling along the wall only a few feet from where she had been standing.

"Don't you be skeered!" came a husky whisper. "It's only me—Hayes. I ain't goin' to hurt you. Don't you remember me?"

She was standing now with her back to the table, and the man confronted her from the doorway. He looked ghastly; his face was of a greenish white and very drawn; one or two locks of hair frozen to icicles hung down over his sunken, burning eyes. The very misery of him disarmed the girl. Compassion drove out fear.

"Come in, — come in!" she said, going

up to him and actually pulling him inside and then closing the door. "You're frozen through. I'll get you something hot. Don't go too near the fire yet!" — for the man was making for the stove, shivering in every limb.

"Lord," he said in that same half-dead voice, "I thought I'd never see a fire again! What a night! Say, is my face froze anywhere — or my ears?" He pulled off his cap and thrust his face close to the lamp for her inspection.

Marie replaced the great coffeepot she had just lifted from the fire, and came closer to look at him.

"No," she answered: "you are all right. Here" (she placed a cup beside him and filled it with the steaming coffee she had kept prepared for Rhinehart), "drink this — slowly now, — and you'll stop shivering directly. You poor man! What on earth made you come so late? I don't think Mr. Rhinehart means to come back to-night."

"No, he doesn't. That's why I'm here," Hayes replied. "Laurenson—that Swede over to Bear Point—told me he saw him unhitching at Robb's place after sundown. I'm come to beg—*beg*, that's what, Miss Marie! That hell-born skunk owes me hundreds of dollars. He's packin' them round on him this minute. I'm starving, and he won't give me the six bits I lent him to get the harness mended the time we brought you and—"

He stopped suddenly. He had been talking on to himself, apparently. Now he caught sight of the girl's pitying face looking down at him, and he rose and turned away, as if to look out of the window. His ragged mackinaw had thawed in the warm room and now threw out a nauseous steam, and the snow from his boots was making streaming blotches on the clean boards of the floor.

Marie was far too generous to let her repulsion keep her from ministering to his evident needs.

"I'll get you some supper," she said gently; "and then you can put the

mattress down here by the fire, and keep warm till the morning. Do you live far off?"

"Not as far as I'd like," growled Hayes. "When I've got my money, there ain't a State in the Union that'll be big enough for me and Rhinehart. Say, that looks good!"

"It's the best I can show," the girl said a little ruefully. "We're shy on most things just now. (Mr. Rhinehart went to get some flour and bacon to-day.) But it's hot; and that's better than nothing this cold weather, isn't it?"

"I should say!" Hayes agreed, falling to voraciously on the steaming plateful of odds and ends which a frontier woman can always "scare up" in a moment and make palatable by secrets of her own. As the man ate, the dull color came back into his cheeks, and the haunted look was replaced by a more human expression in his eyes.

Marie left him to himself for a little while. She had a question to ask, but she meant to wait until her guest was warmed and comforted before putting it. At last he pushed his plate away, and leaned back in his chair with a sigh of satisfaction. Marie silently cleared the table, and then came and sat down opposite the man.

"Mr. Hayes," she began, "I'm ever so glad you came! I want to ask you something."

"Go ahead!" he replied. "What is it?"

She smiled back at him and nodded her head.

"It's just this," she said. "Mr. Rhinehart's such a sulky, cross old man, he won't tell me, out of sheer cussedness; but you will: you were always kind; and Rhinehart said you went down to Trenton with him,—with my father. Is he still in Trenton? That is what I want to know. And when is he coming back? It's—it's just *awful* being up here without him!"

The lamp was shining on her face. Her clear grey eyes filled with tears as she

spoke the last words, and her lips were parted in an appealing little smile.

Hayes stared at her, and the color died down in his cheeks and a film came over his eyes. Then he caught at his throat and seemed to be choking.

Marie sprang to her feet, alarmed. She took up a glass of water that was standing on the table and came round and tried to hold it to his lips. But he thrust her arm away, so that the water was spilled between them. Rising painfully to his feet, he rested both hands on the table, and, with bent head, repeated a part of Marie's speech.

"He said I'd gone to Trenton with your father? He said that, *did* he? Oh, I knew he would! He's goin' to get out and leave me in, the yaller skunk! But I'll have somethin' to say, too. He ain't done with K. Hayes yet! What you starin' at me like that for?" He turned fiercely on Marie. "I dunnow where your pa is,—no, I don't! Strike me blind, I don't, I don't, I don't!"

His voice rose to a scream. Then, with his head down and his hands striking wildly at the air, he rushed to the door, tore it open, and fled into the night.

(To be continued.)

Columbines.

BY MARION MUIR.

WOVEN of sun and snow
At summer noon's behest,
The little leaves that blow
About the aspen crest,
Taught them to quiver so—
As if, from ways unblest,
The crowds that come and go,
The greeter and the guest,
Voices of joy and woe,
The seeker and his quest,
All things that strive and grow,
In the imperial West,
Guarding her gold below,
Would never let them rest.

Catholic Growth in Holland.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.

IT is a trifle over one hundred years since, at the close of 1813, Holland recovered her political independence and William Frederick of Orange assumed the government vacated by the French. Little more than one year ago, Pius X. gave the red hat to Cardinal Van Rossum, the first Hollander to wear the Roman purple since 1534. These two dates, 1813 and 1913, form the terms of a veritable Catholic renaissance in Holland. A century ago the Church there was persecuted, discredited, looked down upon; her children considered as social pariahs, unworthy of the respect and trust of their fellow-citizens: to-day the Dutch Catholics are a powerful and honored body, with their share of Parliamentary representation, with innumerable institutions of philanthropy; and with as representatives in literature, in art, and in science many superior men and women, of whom the fatherland is justly proud.

So remarkable have been the progress and expansion of the Church during the last century that the Catholics of Holland have felt it incumbent on them to proclaim to the world at large the triumphs of their Faith. This they have done in two immense volumes,* which describe fully the trials the Church had to undergo, the victories she has won, and the achievements she has accomplished in religion, charity, literature, art, and government. These volumes, though many pages of them consist of dry statistics and cold details, yet chant a glorious pæan in honor of our Faith; and it is in order to bring the gist of them before a wider circle of readers that I have undertaken the following brief and imperfect review.

The great champion of Catholic emancipation, who in Holland played a part

* "Het Katholiek Nederland" (1813-1913). Two vols. in 4vo. Malmberg, Nimeguen.

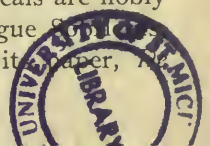
similar to that played by O'Connell in Ireland, was Joachim I.e Sage ten Broek. A convert to Catholicity, he began in 1815 his campaign for the civil and religious freedom of his confrères. A gifted writer and brilliant polemist, he had the talent of making interesting every topic he touched; and the admiration of the Catholics for his courage was equalled only by the amazement of the Protestants at his audacity. His book, entitled "Sketch of the Beauty of the Doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church,"* went through five editions in one year, and excited on either side a storm of applause or protest. He also founded two reviews, *The Friend of Religion* (*De Godsdienstvriend*), and *The Ultramontane*, wherein for thirty years, in spite of imprisonment, sickness, blindness, and incessant persecution, he upheld nobly the freedom of the Church. Other champions gathered around him; and after three decades of combats their work was so fruitful that by a Brief of March 4, 1853, Pius IX. restored to Holland the hierarchy—namely, the Archbishopric of Utrecht with the four suffragan Sees of Haarlem, Bois-le-Duc, Breda, and Ruremonde.

The Dutch Church was not long in feeling the impulse of the new movement. Skilfully guided by their bishops, the faithful everywhere began to take courage, and show pride in manifesting their long-proscribed faith. From 1814 to 1840 four million florins had been expended in erecting churches; while from 1851 to 1871 sixty million had gone to the same purpose. From 1853 to 1912 over a thousand churches have been either built or considerably enlarged. The priests, both regular and secular, number over 2500, and they maintain a multitude of religious sodalities and social guilds for the edification and betterment of their people. Thus the sodality Voor Eere en Deugd (For Honor and Virtue), founded in 1905

and possessing already one hundred and forty-two branches, has for object "to strengthen the individual will of the young by mutual encouragement and example, and preserve the youth against the evil influence of the constantly increasing immorality of modern Society." St. Joseph's Vereenigeningen provide for the moral and material well-being of young workingmen. A "Society against Blasphemy" takes the place of our Holy Name sodalities; while the Archconfraternity of the Holy Family, with its 74,972 male and its 23,891 female members, stands easily at the head of the purely religious associations.

Side by side with these sodalities, whose foremost aim is piety and holy living, exist other societies, which, while being fundamentally Catholic, make philanthropic endeavor, social or industrial amelioration, their principal work. In the year 1888 Mgr. Bottemanne, Bishop of Haarlem, took under his patronage a workingmen's union which had just been founded at Amsterdam by Mr. Passtoors. During the past twenty-six years this society, *De Nederlandsche Roomsche Katholieke Volksbond*, has rendered the most signal services to the Dutch working classes. Each diocese has a separate branch; these five branches are subdivided into 186 sections, totalling in all 40,000 members. They publish a paper, *De Volksbanier*, which boasts 15,000 subscribers; and social congresses, literary and amusement clubs, savings-banks, cheap insurances, old-age pensions,—in fact, all forms of charitable assistance fall within their programme. Affiliated to the Volksbond is a Catholic Work Bureau (*Bureau von de R. K. Vakorganisatie*), which counts 600 syndicates and 28,000 workingmen. These syndicates, or unions, are composed exclusively of Catholic members, and each has a *geestelijke adviseur*, or spiritual director, appointed by the bishops. Temperance ideals are nobly upheld by the immense league *St. Vincent*, with its 72,000 members; its paper, *De*

* "De Voortreffelijkheid van de leer der Roomsche Katholieke kerk geschetst."



Kruisbanier; its associations for men, or *Kruisbonden*; and its branches for women and girls, *Maria-et-Anna-Vereenigingen*. The leaders in the fight against alcohol are two noted Catholic laymen, Mr. Ruys de Beerenbrouck, member for Limbourg and president of *Sobrietas*; and Dr. Ariens, its founder and untiring propagandist.

Of still wider action and more ambitious aims than any of the foregoing is the society known as Catholic Social Action (*De Katholieke Sociale Actie*), which purposes to combine and co-ordinate all forms of Catholic activity. That its ideals are being realized is evidenced by the fact that its membership reaches to 100,000, as well as by the magnificent festivities given by the society at Utrecht, January 6, 1914. Its president is the Archbishop of Utrecht, Mgr. Van de Wetering. The central bureau is at Leyden, where the society has installed a magnificent library. From that centre millions of tracts are distributed every year, courses of lectures are arranged, the proper study and discussion of social problems is fostered, and no stone is left unturned to convey all over the country the Catholic viewpoint of every industrial and economic difficulty that may crop up. It is confidently stated that Catholic Social Action handles more business and gives more consultations in a month than the Social Museum of Amsterdam does in a whole year.

Nor is Catholic Holland without its full share of charitable organizations for relieving the needy, for succoring the sick, the "incapable," and the diseased. As far back as 1846—just thirteen years after its inception by Ozanam at Paris—the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was introduced into Holland. In 1911 it counted 4246 active members, who relieved 8511 families and provided for the elementary education of 12,869 children. Not satisfied with the merely corporal works of mercy, St. Vincent's children perform the spiritual ones, by installing circulating libraries, building schools, providing homes

for young criminals, regularizing marriages; and in these manifold channels of Catholic zeal they expend yearly the enormous sum of \$400,000. Then come various other benevolent associations for assisting particular forms of distress; for instance, the Association of Saints Elizabeth and Catherine for sick women; the Association of St. Martin for the abandoned poor; the Association of the Holy Magi Kings for the assistance of tradesmen; the Association of St. Anne for foundlings; while the *Misericordia*, like its prototype at Florence, provides for the decent interment of the dead. When it is remembered that Holland also possesses 238 orphan asylums and 80 hospitals, and that thirty-five Congregations of women and eight of men devote themselves to the gratuitous service of the sick, it will be realized how earnest and self-sacrificing the Dutch Catholics are in the sacred cause of charity.

On the delicate and burning question of education, the Dutch Catholics have shown themselves thoroughly competent to maintain their religious and parental rights. Father Brouwers, who represented Holland at the Educational Congress of Malines in 1867, said: "Of two chalices we shall sell the more costly rather than abandon Catholic childhood and youth to education without God." These were no words of mere declamation: by their tenacious perseverance, at the price of many a battle and many a victory, the Catholics of Holland have reduced to practice the maxim, "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school." They possess at present 920 primary schools, wherein 5277 teachers train 184,907 pupils. There exists an association of Catholic teachers, entitled *R. K. Schoolraad*, which forwards the cause of Christian education by publishing several professional journals of recognized importance.

Higher education is not so well provided for, but its want is partly supplied by lectures (*R. K. Leergangen*), established by Dr. Moller in 1912, and now

operating in six important cities. There are, however, six gymnasia, or Latin colleges, which have the privilege (within certain limits) of conferring degrees. Up to the present there is no Catholic University; and the foundation of this latter has been the dream and the ideal of the Catholics of Holland for the past thirty years. Since 1903, the Archbishop of Utrecht has been collecting funds for this express purpose; and, by way of anticipating this ideal as soon as possible, he has made use of a remarkable privilege accorded by the Government — namely, the erection of private chairs at the State Universities. The initial step in this direction was to found a chair of Catholic Philosophy at the University of Utrecht, which is held by Professor Th. Beysens. In October, 1912, another chair was added, this time "The History of Christian Antiquity," of which the occupant is Dr. J. Schrijnen.

Any account, no matter how brief and imperfect, of Catholic expansion in Holland would be essentially incomplete without a word on the splendid achievements of Dutch Catholic *littérateurs* and historians. When Le Sage ten Broek began his struggle for the Church a century ago, he complained bitterly of the absolute dearth of Catholic writers; but the same complaint can not be made to-day. The renaissance of Catholicity, its vitality and power, are just as evident in literature as elsewhere. A writer, who combined to an unusual degree literary gifts and religious earnestness was Alberdingk Thijm, poet of the first rank, elegant stylist, devoted son of the Church, which he defended with all the *élan* of a knight-errant. "He," says Professor Kalff, "brought the ideas of Catholic life into Dutch literature, and was himself the incarnation of Catholic consciousness restored and strengthened." Protestants were forced to admire his talents, and admitted grudgingly that in him "something good had come from Rome."

Thijm's example spurred others to

imitate him, and soon a notable pleiad of Catholic writers appeared all over Holland. Amongst others may be mentioned: Van Nouwhuis (1821-1853), poet and novelist, whose historical romance, "The Armorer and His Son" ("De Wapensmidt en zyn Zoon"), scored a great success; Van der Horst (1822-1889), who retold in exquisite language the old folklore of his country; Ecrevisse (1804-1897), a story-teller somewhat on the style of Hendrik Conscience; Mgr. Broere (1803-1860), professor of Church History at Warmond and founder of the review *De Katholiek*; and Mgr. Schaepman, both poet and orator, whose powerful eloquence used to excite the most extraordinary enthusiasm.

A Dutch Protestant historian of note, Professor Fruin, writing in 1850, said: "We hope that before long some Catholic will undertake to write, from the viewpoint of his Church but without any blind prejudice, the history of our people." The gauntlet thus thrown down was picked up by a humble village physician, Dr. Nuyens. His principal works—"History of the Netherland Troubles in the Sixteenth Century," "History of the Dutch People from 1815 to Our Own Times," "General History of the Dutch People"—appeared between 1865 and 1887; and, while they inspired pride and confidence in his coreligionists, they were admired by Protestants as well. These important publications and many minor works undertaken in collaboration with Mgr. Schaepman obtained for Dr. Nuyens quite deservedly the title of "Catholic Historian of Holland." Other workers followed in his footsteps, — Dr. P. Thym, the Jesuit Fathers Albers and Goris, the Franciscan Father Kruitwagen, and, last but by no means least, Dr. Gisbert Brom, president of the Dutch Historical Institute of Rome.

It would, however, be false and absurd to pretend that the situation of the Dutch Catholics is entirely ideal. There are certain shadows in the picture. Of the

204 professors at State Universities, only 3 are Catholics; in the Supreme Court, 5 judges out of 15 belong to the Faith; while throughout the country, out of 254 judges but 50 are Catholics. Then, again, violent anti-Catholic storms burst out from time to time. The Pope's Encyclical on St. Charles Borromeo produced a veritable explosion of bigotry; and last year's elections afforded political orators abundant opportunities of thundering against Papal encroachments and the unspeakable iniquities of the "Scarlet Woman." Still, at the polls the Catholic Party lost but one member; and the new Premier, Mr. Cort van der Linden, repudiated publicly all anti-Catholic propaganda. Speaking in the House of Representatives on December 11, 1913, he said: "The position that the Catholics occupy within their Church is their own business. The position they wish to take in society is also their own business. They have the same history as we, the same tongue, the same customs. They form with us one nation. They are building up with us the same institutions and the same State."

In spite, then, of these imperfections and disabilities, Catholicism in Holland has made enormous progress during the past hundred years. And who knows but the dream of certain ardent Catholic patriots to make their country "a great Catholic Holland, as she was in the Middle Ages," may be realized ere another century has passed away?

EVERY one trusteth his own judgment, thinking to walke the same way, but with another pace, and more securely than others. One ship alone, which shall happilie returne from a long navigacion, is able to incourage an hundred men to attempt the like voyage; and the shipwrack of an hundred vessels is not of power to divert one: for noe man beleeves ill luck is ordayned for him.—*"Unhappie Prosperitie," Translated from Mathieu, by Sir Thomas Hawkins (1639).*

A Friend of God's.

BY JAMES FITZGERALD.

ON one of those evenings in late September when darkness falls early in a grey chill mist, a man came up out of the railway yards along the river and paused at the edge of the city's business center. He was young and lean, and his dark suit hung loosely about him. His face wore a grin,—the kind referred to in "grin and bear it." He coughed as the clinging damp of the fog closed upon his throat, and he turned up his coat collar. He sank his hands into his pockets, pressing his forearms against his sides, and tramped up the street, keeping in near the building line where the merciless light of street lamps did not penetrate. Smug citizens, hurrying homeward, slipped past him.

Ahead, the spire of a church cut a black triangle from the ashen sky. Passing the church, the man turned wide, quizzical eyes up at its doors. The grin on his face broadened and hardened a bit. He was making on, but stopped abruptly; and, the grin gone, looked sharply up and down the street. The grin back again, he went up the steps and pulled at the heavy door. It swung open, and he passed within. He pushed through the inner doors and stood amidst stout pillars and deep shadows. Straight ahead, a red point of light hung. He recalled that that light was kept burning always, because Christ was really present there in the golden cup in the little tabernacle on the distant altar. He had faithfully lived up to all that once,—long, long ago.

Pausing an instant only, the young man pulled off his cap, and, gliding well down the aisle, dropped into a pew. He sat quiet, pressed close against a pillar. It was warm and comfortable here; and the shadows that closed upon him were actually caressing, not cutting like the mist without.

A door slammed somewhere up in front, and shortly a bent figure moved down from the sanctuary and over along the west side of the church. There followed a series of soft thuds, awaking subdued echoes and marking the disappearance one by one of the long, slanting light patches in the gloom. The last window closed, the sexton crossed over and knelt for a minute in the middle aisle with his eyes fixed on the twinkling light far before him. The sibilance of his humble whispered prayer filled the big church. Presently, getting to his feet, he slowly shuffled out. A solid jar felt rather than heard, a strong bolt shot, God's house secure for the night, the old man was hastening homeward.

The man in the pew rose, and, stretching himself, remarked in a tone not irreverent, though familiar:

"I guess we've got the whole place to ourselves, Lord!"

Then he slipped off his coat, folded it, and, laying it on the bench, stretched out with his head upon it. He was soon asleep. Now and again he moved restlessly, now muttered, now coughed dryly, moaned, and once he startled the echoes by a sharp cry of terror. Still the deep sleep of fatigue, and in an atmosphere of such unaccustomed warmth and security, was continuous as hour followed hour away, and midnight came and passed.

He was wide awake and sitting up, blinking at the red hole in the curtain of gloom. His straining ear caught a faint sound or two. Some one was moving about up there. Then a flash of light swept swiftly across the sanctuary, revealing the lower halves of statues, of heavy square chairs, of prie-dieus,—then darkness again.

The man in the pew knew what kind of a light that was. It came again, gleamed on bronze candlesticks briefly, then settled and held steadily on the white door of the tabernacle. A hand showed in the circle of light. There was a crisp

sound of insistent picking, a long scratch, grumbling, renewed picking, and at length a snap. The little door swung open and a hand plunged in among the shimmering draperies.

"Hands out of there! I've got a gun on you!"

The man had left his seat when the little door was forced open, and was now standing, with his hands grasping the altar rail. He had no gun.

At his challenge there was a deep-throated "Ah!" a crash, a flying streak of light, a second crash, darkness, a stumbling rush, the bang of a door, a scurry of feet, and silence. The thief was routed.

The young man pushed open the gate in the altar rail, and, stepping forward, put his hand to the crack of light that showed on the floor. His fingers closed on a small lantern. Picking it up, he shot back the shutter, and the light streamed forth. It was a lamp made for rough usage. The man went up the steps, and, setting the lantern down upon the altar table, stooped and for several moments peered into the tabernacle, with his peculiar grin playing again about his mouth. Then with trembling fingers he arranged the silken curtains, and pushed the door shut.

He stood with his thin fingers pressing against the door, and in his eyes was one of those looks that stop nowhere but see past everything. For some seconds he stood so, looking—looking right through the little door. Then he blinked, and, backing away a step, bowed his head. He came down the steps and out of the sanctuary, and stopped at the first pew. Snapping the lantern shut, he turned and spoke out of the dark:

"If I only knew You better!"

And he stumbled into the nearest pew, and, dropping quickly to his knees, pressed his face on his crossed arms before him.

The fresh, warm sun of a new day was burning through the high windows when

the man lifted up his head. He blinked red-eyed into the strong light, and groped with his hands behind him. Finding nothing, he got up; and, having recovered his hat and coat from the pew which he had first occupied, he put them on, and, going quickly forward, passed into the sanctuary. Near the door leading off into the sacristy he stopped, pulled off his cap and bowed shamefacedly toward the tabernacle. Without looking up, he said hesitatingly:

"You won't forget a good turn, will You, Lord?"

Then he went across the sacristy and through the door which the burglar had forced, and came out upon a small porch. All trace of last night's chill and damp was gone, and the air was clear and sweet. He breathed of it deeply, thirstily, stretched his arms; and then, going down the steps, he met a grey-haired old man—the sexton,—who stared at him big-eyed, demanding sternly:

"Who are you, sir?"

The young man regarded him for an instant, breathed deep again, and, laying a gentle hand on the old fellow's sleeve, told him smilingly, earnestly, reassuringly and yet proudly:

"I'm just a friend of God's."

And, walking past the astounded sexton, he disappeared around the corner of the church. And when the old man had recovered his wits and hurried to the street, he could see no one.

KINDNESS is in reality a great part of the spiritual life. It is a peculiar participation of the spirit of Jesus, which is itself the life of all holiness. It reconciles worldly men to religious people; and really, however contemptible worldly men are in themselves, they have souls to save, and it were much to be wished that devout persons would make their devotion a little less angular and aggressive to worldly people, provided they can do so without lowering practice or conceding principle.—*Faber*.

The Intuitions of the Curé of Ars.

ON the occasion of the fifty-fifth anniversary of the burial of the Blessed Curé of Ars (Aug. 6), M. Emile Baumann contributed to the *Semaine Littéraire* of Paris a most interesting paper under the foregoing caption. A portion of the article will perhaps be found worth while by our readers.

As soon as a saint discloses himself, or is revealed by his actions, souls run to him just as moths of an evening throng around the brightness of a lamp. Unless one is altogether hardened, when one feels miserable one instinctively seeks whoever takes upon himself the indigence of his brethren, and gives of his own richness in return. No external joy equals that of contemplating on a human countenance the pure ray of goodness from on high. In the case of the Curé of Ars, the charm of holiness was increased by the miraculous powers of intuition, thanks to which he was an incomparable confessor.

Confessing to the Abbé Vianney did not mean simply the effort to enumerate one's faults with the firm purpose of amendment: he saw into the depths of his penitents' soul more clearly oftentimes than did they themselves. He aided them patiently in eradicating the root-principle of their vices. One confession might endure for a week before the sinner was absolved. In the tangled skein of conscience, not a thread escaped him; and in the case of many whom he examined, while unravelling their past, he indicated the direction of their subsequent lives. This last gift strengthened the singular confidence which the people had in him.

To Blessed Vianney had been imparted something of the prescience enjoyed by the angels, because they are beyond or outside of time. Thus he perceived the good and the evil reserved for those who consulted him; and, their spiritual affairs being in dozens of ways linked with temporal matters, he divined what they

should for the time being do or avoid doing. A missionary of Ars, the Abbé Renoud, has gathered in a charming little book, "Regards de Saint," a number of well-attested facts in which the supernatural justness of his divination is clearly verified.

Some of these are immediate and tangible coincidences, such as, for instance, the case of the Lyons shoemaker. He had come to Ars out of curiosity, and was in the midst of a crowd when the holy Curé, who had never seen him before, called to him by name: "Dufour, go back home! Your wife is impatiently awaiting you. Even now a seizure is being made of your effects. Return home immediately: you'll come back next year."

Another time a woman visiting Ars desired to test the Curé's intuitive knowledge, and asked him for some money, stating that she could not pay her way home. "My little one," he said, "show me your purse. It contains more than enough money to defray the expenses of your journey."

A spiritualist, entering the church one day, and seeing the Curé turn his back to him as he read his Breviary, thought to himself: "If this man is a *seer*, he must see that I'm in a great hurry and have no time to wait." Hardly had the thought occurred to him when Abbé Vianney raised his head, looked at him kindly, and made him a sign to wait a moment and he would come to him.

More surprising is the story of the little nun hidden at night in an obscure corner of the nave, where she was waiting for a chance to go to confession. About two o'clock in the morning the Curé entered the church, made his way through a crowd of male and female penitents, then, turning suddenly, said: "Let that Sister come first."

Such episodes might possibly be explained, at least partially, by a receptive sensibility far above the normal. Others, however, and by far the greater number, surpass all conceivable limits of natural

perception. A man named Buatou was one day confessing to the Curé. "Is that all?" asked the saint. — "Yes, Father." — "But that sin which you committed on such an occasion? You have said nothing about that."

Men who had not been to confession since their boyhood presented themselves at his "box." It happened more than once that in reply to the question, "How long since you were at confession?" they mentioned a period which the Curé at once rectified; and, on reflection, they invariably found him right.

The housekeeper of a neighboring priest having asked M. Vianney's prayers for her master who was ill, the Curé replied: "Do whatever you can, but his hour has come." And it had: the priest did not recover. A Madame Chamonard, widow of a business man, desired, after some serious troubles following her husband's death, to get rid of her house. The Curé of Ars dissuaded her; and when she began to cry he said gently: "Oh, it's useless for you to worry about it! I come from *prayer before my crucifix*. It is the will of God that you retain your house, and against the will of God there is nothing to be done."

The submission which he counselled was not equivalent to fatalism: it was a leaven of energy deposited in an unsettled soul. Two examples among hundreds show this very clearly,—those of Joseline Ballefin and the Abbé Captier.

Joseline and her mother conducted a little shop at Lagnieu, when one day the girl heard an interior voice telling her tersely: "You must become a Sister." She resisted the command or the appeal for two years, and then concluded to go and consult the Curé of Ars. She confided to him her resistance to grace and her insurmountable anxiety at the thought of entering religion. "Yes, my child," he advised, "but enter all the same. You will have much repugnance to overcome and many hardships to bear, but God will help you." She accordingly

entered the Visitation Order, though not without many tears. Almost immediately afterward she was afflicted with asthma. Then a hideous sore began to eat away one of her limbs. Up to the time of her death, she did not cease to suffer; yet she was constantly cheerful and gay, so complete was her resignation to the divine will.

As a seminarist at Autun, the Abbé Captier was attacked by an odd nervous malady. Whenever he served Mass a species of electric discharge passed into his hands and made him drop whatever he was carrying. The missal fell to the floor, the cruets dropped and were broken. His mother took him to see the Curé of Ars, who told him three times: "My young friend, you will be a religious priest."

"In what Order?" asked the young pilgrim.

"The Order hasn't been founded yet."

"Well, Father, when will it be, and should I meantime enter a Grand Seminary?"

"No: wait! If you seek admission into a Congregation other than that for which you are destined, you will not remain in it."

At the end of two years, M. Captier lost patience and entered the third Order of Dominicans, at Sovrège. His malady prevented his staying there. He returned to see the Curé of Ars, whose attitude had not changed.

"Willy-nilly," said M. Vianney, "you'll be a priest."

"Well, at least I must be cured beforehand."

"That's not necessary. Ordination will be your cure."

"And how can I be ordained? Every one tells me it is impossible."

"You'll find somebody who will understand you well,—a stranger, I think, who will remove all obstacles."

M. Captier went to Rome, then to Scio Island, and was admitted to the Marist Order. As usual, his nervous disease prevented his remaining. He went to Constantinople, and spent some time there as a layman teaching English. Then he

heard that a new congregation of the Sacred Heart had just been founded at Issoudun. He presented himself as a postulant. The superior at first refused him, but finally accepted him on condition that he would give up the idea of becoming a priest.

Such was the state of affairs when, in December, 1873, Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, visiting Issoudun, met M. Captier at the college of Chezal-Benoît. Hearing from the superior why the old-young man could not have the priesthood conferred on him, Mgr. Lynch suddenly said:

"I'm going to Rome and I'll ask the Holy Father for all the necessary powers. I'll ordain M. Captier myself."

As a matter of fact, on his return from Rome, the Canadian prelate tonsured the long-tried aspirant on February 20, raised him to the diaconate on the 25th, and ordained him priest on the 26th. Father Captier naturally felt some apprehension while celebrating his first Mass; but, after February 26, his nervous affliction never reappeared. As the Curé had predicted, ordination had cured him.

The admirable feature in all these instances of really miraculous prevision or intuition was that his wondrous prerogative never inspired the Curé with the slightest self-assertion. He invariably referred all his work to God and considered and repeatedly declared himself mediocre, useless, "good only to spoil things." Nothing perhaps shows more clearly the essential supernaturalness of his gifts, his habitual familiarity with the Holy Ghost.

Around the Curé's head one day a peasant saw "flames as if from little candles"; and one of his penitents saw him in his confessional enveloped from head to foot in a bright light. What was this external splendor in comparison with that in which interiorly his soul was bathing! He himself, however, perceived neither the one nor the other. The sublimity of the Curé of Ars was his unconsciousness that he was sublime.

Important and Timely.

THOUGH issued more than sixty years ago, the Pastoral Letter of the first National Council of the Church in the United States might be republished for present-day instruction and exhortation. One lesson inculcated by it, as will be seen, is especially timely—that of co-operating in the propagation of the Faith. But let us take the subjects as originally treated.

In reading this admirable letter, every line of which breathes the apostolic spirit, we have been struck by the zeal with which the bishops denounce the evils of the day, and point out the dangers that threaten the flocks committed to their charge. The faithful are warned against attaching themselves to “certain societies which the Church either entirely condemns or views with well-founded suspicion”; they are exhorted to give their children a Christian education—“that is, an education based on religious principles, accompanied by religious practices, and always subordinate to religious influence.” “Listen not,” add the bishops, “to those who would persuade you that religion can be separated from secular instruction. . . . Encourage the establishment and support of Catholic schools; make every sacrifice which may be necessary for this object; spare our hearts the pain of beholding the youth whom, after the example of our Master, we so love, involved in all the evils of an uncatholic education,—evils too multiplied and too obvious to require that we should do more than raise our voices in solemn protest against the system from which they spring.” The clergy are reminded that they have not only to consider the faithful of their charge, but to remember “those other sheep” which are not yet of the fold of Christ, and for which the Shepherd of souls yearns. “To our actions, even more than to our words, do others look for the rule they are to follow, the example they are to imitate.”

There is one passage of this pastoral letter which deserves special attention, because it contains a lesson too seldom inculcated nowadays; though the need of it seems greater than ever. How few of the laity realize that it is their duty to co-operate with the clergy in preaching the Gospel of Christ,—that they are bound to second efforts for the conversion of the country in which they live, and for the spread of religion throughout the world! Yet this is one of the good works by which we are to make our calling and election sure. “You are to co-operate with us in preaching the Gospel of Christ,” say the Fathers of the National Council, “by the care of your own households, and by the good example you give to all who come within the sphere of your influence. Walk worthy of your calling; refute the calumnies which are so frequently uttered against the Mother who has brought you forth in Christ, by having your conversation good among those who are estranged from her influence; ‘that, whereas they speak against you as evil-doers, they may, by the good works which they shall behold in you, glorify God in the day of visitation.’”

Could any exhortation to the Catholics of to-day be more practical or timely than this? There are innumerable persons willing to profess themselves Catholics and ready to defend Catholic teaching; but the number is less large of those who keep themselves so unspotted from the world as to be recognized as true followers of Christ, and whose lives are a refutation of the common calumnies against His Church. There is no lack of profession but a great lack of practice; there are too many who talk and too few who give example. It was Charles Kingsley—certainly no friend of the Church—who said that if every Catholic would live up to his creed even for a single day, there would not be a Protestant left in the evening. And Kingsley was a controversialist! Indeed, it is necessary to *practise* faithfully the religion we so earnestly profess.

Notes and Remarks.

Discoursing on "The Patriotism of Peace," Archbishop Glennon recently brought home to his hearers in weighty and concise utterance the obligations that fall to us as a people and as individuals. Speaking of the sacrifices entailed upon the peoples now at war, his Grace is reported as saying:

I hope that this lesson of sacrifice made by them for war shall produce similar sacrifices by us in the cause of peace. It is the time now when our employers should let their dividends go rather than their employees. It is a time when everyone who wants work should find it; and a little mutual sacrifice will make the same possible. It is a time when people who have money shall not hoard it, but if it be in bank let it stay there; and if it be not, use it in investments, which, whatever they may be, are sure to be profitable.

Voicing his belief that this present struggle—this "war upon war," as some one has termed it—would be of no long duration, Archbishop Glennon concluded with this note of hope:

There are two powers in the world to-day which have the favorable position to speak the words of peace. And while their command may not be so effective as Our Lord's once was on the troubled waters, yet if in His name they speak, may we not hope that their prayer, their desire, and their urging may bring speedily that consummation so devoutly wished for? These powers are the United States and the Sovereign Pontiff. We all, as citizens, are with our President in his efforts for peace; and we, as Catholics, rejoice that the first words spoken by our new Pontiff are words of regret for the tragedy of war, and prayers for the "world's peace."

Those Presbyterian theologues of Princeton University who are engaged in a discussion of the nature and significance of Christianity, and incidentally calling each other names which are not at all nice, whatever they may precisely mean, should be silenced, if there is any power among the Presbyterians to impose this sentence. A war of such words as "clodpoll," "tomnoddy," "crone," and

"doodle" is most deplorable at any time, and unministerial conduct is scandalous at all times. We fear that the present generation at Princeton is more or less tainted with Modernism. This is a sad circumstance; but the trustees of Princeton should know that heresy is apt to be fomented by wrangling, and, it may be added, the disintegration of Presbyterianism accelerated by rigid adherence to the Confession of Westminster.

Not all Hebraists are able to think in the Hebrew language. Those at Princeton would be well advised to do their thinking in English, and to allow certain other Presbyterians of unsuspected orthodoxy to do some thinking for them; the author of "Lachlan," for instance, who, "fixed in cogitation deep," thus expresses himself on one point regarding which there has been much unseemly contention:

This book [the Bible] is like the wheat at harvest-time. There is the ear bearing and protecting the grain: that is, the historical part, and often it is not very nourishing; then there is the grain itself, which is the whole Gospel from Eden to the Apocalypse; and that is the bread of the soul. But first the ear must be beaten, and the chaff winnowed. How beautiful it is to see the bright grain flowing like a stream over the granary floor, where the sunbeams make it glitter like gold! But on the threshing floor it is hard to breathe; and when the grain is taken away, the chaff is worthless.

We have read with no little satisfaction the report, in the *San Francisco Monitor*, of an address delivered by the Hon. Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles, at the corner-stone laying of the San Mateo Catholic clubhouse. There is a strain of virile Catholicity in this address that is positively refreshing. For instance:

We are now going through a period of the history of the Church of this country when some of the lowest and vilest methods are being used to distort the principles of our holy Faith, and to stir up prejudice and animosity against our Catholics in the hearts of well-meaning, though misguided, men and women. The immediate purpose, therefore, for us Knights of Columbus is to meet this attack fearlessly. There was a time in the section of the State from which I

come when, through scarcity of numbers, we could do little, if anything, to withstand the outrageous attacks upon our religion; and there grew up amongst us splendid examples of non-Catholic citizens who scourged the bigot and the fanatic in his high places, until they all skulked back into the holes and corners from which they never should have emerged. I have the hardihood, however, now to state that the numerical strength we have in this State and every part thereof is such that we ought not to hide behind the courageous figures of these splendid non-Catholics who stood on the firing line in days gone by to help us, but ought rather to take our places as men, and resist, with our faces to the foe, the attacks that are being made upon us.

* * *

Coupled with this fearlessness, however, we are gratified to notice in Mr. Scott's address a fully acknowledged disposition to accord to others what we insist upon for ourselves. On this point he says:

We must not forget that the Church has no better or healthier place to develop than here in this country, where religious freedom is guaranteed to us under the Constitution, and where we are free from so many of the difficulties, both racial and political, which hamper its spiritual success in other countries. Feeling as we do this satisfaction in the principles of our American Government, we ought to do all that we can to see that these Constitutional prerogatives are not only guaranteed to us, but that we accord an equal measure of freedom in every way to those who differ from us in religious beliefs, so that religious persecution may be diminished by our activities.

A well-known Catholic lawyer of St. Louis, Mr. Paul Bakewell, publishes an open letter to Postmaster General Burleson relative to the exclusion from the United States mails of a scurrilous paper and a scurrilous book advertised therein. Mr. Bakewell quotes a number of statutory decrees and Court decisions which, to the lay mind, appear conclusive as to the Postmaster General's right to bar such matter from the mails; and he concludes with this statement:

I am writing this letter to you in my capacity as a citizen of the United States, who is a Catholic; and I propose to have this letter published as an open letter to you; and shall do

all in my power to see to it that this letter of mine receives very general circulation, with a view to arousing not only Catholic sentiment in this country against these infamous publications above referred to, but also to arouse a public feeling among those of our fellow-citizens who are not of the Catholic Faith but who respect the law, abhor scurrilous, indecent and defamatory publications, and who love decency, justice, and fair play.

We like this Catholic lawyer's plan of action, and shall be surprised if it does not prove effective,—if not in the direction desired, then in another.

* * *

The presidential address of Prof. William Bateson before the British Association at the recent meeting of that learned body was an exposition of the doctrines now known as Mendelism. Starting with a discussion of evolutionary theory, he showed how the discoveries and deductions due to Mendelian or analytical methods of study have upset Darwin's views of variation and ideas of descent, which were declared to be out of date.

How few, we wonder, of those to whom the name of Charles Darwin is familiar are aware that the discoverer of the law of nature by which Darwin's famous theory is proven false was an humble priest and religious—Gregor Mendel, who was born in 1822, entered the Order of St. Augustine, and in his cloister garden made experiments, thousands of times repeated, in crossing varieties of the common pea. These he published in 1865; but it was not until the twentieth century, when he had been dead several years, that the immense importance of his contribution to the science of biology was fully realized.

* * *

The question of securing a fair representation of Catholic books in our public libraries is one to which we have often called attention. A little genuine activity in this matter on the part of Catholic societies or prominent individuals in a city or town would assuredly be productive of telling results. Speaking of

the public librarian of St. Paul, the *Catholic Bulletin* remarks: "We can not expect that he will add materially to the list of Catholic books now on hand unless there be a demand for them on the part of the reading public. It remains with the Catholic patrons of the library, therefore, to increase its stock of Catholic books by reading those already on hand, and asking for others which they may need, and which will be procured if there be a reasonable demand for them. We must not expect that the library authorities will add to its already large collection of Catholic books merely for the purpose of making it more complete, if there be no demand for literature of this kind." There is the solution of the problem: increase the demand and the supply is bound to come.

Acknowledging the receipt of contributions to his missions, and expressing cordial thanks to all his benefactors, the zealous missionary stationed at Wei-Hai-Wei, China, relates a touching story of the work of one of his catechists:

Hearing that a man was dangerously ill in a village a few miles from Ientaen, the catechist went with some of the sick man's friends to visit him, and to instruct him in the necessary truths of religion; telling him amongst other things that when he was baptized a mark would be made upon his soul, whereby he would be recognized by Almighty God as a child of heaven. He earnestly demanded baptism; but, as he was not yet *in extremis*, the catechist put off conferring it until the next visit. The man died soon after being baptized, and this is what his pagan wife and all who were present relate of his last hours and death.

After baptism he was exceedingly happy and peaceful, so unlike pagans in their last moments. For a time he seemed unconscious; then, raising his eyes and hands, he exclaimed: "Oh, I am soon going to that beautiful heaven the catechist spoke of!" His wife wished to soothe him by bathing his face, but he would not permit it, saying: "You might wash away the Sign of the Cross traced upon my forehead. By this I shall be recognized as a Christian and child of God." Soon afterward he peacefully passed away, and all who were with him saw upon his forehead a beautiful red cross. This

impressed them so much that they concluded there and then that they, too, must become Christians.

Our readers will share the joy of the missionary and his converts over the acquisition of a site for a new mission in the anti-foreign city of Yung Chêng. Of this "providential circumstance" he writes:

For years this city has opposed all attempts at conversion, but prayer to our Blessed Lady has finally overcome the obstacles. She showed her gracious help on her feast of the Annunciation this year. I had visited Yung Chêng on St. Joseph's Day to see some property which seemed suitable for a foundation, but had no means of buying it. On my return to Weihai on the evening of the Annunciation, however, there awaited me a letter from a reader of *THE AVE MARIA*, with a cheque for a thousand dollars. You can imagine my feelings of gratitude to Our Lady and her client, who asked that her name might not be made public. Early in the month of May, the property, which is near the centre of the city, was secured. Our catechists are doing good work, and there is a desire in many quarters to know more of Christianity.

It is more gratifying than we can express to hear of so generous an offering to the foreign missions through *THE AVE MARIA*, and to think that there may be many other generous offerings of which we do not hear.

In Winona, Minnesota, the other day, a man was convicted of having "falsely and maliciously spoken of and concerning" a Catholic girl, alleging undue intimacy between her and her pastor. It was a case of unadulterated calumny such as floods the columns of the scurrilous anti-Catholic press, and was proved to be such. The calumniator was found guilty, but the foreman of the jury read this statement to the Court:

The jury have instructed me, if agreeable to your Honor, on its behalf to say that, in its judgment, under the evidence, the defendant has not intentionally or with any conscious malice toward the complainant committed any offence; that, in their judgment, he has only indulged in an altogether too common practice of participating in gossip that unwarrantably assails and destroys character, and thereby

seriously erred. Therefore, we most respectfully recommend to the Court that sentence under our verdict be suspended if within its power so to do; and, if not, that utmost leniency be exercised by the Court in its sentence.

It is to be hoped that the Court proved sensible enough to disregard this outburst of sentimentality, and to inflict the punishment provided by the law. Our italics should render the gravity of the offence plain to the dullest mind.

We are glad to see that so judicious an Irish-American as the venerable editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times* thinks it well to administer a quiet rebuke to the "physical force," "anti-Redmond," "England's-difficulty-is-Ireland's-opportunity" belligerents who on this side of the Atlantic are proffering unsolicited advice to the Irish in Ireland. Mr. Redmond has, in the estimation of the world, anti as well as pro English, measured up to the full stature of a genuine statesman; and Irish-American contributions to the Home Rule Fund, however generous they have been, have certainly not conferred upon the contributors the right to condemn his line of action in the present conjuncture. As our Philadelphia contemporary tersely puts it, "there are no individuals in this country who have the right to dictate to the Irish people and the leaders and members of the Irish party in Parliament—the only real representatives of the Irish nation—as to what policy they shall adopt and carry out to secure to Ireland the right of self-government. The question is entirely one for the people at home in Ireland, who have fought the battle for Home Rule and won it. No sane person will presume to postulate otherwise."

Attention is naturally drawn, these war days, to the peaceful army that moves up and down the battlefields and in the hospital camps,—the great army of nurses who have volunteered their service to the victims of battle. The Catholic sister-

hoods largely constitute this noble and efficient brigade, though the Red Cross are also in the field. Commenting on the devotion of the Sisters, the editor of the *Brooklyn Tablet* says:

Exiled from French convents to return voluntarily in the day of France's need to care for the stricken soldiers on French battlefields, unheralded and unnamed and unphotographed, they will give a double proof of the humanity that religion makes sublime in the return of good for evil. The praise of the Sister nurses is sounded by us without even implied disparagement of the work of those of the Red Cross. We repeat that the Red Cross movement must naturally receive its impetus from the publicity accorded its work and effort. We add that the nurses are entitled to the pay that they will receive, and to more pay than the modest stipend that they have cheerfully agreed to accept. But the glamor and the publicity are in themselves payment, being part of the glory that is its own reward. But the labors and the sacrifices of the nuns who go to war are inspired by a Christlike love, asking for no reward except that which He will give, and counting not the cost, even though the life of the "innocent victim" be part of it.

The Red Cross and our sisterhoods, may it be said, can scarcely be looked upon as rivals, so great and so vital are the differences between them. It is only exteriorly that a profession and a vocation may be compared. And again we take occasion to remind Catholics that their contributions to the relief of war victims have their own proper channel.

It is easy to understand what the Holy Father's early training must have been, and to know what a fervent Christian his venerable mother is, from a little incident related by a correspondent in Italy. When the news of her son's election as successor of Pius X. reached the Marchesa della Chiesa at Pegli, where the family have long resided, she repaired at once to the cathedral, there to pour out her soul to God. On returning home, her first thought was to distribute alms to the poor, by whom the mother of Benedict XV. is held in affectionate veneration.

A Batch of Story-Books.

So many works of fiction have accumulated on our table that we are forced to notice a number of them together, and to do so briefly, though some are well deserving of more extended review. Formerly the publication of a Catholic novel, original or translated, was almost an event: now our works of fiction are like the autumn leaves, whose tints are hardly more varied than the stories themselves. They are of so many different kinds that the reader would be hard to suit who could not find among them something exactly to his liking. While certain of these books are wanting in literary merit, in general they are equal in this respect to the average secular novel, and decidedly superior as to moral tone. If one regrets that Catholic fictionists now and then seem to drag religion into their stories, one seldom has occasion to blame them for leaving it out—as surely they ought not,—or for misrepresenting it in any way. It is very seldom, in fact, that a Catholic critic is called upon to notice a novel by a Catholic author that he can not, on the score of religion and morality, unqualifiedly recommend. We hope that the stories here noticed will find their way into the hands of thousands of Catholic readers everywhere.

* * *

"Perilous Seas," by E. Gallienne Robin, belongs to a department of fiction more popular a few decades ago than at present—the historical novel. The tale finds its setting in the island of Guernsey; and the period, 1790–1793, was of course rife with the stirring events of the French Revolution. The story is interesting, the characterization definite, the action sufficiently brisk, and the religious question sympathetically handled. Dominic Chevallier and Father Sartilly, Antoinette and Michelle, are lifelike studies worth while becoming acquainted with; and the inevitable love story terminates much as the sophisticated reader will have foreseen long before the dénouement actually occurs. Another historical novel that many readers will be pleased with is "The Maid of Spinges," in which Mrs. Edward Wayne tells the story of a real heroine of other days, Katharina Lang, who, on the occasion of Napoleon's first invasion of the Tyrol in 1797, played successfully for one day the rôle of a veritable Joan of Arc; and was thereafter, throughout a lengthy life, honored and revered by her appreciative countrymen. It is a charming tale, well told, utterly Catholic in atmosphere, and leaving none but elevating pictures on the sensitive canvas of the imagina-

tion. Both of these books are published by the Benzigers.

Not a very long novel, but a very good one, is "Lord Clandonnell," by S. M. Christina. (R. and T. Washbourne, Ltd.) Fundamentally, the tale is Irish and Catholic; though the scene changes at times from "dark Donegal" to bright Milan and the backwoods of northern Maine; and the personages—some of them—are anything but admirers of the Church. An old-fashioned rather than an up-to-date story, but a thoroughly satisfactory one, nevertheless, replete with interest and charm. To say of "The Parting of the Ways," by Florence Gilmore (B. Herder), that it is a thoroughly good Catholic story does not mean that it is in any sense what cynical non-Catholic critics sometimes refer to as a "religious tract" or a "controversial novel," but that its author is artistic enough to let religion play as prominent a rôle in the careers of her fictitious Catholic characters as it invariably does in the lives of genuine Catholics in real life. For the rest, the narrative is simply and charmingly told, the interest is kept unflagging, and the dénouements—there are several—all that the kind-hearted reader can wish. Miss Gilmore's literary touch is more assured and deft in the present novel than in either of her previous stories—"Dr. Dumont" and "A Romance of Old Jerusalem."

If any of our readers are familiar with the fiction of Marie Corelli, and can imagine that prolific author writing as a thoroughgoing, uncompromising Catholic, they may form some plausible notion of the kind of narrative to be found in "The Seventh Wave, and Other Soul-Stories," by Constance E. Bishop. (R. and T. Washbourne.) The publishers say of the tales, "a new style of story by a new writer," speak of the author's "lofty aspirations and mystical yearnings," and characterize her as a "psychic impressionist,"—with all of which one may agree without growing particularly enthusiastic over the specific stories contained in the present volume. Frankly, while they may appeal to the exceptionally cultured Catholic, they will, we think, prove "caviare to the general." The best pages in the book are those containing the monologue of Lady Harris in "Lachryma Sancti"; and they are so good that one wishes this new writer were less fond of abnormal experiences and such fantastic speculations as are found in, for instance, "The Professor's Awakening."

Appreciation of "Stanmore Hall and Its Inmates" (B. Herder) will depend very much on the general culture and the specific intellectual tastes to which its readers may justly lay claim. There is probably too much con-

trovery in the book—controversy of a kind that does not particularly appeal to American readers—to allow it to become thoroughly popular on this side of the Atlantic; although the charming love story that is involved ought to delight all healthy lovers of fiction, irrespective of geographical limitations. The controversy has to do with the pretensions of Anglicans to the title of Catholic, the Continuity Theory, the validity of Anglican Orders, etc.; and it must be said in its favor that it is very well done,—much better done, for instance, even from the historico-critical standpoint, than is Mrs. Humphry Ward's in "Robert Elsmere." Personally, we have enjoyed the book so much that we intend to read, when the occasion offers, these anterior stories of the otherwise anonymous author—"By the Grey Sea," "An Old Marquise," and "Mère Gillette." Another interesting and wholesome story of English Catholic life is "Mrs. Fairlie's Granddaughters," by Mrs. Frances Noble, also published by Mr. Herder. The winning of Lou Fairlie from her chosen field of twentieth-century women's activities to the traditional vocation of the womanly woman is well managed, but many sympathetic readers will feel that strict poetic justice is not meted out to amiable Mollie Ellingham.

As charming a Catholic historical novel as we have read in a long time is "My Lady Rosia," by Freda Mary Groves. An English tale of the fourteenth century, it is bright, full of action, swift-running, informative as to men and manners in the strenuous days of Charles V. and St. Catherine of Siena, and wholesomely interesting throughout. The heroine is a delightful maiden, and Bernard le Bevere is a correspondingly estimable hero. The American publishers of this book are Messrs. Benziger Brothers. "Blind Maureen, and Other Stories," by Eleanor F. Kelly (R. and T. Washbourne), is a collection of ten charming Irish tales, instinct with faith and humor, and warranted to please all lovers of the short story. The author's portrayal of Irish characters is uniformly excellent.

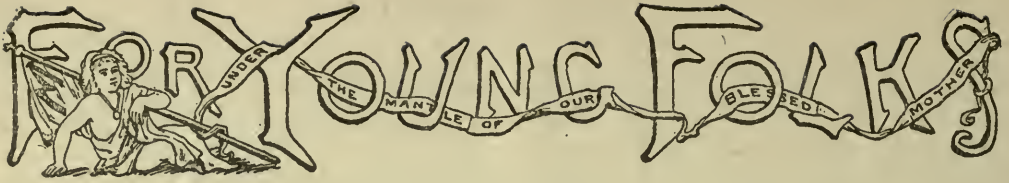
In "Derfel the Strong" Mary Agatha Gray offers a romance of the days of King Henry VIII.,—a story of some three hundred and forty pages, published by Benziger Brothers. There are several strands of interest woven into this tale; there is the interest of Queen Katharine, of Fr. Forrest, of Robert Lyst, and of Alisoun and Sir James,—the last being, perhaps, the predominant one. The author has not made a well-knit tale; by reason of these parallel rather than crossing interests the story does not work into a unity of total impression. This curious thing the author does: for a moment she makes

one almost have a thrill of sympathy for the unspeakable Henry. It is he and his malignity, however, that dominate the story, rather than the influence of Derfel, in spite of the conclusion. The motive of the romance is better than its working out. The balance of poetic justice is not clear.

From Linehan & Co., Melbourne, Australia, come two novels, the first of which is of more than common interest—"Gordon Grandfield; or, The Tale of a Modernist," by the Rev. J. Kennedy; and "Corinne of Corral's Bluff," by Marion M. Knowles. The former carries the reader into Irish and Australian lands, and is well written. There is in it enough romance to satisfy the most eager, and the scenes of country and home life in Kerry and the South are true to the letter. The author is thoroughly acquainted with conditions in Ireland and Australia, and has drawn his characters true to life. The insidiousness of Modernism is also well brought out. The second of these Australian novels is the romance of the love of an Englishman of high birth and a sailor's daughter. The characters are pure and beautiful, but the story is somewhat far-fetched, since this wonderful heroine captures the hearts of three good men, and, after all, marries the one least thought of as her future husband. But we leave them all very happy, as they so well deserve to be.

A novel of conversion quite out of the ordinary is "Choice," by Mary Samuel Daniel. The unusualness of the book is in the care with which it selects and poses a very special problem of conscience, and in the precise and minute analysis with which this problem is worked out. Joan Penn, a young schoolmistress, is a strong character, who gives up at great cost a position which she can not in conscience retain, and step by step works her way to that "grand refusal" which is the winning of all things. Artistically, the book suffers in this, that the leading character is insufficiently related to the incidents and characters which form the background of the story; and, though the author has no mean gift of writing, she splits infinitives with something like abandon. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Benson contributes an interpretative and appreciative preface to this novel. B. Herder is the American publisher of it.

This list could hardly be considered up-to-date if it did not mention a novel already reviewed by us—"Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris. This story, and, in general, all of Mrs. Norris' volumes, by their intrinsic merit and as the work of an American and a Catholic, deserve the widest reading by our people. Mrs. Norris' publishers are the Macmillan Co.



A Persistent Visitor.

BY PAUL BERTRAND.

WHEN Madame Dinot came home that evening from a round of fatiguing visits, which the cold weather and muddy streets had not rendered very pleasant, she first looked in on her children, who were going through their lessons with their governess in the schoolroom, and then entered the parlor, where a fine wood fire was blazing.

As she approached to warm herself, she suddenly uttered a little cry of surprise and even fright, to which there came as answer a subdued growl. Stretched out on a rug before the fireplace was a handsome spaniel, whom she had not at first perceived, since he was almost hidden by the long hair of the rug.

"What dog is this?" she exclaimed. "And who has had the boldness to bring so dirty an animal into my parlor?"

The spaniel doubtless guessed that his presence vexed the lady; for, crawling toward her on the rug, he gave every evidence of wishing to please her.

"Oh, yes! I don't deny that you are polite, doggy; but I don't know you, and this is really no place for you. Ah, you have a collar, I see, and consequently an owner!" she added, as she stooped down and examined the collar. Its inscription ran:

"Karnac, M. Leon's, 120 Achat Street."

"What a bother!" said Madame Dinot. "We shall have to send this animal back to its owner. True, 'tis not far. In the meantime I'd be glad to know how it came to be in my parlor here."

She called her children, who uttered cries of surprise at sight of the spaniel, and forthwith began to play with it.

They had known nothing whatever about its presence in the house.

Then Madame Dinot called the servants, who appeared to be fully as surprised as the children at sight of the dog, and even made as if to drive it out. Their mistress prevented their doing so, but she was none the less perplexed.

"I suppose," she reflected, "the outer door was left ajar for a moment or two during the afternoon, and this dog entered behind some visitor without being seen by the maid. Then, attracted by the warmth, he made his way to the parlor."

Brightened by the hope of receiving a good-sized "tip," Joseph, Monsieur Dinot's valet, offered to take Karnac back to his owner. But the "tip" was not forthcoming. As soon as he rang at 120 Achat Street, the portress began angrily:

"That confounded dog again! This is too much! In vain do I drive him away: he's bound to turn up again some way or other.—But, yes," she continued, in explanation to the valet, "it's the dog of a boarder who has gone to America. The friend to whom he confided the animal probably didn't know how to keep him. So much the worse for the dog. I can't adopt him, sure. Let him go wherever he likes."

"Perhaps," ventured Joseph, "a charitable passer-by might take him, or the poundkeepers might look after him."

"In any case, I want to be rid of him for good and all."

Thus informed of the matter, Joseph, disappointed about the "tip," returned somewhat crestfallen. Karnac followed him at first, but the valet contrived to lose him at the Luxembourg Museum; and, going home, gave his mistress a full account of what had happened.

The next morning, however, there was a different story. On opening their eyes, little Jeanne and Marguerite Dinot saw Karnac stretched out on the foot of their bed; and, hearing them move, the spaniel turned upon them a most pitiful and beseeching glance. His humble attitude won for him a good breakfast of bread and milk before being driven away. How he had managed to get into the house a second time no one could understand.

Three days later, when the family had practically forgotten all about him, the spaniel was found lying stretched on the rug before the main entrance of the house. He was pitifully thin and fearfully bedraggled.

"That dog must be given up to the police to be taken to the pound," decided Madame Dinot.

Yet the decision cost her something; for she saw that her children were becoming very much interested in this persistent visitor. Moreover, she had not counted on Karnac's tenacity. He crouched at her feet and beseeched her with pleading eyes and eloquent little barks. When at last the servants came to remove him he howled so despairingly that Jeanne and Marguerite, bursting into tears, begged their mother to let them keep the poor fugitive.

Madame Dinot allowed herself to be persuaded—provisionally; for she wished to refer the matter to her husband that evening. After considerable hesitation, Monsieur Dinot consented to adopt the ownerless spaniel.

In the course of a week or two, parents, children, servants had all grown so fond of Karnac that they would not have thought of getting rid of him even for a considerable price. The spaniel was so gentle, so gay, so loving, and so clean that he eventually became the pet of the whole household.

Three years passed away. The last of the three, alas! was a disastrous one for the Dinots. The commercial house of the father failed. They had to discharge their

servants, and change from their handsome residence to very poor lodgings; and Monsieur Dinot, after having been himself a wealthy business man, was obliged to accept a position as a hired clerk.

What became of Karnac in view of this catastrophe? Naturally, you will think that he was got rid of; for, apart from the fact that a dog-tax had to be paid for him, his food, too, was an item of expense. Well, he was *not* got rid of. At first they did not have the courage to send him away at once: they postponed the matter from day to day; and finally he stayed on just as he had done in the first place.

It should be said, to his credit, that Karnac was not at all an ordinary dog. He was scrupulously cleanly and a good watchdog, and in the adversity of the Dinots he really rose to the occasion. From having been something of a glutton and quite particular as to his food, he now ate sparingly and of anything that was offered him. He became a little less plump than he had been; but that, on the whole, was an advantage, especially in his new character of messenger or commissioner. For, be it known, that as Madame Dinot had now to act as her own housekeeper, Karnac came in very handy as her aid. He brought up the milk and the paper, and went to the grocery store with a basket several times a day, thus sparing his mistress frequent climbing of five pairs of stairs.

Well, one day he disappeared. Having done his morning chores as usual, he went out to take the air, and did not return. When the Dinots sat down to dinner, he had not reappeared, and everyone was distressed. He must have been the victim of an accident, it was thought; or else some one had stolen him.

The children began to cry, saying they were not hungry; and Monsieur Dinot spoke of cutting his meal short to go in search of their missing pet. Just then, however, a familiar scratching was heard

at the door; and, crying out, "There he is! There he is!" Jeanne and Marguerite ran to open it.

Karnac entered, his tail wagging, his eyes sparkling, and, barking joyously, expressed his satisfaction at being home again.

He was not alone, however. Behind him there entered an elegantly dressed gentleman, who hastened to give an explanation in answer to the questioning looks of the Dinots:

"I arrived from Havre two or three days ago, after a trip from Canada, and am staying at a hotel pending my purchasing a home. While walking on the boulevard a few minutes ago, I was almost upset. This dog threw himself upon me, jumped up to my shoulders, licked my face, and gave every possible demonstration of canine joy. Surprised at first, I soon recognized my spaniel Karnac, that I had left in charge of a friend when I sailed from France about four years ago. My friend wrote me later that the dog was lost. As a crowd began to gather about us out there on the boulevard, and I did not care to furnish a free show to the public, I continued my promenade. Karnac followed me for a block, and then, getting in front of me and barking, showed his desire of my following *him*. I did so, and here I am. I gather that you are my spaniel's new masters. I see that he loves you, and I thank you heartily for having saved him from the pound or a cruel death."

He was interrupted by sobs. Jeanne and Marguerite were crying bitterly.

"Are you going to take Karnac back, sir? Oh, we'll miss him dreadfully!"

"And yet, my children," said Monsieur Dinot, "you can't prevent this gentleman from taking his dog."

At this point the stranger, Monsieur Leon, touched by the sorrow of the little girls, said:

"Keep him as long as I remain at the hotel; and when I move into my own house—well, we shall see."

As a matter of fact, Monsieur Leon had been taking note of the poverty of the family, and at the same time the distinction of the parents and the good-breeding of the children. He was tempted to interest himself in those who had had pity on his dog. Accordingly, on leaving them, he took measures to find out something about the Dinots.

The information he received was all to their credit. Sympathizing with their hard lot, he reappeared every day, apparently to pay a visit to Karnac, but in reality to become better acquainted with the family. He had returned from Canada with a large fortune made in the fur industry, and intended establishing a commercial house in Paris. So highly did he come to think of Monsieur Dinot that he confided the full management of the business to that worthy gentleman.

Comfort and joy soon reappeared in the Dinot home (they had bought their old one), thanks to the affection of the brave spaniel; and thanks, too, of course to the good-nature of the little girls and their parents. As for Karnac himself, he lived happily for many a year, and was always a persistent visitor to his old master and his new one.

Round Numbers.

The boy who misunderstood his teacher's phrase "round numbers" for "*wrong* numbers" was really not far astray. Strictly speaking, round numbers *are* wrong. When the population of a town is 22,897, and we say that, in round numbers, it is 23,000, our statement is somewhat wrong instead of being exactly right. The meaning of the phrase is, of course, that we write "round" figures, or ciphers, at the end of such numbers, instead of writing any of the significant figures, or digits, 1, 2, 3, 4, etc. "Round numbers," like another phrase, "roughly speaking," implies the absence of exactness or precision.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XVII.

HERE was the sofa; there were the window and the open door, with the street outside. Beyond the top of the sofa was the hearth, where the kettle was singing and a cricket was chirping. At the foot of the sofa was another door, where a big man stood with a curly-headed baby on his arm. There was also a chest of drawers with china on it. The table was in the middle of the room, with a white cloth; and there was just space to go round the table without upsetting the china or the kettle or the baby or anything—if one was very careful. So you see what a humble house it was, and what a little room. But this was home, and here were a real father and mother.

Lolo thought the policeman had brought her in, and put her on the sofa, and gone away; for she had never seen a policeman without his helmet, and there was no helmet to frighten her here. The father of the family did not wear a white collar; he was not less nice for that. And there was a sort of dint round his curly hair, as if he wore a hard hat when he went out for a walk. He had silver buttons. He called his wife "Mary," and she called him "Mike." You never saw such a houseful of curly heads. Doreen and Eileen were very small and very fat, and each had a red mop of curls. Baby Pat's were golden. And the mother's hair was dark, but was trying all it could to curl too, and so had become very fuzzy in front and at each side. A round and rosy face hers was, with a dimple in each cheek, and very white teeth, and a laugh coming and going in her eyes as well as on her lips.

No one spoke a cross word in that little house. It was only, "Doreen darling, don't tease her! 'tisin't kisses she wants."

And, "Eileen love, keep your hands off her frock! You'll have the map o' the world on it with your finger marks." And, "Pat my pet, this bread and milk is not for you but for the little lady. And don't cry now, or you'll raise the roof off her head!"

It was beautiful to see how that dear little woman did everything for everybody. Her voice was soft, with a deep sound in it unlike anything Lolo had ever heard before; it was a sort of quiet music. She was not dressed grandly like "muzzer" at the Mansions: she had a brown skirt and a white bodice, with a brooch of three little green leaves at the neck. Her hands, unlike "muzzer's," had not rings and jewels, but had only a wedding ring; and they were not soft, elegant hands, but the sort that work and get worn—like Betsy's. But what helpful hands they were! How soon the sofa was made comfortable with a pillow, and the cloak was slipped off! How gently the little sleeve was pushed up, and the hurt arm bathed and kissed to make it well!

Then came warm bread and milk, sweetened, and poured into the prettiest basin. And, somehow, at the same time, the father's supper, hot and savory, was on the table; and the children were on chairs at each side of him; and the lamp was lighted, and the door shut upon the darkening street, and the curtains drawn across the window. The kettle was singing again, and sheets were airing to a bright little fire. "Cousin Kitty," whoever that was, had just gone away in time to leave a little bed empty upstairs. How lucky to have a corner to spare to-night, just when it was wanted! This was "Home, sweet Home!" with the mother leaving nothing unthought of, and doing everything for everybody. The only one she seemed never to think of was herself.

The "little lady's" supper had to be cooled and raised in spoonfuls. The tapes of a pinafore were being tied round her neck, to make things safe in case of a spill.

You may be sure it was Doreen's very best pinafore that was being put on,—the one with the muslin embroidery. The mother, tying the strings, gave a cry of joy:

"Glory be to God! Do you know what's here? Why, 'tis a medal of the Blessed Virgin! Sure, my darling, that's the secret—why you didn't get run over. The Blessed Mother preserved you."

"Hoo-roo!" Mike called out. That is the real old Irish way of saying "Hurrah!" you must know. He shouted it so gaily, in the midst of his supper, that Baby Pat crowed from the floor, and the rescued child could not help smiling.

"And where in the world were you running to, like a March hare?" the good woman asked. She was close to the sofa, coaxing Lolo, with a smile in her eyes and a dimple in each cheek. "Eat it now, my darling! 'Tis cool enough."

Lolo began sipping the sweet supper. She had not the heart to hide anything from such dear people. Little by little they heard all about the concert, and how "fahzer" said he would kill her, and how she hid in the linen basket, and ran away to look for the country and the gypsies. At the recollection of the concert, a few tears rolled down into the bread and milk. The soft voice soothed her:

"Wisha, don't cry, my pet, or you'll make me cry, too! Why didn't you run away with the fiddle, when you were about it? For 'tis Mike and I would have danced a jig."

The rosy cheek and fuzzy hair were against the tearful little face. Lolo found herself laughing as well as crying.

The child ended her story by saying she wanted never to go back again,—*"fahzer said he would kill me!"*

Mike growled that he wished he could "run that man in," whatever that meant. It would be better than a week's wages, he said. And Mary remarked that the father, wherever he was, must be *"a haythin,"* whatever *that* meant. She also said that her heart thrilled with joy when

she saw that medal on the poor child's neck. After that, the mother took the sheets from the fire, and went up to make ready a nest for the poor little runaway.

Mike sat by the fire, with Doreen and Eileen,—one on each knee, a curly red head near each shoulder. It was past bedtime; and, while the mother was busy, he gave the two children some rides before "good-night." Lolo would have preferred his not mentioning a fiddle; but the very tale he had heard suggested the rhyme. And up and down went the two little heads to the tune of—

Hi diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle!

One red head flew high with a laugh whenever "the cow jumped over the moon," and both danced with a brisk trot each time "the dish ran after the spoon." Poor Lolo, who had known the violin only professionally, soon found herself shaking with laughter at the glee of the father and the children. A fiddle had been a serious matter to her: it had filled six years of her young life. The jingle about the cat and the fiddle, the cow and the moon, and the frivolity of the little dog and the dish and the spoon, so cheered her that she was laughing and happy, though very weak, when the father of the children carried her up the stairs, and gave her into the kind hands of "Mary" to be put to bed. The two small girls took care of Pat till their father came down again; and then they went, with much clatter of strong little shoes, up the narrow wooden stairs.

The room over the kitchen had a clean scrubbed floor, and little beds with quilts of many colors. Mike was now pacing about below with measured tread, trying to induce Baby Pat to become sleepy and not be "as bright as a button." Upstairs, the mother lighted wax candles on a corner cupboard for the children to say their night prayers. Lolo's two pink tulips and her white narcissus had safely arrived here, and been placed in a glass of water. A few daffodils were at the oppo-

site corner. Above the cupboard hung a picture that reminded Lolo of her medal; for here, in colors and gold, was a crowned Mother with a Child in her arms.

"We must have the blessed candles lighting, and finish with a 'Glory be,'" said the children's mother, who was very thankful for the safety of the little guest. Indeed, they thought of her as no stranger now, since they had found her marked by the medal to be "one of ourselves."

"You mustn't try to kneel down, darling, but sit here as easy as you can in the little wicker chair. Put the cushion to her back, Doreen,—that's it! Kneel one on each side, children. Now the Sign of the Cross!"

Lolo's hand did not stir. She watched and listened. They said "Our Father, who art in heaven," and other beautiful words; and at the end the mother said, "Glory be—" and they both joined in, down to "world without end, Amen."

"That was for *you*," said the mother. "Maybe 'tis alone you'd like to say your prayers, my darling?"

"What does one say?" Lolo asked, helplessly.

"Mary" drew back, looking at the blank face with wonder.

"I'm blest if she knows a thing! Surely to goodness they were not such haythins intirely as not to teach you your prayers?"

Lolo shook her black mop of hair slowly.

"You look tired out, my pet!" said the mother, full of pity. No dimple was in the good woman's cheek now: a liquid brightness, instead of laughter, was in her merry eyes.

Lolo was quickly put to bed. Last night she had not slept: snatches of the music had been singing through her head and beating with every pulse. And since then there had been the long exciting day, and the dreadful shock when she was flung down on the street. The mother knew the child wanted rest. When the tired head was on the pillows, she knelt near

the bed and said the "Our Father" quietly all through, with the hot little hand in hers, and a whisper from Lolo echoing the words.

"Who gave you the medal, my darling?" she asked, — for it was but too clear that the people where this child came from had nothing to do with medals or prayers.

"I had it always," replied Lolo. "I lost it, and found it again."

The woman kneeling at the bedside thought long, with her forehead bowed down, — so long that it seemed as if she had gone to sleep. What words could she join to the medal? She searched in her own mind through the familiar prayers and hymns. There was a line in one of the church hymns, the *Ave Maris Stella*, that had always touched her own warm heart deeply, since she came years ago across the sea from "holy Ireland."

"Kiss the medal, my darling," she said, "and say 'Show thyself a Mother!'"

The child knew quite well that "thyself" meant "yourself." She had learned plenty of poetry, as "fahzer" used to say, "to form the artistic mind." So she readily repeated the line from the hymn, and was too tired to ask any questions. Her small hand pressed the medal against her pale lips. It seemed so natural that she should cherish it.

"Promise me, love," said the kneeling woman, "you will say that every night!"

It was the first time the motherless child had been called by that tenderest name.

"Yes," she answered eagerly.

"Good-night now, and God bless you!"

Lolo caught her round the neck, and returned her kiss with three or four.

"There! there!" said the mother. — "Oh, bless her heart!—bless her heart!"

"Good - night, Doreen! Good - night, Eileen!" whispered Lolo. She was one of a family at last. "Please say 'Good-night' to Mike for me."

The mother smiled.

The children ran to kiss their newly-

found friend, who was "one of themselves." Lolo had the medal in her hand again; her eyes closed, and she sank at once to sleep, pillowed amid such luxury of home and love.

When all three were in their little nests, "Mary" went down for the baby, and stayed and talked a whole hour to Mike about the serious problem that was facing them. Baby Pat finished his "beauty sleep" in her arms, before they could think what was to be done. Very likely the address of the lost child would be at every police station in the morning. Lolo could only say that it was something about "Mansions," somewhere. But wherever those Mansions were, the priest of the nearest church should be warned, as soon as possible, that there was a Christian child wearing a medal and being brought up "like a haythin or a Turk."

Mike, too, had an idea of his own,—that he could safeguard poor Lolo from hard treatment. A doctor should be called in early, to see if she was injured by the fright and the fall; and that doctor would warn those harsh people that, if this child ran away in terror again, the law would interfere, and there might be a case for the police, and perhaps she would never be allowed to play in public for money.

All this being decided, the windows of the little house were presently dark, and everyone was fast asleep,—no, not everyone. There were six great angels in the little house—no fewer than six!—watching all night. Perhaps Lolo's angel had pushed the medal out that very day into the corner of the trunk, where she would see it. This was the sweetest rest she had ever had,—this night in the home full of angels.

But the new day was coming. The grey light began to show the little sleeping faces, and the picture in colors and gold of the Mother and the Child, and the daffodils, and Lolo's two pink tulips and the one white flower. And to-day she would be claimed; and she had not only

broken down at the concert, but she had run away and stayed out! Who would like to be in her shoes—those dusty little white shoes—to-day? The air from the window stirred the black curls on her forehead, and her angel saw the small hand still holding the medal at her neck.

(To be continued.)

An Arab Legend.

There was once a rich merchant who was travelling with a caravan of goods over a desert country. Night was coming on, and brigands abounded; so he was in great haste, wishing to reach his destination before the light of day failed. But as he hurried his weary animals on, he saw a boy sitting by the roadside. "What is the matter?" called the merchant.—"I have a thorn in my foot," answered the young pilgrim, "and can go no farther." Then the merchant, forgetting the danger, stopped and extracted the thorn from the wounded foot, and gave the boy a piece of gold.

Years passed, and the merchant found himself in Paradise. "Why do I have so many roses," he asked an angel, "when others more deserving have so few?"—"Because," said the angel, "the thorn from that little boy's foot grew and grew until it became a rose tree, and the roses are yours; for one good deed done on earth is returned sevenfold in Paradise."

Preference.

BY S. M. R.

I THINK it very funny
 That, now it's nice and cool,
 I have to take my books again
 And trudge away to school.
 I'd have the school in summer time,
 If I could have my way;
 Then mamma'd say: "It is so warm
 You'd best stay home to-day."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius," for general use, is issued in a serviceable manual by F. Pustet & Co. In this convenient form, it is to be hoped, the volume will be more generally used.

—Messrs Little, Brown and Co. announce for publication this month "Famous Land Fights," by A. Hilliard Atteridge. Readers of Mr. Atteridge's contributions to *THE AVE MARIA* will expect a graphic and reliable narrative.

—"Unemployment in Oregon" is the report of an investigation conducted by Frank O'Hara, Ph. D., and transmitted by him to the Oregon Committee on Seasonal Unemployment, of which his brother, the Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, is chairman. The work is expertly done.

—P. J. Kenedy & Sons publish a translation (revised by Father Elder Mullan, S. J.) of the fourth edition of Father René de Maumigny's "The Practice of Mental Prayer." The publishers would seem to have had in view the convenience of elderly readers, as the type is unusually large.

—James Brodie & Co., London, are bringing out a series of *Lives of the Saints for children*, under the generic title "Standard-Bearers of the Faith." Two of the series, "St. Catherine of Siena" and "St. Columba," have reached our table. They are neatly bound 16mos of 123 and 126 pages, with occasional illustrations; and their author, F. A. Forbes, employs a style that is well calculated to hold the attention of youthful readers. There should be a wide welcome for these excellent little books, which to our mind supply a distinct need.

—A new series, "The Spiritual Classics of English Devotional Literature"—whose spirit may be gauged from their motto, "Be comforted, be comforted, my people, saith your God,"—starts off admirably with "The Spirit of Cardinal Newman," the preface by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., being itself a little classic; and "The Spirit of Father Faber, Apostle of London," whose preface is from the competent pen of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. Neatly bound in dark blue cloth, furnished with a portrait frontispiece, extending to about two hundred pages, but all gathered into a compact little volume that courts the coat-pocket, these latest "classics" are both a book bargain and a genuine all-round delight. The editors are capable, and have done their work well. There

are no references, notes, or other bagatelle of "scholarship": the selections are the winnowing of fine minds working in a rich field. These manuals may be had for fifty cents, in this country, of Benziger Brothers.

—"God Wills It," translated by Elizabeth Ruf from the German of the Rev. Fr. X. Brors, S. J., comes to us from the Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill. It is a brochure of 64 pages, devoted to an explanation of foreign missions and the means of assisting their work. Interesting and thought-provoking reading.

—Volume III., Part II., of the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures (Longmans, Green & Co.) is a brochure of 72 pages, containing "The First Epistle to the Corinthians." The Introduction, footnotes, and appendices, not less than the text, will be found of genuine value and interest.

—From the Salesian Press, Sliema, Malta, comes "Sketch of the Life of Ven. Adelaide Cini," a 16mo of 64 pages, with cardboard covers. The sketch, the subject of which was declared Venerable four years ago, is an interesting and edifying narrative of a valiant woman whose life-work was, not in the cloister, but out in the busy and sinful world.

—The publishers (G. P. Putnam's Sons) of "The Religion of the Spirit in Modern Life," by Horatio W. Dresser, Ph. D., say of the book that its purpose is "to interpret religion from the point of view of inner experience, in contrast with the creeds and organizations by which it is often judged." That of itself is sufficient to show that the volume possesses nothing of value, and very little of interest, for the Catholic reader. Modern life, while differing considerably in externals from that of the earlier ages of Christianity, is essentially, so far as religion and individual salvation are concerned, the same as in A. D. 300; and the Gospel of Christ is as applicable and as adequate to-day as it was then.

—While our British cousins will probably be more intensely interested than American readers in "Sister Mary of St. Francis, S. N. D."—a biography of the Hon. Laura Petre (Stafford-Jerningham), written by a religious sister of its subject, and edited by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B.,—still very many even on this side of the Atlantic will be attracted by the life-story of one who was literally "the daughter of a hundred earls," with royal blood in her veins,

and with two of England's illustrious martyrs among her ancestors. Born in 1811, married at eighteen, and widowed at thirty-seven, the Hon. Laura Petre entered the Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame in 1850, and died thirty-six years later. A varied and a noble life, the perusal of whose record can not fail to edify as well as interest a host of readers. It forms a handsome illustrated volume of some 360 pages, and is published by R. and T. Washbourne, London.

—"Feminism . . . is one of the burning questions of the day. It is not an agitation, one is led to believe, of an ephemeral sort, got up by malcontents and cranks: it is a stable movement of progress, and women are in deadly earnest about it; and we shall have to face it, whether we like it or not, and seek for a solution." Thus the Rev. Michael M. O'Kane, O. P., in the Introduction to this pamphlet of forty pages, "Woman's Place in the World," bearing the *imprimatur* of Dublin's archbishop, and published by M. H. Gill & Son. Father O'Kane discusses the question fully and dispassionately, giving the pros and cons so fairly that his views will thoroughly satisfy neither the extreme suffragists nor their equally extreme opponents, though those views will probably commend themselves to the great majority of unprejudiced readers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "Standard-Bearers of the Faith." 30 cts. per vol.
- "Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." Vol. III., Part II. 30 cts.
- "Sister Mary of St. Francis, S. N. D." \$2.
- "Perilous Seas." E. Gallienne Robin. \$1.25.
- "The Maid of Spinges." Mrs. Edward Wayne. 85 cts.
- "The Parting of the Ways." Florence Gilmore. 80 cts.
- "The Seventh Wave, and Other Soul-Stories." Constance E. Bishop. \$1.20.
- "Stanmore Hall and Its Inmates." \$1.25.

- "Mrs. Fairlie's Granddaughters." Mrs. Frances Noble. 75 cts.
- "My Lady Rosia." Freda Mary Groves. \$1.25.
- "Blind Maureen, and Other Stories." Eleanor F. Kelly. 60 cts.
- "Defel the Strong." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.
- "Choice." Mary Samuel Daniel. 75 cts.
- "Saturday's Child." Kathleen Norris. \$1.50.
- "Conference Matter for Religious." 2 vols. Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$2.50.
- "From Court to Cloister." M. A. 85 cts.
- "Holy Mass, the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy." 2 vols. 60 cts.
- "Altar Flowers and How to Grow Them." Herbert Jones. 90 cts.
- "Teacher and Teaching." Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J. \$1.
- "Within the Soul." Rev. M. Watson, S. J. 75 cts.
- "Ten Reasons." Bl. Edmund Campion. 30 cts.
- "The Priest and Social Action." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. \$1.20.
- "The Period of Discovery" (American Historical Readers). McKee-Roemer. 50 cts.
- "Index to the Works of Newman." Fr. Joseph Rickaby, S. J. \$1.75.
- "The Holy Eucharist in Art." Dom Corbinián Wirz, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "A Garden of Girls." Mrs. Thomas Concannon, M. A. \$1, net.
- "Lourdes." Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benson. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

- Rev. William Miller, of the diocese of Trenton; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Meunier, diocese of London.
- Sister M. Lucy, of the Order of St. Ursula; and Sister M. Placida, Sisters of the Holy Cross.
- Mr. F. E. Leader, Mrs. Margaret Rearson, Mrs. Rose Hallinan, Mr. Anthony May, Dr. J. J. Creswell, Mr. Patrick Quillivan, Mr. and Mrs. William Sinnott, Mrs. Mary Levens, Mrs. Frances McCormick, Miss Mary Carey, Mr. Bernard Eckhoff, Mr. Frederick Heller, Miss Caroline Connor, Mr. John Henke, Mr. Edward Reardon, Cecilia McGlone, Frances Glascott, Mr. William Waldron, Mr. Louis Roser, Mr. Dennis McCormick, Miss Anna Reel, Mr. John Casey, Mr. Michael Murray, Mr. Stephen Sandbothe, Mr. Thomas Doyle, Mr. B. H. Schonhorst, and Mr. Victor Born.
- Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 3, 1914.

NO. 14

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To a Statue.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

LIKE one rapt in some dream's untroubled
bliss,
Serene you stand where human currents flow;
Calm is your face when Winter stormwinds
blow;
Cold are your lips, that heed not Spring's warm
kiss.

Above you, through the night, the stars depart
On ancient journeys down the leagues of sky;
The maiden dawn with silent feet goes by,
And glances back, but wakens not your heart.

They give you little thought who pass along
The ringing reaches of the thoroughfares;
Alone, a lingering stranger upward stares
To note your marble features, gray and strong.

The glory that was yours men have forgot,
Save some old dreamer on the days long gone,
Or idler in a pensive mood withdrawn,
Who for life's present guerdon hungers not.

Men may forget your deeds, your former fame
That faintly in old records now appears;
But you shall calmly stand, untouched by
years,

When they have turned to dust from which they
came.

Yet do you serve: to some one in despair,
Your noble face, unmarred by fret or pain,
May be a vision giving heart again
The heights of life and hope once more to dare.

THE mercy of God is eternal, so also
should be our confidence.

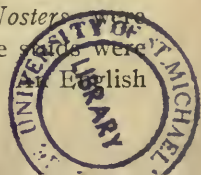
—Ven. Mother Barat.

The Rosary Devotion.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

EXTRAORDINARY graces
have resulted from the annual
observance of the Month of
Mary; and these graces have
been further increased by the dedication
of October to the recitation of the Holy
Rosary. The popularity of the use of the
Rosary, in public, during this month is due
chiefly to the zeal of his Holiness Leo
XIII., who frequently urged the faithful to
be most assiduous in the exercise of this
devotion. At the same time he granted
indulgences with a lavish hand to all who
take part in the recitation of the Rosary
during October.

The practice of using beads or small
stones to keep in mind a certain number
of prayers is of great antiquity. The
Fathers of the Desert and other holy per-
sons were accustomed to use small stones
or grains for this purpose, as Benedict
XIV. asserts in his work on canonization.
This ancient observance would seem to
have originated in favor of the illiterate,
who, being unable to take an active part
in the psalmody of the Divine Offices,
made up for this deficiency by the frequent
recitation of the Lord's Prayer. (Butler's
"Lives of the Saints,"—October.) The
same idea found expression in the wearing
of studs fastened to belts, on which a
certain number of *Pater Nosters* were
recited. Prayers told on these studs were
spoken of as so many "belts."



synod (816) speaks of "seven belts of *Paters*" to be sung for a departed bishop.*

The "Hail Mary" does not appear to have formed any part of these counted prayers previous to the eleventh or twelfth century. It is said that the practice of reciting one hundred and fifty times the "Hail Mary," daily, as a substitute for the one hundred and fifty psalms of the Divine Office, was not unknown in the eleventh century.

The custom of saying fifteen decades, or sets of ten *Aves*, with one *Pater* before each decade, in honor of the different mysteries of the Incarnation, is generally considered to have been the institution of St. Dominic. The tradition that the Saint learned the use of the Rosary from the Blessed Virgin herself, and that he propagated the devotion as an antidote to the Albigensian heresy, is accepted by very weighty authorities, including several of the popes. But Benedict XIV. says the belief rests solely on the tradition preserved in the Order of Friars Preachers.†

The word *rosary* comes undoubtedly from a Latin word signifying a rose garden; in so far as it is associated with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, it must be taken in a mystical sense.‡ The use of the word in this way may be traced back to the thirteenth century. The form of prayer now called the Rosary was sometimes spoken of as the "Psalter of Mary," on account of the number of its *Aves* corresponding with the psalms used in the Divine Office.§

The feast of the Most Holy Rosary originated in the following manner. On the seventh day of October, 1571; which happened to be the first Sunday of the month, a great naval battle was fought between Christians and Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, the Christian fleet being led by Don Juan of Austria. At the very

time when the battle was raging the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary were making solemn and fervent supplications in Rome for the success of the Christian cause. Simultaneous with the almost complete annihilation of the Moorish fleet, Pope St. Pius V. received from Heaven an admonition telling him of victory; this fact is related in the process of his beatification.* In thanksgiving for the victory, ascribed to the power of Mary's intercession, St. Pius ordered a yearly commemoration of the Blessed Virgin to be made, under the title of St. Mary of Victory. The following record of the event is still read in the Roman Martyrology for October 7:

"The commemoration of St. Mary of Victory, instituted to be kept annually by Pope Pius V., on account of a great victory gained by the Christian arms over the Turk in a naval battle, which took place on this day, and which was brought about by the intercession of the Mother of God."

Pope Gregory XIII., wishing to give greater prominence to a devotion which had been the means of securing so great a favor for Christendom, changed the title of the feast from that of "Victory" to that of the "Rosary"; and at the same time ordered the celebration of the festival in all churches in which there existed a chapel or an altar under the invocation of Our Lady of the Rosary. The solemnity was arranged for the first Sunday of October, and was kept as a greater double.

A further development of the celebration took place under Pope Clement X., who extended it to all churches within the Spanish dominions, even should they not possess a chapel or altar of the Rosary. During the pontificate of Innocent XI. a petition was made to the Holy See by the Emperor Leopold, asking for the extension of Rosary Sunday to the universal Church; but the Pope died before the favor could be granted.†

* *Ibid.*

† In his Encyclical Pope Leo XIII. says distinctly of St. Dominic: *Ipse primus instituit*,—"He was the first to institute the Rosary."

‡ Catholic Dictionary, art. "Rosary."

§ It should be borne in mind that the Rosary is the most ancient of popular devotions to the Blessed Virgin.

* Bened. XIV., *De Festis B. M. V.*

† *Ibid.*

The final events which led to the insertion of the feast of the Rosary in the general calendar of the Church are told in the Breviary as follows: "In the year 1716 Charles VI., emperor-elect of the Romans, won a famous victory over the fierce Turks in the kingdom of Hungary, upon the feast of the Dedication of the Church of Our Lady of the Snow, almost at the very hour when the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary were moving through the streets of Rome in public and solemn procession, amid vast multitudes, all filled with deepest enthusiasm, calling earnestly upon God for the defeat of the Turks, and entreating the Virgin Mother of God to lend the help of her assistance to the Christians. Not long afterward the Turks raised the siege of Corfu. These mercies Clement XI. ascribed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Wherefore, that the memory of such a blessing might endure in all future ages, he extended to the whole Church the observance of the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, to be kept on the same day and to be of the same rank as it had previously been. Pope Benedict XIII. ordained that all these facts should be recorded in the Roman Breviary."

Some years ago* Pope Leo XIII. approved of a special Office for Rosary Sunday; and at the same time ordered an addition to be made to the already existing lessons of the Breviary, a translation of which is to the following effect: 'Leo XIII., during these latter days of trial and tempest for the Church, when new evils seem to be multiplied, issued again and again letters apostolic in order to urge the whole body of the faithful to recite the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin during the month of October. He also raised the feast to the rank of a double of the second class, and added, to the Litany of Loreto the invocation, "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary." Moreover, he granted in favor

of the same solemnity a proper Office to be used throughout the Church.'

The Office alluded to is exceedingly rich and varied. The hymns, antiphons and responsories are replete with references to the mysteries which go to make up the fifteen decades of the Rosary. For instance, the hymn at first Vespers commemorates the Joyful Mysteries, the hymn at Matins recalls the Sorrowful Mysteries, and that of Laudes is taken up with the Glorious Mysteries. At Second Vespers all the mysteries are linked together in the hymn, and the following verse precedes the doxology:

O come ye people, gather ye
Roses from every mystery;
Weave ye your crowns to praise above
The glorious Mother of fair love.

Besides this varied and beautiful Office, a new Mass, opening with the glad words, "Let us all rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival in honor of the Most Blessed Mary," has been substituted for the older one, which was chiefly taken from the Common of Our Lady.

Reference has been made above to the fact that the Rosary procession was in progress at the very time when such signal victories were gained for the Christian armies, thereby testifying to the great efficacy of this solemn form of supplication. Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical of August 30, 1884, urged a renewal of these processions. He says: "We desire that, where the civil law so permits, the Sodality of the Rosary shall, as a public act of religion, make solemn procession through the streets."

The making of solemn processions dates back even to the earliest days of Christianity. It is a rite which is exceedingly expressive, and appeals strongly to the religious feelings of the faithful. There are abundant proofs in Church history of the great power this form of prayer has in obtaining answers to petitions from God. A procession is said to represent the Christian's journey through this life to the next, Christ being the leader.


* August 5, 1888.

This short notice of the devotion of the Rosary may fittingly conclude with the last words of the lessons of the second nocturn in the Breviary: "Let us, then, be earnest in honoring the Most Holy Mother of God in this form which she likes so well; that even as the prayers of Christ's faithful people, poured forth in the Rosary, have so often won her to scatter and destroy their earthly foes, so she may gain for them the victory over their hellish foes likewise."

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

XI.

HRISTMAS DAY dawned late and grey, and as Romey came out for wood to light his fire he shivered and experienced the first real pang of homesickness that had yet smitten him. Back home—ah, the magic melancholy of the phrase—all was brightness and bustle to-day. The little presents were being brought out; the large house was full of savory odors; the women, with big aprons tied over their best dresses, were giving the last touches to their cakes and pies; and by and by, toward one o'clock, they would all sit down together to the grand Christmas dinner. The brothers and their wives would not miss Romey; but sister Alice would, and he had not been able even to post a letter to her for the festival. If the weather held, he would certainly get down to Trenton one day this week, and send her a nice present from there.

At once he began to think what she would like out of "that dandy store on the main street"; and by the time the fire was crackling, and Patch, with humped-up back, was sidling and purring round the stove, Romey's "blues" had disappeared, and he whistled gaily as he got his breakfast ready. He looked at Marie's cake rather longingly, and then

pushed it back on the shelf. That must be kept for dinner, so as to make the potatoes and bacon seem "Christmassy." Oh, if only Marie herself could be with him to-day, what a good time they would have! It was going to snow—the sky looked sick and the mountains dead,—but what would that matter? They two, in the sweet-smelling pine-wood cabin, sitting by the fire, each in turn telling the things that the other wanted to hear—Heavens, what would anything else matter? All the storms of the North might thunder at the door, and sheet the outer world in ice and snow and darkness: there would be warmth and light within,—the warmth of dear young love, and the light of a trust that none of life's storms could cloud or shatter.

For Romey knew now that the thing he most desired in the world was to have Marie for his mate; and, being as honest with himself as he was with others, he had the happy conviction that she liked him now, and would love him before long; and then—my, for the great fine world it would be!

"Hello!"

Romey sprang to his feet. Some one was knocking noisily at the door. Full of an utterly absurd hope that it might be Marie, he crossed the room in a stride and opened the door. There stood, not the girl of his dreams, but two men, jolly, open-faced young fellows, loaded up with bundles. One carried a pick and a kettle, the other two heavy shovels, and each had a roll of bedding strapped to his back.

"Come in!" said Romey, without a minute's hesitation. "Cold morning! Had any breakfast?"

"Nary!" replied the elder of the two. "Smelt your coffee and pitch-pine half a mile away, and followed our noses. Lost our horses in a drift t'other side of Bear Point last night,—all tucked in; couldn't get 'em out, poor critters!"

"Tough luck!" said Romey, sympathetically, as he hurried to make some more

coffee and wash his only cup. "Sit down. I'll get you some better grub than that!"—and he whisked away the cold biscuit for which the younger man had reached hungrily.

"Say, we'll pay you all right," the elder traveller remarked. "We was too phased last night to do any cooking, and I guess we'll want to make a big hole in your stuff. But we'll pay you. We ain't in the hold-up line yet,—are we, Asy?"—turning to his companion, who was warming his hands at the fire.

"Shall be soon, Will," the companion replied, "if the kind of luck we've had lately means to come all the way. Snow-slide,—mine gone. Drift,—cayuses gone. Dunnow what she's fixin' up for us next, but I bet it's another picnic like them, too. I've had enough. Trenton's good enough for me till April, though land knows how we're going to get there on our two feet!"

"If you'll cut kicking at your luck and let me speak," said Romey, with his grandest manner, "I'll give you boys a bit of valuable information. First and foremost, the next man that starts talking about paying for giving me the pleasure of his company in my own house had better drink his coffee quick and skip, 'cause back where I come from folks won't stand for being taken for Jews or grafters,—get me? Second, if you fellers want to go to Trenton, I'll take you down to-morrow with my team. I've got to go, and I'll be glad of your company."

"Much obliged! Suit us fine,—won't it, Asy?" said Will. "And I hope we'll get a chance to do you a turn some day." He addressed Romey, who was dibbling at the bacon in the frying-pan, and counting the minutes till the fresh biscuit should be ready to come out of the oven.

"That's what I call talking," he said, quite propitiated. "Now, here's breakfast. And, if you won't tell anybody, I'll tell you something: there's a real cake for dinner,—a cake made by a lady. Can you beat that? Seems to me luck's treat-

ing you pretty white, after all, secin' it's Christmas Day."

"That so?" Will asked meditatively. "I'd forgotten all about it. And, come to think of it, we might have been inside that drift, with the cayuses atop for our monyments. There's always somethin' worse than what *did* happen, ain't there?"

"Most times, I guess," Romey agreed. "Now, I'll tell you what. If you don't mind waiting till to-morrow, there's one tiny little thing I want to do to-day,—want to the worst kind of a way. I'll be gone a few hours, but you can make yourselves at home here. And if you get hungry, you'll find everything in that cupboard. Don't burn the house down, or turn out the cat. He likes the fire these days, small blame to him. So long, then!"

He took his coat and cap and went out to the stable. He had made up his mind to go over to see Marie if he could, and find out if there were anything he could do for her in Trenton. Going there was a long expedition at the best of times, and he was glad enough to have the chance of company on the heavy road.

He saddled a cayuse and started forth. The weather was in that dull state that precedes a snowfall. Everything in sight, from the trail to the distant peaks, was of a dirty, grey-white, and the air was utterly still. The sharp frost talks, in cracking branch and riving snow-crust; but the snow is silence, absolute, unbroken; and the silence goes before it for days sometimes, stilling earth to hear what is coming.

As Romey emerged from the trail that led through the lower hills and then struck the bank of the lake again, he glanced toward the cottage among the trees, and started violently. Distinctly seen, on the lower branch of the solitary tree in front, a large square of white hung limp and bland. Marie's signal that she wanted him. Thank Heaven he was so near already! He would have gone half crazy with anxiety had he noticed it when

he was two hours away, over there at his own home.

Quickly he covered the remaining distance, keeping under cover as much as he could until he reached the wooded hollow behind the cottage. There he led his horse into the thick of the scrub, and tied him to a tree. He knew not what fear of treacherous hostility had come over him, but it was strong enough to direct his movements. These had not passed unnoticed, however; for as he ran down the short incline to the back of the house he saw Marie standing in the half-open doorway, looking toward him anxiously. The next moment he was inside, she had closed the door, and he was pouring out a torrent of questions.

"Dear, dear Miss Marie, what has happened? You are all pale and shaking. Don't!" — as she put up her hands to her face and gave a little sob. "It's all right," he went on. "I'm here now. Nothing can happen to you. For goodness' sake tell me all about it!"

"I had such a terrible fright last night!" she said, making a great effort to recover her self-control, shaken by the very relief his presence afforded. "That man Hayes came here — Rhinehart was away, — and he said some dreadful things. Oh, don't look like that!" she cried suddenly, startled by the blaze of anger that had leaped up in Romey's eyes. "I don't mean that he was rude to me, — no, no! He seemed starved, and I gave him some supper; and he said Rhinehart was a villain, and owed him a lot of money and wouldn't pay him. But it was when I asked him for news of my father that he started cursing, and looked so horrible, so dead scared, and then he just put his head down and rushed out of the house."

She shuddered at the remembrance; and then looked up at Romey in a piteous, appealing way that made him want both to kill those who had disturbed her peace and to take the dear, sorrowing maid into his arms then and there. Neither course of action being practicable at the

moment, he contented himself with pulling forward the one old chair the kitchen possessed, and making her sit down, while he stood up opposite to her, leaning against the table.

"Now, Miss Marie," he began cheerfully, "there's no use in upsetting yourself about that creature Hayes. I've heard of him. He's a bit crazy, they say; and it's too bad he should have turned up here, with you all alone, to give you a fright like that. But — don't think me inquisitive for asking — I wish you would tell me how you come to be here at all. There, it's out! I can't help it if you are angry, but I've just got to know. Who are these folks you're boarding with, who leave you by yourself all day and all night? That's no way to treat a young girl. Isn't there a woman among them that could stay and keep you company? Oh, damn — no, I didn't mean to swear — but I've made you cry again! Don't, don't! It makes me feel such a brute!"

"No, it's not you." She tried to speak steadily and check her tears. "It's — it's everything. I don't understand in the least what has happened, and I'd give anything — *anything* to know. Rhinehart and Hayes met us coming in to Trenton. Father wanted to take up land or buy it. He'd sold out in Canada, and had eighteen hundred dollars; and those men brought us up here, saying there was splendid land to be had. The next day father went off with them in the morning to look at it; and Rhinehart came back alone, late at night, and said father was so pleased with the land that he'd gone straight back to Trenton to fix up about it, and I was to stay here; he'd be back in a day or two. And that was days and days ago — two weeks, it seems to me, — and he's never come back. And when I asked Rhinehart, he said father had sent word it took a bit longer than he figured to get everything in order, and I was just to keep quiet here. He'd come as soon as he could. But it's awful!" She looked up in Romey's face with something like

despair in her eyes. "I don't believe I can stand it any longer. I'm sure Rhinehart is deceiving me. Father is sick or he's hurt himself. He'd never leave me like this if he could help it. And they won't tell me, and I can't go to him. What shall I do,—what *shall* I do?"

Romey had turned his back and was looking out of the window. He knew his face would betray the consternation the girl's story had excited in him; and he wanted time to get his features and his voice under control before replying to her.

Suddenly she stood up and caught at his arm.

"That's why I hung the sheet out," she said hurriedly. "Won't you—do you think you could—oh, I know it is a big thing to ask, but do you think you could go down to Trenton and get some news of father for me?" She clasped both hands on his arm in her eagerness; and the grey eyes, still wet with tears, looked up at him imploringly.

Romey mastered a wild impulse to draw the golden head to his heart. Very gently he unclasped the hands, and took them in both his own.

"I'll do any mortal thing for you, Miss Marie," he said, looking down at her gravely. "Of course I'll go to Trenton, if you like. I was planning to go down to-morrow, anyway; but—" He bit his lip and glanced away for an instant, then went on almost savagely: "How can I leave you here alone? It's—it's not to be thought of. Good God, why, anything might happen to you! Don't you see?"

Marie drew back, a faint flush coming into her pale cheeks.

"It looks that way to you, I think," she replied softly; "but nothing can happen to me: I shall be taken care of. What's my Angel Guardian there for but that? I've been alone all day very often since mother died; and, though we were way off in the country, I never felt scared of the tramps and people. I was ever so much more scared of the gun father used to load and lay on the kitchen table for

me when he had to go any distance away. No, I'm all right. It's father I'm so frightened for. You don't know how grateful I should be if you could find out where he is and what has kept him, and tell him to let me come and be with him."

Romey pondered. In his own heart was something like fear that Marie would never see her father again. Le Breton might have been taken ill, might have died there in Trenton; and Rhinehart might have got hold of his money, and be keeping Marie in ignorance until he could escape with it. The best thing would be to get her away from this desolate place and take her down to the town himself.

"I don't really see how you can stay up here any longer," he began. "How would it be if you came down to Trenton with me? Oh, we should have company!" he hastened to add, as a shy color flew to her cheeks. "There are now two boys—mining chaps—over at my place, waiting to go with me. Do come! Then you can find out everything for yourself, see?"

"I would just love to," she said, "and it is so kind of you to think of it. But, then, father might come back this very night; and think how he would feel if I were not here and there was nobody to get his supper or anything for him! I used to put the lamp in the window just for him: he could see it quite a way off; but Rhinehart got angry about it, so I don't put it there any more now."

"I saw it several times," said Romey. "It cheered me up no end. I made up stories about that light. I'll tell you them some day. It was just like a friend over here beckoning to me, and I felt kind of forsaken when I didn't see it any more. Look here, Miss Marie: I believe if I hustle now I can get down town to-day. The crust is pretty good, and we ought to make it in four or five hours easy. Then I can come up to-morrow. But I do wish you'd change your mind and come too, won't you?"

"No," she shook her head, and her pretty mouth set in surprisingly firm lines. "I would be miserable, thinking father *might* come back and find me gone. But you will find out about him, and come and tell me directly, won't you? Couldn't you put a light in your place if you have good news? I can see the light quite clearly from the front, you know."

"I'll do better than that," he replied: "I'll come straight here before going home. You keep up your spirits now, and don't let anybody worry you. Do you think Hayes is likely to come back?"

"I don't know," she said; "but I shall not let him come in, if he does. Now go, please! It's Rhinehart I'm afraid of. If he turns up and finds you here, he will be dreadfully cross. He hates having anybody around."

"I shouldn't wonder!" growled Romey. "Got used to having people run away from his ugly face. Scares him to have them see it now. But I hope he will keep away a bit longer. He's no fit company for the likes of you, and I guess he knows it. Now good-bye! Oh, do take care of yourself! I just hate to leave you like this. But, since you will have it, I'd better be off. Is the coast clear, I wonder?"

They took a stealthy survey from the kitchen door; and then, with a quick hand-clasp and a look into each other's eyes that said wonderful things to both, Romey made a dash across the open space, ran up the incline, and disappeared.

Marie closed and bolted the door quite deliberately. Then she went down on her knees and rested her cheek against the table Romey had been leaning upon.

"Oh, he is dear, *dear!*" she whispered to it. "I don't believe there is anybody like him in the world!"

(To be continued.)

It is a dreadful day when for the first time to a young man or maiden, any shadow of God, however unworthy, begins to tremble.—*Monsignor Benson.*

Newman in Ireland (1851-1858).

BY W. H. GRATTAN FLOOD, MUS. D.



THE details of Cardinal Newman's connection with Ireland have only recently been made accessible,* and therefore it may be well to take a dispassionate view of his much misunderstood rectorship of the Catholic University of Ireland. Time and again partisans on both sides have written on the subject; but, while some would fain belittle all the efforts of the illustrious English thinker in regard to his Irish University work, others try to explain his failure as owing to circumstances wholly beside the real issues or the causes thereof.

On April 15, 1851, Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, wrote to Dr. Newman, requesting him to deliver some lectures in Dublin against mixed education. This letter Dr. Cullen followed up by a personal visit to Birmingham; and on July 8 he called on Newman at the Oratory in order to discuss the subject, at the same time verbally offering him the position of rector of the projected Catholic University of Ireland. After some hesitation, the distinguished Oratorian agreed to the request of the Irish Primate, and came over to Dublin in September to see the country. Two months later, on November 12, he received the formal offer of the post from the Irish bishops, and accepted the rectorship on certain conditions.

Here it may be well to state that, while Archbishop Murray (Dublin), Dr. Russell, and Dr. Moriarty favored the Queen's Colleges, Archbishop Cullen strenuously opposed them, as did also Archbishop MacHale. From the first Newman sympathized with Dr. Murray, and he saw no reason to be afraid of the modern "liberal" and scientific move-

* "The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman," by Wilfrid Ward.

ment, — nay, more, he outlined a plan for a Catholic University in Ireland “in which theology and science alike should be free and flourishing.” Writing to Mrs. William Froude, Newman intimated that he regarded the new venture as “a most daring one”; yet, he adds, “one which has the Pope’s blessing on it”; and, consequently, he relied on “the *cathedra sempiterna*.”

It so happened that in November, 1851, Newman was in the thick of the Achilli trial; yet, with all his worry (he even anticipated imprisonment), he drafted the scheme of his lectures “On the Scope and Nature of University Education,” and worked away at his task during the winter and spring of 1851-2. These lectures were well considered, and, as he confesses, cost him an infinite amount of trouble. “I have written almost reams of paper,” he confides to Dr. Newsham, on March 14, 1852; “finished, set aside, then taken up again and plucked them.”

On May 10, 1852, Newman delivered his first lecture in the Rotunda, and continued the series till June 7. The success of the first lecture was beyond all expectation, and the audience included a brilliant assemblage of clergy and laity. Newman writes: “There were thirteen Trinity Fellows, etc., eight Jesuits, a great many clergy, and most intense attention. When I say that Dean Moylan [*rectius* Meyler] was pleased, I mean to express that I did not intend to offend Dr. Murray’s friends. Dr. Moriarty, whom I made a censor of the lecture before delivery, was the first who gave me encouragement; for he seemed much pleased with it, and spoke of its prudence, and said it went with the Queen’s College party as far as was possible.” Writing the day after the conclusion of the course of lectures, on June 8, he unburdens himself thus to Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Manning: “I have prospered here in my lectures beyond my most sanguine expectations, — or, rather, beyond my most anxious efforts and pains; for I

have had anxiety and work beyond belief in writing them, — expectations, none. At least, my good Lord has never left me nor failed me in my whole life, nor has He now. So my imagination was free from hope or fear about the event. But my mind has been on my *work*. No one can tell how it has worn me down but myself.”

On June 10 Newman returned to England to face the Achilli trial, which opened on June 21, and concluded on June 25. His vindication was a matter of rejoicing; but, owing to the summing up of the Judge (Lord Campbell), who was obviously biassed, the jury found that most of the counts were not proved, and, as a result, Newman was found guilty of libel. Judgment was deferred till the following November; and meantime Newman delivered his famous sermon on “The Second Spring” at the first Synod of Oscott, on July 13. Two weeks later — on July 30 — he set out for Ireland, accompanied by Father Henry Bittleston, of the Oratory, and enjoyed a fortnight’s rest at Tervoe, Co. Limerick, the seat of Mr. Monsell, afterward Lord Emly. A month later Father Faber arrived (in company with Father Bagshawe), and he inaugurated the Forty Hours’ Devotion in Marlborough Street pro-cathedral; also preaching in St. Francis Xavier’s Church, for the Jesuit Fathers, during the celebration of the triduum in honor of the Beatification of Blessed Peter Claver. This visit of four Oratorians to Dublin suggested the idea of an Oratory in Dublin; and the scheme was discussed at Tervoe, but came to nought.

During the autumn of 1852 much opposition to the new University arose on the part of educated Catholic laymen, including Thomas (subsequently Lord) O’Hagan. Even Father Curtis, S. J., Provincial of the Irish Jesuits, feared that the class of young men who would come to the University “did not exist in Ireland,” and advised Newman to abandon the idea, — an advice which was also tendered by

Dr. Renehan and Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College. This apathy, coupled with the suspense regarding the final issue of the Achilli case, for which a new trial was refused on January 26, 1853, was galling to a man of Newman's temperament. It comes within the scope of the present article only to add that the whole cost of the Achilli trial, involving a sum of £12,000, was almost immediately subscribed by the friends of the great English churchman. It must not, however, be forgotten that to these generous friends Newman dedicated his Dublin lectures, the "Dedication" being couched in the most felicitous language.

After a wait of fully two years from the date of his appointment as rector of the Catholic University, nothing definite had really resulted; and it was not till January, 1854, that Newman—who had been confirmed as rector by Papal Brief—was summoned formally by the Irish episcopate to inaugurate the new undertaking. It is not generally known that the beginning of Newman's régime was disturbed by a keen personal disappointment. Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives the authentic details of the appointment of the new rector as a bishop *in partibus*, and of his having been presented, in anticipation of the auspicious event, with a full set of episcopal *insignia* by the Duke of Norfolk, Mr. Hope Scott, Mr. Monsell, and Mrs. Bowden. The Brief, however, although duly made out, was never expedited, owing to the opposition of Archbishop Cullen and the Irish bishops, who felt that their *amour propre* was touched by the interference in such matters of Cardinal Wiseman, who had, off his own bat—to use a colloquial phrase,—petitioned the Pope for the honor; deeming, with the best possible intention, that episcopal rank would add *éclat* to the position of the new rector.

Newman made a tour of Ireland in February and March, 1854, in the interest of the University, but met with a series of disappointments, regarding which

he writes: "All men almost tell me with one voice that nowhere in all Ireland are the youths to be found who are to fill it." He strikes a more personal note in a letter to Mrs. Froude: "The Pope is taking my part,—i. e., he is making me a bishop. But, between ourselves, the great difficulty is that, what with emigration, campaigning, ruin of families, and the *μικροψυχία* [pusillanimity] induced by centuries of oppression, there seems no class to afford members for a University; and, next, there is a deep *general impression* that this is the case, which is nearly as hopeless a circumstance as the case itself, supposing that case to be a fact."

Among those who declined to add their names as supporters of the new University were Lords Kenmare, Castellosse, and Fingal; also O'Hagan, Fitzgerald, and many lawyers. A fair number were inclined to favor it simply as an engine to oppose the Queen's Colleges, but very few seemed to take the project seriously. Matters were further complicated by Archbishop Cullen's rooted aversion to giving any control to the lay staff. No wonder Newman regarded the work with which he was entrusted as "that of raising the dead."

One pleasing incident of his tour in February, 1854, was his visit to Limerick, where the Bishop gave in his honor a banquet, in the course of which his Lordship of Limerick announced to the guests that he appointed Newman "vicar-general of the diocese,"—an announcement that was received with "thunders of applause," followed by "Songs of '98." Another incident was the amusing mistake of being driven by a Kilkenny jarvey to the palace of the Protestant bishop of Ossory instead of to that of the Catholic bishop; and of the pleasant suggestion made to him at Carlow by Bishop Haly, of Kildare and Leighlin, that the carman mistook Newman for a parson by reason of the fact that he wore a shepherd's plaid coverlet over his shoulder.

On Whit-Sunday, June 4, 1854, Newman made his profession of faith as rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, in Marlborough Street pro-cathedral, and was formally installed as such by the assembled Irish prelates. There was a crowded congregation, and Archbishop Cullen spoke most touchingly of the virtues and learning of the new rector. Pending the acquisition of a house of permanent residence, Newman at first took up quarters as a boarder in the Rev. Dr. Quinn's house, known as St. Mary's, 16 and 17 Harcourt Street, Dublin; but after a short time he moved to No. 6 Harcourt Street, owned by Mrs. Segrave.

The actual first date of the admission of students to the Catholic University classes was November 3, 1854, and Newman thus describes the situation: "We are doing well here. Our inaugural lectures are telling. We began with seventeen youths in lecture: we have risen in the course of time to twenty-seven. We begin next term with thirty-three certain. I have eight in my house,—two English, two Irish, two French, and two Scotch."

Meantime the suggestion of an Oratory foundation was found to be impracticable, and so the project of a University church took shape, for which Dr. Moriarty drew up a list of University preachers. Newman intended that the University church should be available for "University formal acts,—for degree-giving, for solemn lectures and addresses such as those usual at the opening and closing of the academic year." Although Archbishop Cullen opposed the project, mainly on the score that the lease of the house and grounds had only forty years to run, Newman determined to purchase the lease and erect a church, and engaged the services of J. H. Pollen as architect. He himself writes: "I had devoted the Achilli money in scholarships. I now determined to spend it on the church. I got acquainted with Mr. Pollen, pro-

fessor of the Fine Arts, and I employed him as my architect, or rather decorator; for my idea was to build a large barn, and decorate it in the style of a basilica, with Irish marbles and copies of standard pictures. I set about the building at once, and it was solemnly opened (by Archbishop Cullen) on May 1, 1856." In order that the musical services might be carried out in fitting style, Newman appointed a distinguished Irish musician, Mr. Thomas H. MacDermott, as director of music and organist. In a burst of enthusiasm, the great Oratorian pronounced the University church as "the most beautiful one in the three Kingdoms"; and in it he preached those admirable discourses published subsequently as "Occasional Sermons."

One of the points on which Newman had insisted from the beginning was the selection of a suitable staff of professors, especially in regard to the offices of vice rector, deans, and tutors; but Archbishop Cullen and the bishops made their own selections, appointing Dr. Leahy as vice rector, Dr. Flannery as dean, and Dr. Taylor as secretary. Moreover, Archbishop Cullen declined to sanction the appointment of Thomas Arnold (brother of Matthew Arnold) as professor of literature, and of John Edward Pigot (son of Chief Baron Pigot) as professor of law; and he unwillingly approved of the selection of Robert Ornsby and James Stewart for the chairs of Greek and Latin literature and of Greek and Latin languages respectively. Dr. Cullen writes thus to Newman on January 12, 1855: "I trust you will make every exertion to keep the University free from all Young Irelandism, of which the spirit is so evident in the Nation."

Originally, Newman wished to have Dr. (afterward Cardinal) Manning as vice rector, but the Irish bishops objected. He then invited Ward, Wilberforce, Northcote, and Healy Thompson to assist, but each had some excuse. The original staff of November, 1854, is distinctly to

Newman's credit; and the names of the Rev. Dr. Leahy, the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, S. J.; David B. Dunne, D. D.; Denis Florence MacCarthy, Eugène O'Curry, John O'Hagan, Aubrey de Vere, T. W. Allies, J. H. Pollen, Edward Butler, Le Page Renouf, Marani, Ornsby, Robertson, and Stewart were such as would adorn any institution. A year later, the selection of a medical staff like Cregan, Hayden, O'Reilly, Lyons, Tyrrell, Quinlan, and Ellis, was very happy, — MacDermott, MacSwiney, and Sullivan being added in 1856. The medical school in Cecilia Street was purchased by Newman in 1856 (on the advice of Dr. W. K. Sullivan), and a chemical laboratory was fitted up; but he also projected a college of science and an astronomical observatory. It is worth noting that one of the four public examiners of November, 1855—namely, Professor Morgan Crofton, F. R. S.,—is still living; while the present Archbishop of Dublin won an exhibition in 1856.

According to his own memorandum on the principal objects which Newman endeavored to accomplish in Ireland, the medical school, the *Catholic University Gazette*, and the special encouragement of Celtic literature were dear to his heart. Eugene O'Curry was consulted as to Celtic studies; and Newman regarded O'Curry's work as "one of the real achievements of the University," pronouncing his published volumes "acquisitions which would, to all appearance, have been lost to the world but for the University." Newman even went to the expense of a special font of Irish type to print O'Curry's lectures. It may be added that it was in the pages of the *Catholic University Gazette* Newman's "Idea of a University" first appeared.

Perhaps the most serious problem of all was how to secure State recognition for the new University. Dr. Newman favored the Louvain model, more especially as in the Papal Brief the Irish University was to be modelled after Louvain; and, while theological degrees would be recognized

by Rome, the other degrees could be gained by obtaining a charter, and thus the degrees in arts, medicine, and law might be had at the Queen's University. To the last, Newman held that the failure of the University was due to the lack of a charter and of State recognition. Added to this was undoubtedly the perpetual misunderstanding between Newman and the bishops.

From Newman's correspondence we learn that even as early as 1856 he contemplated resigning his appointment as rector. And yet, feeling that under existing conditions success was morally impossible, he did his best to make the University a success. Archbishop Cullen's concept was that of a seminary, while Newman's was that of a real university, in which, while theology would get first place, science and literature would be developed on right lines. Mr. Wilfrid Ward sums up this divergence of views very ably: "Speaking broadly, Dr. Cullen seems to have aimed at the exclusion of all that was dangerous in modern thought; Newman, rather at such mental and moral training as would enable Catholics to face dangers which were in the long run inevitable." In a word, Newman's aim, as explicitly set forth in his "Idea of a University," was that a university should be "a place to fit men of the world for the world."

Although Newman resigned his office on November 14, 1857, he continued the post—mostly as a non-resident—till the close of the following year. This decision was mainly due to the urgent and unanimous recall of their Father Superior by the Oratorians of Birmingham. At the same time, if he were allowed to be a non-resident, and with liberty to name a vice rector, he was inclined to remain in his post for a while longer. His last official act in April, 1858, was to open evening classes for the benefit of those who were engaged in business during the day.

In January, 1858, appeared the first

number of *The Atlantis*, a half-yearly register of literature and science. To this Newman contributed an article on "The Benedictine Centuries" (January, 1859), and he also published his "Callista." Dr. Leahy's promotion to the Archbishopric of Cashel rendered vacant the post of vice rector, and the bishops appointed the Rev. Dr. Kelly, of Maynooth College, as his successor; but that distinguished ecclesiastic died on October 30, 1858, before entering upon the duties. The bishops then gave the vice rectorship to the Very Rev. James Gartlan, D. D., rector of the Irish College, Salamanca, who came to Dublin early in 1859. The Rev. W. H. Anderdon was appointed Dean of St. Mary's (Harcourt Street), and the Rev. A. O'Loughlin was appointed Dean of St. Patrick's (St. Stephen's Green); while Mr. A. H. Keane was made tutor in St. Patrick's.

Newman returned to Ireland for the last time at the close of October, 1858; and on November 3 he gave his farewell lecture as rector of the Catholic University, in the school of medicine, Cecilia Street. On the following day he left Dublin, and on November 12 he forwarded the bishops his final resignation,—being exactly seven years since he first accepted the post. Early in February, 1859, he wrote to his friend, Professor Ormsby, in a somewhat prophetic strain: "When I am gone, something may come of what I have done at Dublin. And since I hope I did what I did, not for the sake of men, not for the sake of the Irish hierarchy, not even for the Pope's praise, but for the sake of God's Church and God's glory, I have nothing to regret, and nothing to desire different from what is." It is only fair to mention that the incompatibility of views between Newman and Archbishop Cullen did not prevent a genuine regard for each other. Even though the Archbishop had been chiefly instrumental in preventing Newman's being made a bishop, the great Oratorian thus wrote in his notebook: "Dr. Cullen, to my great

joy, put a spoke in the wheel—for which he is my great benefactor."

By way of epilogue may be mentioned the controversy between Newman and Dr. Healy, in 1883, as to the extent of the inspiration of Holy Scripture. This incident is strangely omitted in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's two volumes, and no apology is needed for referring to it. The circumstances belong to the domain of Biblical Criticism; and it is here apropos merely to note that, though at the time the Cardinal scarcely disguised his resentment at Dr. Healy's strictures in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, yet, on the occasion of Dr. Healy's consecration as coadjutor-bishop of Clonfert, the illustrious Oratorian presented his critic with a magnificent copy of the "Cereemoniale Episcoporum," accompanied by a very graceful letter. Archbishop Healy describes this incident as illustrating Newman's "nobility of nature."

Restoration.

BY E. B. GRIMES.

HOW prone, O Lord, are we to feel,
When all affairs of life go well,
That we alone are shaping them,
And in our pride delight to dwell!

At times like these, forgetful, we
Oft wander from Thy narrow way,
And ere we are aware we find—
Conceit hath lured us far astray.

With failure frowning on our plans,
We pause, affrighted and forlorn;
Without resource, within, ourselves;
Dejected, weakened, weary, worn.

'Tis then we humbly turn to Thee,
Appealing to Thy throne above;
Lo, there revealed to us anew
Are Thy redeeming power and love!

And, oh, what comfort 'tis to know
Thou art forgiving as of yore,—
Yea, more than willing to receive
Our sinful, saddened selves once more!

Lucia.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

I.



H, how beautiful,—how divinely beautiful!" Lucia Waldron whispered to herself, as she came out of the shaded woodland path she had been following to the knoll that was her objective point, on account of the wide view it commanded.

It was an enchanting view indeed, bathed just now in a glorious flood of level light; for the sun was dropping into a sea of gold, above a range of distant mountains that, robed in tints of celestial azure, were outlined against the western sky. Nearer at hand, great verdure-clad heights stood, wrapped in repose as in a mantle; while far below, a green valley, to which the hill sloped steeply down, looked the very home and abode of peace. The whole wide scene, flooded with sunset glory, breathed the serene, solemn enchantment of the everlasting hills, which has such power to lift up the soul of man; and every breath of air was filled with the evening incense of the woods, the aroma of a myriad growing things.

The girl's eager gaze was sweeping the distant picture, as she emerged from the shadowing forest, and so for an instant she did not observe that she was not alone on the knoll. Then her glance fell on a human figure in the immediate foreground of the scene,—a man, kneeling beside a tree near the point where the height sloped downward, and gazing out over the wide prospect toward the sinking sun. His back was to her; and, aware that he had not heard her approach, she paused, struck with surprise by his attitude and the absorption of his air. "Can he be praying?" she wondered, remembering how often she herself at this place and hour had lifted her heart to the Creator of the marvellous beauty outspread before her. But the next

moment she perceived that he was not praying. As the rim of the sun touched the line of the distant mountains, he lifted his hand, something flashed in the level rays of light, and she saw that he was holding a pistol to his head.

Instinctively, without an instant's delay, she darted forward, and knocked the pistol from the hand that held it, while she cried out in accents of horrified reproach:

"How dare you!—oh, how dare you!"

The man sprang to his feet, and turned upon her, white with indignant anger.

"How dare *you* interfere with me?" he demanded. "Where do you come from, and what are you doing here?"

"I have as much right to be here as you have," she answered. "And I suppose your guardian angel brought me just at this minute,—for you were about to kill yourself. You can't deny it."

"There's no reason why I should deny it," he said defiantly. "It is no business of yours."

"It *is* my business,—it would be the business of any Christian to try to save you from so terrible a crime!" she returned. "Don't you know that if I hadn't knocked *that* out of your hand" (she pointed to the pistol lying some distance away on the ground) "you would now be facing the judgment of God for the murder of your soul as well as of your body?"

"No, I don't know anything of the kind," he retorted. "And you don't know it either. Nobody knows what follows death; but the natural inference is that nothing follows it, that we simply go out of existence altogether."

"You are foolish enough to believe that?" The scorn of her tone was scathing. "How little you must know of the history of the human race if you don't know that the presumption—to put it only that way—is all on the side of continued life after death! But what a coward's refuge suicide is! Why haven't you strength enough in your soul

to stand up and face life and take it as it comes?"

The man smiled a little grimly. He was facing her, as he leaned back against the tree by which he had been kneeling; and she noticed that he drew up his eyes as if trying to focus their sight, as he gazed at her. She saw now that he was quite a young man, though his thin, fine-drawn face showed lines that should not have belonged to youth,—lines that evidently came from the wear of a too eager spirit upon the flesh.

"You are enormously confident," he observed, "as well as confoundedly interfering. And you've spoiled the dramatic moment I had so carefully arranged. The sun has gone" (the last rim of the glittering disk had, indeed, vanished below the mountain line, which was now edged with vivid gold), "and I had meant to go with it. Really I wish you had been five minutes later in arriving on the scene!"

"Can't I make you realize that if I had been you would now be dead—and—"

"Damned? But, you see, I don't believe anything of the kind."

"What has your belief to do with it?" She stamped her foot with exasperation. "You might say that you don't believe that the sun which has just disappeared is still in existence, but it would be, all the same."

"Oh, I grant that belief hasn't any effect in changing facts!" he said. "It's about the existence of the facts that we differ. Suppose we compare our views a little? You owe me that much for interfering, and forcing me to defer shuffling off this mortal coil."

She turned pale as she looked at him.

"Do you mean that you are still determined to kill yourself?" she asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Did you suppose that you had stopped my doing so more than temporarily?" he queried in turn.

Without replying, she went, picked up the pistol lying on the ground, and slipped it into her belt.

"At least you won't kill yourself with this," she said; "for I shall not give it back to you."

"Your methods are as high-handed as your utterances," he told her. "Of course I could take the pistol from you if I liked, but I'm not dependent on that particular weapon to help me out of the world. Let us sit down" (he suited the action to the word by quietly dropping on the ground) "and converse for a few minutes. There's a very fine sunset yonder, is there not?"

"Don't you see that there is?" she inquired.

He shook his head.

"No," he replied. "I'm sorry to say that I don't see much of anything. I"—he paused a moment—"I am going blind."

"Oh!" Comprehension flashed upon Lúcia. "Was that why you were going to kill yourself?" she asked quickly.

"That is why I *am* going to kill myself," he corrected her.

"Because you haven't courage to endure life without sight?"

"If you like to put it that way. Because I don't choose to endure life without sight, is the way I should put it."

"You poor man!" Her voice was full of compassion, as she sat down on the ground beside him. But at the tone he stirred impatiently, and threw up his head with a restive movement.

"Drop that!" he said brusquely. "You may scold as much as you like—you've been scolding pretty severely, you know,—but you mustn't try pitying me. I can't and I won't stand pity!"

"Very well." Her tone became caustic again, though the pity he refused shone in the eyes she turned on him. "I'll just explain, then, why I am sorry for you. It is not altogether, nor even chiefly, because you are threatened with blindness. Many people have to bear that cross, and God would not send it to you if it were not to serve a purpose for the good of your soul. But I am sorry for you because you are

going to throw away your life, with all its possibilities, and spend eternity in regretting it."

"You are the most positive person in your assertions that I've ever encountered," he said. "In the first place, if blindness is to overtake me, my life hasn't any possibilities—"

"It has the great possibility of fighting the good fight, and saving your soul in the end."

"And, secondly, eternity, especially an eternity of punishment, is for me an unthinkable thing."

"You have come very close to finding out how unthinkable it is," she said with sarcasm that was not without a shade of awe. "You are sitting here now, in the light and the sweet air; but if I had been a moment later—"

Her voice broke. For the first time she was overcome by a realization of the tragedy that had been so narrowly averted, and something like a sob reached his ear.

"Oh, if I had been a moment later," she repeated, "into what eternal darkness you would have entered!"

"Look here!" he said abruptly. "I should like to know why you are so certain of these things. What is your religion?"

"I am a Catholic."

"I might have guessed it. You are the only people who have any positive convictions in these days. But, you see, I'm not a Catholic."

"That's quite plain," she informed him. "If you were a Catholic, you would not think that life was yours to throw away when you found it distasteful; but you would know that it is a gift of God, to be held and used for high purposes as long as He leaves it to you."

"Even under blindness? Have you any idea of what blindness is? Do you know that I am barely thirty years old, and I am told that there is no hope for me,—that in a short time I shall have to live, if I live at all, in perpetual darkness;

that I can never again look on the beauty of earth and sky or of a woman's face,—I, who love beauty so passionately? I can never read another book; I shall be dependent upon others for everything. I—but why do I talk of it? My mind is made up: I will not endure life under such conditions; and if you hadn't interfered a little while ago, I should be out of it now."

"Yes, you would be out of it," she agreed. "But doesn't the fact that I did interfere, that I was brought here, with hardly a second to spare, in time to dash the pistol out of your hand, suggest anything to you? To me it suggests the mercy of God, and that you are reserved for a better fate than that of a suicide. Tell me, are you *certain* that you are doomed to blindness?"

"I am quite certain," he answered calmly. "I have consulted the most eminent oculists, both here and abroad, and they all agree that the optic nerve is hopelessly affected. I haven't accepted my fate without a struggle, I assure you. I have gone everywhere, seen everybody, done everything possible. But at last, when I knew that I had only a little time longer of even partial sight remaining, I left my friends and relatives—their pity had grown intolerable,—and came off alone to this remote place, to do the only thing that remained for me. I've been staying at a farmhouse down there" (he nodded toward the valley below) "and quietly making my arrangements. Some time since, I selected this place as the spot where I would end my life. I can still see the sun as it goes down, and I decided that while I could still see it, I would go down into darkness with it. Somehow, I could not kill myself while the sun was shining,—I had always loved light too much. So I climbed up here this afternoon, made everything ready, and intended to pull the trigger when the last rim of the sun disappeared, and then—well, then you came."

"And now you will never do it!" she

said confidently. "I am perfectly sure of that. I am sure that I was not sent at that exact moment without a purpose."

"And what," he inquired sceptically, "do you take the purpose to be?"

She did not answer immediately; but suddenly her eyes grew strangely bright, as they gazed steadily into his, — so steadily that he found himself wondering what she could be thinking. But how far he was from imagining what this was her next words told him.

"You say that all the doctors you have consulted have failed to cure the disease of your optic nerve, that you have no longer hope of any help from them," she said in a quick, vibrating tone. "Well, 'man's extremity is God's opportunity.' Have you ever thought of being cured by a miracle?"

It was his turn to stare, as if he thought her mad.

"Are you laughing at me?" he asked.

"Laughing! Oh, you poor man—I *will* call you a poor man,—have you never heard of miracles?"

"Just as I have heard of fairy-tales, yes."

"Do you consider the miracles of the Gospels fairy-tales?"

"I don't know. God only knows what they were, if they really were at all. Anyhow, what took place in Palestine two thousand years ago doesn't very much concern me here and now."

"The divine power that worked the miracles in Palestine can work them here and now," she told him. "As a matter of fact, miracles have never ceased in the Church of God. You smile at that, I see! But have you never heard of Lourdes?"

"The place where cures are sometimes wrought by mental suggestion and called miracles, isn't it?"

"You are a little more polite than the Jews who ascribed Our Lord's miracles to Beelzebub; but your meaning is much the same, except that the Jews didn't deny that the miracles had been wrought.

Well, I want to suggest that you go to Lourdes, and see what mental suggestion can do for you."

"To Lourdes!" He burst into laughter. "I go to Lourdes — in hope of a miracle! How utterly absurd!"

"Is it more absurd than what you were about to do a few minutes ago?" she inquired crisply. "You were going then on a journey from which there was no return, and where your destination was absolutely unknown to you. There was no help or cure in what you promised yourself — only the hopeless refuge of despair, as you followed the sun into darkness. But I am offering you hope if you go to Lourdes; for no one ever went there with the right spirit and came away unhelped."

Her tone more than her words arrested his attention. He ceased to laugh, — indeed, the laughter died on his lips when she spoke of the journey of despair on which he had so nearly set out. And now the eyes from which the light was going fast, turned wistfully toward her.

"You say that no one ever came away unhelped who went there with the right spirit," he observed. "But how could a man without faith have such a spirit?"

"He could have it by recognizing his ignorance and need of light," she replied. "Faith is a gift of God, and it might be given to you — oh, go to Lourdes!" she broke off entreatingly. "Do go to Lourdes! Go and tell Our Lady that you are a poor sinner, but that, if she will restore your sight, you will not again offend God by the use of your eyes; and that you will open your mind to the light of faith. She may have compassion and help you, if you throw yourself on her pity like a child."

"How extraordinary!" The man stared with all the sight left in his eyes at the face so near his own, — the face on which the glow of the sunset radiance fell, bringing out all its vivid expressiveness. "I've never seen anybody before with faith like yours," he said. "I didn't think there

was anybody in the world now who believed such things."

"Go to Lourdes and you will see a myriad who believe them," she answered. "And you will see much more than that,—you will see faith in action."

"I must soon go if I am to see anything at all," he said.

"Then don't delay! I take for granted" (her glance swept him) "that you are not a poor man."

"On the contrary, I have more money than I can easily spend."

"In that case, there will be no excuse for you if you fail to take the only road that offers you hope. And while you go to Lourdes I will pray to Our Lady of Light for you."

"Our Lady of Light!" he repeated. "What a lovely title! When you are about to lose light, you realize that there is nothing else on earth like it, that it is the supreme gift and blessing of life. And to lose it—to lose it forever,—to spend one's life wrapped in darkness, while the sun still shines for others!" He shuddered, as he gazed out over the wide, beautiful prospect to the rose-and-gold splendors of the sunset sky, and the violet mountains below it. "I will never endure it," he added passionately. "I will kill myself before the final darkness falls. You may be certain of that."

"I am certain that you will do nothing of the kind," she said confidently. "Our Lady of Light will hold the darkness, and the forces of darkness, at bay. I have always had a special devotion to Her under that title because I am called Lucia, which is light, you know."

"You are called Lucia! And you came—"

"To keep you in the light—to save you from the eternal darkness to which you were bound. Oh, don't let me have saved you in vain! Promise me that you will go to Lourdes!"

"And if I go, will you pray for me,—you who believe in prayer?"

"I will pray for you," she assured him; "and especially I will pray that you may come to believe in prayer yourself. But you will believe when you go to Lourdes. You will kneel down—not as you were kneeling when I came upon you, with despair in your heart,—and you will have faith enough to cry like the blind man in the Gospel, 'Lord, that I may see!' And, if it is for the good of your soul, you will see."

"You speak with wonderful confidence!" he said. "It's as if you were weaving spells about me. I don't know why I listen to such mystical folly!"

"You listen because it isn't folly, and your own heart tells you so. And you'll listen further while I repeat for you a little prayer I've always loved, to Our Lady of Light."

Then in tones he never forgot, so soft and thrilling were they, she repeated the brief prayer of which she spoke; and when she finished, the man for whom the light was failing drew from his pocket a notebook and pencil, and, thrusting them into her hands, said:

"Write it down, please, together with your name and address."

In the sunset radiance, still bright on this high point, she wrote the prayer for him; and, having added her name, returned the book, saying:

"I have given you my home address; for although I am now staying at the hotel on the summit behind us, I shall leave there to-morrow. I came this evening for my last sunset view to this place I have discovered, and I shall always be grateful for having come—if you will promise—"

"I promise that I will not kill myself here," he said, as she paused. "It would be a desecration now."

"You will never kill yourself anywhere," she once more told him confidently. "I am so certain of it that I was about to ask you again to give me your promise that you will go to Lourdes."

They had risen together, and he stood looking at her with a smile which gave an entirely new aspect to his face, and for the moment wiped out its strained expression.

"Yes, I will go—as well to Lourdes as anywhere else—for the sake of the lady of light who has brought me, if not hope, at least fresh courage," he answered, as he held out his hand. "And now I must not keep you longer, since even for those who can see it will soon be dark in the woods."

She knew this,—had known it for some time, but dreaded to go and leave him alone. So, as she laid her hand in his, she asked anxiously:

"How are you going to get down to your farmhouse below?"

"There is a boy who is to come and help me down the path,—I hear him coming now. He has been here for me before, but I thought that this time he would find—"

"What neither he nor any one else will ever find," she interrupted quickly. Then, as the boy's head appeared over the edge of the hill, "Good-bye," she said softly, "and may God be with you on your journey!"

She lifted her hand, in the sunset glow he saw her make a rapid sign in the air before his eyes, and the next moment she was gone.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE survival of old beliefs in England is an interesting study. In Chichester and its environs, people still bake a special loaf of new wheat on the last day of July, although the reason of the old custom is forgotten. It was originally the offering for Lammas Day, August 1, when a "Harvest Mass" was said, and farmers and tillers brought huge loaves of bread to be blessed. English country folk still call this date Lammas Day, unconscious that the words are a contraction of "Loaf Mass."

A Grateful Ghost.

IT has been remarked by one of the most acute students of supernatural occurrences that what is wanted for their due investigation is a plain statement of facts in regard to the same,—facts set forth in simplest language, with the details given on indisputably reliable authority. The following account of an apparition is related in the "Memoirs" of Count de Falloux. The proofs of its genuineness are such as to warrant its being classed among ghost stories that are true. The sneers of the cynical and the scoffs of the unbelieving most certainly can not alter facts; and in this case the testimony is not to be rejected as the result of an overwrought brain, imagination or fancy. The sudden and complete change in the life of the one to whom the ghost appeared shows there could have been no doubt in his mind as to the reality of the apparition.

Prince Lubomirski, one of the most learned men of his time, who was known as the "Solomon of Poland," had denied the existence of God and of the human soul, in order, it would seem, that he might justify the utterly worldly life that he was leading. He had even begun to write a work in the endeavor to prove that there is no God, and that the immortality of the soul is a delusion. He spent many a night at his desk, devoting long hours to his evil work.

One day, when he was especially tired, and dissatisfied with the progress of his book, he extended his daily promenade beyond its usual limits. Meeting an old woman who was loading a donkey-cart with dried leaves and dead branches, he greeted her with the question:

"Haven't you any other way of making a living?"

"Alas! no, my lord," was the reply. "My husband was the sole support of our whole family. I have had the misfortune to lose him by death, and am not able to do anything else."

"Here," said he, throwing her several gold pieces. "This will relieve your present necessities."

The Prince then continued his walk, paying no attention whatever to the blessings showered upon him by the grateful old woman.

The next evening, while he was writing away with great energy, he happened to look up from his manuscript and saw a peasant standing motionless just opposite his desk.

"What are you doing here unannounced?" exclaimed the Prince, in great indignation. "Who gave you permission to come in here at all?"

Ringling his bell violently, he soon had his servants about him, and scolded them soundly for allowing a stranger to enter his study without first asking whether or not he would see any one. In the meantime the peasant had disappeared. The servants all protested that they not only had not admitted any one, but had not even seen any stranger go in or out of the Prince's apartment; so the intrusion remained inexplicable.

On the following evening, at the same hour, the same silent and immovable peasant was again discovered by the Prince, looking fixedly at him with something of sorrow in his glance.

Prince Lubomirski was startled, but he was no coward, and this time he called nobody. Throwing down his pen, he arose and walked straight up to the figure.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "whoever or whatever you are, I want to know your business in my room! What are you here for?"

"I am," replied the peasant, "the husband of the poor woman whom you befriended two days ago. I have asked God to allow me to repay your kindness by these words only: *the soul is immortal!*"

The apparition vanished on the instant. The Prince hastily summoned his family about him, and in their presence tore up the manuscript upon which he had so long been engaged. Thereafter his life

was as religious and edifying as it had formerly been impious and dissipated.

The torn pages of the unfinished manuscript are still in existence, and the priest who preached the funeral sermon of Lubomirski in the cathedral of Varsovia declared that he had heard this narrative from the Prince's own lips.

Scotland's First Martyr.

SCOTLAND'S first martyr is said to have been St. Constantine, who lived in the sixth century. He was married to a beautiful woman, a daughter of the King of Brittany, and reigned as king over Cornwall and the southwest of England. Soon after his marriage his wife died, and Constantine was so affected by his loss that he resigned his crown and bade farewell to his people. Ireland, by this time, was becoming noted for its monastic schools. Thither the King journeyed; and, subsequently, he entered a monastery, without mentioning who he was or whence he came. He was noted for his humility and piety, and for seven years he ground the corn for the community.

Once, as he sat in the granary working the rude stone quern with his hands and thinking himself alone, he said aloud: "Am I Constantine of Cornwall, who once wore helm and shield and ruled a kingdom?" It chanced that one of the brethren overheard the words and reported them to the abbot, who questioned Constantine. The King confessed that he had once occupied a throne, and the abbot set about having him instructed in theology. At the end of some time he was ordained priest, and crossed over to Scotland, where, tradition says, he met with St. Columba, and was sent to preach the Faith in Galloway.

When very old, Constantine undertook a mission in Cantire, and died a martyr at the hands of a body of infidels. The abbey over which he presided for many years was on the banks of the Clyde, near the present city of Glasgow.

Welcome Words.

SOMETIMES, we must own, we can not help regarding some of the tributes paid by non-Catholics to the Church, especially when the panegyrist is what may be termed a statesman, somewhat in the light of Greek gifts. And the giving up of prejudice, even for a purpose that looks office-wards, does not cease to be ignoble bartering. Happily, however, the spuriousness of such gifts is easily detected: call it a hollow ring, dust-throwing, or by what term you please, the counterfeit presentment of genuine broad-mindedness and large-heartedness is easily recognizable.

It is a pleasure and a relief, accordingly, to recognize the genuine thing; and a felicitous case in point is a recent utterance of the former Governor of Michigan, the Hon. Chase Osborne. The sincere words of this gentleman are welcome, spoken as they were before such a body as the Detroit Chamber of Commerce, an organization whose membership is prevailingly Protestant. They are timely, too, being, as the speaker intended, a warning to those bigots of every degree who have started in various parts of the country an anti-Catholic crusade. This is, in part, what Mr. Osborne said:

I am sorry that in our day, in this country especially, there are men who would apply the religious test in our public life, and drag religion into politics. There are men we all know who would stir up hatred and strife between Catholic and Protestant. I am sorry to find that it is being reflected in a great many portions of the United States. Now, I am not going to make a plea for or a defence of the Roman Catholic Church,—it can take care of itself. But I am going to warn those Protestants that worry themselves into an anti-Catholic frame of mind. They will do themselves and their country and Protestantism more harm than they will the Catholic Church. No one ever does an unjust thing without being made unjust. No one ever cherishes hatred without embittering his own life.

Sometimes I think the word "Protestant" is an anachronism. The things that were pro-

tested against do not exist to-day. Catholics are doing their duty in time of peace, and have done it bravely in time of war. Some of my very best and most intimate personal friends are Catholics, and so are some of yours. This country is big enough for us all. The Catholic clergy are doing a great work in staying the march of red Socialism.

If we are to remain Catholic and Protestant in this country—and it looks as though we were, because reformers are not making much headway,—let it be a competition as to which will do the most for mankind, and not as to which shall do the worst. There is no Christian spirit nor Christianity in hatred, malice, or intolerance, either on the part of Catholic or Protestant.

I believe in the recall of Christian intolerance and fanaticism; of carelessness and recreancy and heedlessness in citizenship; duty-dodging in all directions; passion and ignorance in society; immunity and injustice in industrialism, and all the vices that dam the rivers of love in our hearts and souls. It is yours to build, especially for industrial peace, industrial justice, industrial fraternity, and love and tolerance.

Only on one point should we venture to disagree with so whole-hearted a gentleman. "The things that were protested against" *do* exist to-day, and are the very springs from which all that is noble in Catholic service to country flow. On this particular point another State governor got, to our mind, a little closer to the truth. Governor Marshall once said at a public meeting, "All my life I've been a Protestant, but to save my life I don't know what I've been protesting against." A great many other Protestants might say the same. If anything has ceased to exist, it is Protestantism: bigotry is its corpse.

Of course Mr. Osborne was not referring to the intolerance of truth. A man so intelligent as he must know that truth can never be otherwise than intolerant of error. The religion that is true can not possibly have the element of untruth in it, nor can it ever fail to do the most for mankind. Appearances are proverbially deceptive. If real reform were not in progress, our country and the rest of the world with it would be going backwards instead of forwards.

Notes and Remarks.

Everyone now realizes what an inestimable service Pius X. rendered to the Church by the firm stand he took against Modernism, destroying it root and branch. Never was an evil tendency more promptly and effectively combated. In almost every tribute to the lamented Pontiff that we have seen reference is made to this service of his. Even non-Catholics admit that in doing what he did he safeguarded the Church's office as the guardian and authoritative teacher of revealed truth, lamenting the fact that there is no power to check the growth of Modernism in other Christian denominations. But no one within or without the Fold has described the effect of Pius X.'s memorable encyclical more happily than Mr. G. K. Chesterton in saying: "He killed the huge heresy that two heads are better than one—when they grow on the same neck. He killed the pragmatist idea of eating a cake and having it. He left people to agree with his creed or disagree with it, but not free to misrepresent it."

Frenzy would be a better word than bravery to describe the conduct of which one nowadays hears so much. Soldiers of the armies contending against each other in Europe, who "fought like demons," "performed prodigies of valor," and "covered themselves with glory" on the battlefield, acted in many cases like the veriest cowards when brought to the hospitals to have their wounds dressed. Not a few of these heroes blubbered like babies when unavoidable pain was being inflicted upon them, and shrivelled with fear on learning that their lives were despaired of. They could face batteries and bayonets, but not Death. The surgeons and nurses attending these victims of a war the like of which the world has never known are the real heroes of it. In numerous instances they calmly

continued their ministrations even while shells were bursting near them, and a number were killed at their posts. Four Sisters were thus sacrificed at the same moment in Belgium. Bravery is beautiful, of course; but there would be far less regard for the kind which the world values most if the world were Christian enough to value justice and peace more than it does.

So little is generally known as yet about the personal characteristics of the new Pope that any contribution to our scant information is welcome. A writer in the *Westminster Gazette*, who made the acquaintance of Benedict XV. twenty years ago and has had many conversations with him since then, tells us that he is "dark-complexioned, with a firm mouth, square forehead, keen, lustrous, brown eyes which miss nothing; about the ordinary standard in height, and moves and walks with great dignity. There is nothing slipshod about him in style or dress or work. . . . The present Pope is first and foremost a thoughtful and highly gifted man of affairs, without prejudices, but a man who knows his own mind. His marvellous memory and rare gift of sifting grain from chaff, his charm of manner and melodious voice, his powers of literary expression and of marshalling facts and arranging them in order of relative value, have always impressed those who have had dealings with him in Madrid, Rome, or Bologna. To these must be added a dislike of vulgar display or publicity, a love of art and music, a genuine simplicity of life, a devotion to the interests and work of the Church which is untiring, a zeal and industry which exact from others service not less laborious than the standard which he rigorously imposes upon himself. . . . A student of human nature and a constructive statesman of power, he can yet adapt himself easily to a fresh environment. During his six years of work at Bologna he was immersed in diocesan

detail, and won the hearts of his clergy and people by his ready sympathy with the poor and suffering, by his judicial fairness, and by his constant and perpetual wish to improve the social conditions of his flock."

In a recent editorial in which were quoted some words of the Very Rev. Dr. Charles Craik, dean of Christ Church Cathedral, Louisville, Ky., we referred to him as a non-Catholic. He is not pleased at this, and has taken the trouble to inform us that he is "a Catholic and not a Protestant churchman." We are sorry to have offended so amiable a person as Dr. Craik's letter shows him to be; but, in view of the fact that Protestant Episcopal is the self-chosen, official, and generally employed designation of the religious body to which he belongs and of which he is a minister, we fail to see why he should object to our using it.

In a printed sermon of Dr. Craik's accompanying his letter we find these words: "I boldly state, because I firmly believe, that by retaining the Protestant name, by placing ourselves in the ranks of Protestants, under the Protestant banner, we have shared in the weakness of Protestantism, we have surrendered our birthright, we have denied our Catholic and Apostolic heritage. . . . The things which we know to be true of the Church, both as to its historic life and doctrines, both as to its ministry and its sacraments, we have proclaimed with half-hearted conviction, and with a half-apology for claiming and teaching them." And yet Dr. Craik claims that his denomination 'has the Catholic faith and the Catholic religion,' and he wants us to call him a Catholic!

The anti-Christian government of France protesting before the world against the "barbarity of Germany" in demolishing cathedrals and burning libraries is a subject for the satirist. The hypocrites that have been engaged for years in up-

rooting religion and destroying Christian civilization in their own country! Whatever may be said against the Kaiser, he has repeatedly shown himself the patron of those whom the French government was persecuting, and the protector of what it was bent on destroying. His regret for ruin wrought at Louvain and Rheims is probably quite as sincere as that of his official enemies in France, who find no excuse for his doing what they would do themselves, and without any hesitation, if they were in his place. In the German army, be it known, priests serve as chaplains or with the ambulance corps: in France they are forced to bear arms and to fight like common soldiers.

Only those who are in a frame of mind which prevents them from doing the Emperor of Germany the slightest justice will deny that he has made great personal sacrifices in the cause, call it just or unjust, which now engages him. He and his sons have been with the army from the moment the war began. The heads of the French government, on the contrary, fled to Bordeaux as soon as a siege of Paris was threatened. When the war is over, the Kaiser, if spared, can be relied upon to do all in his power to relieve the distress caused by it. But if the government of France remains the same, there is no reason for thinking that it will not increase poverty by further taxation, and misery of every kind by renewed oppression of the Church and fresh persecution of her ministers.

Concluding an able paper on "The Bible and the School," read at the educational convention recently held in Atlantic City, the Rev. C. J. Holland quoted these words from an exhortation made to bishops by Pope Leo XIII.: "Exert yourselves with willing alacrity, and use your authority and persuasion, in order that these [Scripture] studies may be held in just regard, and may flourish in seminaries and in educational institutions which are under your jurisdiction. Let

them flourish in completeness and in happy success under the direction of the Church, in accordance with the salutary teaching and example of the Holy Fathers, and the laudable tradition of antiquity; and, as time goes on, let them be widened and extended as the interests and glory of the Church may require,—the interests of that Catholic truth which comes from above, the never-failing source of man's salvation."

As for the obsolete falsehood that the Church discourages the study or reading of the Scriptures, the current *Month* has this to say:

"Rome keeps the Bible from the people" is still a favorite cry of Protestant pulpiteers. And yet the truth is not difficult of access. Every Catholic bookseller stocks the Bible, both Old Testament and New, in various editions. The English hierarchy approve of a new English translation, the "Westminster Version," which would be a foolish venture if it could not be freely sold and circulated. And abroad in Germany, France, Italy, etc., if Catholics do not read Holy Writ, it is not for want of facilities, which indeed are multiplied by ecclesiastical authority, *jusqu'à l'embarras*. We find in a Belgian school journal, the excellent *Trait d'Union* of Marneffe, a professedly incomplete bibliography of works dealing with the study of the Gospels, which, including texts, commentaries, studies, meditations, etc., runs to eighty-two volumes.

The fact is that only the uncultured or the deliberately falsifying among Protestants talk nowadays either of Catholic suppression of Bible reading or Scripture study.

One result of the great European conflict is the serious embarrassment of an English work of charity that was very near to the kindly heart of the late Holy Father—the Crusade of Rescue. This organization cares for nearly 1000 Catholic boys and girls whose faith is in real peril, either through risk of their being taken into non-Catholic homes or by danger of their being entered in workhouses as non-Catholics. It is plain that at the present time local assistance to this good work will be scanty; and, accordingly,

redoubled force is given to the plea made for it by Pius X. himself in a letter to the directors of the Crusade several years ago. He wrote: "Those, therefore, whom you have chosen to solicit for your Society the kind favor of those nations, will go forth accompanied by our strongest commendation; and all who, in the Colonies and in America, have hearts conformed to the charity of Christ we most earnestly exhort to come to the aid of your Society, and so to earn our gratitude and to deserve well of their country."

We should like to have some one define the obligations of patriotism. That of the clergy of France is not easy to understand. As everyone knows, its anti-Christian government obliges all citizens to undergo military service, and, in the event of war, to bear arms, making no distinction between priest and layman. But the willingness of so many priests exercising the ministry at home to do this, and the readiness of so many others engaged in missionary work abroad to return and do likewise, is to us unintelligible. What obligations were the latter under to a country whose irreligious government had exiled them and confiscated their property? Is patriotism, after all, a thing of such supreme importance? The case of the Sisters is quite different: charity was constraining them.

The war of nations in Europe is a war of horrors, but the greatest of these to our mind—something incomparably more deplorable than the destruction of a hundred cathedrals—is the circumstance of ministers of the altar being obliged to take up arms. We had supposed that the world was more Christianized.

Mgr. Benson, whose prediction, three years ago, of a great European war in nineteen hundred and fourteen gives him a certain right to be heard on the subject, though we need not share his point of view, declares, now that his prediction

is verified, that the great struggle is fundamentally a conflict between two opposed ideals,—on the one hand, Empire, maintained by militarism; and on the other, Nationalism with its attendant principle of the Balance of Power. The author of "The Dawn of All," in an article contributed to the *New York Freeman's Journal*, thus sums up the situation:

Both these ideals, then, are, as has been said, comprehensible and logical; and because of their very greatness and profundity they are, in that sense, emphatically religious, too. But they are mutually exclusive, and hence the European war. All other details are comparatively secondary. England is convinced that she strove only for peace, and produces her famous White Paper to prove her sincerity. Germany claims that she strove only to avert war, and will no doubt some day produce evidence that she, too, will believe to be convincing. France flatly denies that she had any intention of violating Belgium's neutrality; and Germany answers that just because she herself had private evidence that France did not intend to keep her word she was compelled to forestall her. Germany maintains that Louvain was annihilated because civilians had fired upon her soldiers; and that the dropping of bombs upon Antwerp, and the lamentable slaughter of women and priests and children, and the firing from behind the Red Cross, were all justified by the stern necessities of war; and will, no doubt, in due time present her facts for the world's inspection. Yet all these things—significant as they may be thought to be by some—are really secondary. Greater matters than even these are at stake: it is a conflict of final human ideals that rages beneath the smoke and the bursting shells; and as the observer holds to one or the other of these two, so will his sympathies lie.

There is a virile ring that must appeal forcibly to many men everywhere in numerous passages of the sermons delivered by Bishop Schrembs, of Toledo, during the campaign of vilification waged against the Church in that city. For instance:

I am confronted by the phenomenon of a species of Catholics who are so weak-kneed, so utterly devoid of loyalty, that they shrink from anything like a bold and open declaration

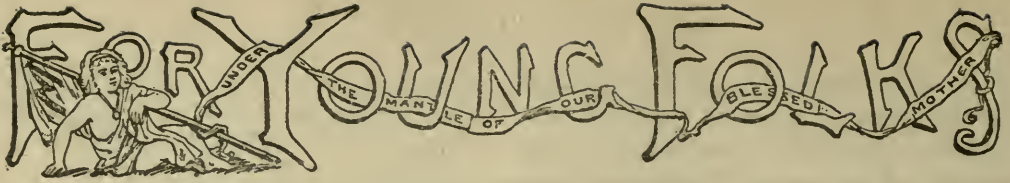
of their rights. They are afraid, always afraid. They whisper, "Oh, please don't say anything! Don't you know you might offend those dear good friends of mine? It would be too bad. Oh, please don't say a word!"

A point often made before is thus emphatically stated by the Ohio prelate:

I defy the world to mention to me a single good, unselfish, disinterested, practising Catholic, a man faithful and tried in virtue, who has ever abandoned the Church. It is not good and decent Catholics who leave the Church: it is the rubbish, the rank weeds, the men who are unwilling to square with the Church's morality. These are they who leave the Church, either voluntarily or, in the case of priests, by compulsion. The ex-priest is he that has been silenced, excommunicated, thrown out of the Church because of a scandalous life. There is the fact! I boldly issue the defiant challenge to mention to me one single name of a man who left the Church for disinterested motives in order to better himself spiritually. Protestantism can not point to a single irreproachable and unselfish convert from Catholicism.

Although preached to his own people, the Bishop's sermons can not but exert a notable, if indirect, influence on the non-Catholics of his city, and they thus furnish an effective antidote to the poisonous emanations of the anti-Catholic press.

Much like a greeting from the tomb was the kindly message which Bishop Hartley, of Columbus, brought from the late Sovereign Pontiff to the Catholic writers and editors of America. "Tell them," said Pius X., "that I bless them with my whole heart, that they may always promote and defend the teachings of the Gospel and the principles of Faith with true Christian loyalty, patience, and charity,—unfailing in their reverence and obedience to authority, as well as in their devotion to the true interests of the Church and the welfare of all the people." So paternal a message from so loving a Father can not but spur on its recipients to renewed activity and fervor in the arduous vocation which they have adopted.



The Prayer of Love.

BY S. MARR.

FOFTEN think, dear Mother Queen,
When sweet the birds are singing,
How with a few clear-fluted notes
They keep the wildwood ringing.

They never change their happy song,
But, ever gaily trilling,
Again and yet again they voice
The joy their spirit filling.

Thus do I sing the love to thee
That in my heart is welling,
And *Ave, Ave* whisper low,—
The Holy Rosary telling.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XVIII.

IGO now to bring home my beloved prodigy in the taxicab." So said Pedro de Selvas to the doctor. He always spoke with a slight foreign accent when he was addressing strangers. "I go now, with Madame my wife, to bring home my beloved prodigy in the taxicab."

He was shaking in his shoes, because the doctor had told him there might be a summons to appear in a law-court, if the police heard of cruelty to this child. If that happened, she would not be likely to be allowed, as a child-artist, to play in any public hall; so Mr. de Selvas had better be careful, and pass over entirely the troubles of yesterday. The doctor had seen her. She had nearly been killed by a street accident. There had been a shock, and a bruise which might weaken one arm. But she was also suffering

from overstrain, and should be treated very gently.

"My heart beats!" said De Selvas. "In a few moments I shall embrace my so gifted daughter."

"You will be careful, sir," the doctor insisted. "It is to your own interests. No more talk about killing."

"What is that?" De Selvas asked. "Oh, dear, no! I did not say I would kill her if she did not play well. Oh, zocking, zocking, to think everyone did not know that was but a game, a play! That was my leetle zoke with the dear infant."

The doctor left the drawing-room of the flat, thinking the Spanish gentleman was not so bad, after all.

Meanwhile Lolo was fast asleep. She seemed tired enough to follow the example of the princess in the fairy tale, who went off to sleep for a hundred years. Mike had gone out on his "beat," with his helmet on, looking quite a real policeman. Doreen and Eileen had kissed their little guest without waking her, and gone to school. A street organ had played outside, and gone away. Mary, the loving mother, had been startled early that morning when the eyes opened dreamily, and she fed the tired child with a cup of warm milk. Lolo knew no one,—remembered nothing. She spoke in a dazed way, saying, "Who am I? What's my name?" The mother was glad to see her fall asleep again. Afterward the child roused a little for the doctor's coming; but then she remembered better, and kissed "Mary." The doctor felt strongly about this case, and promised to see the poor little musician's father, and "talk to him like a Dutch uncle."

Lolo had sunk again into deep sleep. Many a time the mother, stooping over her, listened to hear if she was really breathing. It was hard to find any pulse,

but that was because Lolo had such a fat little wrist.

The happy children were away all this time in a spacious room near the church. Hundreds of others were gathered from the poorest streets into such schoolrooms. The crucifix was on the white wall. The statue of the Virgin Mother was standing in the sunshine of the morning, on a throne of flowers which the hands of her children had brought. Happy little ones! They might be ever so poor, but they had everything. And Lolo had nothing; it was she who was poor indeed. She might grow up to win fame and fortune; she might yet reap a golden harvest wherever she travelled; she might play even before kings and queens sometime. With her marvellous gift of music, all this was possible; from the musician's point of view, she might "gain the whole world." But no one had thought of her soul. She was growing up as if she had none. That was why Lolo was poor indeed.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when a taxicab arrived noisily in front of the little house, and there was a thundering knock at the door. Lolo sprang up in a fright, and stared about. Through the open window, she heard the voice of "fahzer" down below. Everything had come back to her memory now. She was wide awake, and she knew those dreaded people had come for her.

De Selvas and his wife waited in the taxicab, while Lolo was dressed and coaxed to take food.

"I don't want to go," she said.

In the words of Mike's wife, "the face of the poor child was like a whitewashed wall."

"And 'tis I that would keep you here, my darling, if I could!" said the poor woman. "Sure we'd gladly share the bit and the sup, and never miss it."

The tears were running down Mary's face, as she drew the hood of the blue cloak over Lolo's head, and tied the ribbons.

"I don't want to go," said Lolo, passion-

ately, with a quivering lip and both her little hands closed tightly. "I hate them!"

"My darling, we must not hate anybody,—not father and mother, surely!"

"I don't want them to be *my* fahzer and muzzer," Lolo answered. And the policeman's wife had no idea that they were not really her parents, and that Lolo was objecting to these strangers who had taken possession of her.

"Don't say that, darling!" continued the woman, with gentle reproach.

"Why not?"

"We must honor our father and our mother. 'Tis the will of God."

"What's that?" said Lolo. She looked up with pleading, ignorant eyes. They were just at that moment like the eyes of a dumb animal, not understanding but trying to ask what a human being is saying.

"O my poor child, my poor child!" Mary hid her round, rosy face in her apron, and fairly wept.

"Don't cry!" said Lolo, clinging to her arm, and a very plump arm it was, and the face in the apron was never meant for tears and sad little sobs. "Don't cry! I didn't mean to be so bad."

Then Mary found that Lolo, too, was crying at the other side of the apron; so down it fell, and they clung to each other and wept like a mother and child at parting, while the knocker began again to beat a loud tattoo on the door of the little house.

Lolo insisted on kissing everybody good-bye. The two small girls had just come from school, and were at the door, shyly standing near the grand folks who had arrived in the taxicab. Baby Pat, with his golden head, was waving a hand from his mother's arms.

"Come along, you tiresome child!" said the lady of the plumes. "You don't know but they all have the measles."

"No, ma'am, they have *not*," said Mary gently. "Sure 'twas last year they had it, and how could they have it twice?"

Madame de Selvas, without speaking,

grabbed a handful of Lolo's cloak and pulled her away.

"Give my love to Mikel!" Lolo called out.

"Hush! What manners!" said the lady, severely.

"O ma'am, do go easy with that child!" Mary begged from the doorway. "For the Lord's sake, be good to her! She's not strong. Those little things die soon."

Madame de Selvas only drew herself up straight, and gazed with scorn at the impertinent giver of advice. "She looked at me as if I was a beetle!" said Mary afterward to Mike. The great lady turned, without a word, and pushed Lolo into the cab, mounted the step herself, and disappeared into it plumes and all.

Mr. Pedro de Selvas pulled money chinking out of his pocket.

"What shall I pay you for your trouble?" he said to the poor woman at the door.

"Nothing, thank you!" replied Mary, with a sudden blaze in her eyes. As the cab drove off, she murmured: "Sure 'tis I that would throw the money after you!"

So Lolo was gone. A few ragged boys chased the taxi and gave up running after it when it whisked away round the corner.

Mike, the policeman, came back with the news that the priest had taken down the address, and would call at "the Mansions."

"The Lord be praised!" said Mary—who had been, as she said, "fretting" all day. "What sort of people are they at all? They are not like a father and mother, but like traders wanting to make money. There they are, training that poor child like one of them performing dogs that ought to be taken up,—I mean the people that train them ought to be. 'Tis time for that child to make her First Communion, let alone learning her prayers, instead of being a performing animal."

That very afternoon the good priest of the parish made his way up in the lift to the second floor, No. 16, of the block of "Mansions," and rang at the

door of Mr. Pedro de Selvas. He was shown into a drawing-room, where the casement curtains were drawn to shut out the strong spring sunshine. There was so much china on little tables that it was dangerous to walk about. A grand piano was open, with music on it. Vases were full of faded flowers, with fallen petals. Tawdry cushions with gold embroidery were thrown on the soiled silk-covered furniture. It was a showy and shabby place, all in a golden creamy light, with a stale atmosphere of scent and cigars. So this was the home of Lolo de Selvas, the young violinist!

The priest was anxiously listening for the coming of the Spaniard for whom he had asked. He was thinking of the saints of Spain—Ignatius and Teresa, and all that splendid roll-call. He remembered how Spain had always gloried in calling itself "the most Catholic" nation, and in paying public honor to the Most Holy Sacrament. He recollected a bright summer day, so many years ago, when he was travelling as a young man and was in the city of Burgos. There was a crowd in front of the cathedral, and he asked the people why they were waiting there. They did not say there was to be a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, but they said, with a sort of affectionate adoration, "His Majesty is coming out." That was Spain! The sunlight and the blazing colors were all before the priest's mind now, as the old memory awoke. How earnestly he hoped he would succeed with this Spaniard! He had come to plead for a soul.

What was that stirring? Spain was gone, and he was here looking round the shaded room. Again something stirred. In a corner was a large chair, with tarnished tinsel on its cushions. Something appeared to pop up and go down again at the back of that chair.

For a little while he waited, standing quite still; and then he was rewarded by seeing a pair of dark eyes peep over the top cushion, with a black shadow above them, like curly hair. The eyes vanished

instantly; there was a scrambling sound, as if some one had not quite room enough to slip down on the floor.

"Who is that?" asked the visitor gaily. "Hide-and-seek! I see you!"

He had white hair and a winning voice. It was no wonder that the round face of the child came up out of the corner and peeped over the chair with a smile.

"Do come out!" he said. "What is your name?"

"Lolo."

"Oh! Are you the young lady that plays the violin?"

The child, standing up now, blushed deeply. Had he been at Lady Dalchester's? She looked over the back of the chair.

"I—I—was going to be a prodigy,—but fahzer says I'm a duffer!"

(To be continued.)

The Royal Oak.

At Shropshire, in England, there is a fine old oak tree which the people call the "Royal Oak." They say it is the great-grandson, or perhaps the great-great-grandson, of another fine old oak, which more than two hundred years ago stood on the same spot, and once served as a shelter to King Charles II., the son of the unlucky Charles I., who was beheaded by his ferocious subjects.

On the very day on which that unhappy King lost his head, the Parliament passed a law forbidding any one to make his son, Prince Charles of Wales, or any other person, King of England. But the Scottish people did not obey this law. They persuaded the young Prince to sign a paper, solemnly promising to rule the country as they wished; then they crowned him King. As soon as the Parliament heard of this they sent Cromwell and his Ironsides against the newly-crowned King and his followers, and after several battles the Scottish army was at last defeated and scattered at Worcester.

Charles fled and hid in a wood, where

some poor woodcutters took care of him and helped him. He put on clothes like theirs, cut his hair short, and stained his face and hands brown, so that he might appear to be a sunburned workman like themselves. But it was some time before he could escape from the wood; for Cromwell's soldiers were searching it in all directions. One day Charles and two of his friends had to climb into the tall oak to avoid being caught; and there they were obliged to remain many hours. The top of the oak tree had been cut off some few years previously, and this had made the lower branches grow thick and bushy, so that people walking below could not easily see through them. It was a fortunate thing for Charles; for while he was in the tree he heard the soldiers beating the boughs and bushes in the wood as they searched here and there; and he even caught glimpses of them through the leaves as they rode about below.

When they had gone, he came down, and rode away from the wood on an old mill-horse, with his friends the woodcutters. The saddle was a poor one, and the horse's pace jolted Charles so much that at last he cried out that he had never seen so bad a steed. At this the owner of the horse jestingly told him that he should not find fault with the poor animal, which had never before borne the weight of three kingdoms upon its back. He meant, of course, that Charles was King of the three kingdoms of England and Scotland and Ireland.

Carried by the old horse, and helped by the poor woodcutters, Charles at last reached the house of a friend. Here he hid for a while, and then went on to try to escape from the country. This time, so that he might not be discovered, he was dressed as a servant, and rode on horseback, with a lady sitting on a cushion behind him, as was then the fashion. After several more dangers, he managed to get on board a ship and sailed away to France.

The Miller and the King.

Frederick the Great was much annoyed by a mill which obstructed the view from the west windows of his summer palace of Sans Souci. So he sent a message to the miller, asking him what he would accept in exchange for his building. The answer came back straightway:

"The miller does not wish to sell."

His Majesty was thunderstruck, but inclined to conciliate.

"Offer him any price," he said to his ambassador.

Again came the answer:

"The miller will not sell at any price."

Then, as in the old fairy tales, "the King waxed wroth," and gave orders that the mill should be torn down.

The miller made no resistance, but those who knew him were well aware that he would not submit to an injustice even from a king. After the rubbish was cleared away, he folded his arms and quietly said:

"The King may have done this, but he will find that there are laws even in Prussia."

His next action was to take legal proceedings, which resulted in an order from the courts to the effect that the King should not only rebuild the mill, but pay a good sum of money as compensation for the inconvenience and loss of time.

His Majesty was much vexed at the turn affairs had taken; but he was truly termed the "Great," and made the best of things, saying to his courtiers:

"I am glad to know that my laws are just and my judges honest."

After forty years the descendant of the miller, who possessed the mill, found himself in grave financial difficulties, and sent word to the King that, although his ancestor would not part with his property, he was forced to do so. He further said that the King was welcome to the mill at a fair price.

Thereupon the King wrote:

"My dear neighbor, I can not allow

you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of the family exists; for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear that you are in such straitened circumstances; and therefore send you herewith £1200, in the hope that it may help to restore your fortunes. Consider me

"Your affectionate neighbor,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

Dogs of War and Dogs of Peace.

You have heard the phrase, "Let loose the dogs of war." This expression once had a real meaning. In the Middle Ages dogs were employed for carrying fire toward the cavalry of the enemy, in order to frighten their horses and cause them to stampede. On their backs they bore a kettle of burning resin, the odor, smoke and flame of which naturally excited the horses. Underneath the kettle was a stout jacket of leather, which protected the dogs in case the hot resin was spilled.

The dog is useful in many ways. He is a hunter or a fisher, a shepherd or a watchman. He draws the sledge of the Eskimo and helps the scavenger of Constantinople. In circuses he becomes a clown or an acrobat. He is often a guide and a nurse. In olden times he used to be a turnspit, toiling in a treadmill while the meat roasted before the fire. He saves lives, often at the risk of his own; and is ever our faithful friend.

How Glass was Discovered.

Pliny tells us how glass was discovered. Some merchants were carrying nitre and stopped at a river which issues from Mt. Carmel. They looked about for stones on which to rest their camp kettle; but finding none suitable, used pieces of nitre instead. The fire dissolved the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and the result was the substance we call glass.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—That spinner of sea yarns, Mr. James B. Connolly, is represented in the autumn lists of Charles Scribner's Sons by "The Trawler," a title full of promise.

—The George H. Doran Co. announce "Trees, and Other Poems," by Mr. Joyce Kilmer, the literary editor of the *Literary Digest*, and a recent convert to the Church.

—Miss Elizabeth Jordan has again returned—is it not for the third time?—to a favorite field, ours as well as hers, in "May Iverson's Career," which Messrs. Harper & Brothers will soon publish.

—Mr. Chesterton must be a giant in industry as well as in ability, to furnish three such varied volumes for the autumn issuing as "Essays" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), "The Wild Knight, Early Poems" (E. P. Dutton & Co.), and "The Wisdom of Father Brown." (John Lane Co.)

—Mr. John McVey, the Philadelphia publisher, has brought out a new edition of the Rev. Joseph V. O'Connor's "Hints on Preaching," a pamphlet of 69 pages. The little work is interesting and stimulating, well meriting the cordial approbation given to it years ago by the late Archbishop Ryan.

—An interesting announcement among fall publications of Dodd, Mead & Co. is "Seven Years on the Pacific Slope," a work of collaboration by Mrs. Hugh Fraser and her son, Mr. Hugh Crawford Fraser. The scene, we learn, is in the extreme northwestern corner of Washington State, and the book one of personal anecdote.

—"Children of Banishment," by Francis William Sullivan (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a novel which is safe to satisfy the voracious reader of contemporary fiction. It is a story of life in the northern Canadian woods, with a sufficiency, not to say a superabundance, of local color; with intrigue and adventure and stirring action; with the inevitable love-motive penetrating its warp and woof; and—without any definite religious tone, although here and there appears a random note of vague religiosity. Several of its personages, in periods of peculiar storm and stress, appear able to derive from introspective musing, or from contemplation of nature's sublimities, that abiding peace and that radical transformation of character which a Catholic associates with fervent prayer and

sacramental grace; and accordingly the disparity of cause and effect is notable. At the same time it must be said that, on the whole, the novel is far less unwholesome than is much of present-day fiction.

—"Some Counsels of St. Vincent de Paul," selected and translated by E. K. Sanders, is a little book, weighing but a few ounces, yet paper, type, binding, general arrangement are perfect,—indeed, almost good enough to be the working medium of the great soul exhibited. For the counsels themselves seem to come straight from the Holy Ghost, with hardly a pause in their human source, though they are strongly tinged with the personality of the Saint, too. The subjects of these brief chapters are just the things of daily concern for those "who have their soul to keep." If we could lay in a stock of the present work, we would gladly do it, and invent occasions—birthdays, weddings, etc.,—for sending copies to friends. Published in this country by B. Herder.

—Wast thou born on January 4? Then know that the flower of that day, as duly set down in "The Floral Birthday Book," compiled and edited by Margaret M. Brown (Angel Guardian Press), is the Wallflower, botanically hight *Cheiranthus Cheiri*, which symbolizes "Fidelity in misfortune." And for that same day thou wilt find likewise set down these sweet lines:

The yellow Wallflower, strained with iron brown.
—Thomson.

On its green scrap, by and by
I shall smell the flowering thyme;
On its wall the Wallflower.

—Sidney Dobell.

Also the more familiar lines of Moore which conclude by describing the sunset movements of a sunflower. We might go further into this lore and inform thee if January 5 were thy natal day, then were thy blossom "Hellebore," but enough.

—Teachers are naturally the best judges of text-books, and it would savor of impertinence on the part of a reviewer to recommend a new work to them as better than the one which they are using, and from which their pupils—the eminently competent instructor supplying for any deficiency—are deriving all possible benefit. However, one can not help thinking that an examination of "The Elements of Chemistry," by Joseph Maguire, C. S. C., just published by the University of Notre Dame, will lead to its

adoption in many places. It is an effort to teach the science inductively; and if this is the natural way of teaching it, we should think it would be the natural thing to employ just such a text-book. As regards paper, print, and binding, it is a model of its kind.

—In an address delivered last March before the University of Toronto, and published in a recent issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, the late Laurence Irving declares that "the ultimate desire of the heart is bound at last, in the final resort, to turn towards religion." To illustrate the exact meaning of his thought, he quotes the following poem entitled "Dominus Illuminatio Mea,"—"one of the most perfectly solemn and exquisitely phrased poems that I have ever read":

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low and the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb—

The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—

The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And the widow and child forsake the dead—

The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—

But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Some Counsels of St. Vincent de Paul." E. K. Sanders. 40 cts.

"The Floral Birthday Book." Margaret M. Brown. 75 cts.

"Standard-Bearers of the Faith." 30 cts. per vol.

"Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." Vol. III., Part II. 30 cts.

"Sister Mary of St. Francis, S. N. D." \$2.

"Perilous Seas." E. Gallienne Robin. \$1.25.

"The Maid of Spinges." Mrs. Edward Wayne. 85 cts.

"The Parting of the Ways." Florence Gilmore. 80 cts.

"The Seventh Wave, and Other Soul-Stories." Constance E. Bishop. \$1.20.

"Stanmore Hall and Its Inmates." \$1.25.

"Mrs. Fairlie's Granddaughters." Mrs. Frances Noble. 75 cts.

"My Lady Rosia." Freda Mary Groves. \$1.25.

"Blind Maureen, and Other Stories." Eleanor F. Kelly. 60 cts.

"Defel the Strong." Mary Agatha Gray. \$1.25.

"Choice." Mary Samuel Daniel. 75 cts.

"Saturday's Child." Kathleen Norris. \$1.50.

"Conference Matter for Religious." 2 vols. Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. \$2.50.

"From Court to Cloister." M. A. 85 cts.

"Holy Mass, the Eucharistic Sacrifice and the Roman Liturgy." 2 vols. 60 cts.

"Altar Flowers and How to Grow Them." Herbert Jones. 90 cts.

"Teacher and Teaching." Rev. R. H. Tierney, S. J. \$1.

"Within the Soul." Rev. M. Watson, S. J. 75 cts.

"Ten Reasons." Bl. Edmund Campion. 30 cts.

"The Priest and Social Action." Rev. Charles Plater, S. J. \$1.20.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Francis Savey, of the archdiocese of St. Paul; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corley, archdiocese of New York.

Sister M. Modwina, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. Edgar Gans, Mrs. William Congers, Dr. J. Robie Wood, Mr. Thomas Johnston, Mr. Michael Condon, Miss Mary Clark, Mr. William Farrell, Miss Josephine Kearney, Mr. Clement Schmitt, Mr. Joseph Albers, Mrs. Katherine Clark, Mr. Michael McDonald, Mr. Joseph Cook, Mrs. M. Hickey, Mrs. Bridget Welsh, Mr. Henry Mueller, Mr. Joseph Friedrichs, Mr. Richard Farren, Miss Mary Farren, Mr. John Heisde, Mrs. Catherine McCann, Miss Blanche Hoffman, and Mr. Henry Lehmann.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions:

Mr. McS., \$10.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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At Our Lady's Altar in Autumn.

BY HENRY MCLEAN.

A LITTLE altar white as snow,
A statue of the Queen of Grace,
Six slender candles in a row,
And just below—
Late flowers in a crystal vase.
Oh, how I love that hour of prayer
When I repeat her Rosary!
I place myself in Mary's care,
And know I share
The fruits of Christ who died for me.
At Benediction candles blaze:
I see the Host,—I am content;
And while the organ sweetly plays
I sing in praise
Of Jesus in the Sacrament.
The first to bloom was hers in spring;
And now when autumn days have come,
The last I have to her I bring:
My offering—
The spotless white chrysanthemum.

The New Pope and the Prophecy of St. Malachy.*

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S. T. L.

THE death of a Pope is always a big event. It means the taking away of one who has hundreds of thousands, or even millions, of adherents in every civilized country of the globe. It means a vacancy in the headship of the oldest, the most widely spread and frequently discussed institution in the world. It means a spiritual loss and bereavement to the 250,000,000

that make up the vast body known as the Catholic Church. It must needs be an event of world interest, and it is. Even in these days, when the great nations of Europe are waging a war of life and death, the passing of Pius X. brings forward a new world and a different order of things; for the time being the headlines of the newspapers and the cries of the newsboys utter the names not of the great living leaders in war, but of this dead leader in peace. If you want to know the place held by the Pope and the Catholic Church in the eyes of the world, buy one of our "extras" published during those days of world conflict. The war has to take second place, so as to make room for the interesting details of the life and death of one who claimed to be the successor of St. Peter and the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

No sooner have we finished with Pius X. than a kindred subject excites our interest—namely, who will succeed him? Names are suggested and discussed, rumors are spread around and eagerly devoured, and prayers are said that God may raise up a pastor who will feed His lambs and His sheep, and give his life for them if the need should arise. Nay, even such is the interest in the subject that prophecies and prophets are consulted to gratify our curiosity by answering beforehand the question who is to sit in the Chair of Peter? It is with one of these prophecies I wish to concern myself in what follows—namely, the prophecy of St. Malachy.

* This was written during the vacancy in the Holy See.

ST. MALACHY.

But, first of all, who was this Malachy whose name figures so often when there is question of a new Pope? St. Malachy was archbishop of Armagh in Ireland from 1132 to 1138. His full name was Malachy O'Morgair, he held many church offices and was known even beyond the confines of Ireland for his holiness and learning. He had no easy time in Armagh. Lay princes had encroached not merely on the temporal but on the spiritual rights of the Church, and St. Malachy's claims were resisted even unto blood. He made several visits to Rome, and was received there with great respect. On one of these journeys, he turned aside to visit the monastery of Clairvaux and its great abbot, St. Bernard, then one of the illustrious figures of Europe. The two men grew to love and admire each other, and frequently exchanged letters, some of which still exist. Bernard afterward wrote the life of his friend, and tells us about the difficulties he had to contend with and the work he performed.

When Malachy had established order and discipline in Armagh, he looked about for a quiet and humble place to end his days, and retired to the small bishopric of Down. Then the desire came to him to make another visit to Rome. But he got only as far as Clairvaux when he fell sick, and died in the arms of his old friend and future biographer, Bernard, in 1148. Bernard knew many good things about Malachy; and, knowing so many, he gave him credit for more. He attributed to him many miraculous gifts, among which was that of prophecy, by which he is best remembered to-day. Except, however, for the mention of the gift, he says not another word about the prophecies we are discussing. And now as to the prophecies themselves.

THE PROPHECIES.

There are two sets of prophecies attributed to the saint,—one concerning Ireland, and the other concerning the succession of the Popes. As regards Ireland, he

prophesied that at the hands of England she would undergo oppression, persecution, and calamities of every kind during a week of centuries, but that she would preserve her fidelity to God and to His Church during all her trials. At the end of seven centuries, she would be delivered from her oppressor, who in her turn would be submitted to dreadful chastisements, and Catholic Ireland would be instrumental in bringing her back to the Faith. We shall leave this, however, and pass on to his prophecies about the Popes.

It was while on a visit to Rome in 1139 that he is reported to have received this strange vision of the future, wherein was unfolded before his mind the long line of Pontiffs who were to rule the Church of God until the end of time. Innocent II. was then Pope, and Malachy is said to have given him the manuscript containing the prophecies. They cover the reigns of one hundred and twelve Popes, beginning with Celestine II. (1143-1144), and ending with the last Pope who is to rule the Church. He indicates each by some short Latin saying, describing something in the life or circumstances of the future Pope by which he may be known. The indication is either to the country of the Pope, his name, his coat-of-arms, his birthplace, or the title of some previous position or office he held. Never once since the discovery of the prophecies have they enabled any one to say beforehand who the next Pope was to be; but after his election and reign there was always, it is said, something to verify the truth of the forecast. I shall illustrate this by a few examples.

The prophecy by which Gregory IX. was indicated is *Avis Ostiensis*,—"the Bird of Ostia." His arms were an eagle, and he was Bishop of Ostia. For Sixtus IV. the indication was *Piscator Minorita*,—"A Minorite Fisherman." He was a Minorite friar, and his father was a fisherman. For Pius VI. he gives *Peregrinus Apostolicus*,—"An Apostolic Wanderer." His enforced wanderings and

death in exile are well known. The late Pius X. is indicated by *Ignis Ardens*,—"Burning Fire." Now that we have known him, of course the interpreters explain it as pointing to his burning zeal and piety. The next Pope is *Religio Depopulata*,—"Religion Devastated or Plundered." For those who believe in the prophecies, it is rather a gloomy forecast.

These will give an idea of what the prophecies are like. They have become the subject of quite a large literature, are looked upon by many as divinely-inspired oracles, and never fail to be brought forth when there is a vacancy in the Holy See. Many pious believers declare that the fidelity of the prophecies to fact is beyond human power, and hold that they are not only the genuine words of the saint, but that they are divinely inspired. Many others, however, hold that St. Malachy never had anything to do with them; that they were forged in or about 1590; that the "prophecies" referring to Popes previous to that period were made after reading the facts of their lives, and that those referring to subsequent Popes either can not at all be verified or only by an absurd stretch of imagination. I will indicate briefly the reasons for this view.

First of all, the "prophecies" were never, so far as we know, seen, printed, or even heard of, until about four hundred and fifty years after St. Malachy's death. How they managed to lie hid all that time is hard to understand. Prophecies are things that are eagerly grasped and quickly disseminated. This was especially the case in the Middle Ages, and still more so in Ireland, the country of St. Malachy. St. Bernard must have been ignorant of them, or he surely would have given them in his Life of the saint; but all he says is that, among many other gifts, "the gift of prophecy was not denied him." The Pope to whom they are said to have been given must have thought very little of them, or he

would have brought them to the notice of his contemporaries, through whom the knowledge of them would have been kept alive. It was only in 1595 they were given to the world by a writer called Arnold Wion, a Benedictine monk. This is how he introduces the subject: "Malachy is reported to have been the author of some little tracts, none of which I have seen up to the present, except a certain prophecy of his concerning the Sovereign Pontiffs. This, as it is short, and, so far as I know, has never been printed, is inserted here, as many people have asked me for it." Thus two facts are plain: (1) St. Malachy was dead four and a half centuries before his "prophecies" were made public; and (2) their publisher, Wion, did not feel sure of their genuineness. These facts alone are sufficient to throw grave doubts on their authenticity.

These doubts are strengthened and, to the minds of many, proved if we examine the prophecies themselves. The examination discloses this fact admitted by all: that the indications, or prophecies, for Popes up to the time of their alleged discovery by the publisher (1590) "are so striking as to transcend the possibilities of mere coincidence"; but "after that date their interpretation becomes practically hopeless, and there is hardly a proportion of one in six in which any semblance of probability attaches to the explanation suggested. If the motto can be got to fit the subject at all, it is only by adopting a system of interpretation without a parallel in the earlier part of the list." The learned Jesuit, Father Thurston, from whom I have just quoted continues: "If the prophecy were an inspired prediction of St. Malachy in the twelfth century, it is inexplicable why the mottoes should be easily verifiable down to the date when the prophecies were first printed, and then should suddenly change their character completely. On the supposition, however, that it is a forgery of about the year 1590, this is

exactly what we should expect to find." Indeed, this writer seems to have found the very book from which the forger drew his mottoes for the Popes up to the alleged date of the discovery and publication of the prophecies.

These two conclusions, therefore, have been reached by several eminent scholars who have examined the Prophecies of Malachy: (1) that Malachy had nothing to do with them; and (2) that they are not prophecies at all but either a joke or a fraud. Indeed, they are but an illustration of a class of literature very prevalent in all European countries in the Middle Ages. Several other prophets besides the author of the "Prophecies of Malachy" attempted to foretell the succession of Popes. Malachy's had more success than the others, because half of the prophecies had the advantage of being written *after the event*, and the uncritical multitude, not knowing this, gave him credit for the divine gift. However, we can not throw the stone. A glance into the advertisements of our Sunday papers, under the heading mediums, clairvoyants, and seers, will show that prophecy is still a remunerative occupation; that the number of fools and the number of fakers is, if anything, on the increase.

Malachy gives only nine more mottoes after Pius X.; hence the obvious conclusion is that the world will then end, for his series of prophecies was announced to foretell the Popes till the end of the world. Now, the average reign of a Pope during the last three hundred years has been about eleven years. This would give the world just about another century. Of course that would give both you and me more time than we need. But, then, we should not forget to notify our children, or at least their children; for they in all probability will be just then as immersed in the fleeting things of earth as we are now. If they do not take the hint, at least neither St. Malachy nor we can be blamed. The description of the last Pope runs thus: "During the

last persecution of the Holy Roman Church, there shall sit the Roman Peter, who shall feed the flock among great tribulation; and when these are passed, the city of the Seven Hills shall be utterly destroyed, and the awful Judge will judge the world."

Such are the prophecies which are invoked when the See of Peter becomes vacant. It is vacant now, but the only indication given by the astute prophet is *Religio Depopulata*. At the last vacancy the prophet was again consulted; he answered: "*Ignis Ardens*,—'A Burning Fire.'" Those who heard the sage reply rushed off to look over the cardinals so as to pick out their man. Some picked out Cardinal Gotti because of his zeal and fervor for the Papacy. Others put their money on Cardinal Svampa, and with much show of reason; his name, they said, is the Italian for "flaming fire"; on his coat of arms there is a sun surrounded by rays of fire; and he has long been Bishop of Foli, the patroness of which diocese is "The Madonna of the Fire." Cardinal Svampa certainly looked like a winner. When the Conclave was over, however, neither of these two eminent ecclesiastics had been chosen: Cardinal Sarto, of Venice, to whom no prophet or student of prophecies had pointed, was selected to sit on the Throne of the Fisherman. Now that he has lived his life of fervor and piety, the believers in the prophecy of St. Malachy are pointing out how strikingly he had been hit off nearly a thousand years ago by an otherwise obscure Irish Bishop in the two words, *Ignis Ardens*,—"A Burning Fire."

We are now waiting for his successor, whom the prophet designated as "Religion Devastated." I have so far seen no attempt to indicate which of the cardinals the prophet had in mind. Of course, when he is dead and gone we shall all, as on previous occasions, be able to find reasons to verify the prophecy. Meanwhile we may remember that: (1) the

"Prophecies of St. Malachy" were not made public until four and a half centuries after the death of the saint whose name they bear; (2) that there are insuperable objections, internal and external, to their genuineness; (3) and that the most competent Catholic authorities who have examined them have come to the conclusion that they are a "palpable imposture." This may be a revelation, but it will also be a consolation, to those who are looking out for the Pope designated by the dreadful description of *Religio Depopulata*.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

XII.

CLOSE on noon Romey arrived home; and, after feeding his horses, came into the cabin. His two guests had apparently been waiting for him; for the carpenter's bench which served as a dining table was laid for three, so far as circumstances would permit. Two tomato cans, beaten round the edges and highly polished, had been prepared to serve as extra cups; plates improvised from empty kerosene tins; and squares, cut from a newspaper and deftly folded to imitate napkins, supported each a tiny sprig of fir. Marie's cake, similarly decorated, stood in the centre of the narrow board; and something that looked delightfully like a potato pie was being kept warm in the open oven.

Asa, a broad smile on his jolly young face, came forward toward Romey with a flourish. He had tied on a gunny sack for an apron, and whisked an imaginary serviette from under his arm, exclaiming:

"Gen'lemen and ladies, dinner is served!"

"If you aren't the limit!" Romey replied. "Why, young 'un, Molloy's hotel isn't in it with you! How the dickens did you do it all?"

"Bright boy, Asy," said Will. "My younger brother. Brought him up good, didn't I? He was cook and waiter all in one, two years, down to Bernard's in Seattle, and he ain't forgot all about it yet. Chucked it to see the world with me. Don't fancy the world. Allows he's goin' back to the restaurant line fust chance he gets."

"Aw, cut it out, Will!" said the boy. "Let's eat. The pie's done to a turn—"

"I am with you," remarked Romey. "More by token I want to be off, if you fellows don't mind doing your digesting on the road. Got to get down to Trenton to-day. We can make it all right, if we hustle—after dinner, 'course! Goin' to do all honor to your cooking first, son,—that's a cinch!"

"Say, that's some grade!"

Will, who had spoken, leaned forward from his seat on the sleigh and peered at the narrow trail which dropped, like a white tape unrolled, from the crest on which they had paused, to the canyon's bottom five hundred feet below, where it was lost in the darkness. The road that hugged the steep in breathless turns was barely six feet wide, blasted from the solid rock which rose on the one hand in a black wall, too sheer to hold the snow; and fell on the other in merciless straightness to the bank of the far down, unseen stream, hurrying on its chilly way through the ravine.

"It's a bad bit," Romey replied, pulling off his right-hand glove with his teeth and gathering the reins more tightly between his fingers. "But the horses know it. I've made it two or three times before the snow came; and it's a lot easier this way than it was then—so long as we don't meet another team 'twixt this and the point."

"Not much danger of that," said his companion. "There's mighty few livin' round, up where you come from. And, bein', as you say, Christmas Day, bet your life they're sittin' round the fire this

afternoon, wishin' they was startin' on roast turkey 'stead of rememberin' it, and wonderin' if they can get up an appetite again 'fore New Year."

"Wish I was doin' the same!" came a hoarse aspiration from young Asa, sitting behind the other two, with his back to them, and holding on with all his might, as Romey started the horses down the grade at the sharp trot which experienced whips know to be the safest pace for "parlous" places. "O Lord, we shall skid! I know we're goin' over!" he cried desperately as they turned a tight corner. "Will, stop him, or we'll pitch over like that poor chap did last week!"

"Cut it, Asy!" Will growled, looking over his shoulder. "He knows what he's about, sure thing! That chap you're talkin' about—why, he was walkin' it, in the dark, too; one of them loonies that walks up to trouble and slaps it in the face, fear it ain't goin' to notice 'em!"

Romey, intent on getting over the bad bit as quickly as possible for fear of meeting another team, scarcely heard what his companions were saying. Just then a threatening jag of rock jutted out from the precipice, and one of the cayuses balked. There was an anxious five minutes before the little mare could be persuaded to move on; and after that came a wild rush down the twisting grade,—a rush that occupied all the driver's energies to direct until, with a long, crunching slide, the sleigh came out on open ground beyond the canyon.

"I'll take 'em!" said Will, catching the reins from Romey. "You get your glove on, or your fingers'll freeze."

"My gloves are too thick," Romey remarked, as he pulled on the huge fur driving mitt. "I can't handle the leathers properly with them on. Thank you!" he resumed his task. "Maud's a young 'un and she's got used to me. I'd better drive 'em now."

"Did you hear Asy bawlin' on the grade?" Will asked shamefacedly a minute later. "Make you think he was the

biggest scare-cat ever crawled; but he ain't. It's queer! That boy'll stand up to anything, from a grizzly to a time-fuse, but he jest despises grades. Got a kind of a scare a week or two back, an' its made him hate 'em worse than ever."

"What happened?" asked Romey, more for the sake of talking than for interest in young Asa's experiences.

"Why, it was this way," the other man replied. "Must be ten days ago, I guess. We'd taken a day off to go prospectin' some promisin'-lookin' rocks about five miles up from our place. Snow lyin' light, and a bright day, and we struck a road—a real road: can you beat that?—wiggling away between the mountains to some feller's ranch. And while we was starin' at it, didn't he come along,—an old Swede, with a face like a burned-out kettle; and a team,—you never see such an outfit! Three cayuses. Looked as if they'd eat each other soon for want of tastier victuals. String harness, wooden runners. He calls out to us: 'Shay, fellers, thish man friend o' yours?' Then we sees he's got somethin' big an' long rolled up in a blanket, and some straw tied to the sleigh. He nips down, and next minute he turns a bit of the blanket back and shows us a man's face,—dead lookin'! By gosh, 'twas awful, with his head mashed in, and his mouth open! Oldish chap, too,—grey whiskers.

"'Hello!' says I, and Asy doubles up down on the snow, sick. 'Dead?' says I.—'Not yet,' says the old feller. 'Pretty bad, but no dead. You know him?'—'Not I,' I says. 'Where'd you find him?'—'Down Big Bear Gulch,' says he, 'pitched over; no clodes, only shirt and overalls; one foot froze, rib smashed, I tink. Take him my place now. My ole woman pretty bright; maybe no die yet.' And away he goes up the wiggly trail into the hills. Snakes! Me and Asy didn't do any prospectin' that day. That weren't the kind of luck to start new mines with. Hunched for home, boy bawlin' all the way 'bout the poor old chap what had

pitched over a grade. Wonder if they pulled him round? Tough luck, whoever he was."

"Where is Big Bear Gulch?" inquired Romey, who had been digesting Will's story for a minute or two in silence. "Anywhere near my place?"

"Not much," the other replied. "Good ten miles west of you. There was mines along there, — petered out years ago. Darned poor trail, but some freighters take it to get to Thompsonville. Queer thing a man should try it all by himself, on his two feet, in shirt sleeves this weather. Must have been looney, or maybe run away from jail. Got his medicine all right, if he did."

They were flying along now over the still road. The crust was holding well, and the hoof beats rang out clear enough; that was a sign that the night would be frosty rather than snowy. And Romey was praying fervently that it might freeze hard for another twenty-four hours, and let him get back to Marie with all speed the next day. A fresh snowfall would make it very heavy going up the steep passes.

They flashed into Trenton just at night-fall, and, after putting up the horses in Molloy's stable, staggered into the lobby of the hotel. They were all three stiff from the cold, and dazed with the flare of the gas, which played on the smoke from a score of cigars in full blast round the red hot stove.

As Romey pulled off his cap and gloves and approached the circle round the fire, Terence Molloy hailed him from behind the counter.

"Hello, Romey!" he cried, jumping over the barrier and coming forward, with outstretched hand. "What brings you to the Metropolis? Man, you look colder than the North Pole! Come to the bar and have something hot."

"All in good time, Terence," said Romey. "I'll thaw out a bit first, I guess. Tell me, son, is there any sick man named Le Breton lying round in this town?

Seems to me I heard you had a kind of a hospital here. Anybody being taken care of in it?"

"Lord, how should I know?" Terence replied, staring at his friend. "What's eatin' you, old sport? Lost a rich uncle and trying to find him?"

"Oh, cut it out!" exclaimed Romey. "Where's your father, Terence? I've got to find a man, and find him quick. Your father will know if he's anywheres round. Ah!" as Molloy's broad shoulders hove in sight from the lighted dining-room. "Can I talk to you quiet a minute, Mr. Molloy?"

"Come in the livin' room," said the master of the house. "There's another friend there'll be tickled to death to see you,—Father Mortier. Turned up sudden two days ago, and asked after you first thing."

As he spoke he led Romey into a side room, which seemed at first sight to be full of children. A black-clothed figure disengaged itself from the little crowd of boys and girls of all ages, and came forward with hands stretched out and a beaming smile.

Romey felt comforted. With Molloy and Father Mortier to help him, he was sure that he would bring his mission to a successful finish. Without loss of time he began to lay the case before them, but his hopefulness ebbed sadly as he saw the impression he was making. At first Molloy was inclined to doubt the existence of any such person as Charles le Breton in the vicinity of Trenton.

"Never even heard of the man," he declared. "Must be a big mistake somewhere. Do you mean to tell me that a man and a girl, strangers from way back, could pass through this town and stay a night without my hearing of it? Why, it isn't in reason! Half a dozen people would have met them on the street and passed the time of day, let alone asking a civil question or two. This burgh isn't New York. Quality and not quantity is what gives us the elegant refinement

you behold here, Romey Johnson; and when strangers hit us, by the powers, we take notice of them! No, your lost relative was never here, take my word for it. He *is* a relative, I suppose?"

"Well—not exactly—yet," said Romey, flushing a little. "But that's neither here nor there. What I know is that he and his daughter did come through, about two weeks ago; and, what's more, Le Breton came back a day or two later to fix up with the Land Commissioner about some land he'd seen and wanted to buy—up near Bear Point, so far as I can make out. And he never came back. Left his daughter up at Rhinehart's place all alone. Rhinehart told her that her father said she should wait for him there—"

"Rhinehart?" Molloy interrupted. "I didn't get the name before. There's only one Rhinehart I know of in these parts,—a crook if ever there was one! How in thunder did your friends fall into *his* hands?"

"He just grabbed them before they got into town, Miss Marie says," replied Romey, looking from Molloy's puzzled face to Father Mortier's keenly interested one. "I know the man isn't straight. I believe he's robbed Le Breton; and that poor child is thinking her father is sick down here, and she's fretted to death about him. I swore I'd find him for her, and you've both got to help me." He turned from one of his interlocutors to the other, beseechingly. "You will, won't you?"

"Surest ever!" said Molloy, rising as if to leave the room.

Then Father Mortier spoke for the first time.

"Where's the Land Commissioner?" he asked. "That's the next person to get hold of."

"In the dining room, eating his supper," replied Molloy. "I was going to speak to him. Maybe he can tell us something."

There was silence for a moment after Molloy had gone. Father Mortier, leaning forward in his chair, his hands clasped on his knees, seemed to be reflecting

deeply; and his face was so grave that Romey, whose feelings were now beyond description, caught at his arm, exclaiming:

"You think it looks bad, I know you do! Who is this Rhinehart? Why didn't people ride him out of the country if they knew he was a bad lot, instead of letting him hang round to trap decent folks to destruction? If I could only get my hands on him! And he may be up there *now*, worrying that poor girl to death with his bad temper and horrid ways! I never ought to have left her. I ought to have picked her up and carried her down here, whether she liked it or not."

He was pacing the floor by this time, his hands in his pockets, his head down, regret and indignation in his heart.

"Maybe it would have been wise," Father Mortier said. "But she had a good motive in staying where she was; and she is evidently a good, wise girl, and a good Catholic into the bargain. She trusts in God, and He will take care of her. Don't worry about her, my boy! Has she taught you to pray a little yet? Then pray that we may find her poor father alive and well somewhere. Ah! here comes the Commissioner. Good-evening, Mr. Jordan!" And he rose to greet a quiet-looking, middle-aged man who was ushered in by Molloy.

The latter closed the door, and approached the group by the fire. His face was exceedingly troubled.

"Mr. Jordan hasn't ever heard of Le Breton, much less seen him," he told the others. "What's become of the man, God only knows."

"No one of that name has called at the Land Office," said the Commissioner. "I have been there every day for the last month till to-day, which, being a holiday (I ought to wish you a merry Christmas, Father Mortier), naturally the office was closed. Hasn't anybody in town ever seen your friend? It doesn't seem likely he could have been here twice and no one noticed him, does it now?"

"I am afraid he never got here—"

the second time, at all events." Father Mortier shook his head ruefully. "He was in bad hands,—was carrying money. That ruffian Rhinehart only just got off when the Governor's nephew was found at the bottom of a gulch with his pockets picked. They proved Rhinehart was the last man seen with him, but they couldn't prove—"

"My God!" Romey dashed forward with a wild cry. "Those boys I brought down to-day saw a man all but dead. Some old farmer had picked him up. Oh, it's too awful!"

"Steady, boy,—steady!" said Molloy, laying his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder; for poor Romey was trembling visibly, and his eyes had suddenly filled with scorching tears. "Maybe it's not so bad as it looks. Tell us what those fellows saw. When was it?"

"A week ago, I think," Romey replied; and, regaining his self-control with a determined effort, he told the story that Will had narrated so graphically on the way down that afternoon.

"Better have him in here," was Father Mortier's remark when he had heard what Romey had to say. "We may get some further clue to the man's whereabouts now. Do you know of any one answering to the description of the old Swede, Mr. Jordan?"

"Why, I reckon I do," said the man addressed. "I think it must be that uncle of Larensen's,—queer as they make them; regular old character, they say; not been to town more than twice in five years; sends his produce, when he's got any; his ranch is all river-bottom, and doesn't grow much but stones. His wife is another of the same sort; ugly as sin, and doesn't speak except she's got to. She makes some kind of drugs out of roots and herbs, and sells them to the folks round here. People say they live rather slim; but they're an honest couple, and they've been good to more than one chap that got hurt. I think they've treated Le Breton all right, provided he is alive at all."

Romey had not waited for the end of

this speech, but had gone out to look for Will, whom he found blissfully lying back in a rocker in the lobby, smoking an abominable cigar, and nearly burning the soles of his shoes off at the stove. He rose unwillingly enough, at Romey's request, and came to join the conclave in the inner room.

"And now," said Father Mortier half an hour later, "we must get that young lady down here in double-quick time. And we must get two search parties,—one to go and find Le Breton and bring him to the hospital (oh, he's alive, I'm pretty sure!" with an encouraging look at Romey's drawn face); "and another, with the sheriff in charge of it, to find Mr. Rhinehart and lodge him in the jail till they can take him a little farther and leave him in the 'pen' at Olympia. Who's going to do—what?"

"I'm going after Miss Marie now!" young Johnson declared stoutly. "There's no rest for me till she's safe here with Mrs. Molloy. D'you reckon I could persuade her or some other lady to come up with me to my place to-night?" he asked Molloy. "It would be ever so kind if somebody would. It's rather embarrassing for a girl to be toted round all by herself with a bachelor, isn't it?"

"You can't go back to-night, Romey," said Molloy. "It's plumb crazy to think of it. Your horses can't do it till they've rested off; and you'd be frozen on the road if you started now. Wait till the morning, son. I'm afraid you wouldn't get any of the womenfolk to go with you this weather, s'cein' there's no sickness in the case. If you start about four, you might make this again with your girl by to-morrow night. Comin' down's easier,—downhill all the way. Isn't that horse sense, Father?"

"Mr. Molloy is right, Romey," the Father agreed. "We will see about all the rest,—the getting that poor man brought back and putting the sheriff on Rhinehart's trail. Keep a good heart. Go and ask Mrs. Molloy for your supper,

that you seem to have forgotten; and sleep sound. I'll be up to see you off in the morning. I'd come with you, only I can't. To-morrow is Sunday, and my people come in from twenty miles round for Mass. Good-night! God bless you! *Trust Him* with that good child's safety. She's dearer to Him than she is to you, you know."

"I wonder if she can be?" was Romey's thought, as he silently left the room.

(To be continued.)

A Parisian Pilgrimage.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

NANTERRE, the birthplace of St. Genevieve, is a quiet little town about eight miles from the centre of Paris, and trams and trains run to it at almost every moment of the day. They seldom, especially at the present time, fail to bear pilgrims to the well of the sainted shepherdess, and to the sacred grotto, where she so often retired for secret prayer. St. Genevieve is the patroness of Paris in particular and of France in general, for which she did as great a work in her day as did the Maid of Orleans centuries later.

It was during the last days of September that I made a pilgrimage from Paris to Nanterre, where I knelt in the sacred grotto that has now been the object of Catholic veneration for over fourteen hundred years, and drank from the holy well. It was a place of religious assembly even in pre-Christian times, and indeed takes its name from that very circumstance. Long before the conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar it was known as Nemetodorum, or the Temple on the River, from the two Celtic words *nemet* and *dor*, signifying "temple" and "flowing water." With the lapse of centuries Nemetodorum became Nanturra, or Nanterra, and finally Nanterre.

Nanterre has the honor of being the oldest parish in the diocese of Paris; for

while other districts can justly claim to have received the light of Faith earlier, it alone can show an unbroken record as a parish for over fifteen centuries. In the year 430, when the Pelagian heresy was raging in Great Britain, Pope Celestine sent two holy French bishops to combat its pernicious teachings; and the fact that they broke their journey at Nanterre, where they passed one night, shows that it was a place of some importance even then. One of these bishops was the great St. Germaine, or Germanus, of Auxerre; and the other, St. Loup, or Lupus, of Troyes.

At the news of the approach of the holy bishops the people of Nanterre flocked to meet them. Among the crowd were Severus and Gerontea, with their daughter Genevieve. The child was then only seven years of age, but St. Germaine knew of her presence by divine inspiration, and asked that she should be brought to him. He was at once struck by her angelic appearance, and, turning to Severus and Gerontea, congratulated them on being the parents of such a child. "Heaven was filled with gladness, and the angels sang for joy at her birth!" he exclaimed, as he kissed her on the forehead and blessed her. He then prophesied that Genevieve would lead the life of a saint, and be the means of converting many sinners to God. All through Vespers, which followed the reception, St. Germaine kept his hand on little Genevieve's head; and when the service was over, he invited her and her parents to join him and his fellow-bishop at their frugal supper. Before the little girl was taken home she had promised St. Germaine that she would devote her whole life to God.

At dawn next day, in accordance with a request made of them by St. Germaine the night before, her parents again brought their daughter to him. As he blessed her he picked up a bronze coin that happened to be lying on the ground, and, marking it with a cross, told her to

have a hole bored in it and to wear it in remembrance of her promise. "But," he added, "if you ever adorn yourself with gold or silver or jewels, you will lose your heavenly gifts."

This is the origin of the famous medal of St. Genevieve, the badge of the confraternity which was founded at Nanterre, and a branch of which was established in Paris in 1412, by request of Charles VI., who sought the intercession of St. Genevieve in his wars with the English. He also ordered that water from the Well of St. Genevieve should always be served at the royal table. The medal of St. Genevieve is a reproduction of the coin picked up by St. Germaine, and was copied from a coin of that date preserved in the National Library of Paris. The initials of Christ are on one side of this old coin, and on the other is the head of the tyrant Magence, who then ruled over the northwestern part of Gaul. When the medal was struck in 1882, the tyrant's head was suppressed and a cross put in its place, even as St. Germaine himself had evidently wished to efface the head with the cross he marked over it. In every other respect, however, the medal is a fac-simile of the old coin.

The three principal pilgrimages to Nanterre take place on the 3d of January, St. Genevieve's feast; at Pentecost, and on the festival of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. The pilgrimage at Pentecost is always accompanied by the traditional ceremony of the crowning, or coronation, of the "Rosière," or best girl in the parish. The ceremony is in honor of St. Genevieve, who is regarded as the first "Rosière." The municipal council, aided by the *curé*, select from the inhabitants of Nanterre the young girl who has most distinguished herself during the year by her irreproachable conduct and by her devotion to her family. A dowry, or "dot," is secured to the chosen one by the municipal council, and she assumes the name of "Rosière." The coronation takes place in the parish church, the young

"queen" being richly attired for the occasion. Among her attendants is a little girl dressed as a shepherdess, to represent St. Genevieve. The crown, which is of roses, is solemnly blessed, and the priest then invites the "Rosière" to ascend her throne, where her godmother stands waiting to crown her.

On the first Sunday of October, the Month of the Holy Rosary, there is also a rose ceremony at Nanterre. It consists of the blessing of vast quantities of roses, which are then distributed amongst the congregation.

The pilgrimage on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is more closely connected with St. Genevieve than might appear at first sight. It is traced to the days when Mont-Valérien, now a military fortress, formed part of the district of Nanterre, and was the site of the celebrated monastery of Calvary. According to some authorities, the Christian name of St. Genevieve's father was Valérien; the hill belonged to him, and was therefore called after him. Others say that he owned only a part of it,—the portion where the residence of the commander of the fortress now stands; and it was here that little Genevieve used to guard her father's flocks. To this day the spot is known as L'enclos de Sainte Geneviève. It was long marked by a chapel called the Chapelle des Ermites, which was dedicated to Notre Dame des Bonnes Nouvelles.

In 1634 Hubert Charpentier, a pious priest of the diocese of Auch, who had already established, at Bearn, the Calvaire de Betharam, resolved to found one, on a similar model, on Mont-Valérien. He was warmly encouraged by Mgr. de Gondy, then archbishop of Paris, and greatly assisted by Richelieu. Groups of statues representing the fourteen Stations of the Cross were placed in little chapels, at intervals along the hill, from base to summit. In front of the monastery, or hermitage, which crowned the hill were three large crosses in memory of the

Crucifixion. In the monastery itself there was an underground reproduction of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, lighted with golden lamps that burned continually. A narrow carriage road led up the steep ascent, but the pilgrimages were generally performed on foot.

Many pilgrims, especially during Holy Week, made the Stations on their knees,—no easy matter, considering that Mont-Valérien rises to a height of six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the Seine. It is related of Charles X. that he was not satisfied with making the pilgrimage on his knees, but used to lie flat on the ground and crawl from one Station to the other. Leitch Ritchie and Turner visited the Calvary of Mont-Valérien in the interests of literature and art; the one writing of all he saw, and the other sketching. The result of their journey was afterward published in a book entitled "Wanderings by the Seine."

During the Revolution of 1789 Mont-Valérien was put up for auction, and bought by the infamous Merlin de Thionville, who replaced the cross of Christ by a statue of Venus. Archbishop de Forbin Janson devoted himself to the reparation of this sacrilegious outrage on faith and decency; but, unfortunately, the outbreak of the Revolution of 1830 put a stop to his pious work. When peace was restored, the present fortress was erected on the hill that had been trodden by the feet of generations of pious pilgrims.

It is in memory of the Calvary that once crowned Mont-Valérien, as well as of the cross marked by St. Germaine on the coin he gave to St. Genevieve, that the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross is kept so solemnly to-day at Nanterre. A relic of the True Cross and one of the Crown of Thorns are preserved in the parish church, and exposed for the veneration of the faithful during the pilgrimage.

But even when Mont-Valérien still had its Stations of the Cross and its monastery,

the pilgrimage to Calvary, as it was called, was celebrated, and there was a general Communion for the pilgrims. Indeed, apart altogether from religious motives, a halt at Nanterre was almost a necessity for pilgrims who came from a distance. It was the only place where they could obtain refreshments on the way, as, by order of the superior of the monastery, no hawkers of provisions were allowed to come within half a mile of Mont-Valérien. The celebrated *Gâteaux de Nanterre* were consumed in large quantities while the pilgrimage lasted. This kind of biscuit is still very popular in Paris, and has an interesting history.

When St. Germaine lay on his deathbed, in 448, he sent Sedulus, his archdeacon, with some *eulogiæ*, or Eucharistic loaves, to St. Genevieve. But, providentially, as it turned out, Sedulus was not able to carry out the Bishop's orders till some years later. In 451 Attila, at the head of his terrible Huns, marched toward Paris, burning and destroying all before him. In Paris all was consternation, the panic-stricken people thinking of nothing but flight. St. Genevieve implored of them to remain, assuring them with the voice of faith that prayer would save the city, and that if they would join her in fervent supplications to Heaven, Attila would retire without striking a blow.

It was at this critical moment that Archdeacon Sedulus arrived on the scene, bearing St. Germaine's gift of blessed bread, sent to St. Genevieve in token of his esteem for her, and as a mark of confidence in her prayers. This tribute to her virtue from the saintly Bishop, whose memory all France venerated, turned the scale in St. Genevieve's favor. The tumult calmed down at once; and the people promised to do whatever she wished. The women of Paris, with St. Genevieve at their head, assembled in the church of St. Jean de Rond, on the site of which the cathedral of Notre Dame now stands; and while the prayers of these pious women were ascending like incense to

Heaven, Attila—"the scourge of God"—suddenly altered his plans, and turned from Paris without striking a blow.

As might be expected after the lapse of over fourteen hundred years, and in the face of the ravages wrought by wars and revolutions, the house in which St. Genevieve was born and lived no longer exists; but a portion of the cellar that belonged to it is still preserved as one of the greatest treasures of Nanterre. It was to this very cellar that St. Genevieve used to retire for prayer and meditation. It is now an underground chapel, surmounted by a picturesque grotto, from the roof of which a priest preaches on certain festivals. The cellar is divided into two parts,—an outer and an inner room; and the walls of both are hung with *ex-voto* offerings. The only light, a dim one at best, comes from the entrance,—except on pilgrim days, when the outer room, or chapel, is lit with votive candles. The altar is of black stone, shaped like a mantelpiece; and, according to a very ancient tradition, did actually serve as one in the home of St. Genevieve. It is surmounted by an antique image of the saint, about two feet high; the costume is that of a shepherdess.

In the courtyard outside is the famous Puits de Sainte Geneviève, or Holy Well. A chapel dedicated to the saint was at one time built over the well; but when, at the beginning of the Hundred Years' War, the English took Nanterre, they set fire to the town, and the historic chapel perished in the flames. Up to the moment of the Revolution there were still two chapels of St. Genevieve at Nanterre. One of these was not far from the old chapel destroyed by the English; and the other, called the Chapel of St. Genevieve's Park, stood just outside the old fortifications, and on the road to Chatou. It was erected in commemoration of the fact that the sainted shepherdess sometimes led her sheep to that spot. The St. Germaine Railway now runs over the site of the chapel.

Illnesses of every kind have been cured at the Well of St. Genevieve; but it is celebrated above all for its miraculous efficacy in cases of blindness, partial or complete. The reason of this is that the first miracle worked at the well was the restoration to sight of Gerontea, the mother of St. Genevieve, who had been struck blind for giving her daughter a blow when the latter implored to be allowed to accompany her to the parish church on the occasion of some festival. The mother feared the fatigue for the child; and then, made impatient by her persistence, struck her. Realizing eventually that her blindness was a punishment from Heaven, Gerontea asked her daughter to bring her some water from the well which was close by, and used by the family for household purposes. Genevieve hastened to obey. On arriving at the well, however, she was so overcome by the thought of her mother's misfortune that she sat down and wept bitterly upon the brink of it, her tears mingling with its waters. But as she knew her mother was waiting, she soon dried her eyes, and hurried back with the water, over which, again at her mother's request, she made the Sign of the Cross, and then bathed her sightless eyes with it. No sooner had the water touched Gerontea's eyelids than her sight was restored.

The present guardian of the well is a woman advanced in years. She told me that, quite recently, she was almost blind; but that she had recourse with prayer and faith to the water of St. Genevieve's Well, and can now see as clearly as in her younger years. Visitors to Nanterre are careful to take away little vials of the miraculous water; and the crowd is so great on festival days that it is as much as two persons can do to draw the water fast enough to serve them.

In 591, Clotaire II., then a child of seven, was baptized in the chapel of St. Genevieve with the water of the Holy Well, which was then in the baptistery. Gontran, King of Burgundy, was his

godfather; and his mother, Queen Frédégonde, and St. Gregory of Tours were among the assistants. King Robert the Pious and his son, Henry I., restored and enlarged the old chapel in the eleventh century. When Paris was besieged by Henry IV., the Marquis de Soubise, whose soldiers occupied Nanterre, ridiculed the miracles of St. Genevieve, and particularly those worked at her well. "The well will do to water my horses," he exclaimed. Every horse in his regiment was then led to the Holy Well and made to drink from it: they all died that same day. The rage of the Marquis was very great, and, to revenge himself on St. Genevieve, he ordered that the dead horses should be cut up and the pieces of flesh thrown into the well, so that the water might be poisoned. Just then one of his Huguenot officers fell dangerously ill, and was despaired of by the doctors. The sick man made a vow to St. Genevieve that if she would cure him he would become a Catholic. To the astonishment of all, and the confusion of the Marquis de Soubise, the apparently dying man was restored to health on the spot, and was able to leave his bed the same day, and return thanks to St. Genevieve in her own chapel, where he made his submission to the Church.

In the fifteenth century, Erasmus was cured of some illness by the water of St. Genevieve's Well; and, in grateful recognition of the fact, he wrote a poem that had a widespread popularity in his day, and attracted many visitors to Nanterre. Isabel, daughter of Blanche of Castile, was at death's door when she was restored to health by her pious mother's prayers to St. Genevieve. St. Louis, King of France, had also a great devotion to this saint, and knelt and prayed at her well. Years after, when he lay dying in far-away Tunis, the name of the Virgin Shepherdess of Nanterre was on his lips to the last. Louis XIII. also was a devout client of St. Genevieve, and composed an Office in her honor. This Office forms part of a little book called "Le Pèlerin

de Nanterre," which was published for the use of pilgrims in 1885, by the late Abbé Delaumosne, then *curé* of Nanterre. The Rue Royale, one of the principal streets of the town, is so called because Louis XIII. passed that way on three different occasions when he went to return thanks to St. Genevieve for favors received.

The last years of the reign of Louis XIII. and the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. were signalized by increased popularity of the shrine, Anne of Austria being conspicuous for her devotion to the saint. Another royal pilgrim to Nanterre in later years was the Empress Eugenie. She went there in 1846, to pray for the health and strength of the Prince Imperial, who knelt by her side. Her prayers were granted; and, in thanksgiving, she gave to the parish church of Nanterre an oil painting of St. Genevieve restoring sight to her mother. It still hangs there.

The long series of miracles that marked St. Genevieve's life was continued at her tomb after her death, which took place January 3, 512, five days after that of Clovis, King of France. The saint and the king were buried side by side in the crypt of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, where the saintly Queen Clotilde was also eventually laid to rest. This church was built by Clovis in thanksgiving for the miraculous victory of Tolbiac. He attributed his conversion from paganism to the prayers of his wife, joined to those of St. Genevieve, who was held in greatest veneration by both King and Queen. After her interment in St. Peter and Paul's, the name of the church was changed to that of St. Genevieve. It was also known as the Church of the Gentle Shepherdess of Nanterre.

Her tomb was at first a very modest one; but in 635 it was transformed into a costly shrine of elaborate workmanship, the artist who executed the design being none other than the great St. Eloi. A crumbling tower, that forms part of the

Lycée Henri IV., and is separated from the Church of Saint-Etienne-du-Mont by the Rue Clovis, is all that now remains of the stately basilica erected by the first Christian King of France. Adjoining the church was the famous Abbey of St. Genevieve, which has now disappeared.

In the ninth century the monks of St. Genevieve took the coffin of the saint from the crypt and removed it to some distant property belonging to their Order, to hide it from the Normans who were then overrunning France. When peace was restored it was brought back to Paris. It was not, however, replaced in the crypt, but kept above ground in the case that had served for its transport by the monks. It is estimated that this precious reliquary was publicly carried in procession as many as seventy-seven times when sickness or danger threatened Paris, and never without the hoped-for result.

In 1129 a terrible plague ravaged all France, and Paris in particular. It was called the Feu Sacré, or Mal des Ardents, because its unfortunate victims felt as if they were being burned by a sort of fire, that tormented them till they expired. Already fourteen thousand people had died of this plague, and no human remedy availed anything. The Bishop of Paris, Etienne de Senlis, ordered public prayers and a procession of the relics of various saints, for the cessation of the scourge. The plague, however, continued. Then he arranged for a procession in which the shrine of St. Genevieve was to be carried. It took place, accordingly, with much pomp and ceremony, while an immense crowd lined the streets.

Hundreds of the plague-stricken victims were assembled in Notre Dame; and no sooner had the sacred shrine crossed the threshold of the church than they were all cured, with the exception of three who did not believe in the prayers of St. Genevieve. From that day the pestilence ceased not only in Paris but throughout France. In the following year Pope

Innocent II., at the request of Louis VI., ordered that the 26th of November (the anniversary of the miracle) should henceforth be celebrated as the feast of the Excellence de Sainte Geneviève, or of Sainte Geneviève du Miracle des Ardents. And the parish church, which was built on the site of the house occupied by St. Genevieve in Paris, received the name of Sainte Geneviève des Ardents.

The building now known as the Panthéon was originally dedicated to St. Genevieve, and the foundation stone was laid by Louis XV. in 1764. It was designed by Soufflot, and completed in 1790. At the outbreak of the Revolution, the tomb of St. Genevieve was broken open and her remains publicly burned on the Place de Grève. Some of the sacred ashes were rescued by the faithful and distributed amongst various churches. To save the tomb itself from desecration, Mgr. de Belloy, archbishop of Paris, had it transported, on the 20th of December, 1803, to the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, close by. The Panthéon was turned into a memorial temple for the great men of France; the words "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante" being inscribed above the entrance. The first "great man" to be deposited in the vaults was Mirabeau, who, however, was shortly after ignominiously ejected. Then came Marat, who shared the same fate later on. Voltaire and Rousseau are also numbered among the "great men" resting in the desecrated church of the Virgin of Nanterre. It was restored to religious uses in 1806, only to be again secularized in 1830. Reconsecrated in 1851, it was once more secularized in 1885 for the obsequies of Victor Hugo.

But, unless one descends to the vaults, there is little in the Panthéon to remind France of her "great men," and much to remind her of her great woman, the heroic Genevieve. Immediately under the portico are two groups in marble, by Maindron, representing St. Genevieve

ness of despair; and, knowing that light was leaving him, went away from everyone who up to this time had shared his life, to find a spot in which to die. But instead of dying he had allowed himself to be swayed, at least temporarily, from his purpose by a girl's voice; had let his curiosity be awakened and his interest stimulated by her strange, wild talk of a place where miracles were worked, where one saw "faith in action," and so had come across the world to join the great host of those who sought this remote spot in the Pyrenees for help of one kind or another.

He had now been at Lourdes for several days, and he felt that he was well repaid for having come, by the novelty of the impressions he had received. He had stood before the Grotto, and peered at the white figure of the Lady throned high in the rocky recess, in the blaze of a hundred tapers; had regarded with wonder the immense mass of discarded crutches and other insignia of illness; and looked with a curious sense of exclusion at the kneeling, praying throngs. He had wandered into the basilica, and felt the influence of the great wave of faith which filled the crowded church; and had been thrilled by a stronger wave when the hour for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament came around, and when he saw the piteous assemblage of the sick, the blind, the lame and the halt, gathered in ranks to wait until, as of old, Jesus of Nazareth should pass by and perchance cast a glance of pity and healing on one of them.

It was such a marvellous sight, the interest of it merely as a sight was so great, that at first he had simply gazed with the wonder of a detached looker-on. But presently he became aware that the place was taking hold of him in some strange, mysterious fashion. An extraordinary sense of peace came to him; there was a feeling as if powerful arms of some kind were about him, sustaining his spirit, and keeping it from the dark

depths of despair into which he had fallen and so nearly found destruction. A sense of the infinite value of life came to him,—a revelation of possibilities that stretched far beyond this brief existence into the eternity which at Lourdes seemed so close at hand. And he was also ashamed—ashamed of his own cowardice in the face of pain—when he saw the almost infinite variety of suffering gathered here, and recognized the marvellous patience, resignation, and strength which all the sufferers exhibited. It was an object lesson such as he had never received before,—one which filled him with a humility as new as it was salutary.

He was thinking of all these things, and many more, as he sat beside the rushing Gave and pondered upon the strange chance which had brought him there, and the stranger influence that had already been wrought in him. "I suppose it is the suggestion of the place," he said to himself—and then suddenly his soul rose up in scorn of the evasion; for he knew as well as he knew his own existence that it was not suggestion, not the mere religious atmosphere, which had wrought the effect of which he was conscious, but some influence to which he dared not give a name. For he had no faith, this man who was a typical product of the modern world; and he shrank instinctively from any acknowledgment of the supernatural. Nevertheless, he had the saving grace of an open mind, and he could not doubt that the supernatural had in some way laid hold of him. He thought of Lucia Waldron's eager words bidding him pray for light, and remembered the little prayer to Our Lady of Light which at his request she had written down for him. Without faith, as he believed, he had read this prayer (as long as he could read) over and over until he knew it by heart. And now he asked himself wonderingly if by so doing he had subconsciously prepared himself—for what?

He turned and looked with his dimming

sight toward the open space before the Grotto, where the sick were being laid in preparation for the afternoon procession of the Blessed Sacrament, and the crowd of pilgrims and visitors was gathering about them. It was a scene which interested him intensely. He had watched it, as far as it was possible for him to do so, every day since his arrival; had felt himself thrilled by the intense passion of the prayers uttered aloud; and more than once had heard a sudden cry, followed by a tumultuous rush of people shouting, "*Un miracle!*" But the crowd had made it impossible for him to see anything more, and he knew no one of whom to ask particulars of what had occurred. Whether or not a miracle had really taken place he did not know; but he knew that his interest in these strange happenings became acute; and, drawn by an irresistible attraction, he rose now and went over to the space where the sick were laid in their litters. The afternoon sunshine was lying over the scene, but he was more conscious than ever before of its dimness to him. He saw the figures about him as through a mist, darkly; and he could not see at all the priest who stood in the midst of the throng and led the supplications, as the Blessed Sacrament went by. These outcries told him that It was on Its way now, though he could no more than catch a glimpse of the white and gold canopy as it came toward him.

At the moving cries that sounded on all sides, a constriction came about his heart, a lump rose in his throat. This multitudinous burst of faith, this touching appeal for help, smote him like a blow. He had a vision of himself kneeling on a green hillside far away, even as these people were kneeling here, only they were adoring the Son of David, to whom the blind man in the Gospel had called as He went by; while he, in wild revolt, had held a pistol to his head to end his life. Then it was as if the eyes of his spirit were opened; he saw, horror-stricken, the

terrible meaning of what he had been about to do; and contrition—the contrition which is a cleansing fire of God—seized him in its compelling grasp, and crushed him to the earth. Almost unconsciously he fell upon his knees; for the gleaming monstrosity holding the white Host was so close at hand that even he could see It. "*Seigneur, guérissez nos malades!*" "*Seigneur, ayez pitié de nous!*" priest and people were crying, in a passion of supplication; but this man, like the publican in the temple, dared not lift eyes or voice, as he cried in his heart, "Lord, it is not for one like me to beg a miracle! I am not worthy,—I am not worthy to ask for sight! Only pardon my sin!"

And then, as if the gracious Lord repeated, as of old, "That you may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sin," he felt, if he did not hear, the words, "Receive thy sight!" . . . There was a great flash of light, a sword seemed to pierce his eyes, and, opening them, he saw all things clearly.

When a card bearing the unknown name of Herbert Grahame was brought to Lucia Waldron, she would have been wholly at a loss to place the bearer of that name among her acquaintances, if an unforgotten date had not also been written upon the bit of pasteboard. But when she read, "Sunset Point, August fifth, 1912," she exclaimed at once, "The blind man!" and hurried as fast as her feet could carry her to the room where he was awaiting her.

But it was not a blind man who came to meet her with outstretched hand when she entered: it was a man so plainly in possession of his sight, whose eyes were so open, so clear, so *seeing*, that she paused as if struck motionless by overwhelming amazement, and gazed at him with her own eyes widely distended.

"You!" she cried—and stopped to catch her breath. "You have, then, recovered your sight!"

"I have recovered it," he answered. "And my first act, my first duty, after thanking God and Our Lady, has been to come and thank *you*, to whom I owe both life and sight."

"You mean—" she gasped again,— "you mean perhaps that you were mistaken in thinking that you were going blind?"

He shook his head, smiling at her; and she thought she had never seen a smile so attractive in its brightness.

"Surely you know better than that," he said. "Surely you must understand that I went to Lourdes, as you bade me go, and I have been cured by a miracle."

She sat down weakly in a chair. It was true that she had sent him to Lourdes, but she had not really expected anything like this. Her words had been confident enough when she urged him to go; but she wondered afterward, remembering them; and told herself, with something of a sense of awe, that it was as if she had been inspired to utter them by some force outside of herself. "For I *could not* have been presumptuous enough to think that he would be miraculously cured,—a man who had been on the verge of committing suicide!" she thought. "I could only have hoped that he would learn a lesson of resignation there, and that perhaps the light of faith might come to him." And now the man (for whom she had prayed earnestly ever since her dramatic meeting with him) stood before her, and told her that he had been miraculously cured!

"Why are you so much surprised?" he asked after an interval, seeing that she was incapable of speech. "You must have had faith enough to believe that I could be cured, else you would not have sent me to Lourdes—as you did send me."

"Oh, yes, I had faith enough!" she answered. "And I meant with all my heart every word I said to you. And yet—and yet—I am so astonished that I feel almost incredulous. I can hardly believe that anything so wonderful has

happened—has come so close to me."

"But you may believe it," he said sitting down before her. "Look at my eyes! When I saw you before, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could see you at all,—such difficulty that I have been unable to remember your face as I wished to remember it; but now I see you as clearly as I see everything else."

A shower of crystal tears—tears of pure joy—fell from her eyes, as she held out her hands to him with a gesture of congratulation.

"Oh, I am so glad,—so glad!" she exclaimed. "How good God and Our Lady have been to you,—how marvelously good!"

His face lighted up as if with a flame of inward feeling.

"So good," he said, "that I can do no less than spend my life in thanking them."

"And I, too," she said fervently,— "I, too, must thank them always, not only for you but for myself. I never dreamed that I would come so close to a miracle—a real miracle,—much less have had a little part in bringing it about."

"A *great* part," he corrected her, with a gravity that seemed to suggest things beyond utterance. "But for you I should not be here now, healed in body and soul: I should be, by my own act, forever lost in hell."

"I was *sent*!" she said quickly. "I am sure of that,—I have been sure of it all the time."

"That may be," he answered; "but there was never a better or more faithful messenger. For through you there has come light to my eyes and to my soul."

"*Deo gratias!*" she said, with a radiant smile. "And now tell me all about it—all about what happened to you at Lourdes. When did faith come to you?"

"That is hard to say," he told her. "It seemed to come in a great flash of light at Lourdes,—light which appeared to illuminate everything, mind, heart, and soul, making doubt on any point forever impossible. But I have thought since

that perhaps the grace of God had been preparing my soul for that supreme illumination; that faith had been dawning gradually during the days when sight was faster and faster leaving me, and I had said your little prayer to Our Lady of Light."

"And she proved herself truly Our Lady of Light to you, when you received your sight again at her shrine!"

"With so much more than my sight that the sight itself almost shrinks into insignificance. The great miracle worked was in the soul. Do you realize that?"

"Perfectly, I think; for I remember well how badly your soul stood in need of light. You had no faith at all when—I found you."

"Absolutely none. But faith came even before the physical miracle. It came when I knelt down and acknowledged that I had no right to ask for healing,—when I said that I did *not* ask for it, but begged only that my sin might be forgiven."

"You said that you did not ask for it, and yet you were healed!"

"It was as if the healing of the eyes was only a sign of the healing of the soul. It was like the prodigal son, you know. I had come from a far country, from utter unbelief and the borders of hell; I had wasted my life, my time, every gift that God had given me, in riotous living and sinful pleasures; then, stricken by a great affliction, I refused to bear it, and in the bitterness of my revolt had almost hurled myself out of the world. Yet when I came home like the prodigal, there were the robe and the ring for me, the marvellous welcome, and the healing to which I had no claim or right. All around me I saw those who deserved cure, by any rule that we can apply, a thousand times more than I did,—faithful, devout, submissive souls; but they were left to suffer unhealed, while I—oh, don't you see that it was just the story of the prodigal over again?"

"And the story of God's infinite, loving mercy," she added, in a voice that thrilled

with feeling. "He struck you with blindness that by blindness you might be brought to Him; and then He gave you light for soul and body in this wonderful way because there is something for you to do for Him."

A flash came into the brilliant eyes regarding her.

"You see it, too?" the man said. "Yes, that is why such wonderful things have been done for me,—why I have been cast into the dust of helplessness and misery, and then raised up, healed in soul and body. It is because God has use for me, and has fitted me like an instrument for that use. Well, I ask only that I may be used,—used to the uttermost. I have no other ambition now."

She looked at him steadily.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going to the Passionists," he answered. "I never heard of the Order until the other day; but it was borne in upon me then that there is where I belong—if they will have me."

"I think they will have you," she said quietly. "And I see why you have turned to them,—their devotion to the Passion of Our Lord, their austerity, their great work as preachers. Oh, you will be a great preacher yourself some day!"

"If so," he replied, "never forget what your share in it will be. And be sure that I shall never forget. In every act of my life hereafter I shall remember the lady who came to me as the messenger of Our Lady of Light, and I shall never cease trying, by every means in my power, to pay my debt to her."

"I shall be grateful for all that you may give me," she told him, with eyes that shone again through tears which came from the deepest founts of emotion. "But as for your debt to me, it has already been paid a hundredfold."

(The End.)

MISHAPS are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or the handle.—*Lowell*.

On a Devotional "Excess."

Notes and Remarks.

Can you imagine, O my fellow-priests, a St. Paul—any one of the Apostles, who traversed the world proclaiming the Gospel and shedding forth their blood—a St. Ambrose, a St. Gregory Nazianzen, a St. Cyprian, a St. Boniface, a St. Francis Xavier,—can you imagine any of them laden with medals, images, the *Agnus Dei*, sacred figures, religious emblems of all kinds? I believe it is impossible, both for you and me, so to picture to ourselves those men, so full of faith, burning with charity, who prayed in the spirit, and were ready to suffer even death for the love of Jesus Christ.

A critical Catholic contemporary, in a notice of the late Bishop Bonomelli, of Cremona, having quoted this passage of his famous Pastoral, "Il Culto Religioso, Defetti e Abusi," a clerical correspondent of the same journal hastened to reply: "... But we do read (Acts, xix, 12) that St. Paul sent some objects of devotion to the sick: 'There were brought from his body to the sick, handkerchiefs and aprons, and the diseases departed from them.' Whether St. Paul carried them about with him for other sick cases is not stated...." As for St. Francis Xavier, we have seen one of the medals which he distributed, and we venture to say he was sorry that he could not have distributed more of them.

In justice to the dead Bishop, however, we think the passage immediately following the one quoted (inexactly, too, we find) should also have been given. It runs:

Am I condemning, then, the use of medals, rosaries, images, sacred symbols? God forbid! They are, I have already said so, means to excite faith and sustain piety; but let them be used with moderation. Do not let us imagine real virtue to exist in them, nor think that through their means we please God; for He looks on the mind and heart, and desires above all things that we should learn to govern our passions and put virtue into practice. What are all these devotions, rosaries and novenas, benedictions and visits to altars and famous sanctuaries, processions and pilgrimages and hymns and feast-days and functions, worth unless we do our duty and live a real Christian life? What are they but a pretence of virtue? They are as leaves without fruit; and who cares for leaves only?

An American just returned home from Europe declares that substantially the same stories of military atrocities are circulated in Germany, France, and Belgium, the only difference in them being the names of the perpetrators—"brutal Germans," "maddened Frenchmen," "frenzied Belgians." In other respects the tales are identical. How or where they originated will probably never be known. The object of them doubtless was to create sympathy or to intensify animosity, and it has fully succeeded. When the great war is over, all such reports, wherever repeated, will be taken with the proverbial grain of salt for which hysterically inclined persons have no use at the present moment.

Americans, of all people, should be the last to "swallow" the stories told against the soldiery of any of the nations now in conflict, and the first to remember that "war is war" whenever or wherever waged. A glance over the files of our "great dailies" for the year 1898 will show how eager Americans then were to welcome anything that could be asserted against "benighted Spain" and the "bloodthirsty Spaniards," and how willing the newspapers were fully to gratify such eagerness. During the Civil War hundreds of thousands of intelligent men and women, North and South, swallowed fabrications which no sane person nowadays regards as otherwise than preposterous. Let us be tolerant of the excited patriotism that is reflected at present even in journals that had the reputation of being sober and staid.

One objection which we had thought obsolescent, if not obsolete, is still being occasionally urged against the parochial schools,—that the attention paid to religious teaching results in their pupils' inferiority, as to secular branches, to the frequenters of the public schools. We

have frequently cited instances to prove that the contrary of this is the real truth; and, for good measure, here is another one. In Philadelphia there were recently held competitive examinations for University scholarships. Of ninety-two competitors for them, seven were graduates of the Catholic High School, the remainder were from the various public high schools, with a small percentage from private preparatory institutions. Catholic High competitors constituted, therefore, something over seven per cent of the total number taking the examination; consequently, had they won the same percentage of the scholarships awarded, they would have come out on equal terms with the other schools entered. Instead of seven per cent, however, Catholic High won twenty-two per cent, or three times as many; obtaining four out of the total number awarded—eighteen.

Similar results have attended the like examinations in many others of our cities. The parochial schools are the better—in instruction as well as in education properly so-called.

As illustrating the extreme lengths to which bigotry can still go in this country, it is stated, on what seems reliable authority, that Judge Collister, of Cleveland, Ohio, a recent candidate for public office in that city, was the recipient of a letter from the Guardians of Liberty (save the mark!) asking him to make a distinction in interpreting the law when a Catholic appeared in his Court. He refused to comply with the demand, and for no other reason was defeated at the primary for a place on the regular ticket. He is spoken of as one of the leading members of the Bar in his State, and for a number of years has been a common-pleas judge. We learn that he is a man of irreproachable character and a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

We shall probably hear more about the bigots in Cleveland who succeeded in defeating Judge Collister. As for the

Guardians of Liberty, they evidently need to be guarded themselves: their proper habitat would be an insane asylum. Their chief, Gen. Miles (we are informed by one who knows all about him), has been opposed to Catholics ever since war times, when Gen. Grant placed Gen. Sheridan over him, thus foiling his ambition. His attitude toward his fellow-Catholic citizens is proof of how little he deserved even the scant respect shown him by Col. Roosevelt, whom he expected to succeed as President of the United States.

We suppose that the most notable member of the Holy Name Society in the United States, not to say the whole world, is Mr. John A. Gensheimer, of Erie, Pa. On the occasion of a recent Holy Name parade in that city, this venerable gentleman, aged ninety-three, covered the whole course of the march on foot. In the same row with him were his son, his grandson, and his great-grandson. On the morning of the demonstration he attended early Mass, at which he received Holy Communion, returning to the church later in the forenoon to attend High Mass. "After the parade," says the *Catholic Chronicle*, "it was suggested that he drive back home, but he refused the use of automobile and street car, and again walked the whole distance (over a mile) more briskly and with more alacrity, perhaps, than his juniors. Early Monday morning, 'the day after,' he was as usual at his desk in his office at Seventh and State Streets, and has since shown no ill effects of the unquestionably great strain."

The city of Los Angeles having been criticised for passing certain finances which the Salvation Army considers inimical to its interests, the *Tidings* judiciously remarks: "The Charities Commission insists on enforcing certain regulations requiring a reasonable standard of efficiency, and a wise use of funds

entrusted by the general public to any and every organization making an appeal to the people of Los Angeles at large. The regulations of the Commission affect all the other agencies in our city engaged in charitable work of the same nature, as the Salvation Army. They have complied with these regulations. The Little Sisters of the Poor, for example, have not found the Commission's rules prohibitory of their work, nor [the Salvation Army excepted] have the many non-Catholic charitable organizations in the city."

At this distance, the merits of the case may be only imperfectly understood; but the principle of the Commission is a wise one. The public has a distinct right to know what becomes of its funds, whether the providing of such funds be compulsory or voluntary.

An appeal made by the London *Catholic Times* for exceptional manifestation of Catholic charity in England during the present distracted period suggests that—

It might be well, as an introductory experiment in giving lavishly with both hands, if the wealthy members of the Catholic body made a special effort during the present time, when war cuts off many a little trickling stream of contribution, to secure the safety and maintain the efficiency of our many and valuable long-established Catholic charities, some of which are passing through a period of severe distress and most dire need. We do not here aim at advertising one above another. There is plenty of evidence that help would be welcomed in many places. We urge wealthy Catholics to stretch an arm of help to the good works dependent on the charity of Catholics. Catholic charity is inexhaustible. It has done its duty nobly to the country. It has done its duty well to the country's measures for the relief of distress. We are confident that, once awakened to the need, it will not fail to respond most generously to the call of the old-established charities which, being Catholic, can claim to appeal to it with an all-powerful, overwhelming, specially persuasive force.

We have no war—thank God!—in this country; but the cry of "hard

times" is not unheard in some quarters of the land, and our own wealthy Catholics may well take to heart the foregoing suggestions. It is especially in connection with old-established charities that the rich should bear in mind that they are God's stewards, rather than proprietors, of their superfluous wealth.

As a straw showing how the wind blows in the matter of race-suicide in France, Georges Montorgueil tells the readers of *La Semaine Littéraire* that he recently found among picture postcards for sale in a French village one showing a family of sixteen children. The publicist sees in the incident a notable change in the opinion of the masses on a subject of vital interest to his country. A very few years ago, a large family was not looked upon in France as a matter for honest pride; and it is a good sign that saner views are beginning to prevail. Another of our French exchanges, *Les Missions Catholiques*, devotes several pages to a letter in which a Lazarist missionary tells of the numerous progeny of a Chinese patriarch, Pierre Wang Lao Feu. Seventy-five of his children, grand, great, and great-great-grandchildren, are living. The editor of the *Missions* introduces the letter as describing "a patriarch such as only China and Canada can show."

Applauding a suggestion of the Hon. Mr. McGauran, to the effect that "we ought to get out on the street corners and give speeches, to let the people know the real story about our Church," the *Catholic Register* of Denver says:

If a number of our young laymen would band together and spend a short time in studying and rehearsing, and then go out periodically and occupy corners in various parts of the town, just like the Socialists and other labor agitators, they might accomplish an infinite amount of good. Their audiences would be limited, but the public would be convinced that the Church was the most wide-awake institution on earth, and a few might be led

to investigate it further. Investigation inevitably means amalgamation, except in the case of moral lepers or men who do not have a vestige of faith.

We fancy we hear not a few self-styled "practical" men ridiculing suggestions like these as the unworkable schemes of visionaries and idealists; so it may not be amiss to state that just such a scheme has already proved workable in England, where the results achieved fully warrant the efforts employed.

There is probably no Englishman, lord or commoner, whom the average American regards with friendlier interest, or for whose judgment he entertains greater respect, than the author of "The American Commonwealth" and ex-Ambassador to the United States, Viscount Bryce. Very many of our readers will accordingly be gratified to read the following letter addressed by that distinguished gentleman to John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalists; on the memorable occasion of the King's affixing his signature to the Home Rule Act:

Let me congratulate you with all my heart on this triumphant issue for Ireland. Let me say how largely it is due to your wisdom, tact, and eloquence. I have been admiring for the last month the admirable combination of firmness and prudence that has enabled you to surmount successfully one crisis after another and bring the ship safely into port. You have done more than secure the passing of the Home Rule Act: you have completed the work begun by Gladstone when he determined to try to create good relations between the two islands. You have laid the foundation for a better understanding and co-operation between the peoples than has ever existed before. May what you have to do in Ireland prosper as well as what you have done in these years at Westminster!

A splendid tribute to an able and much-abused leader.

Among the many excellent paragraphs of the Labor Day sermon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Chidwick in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, the following are

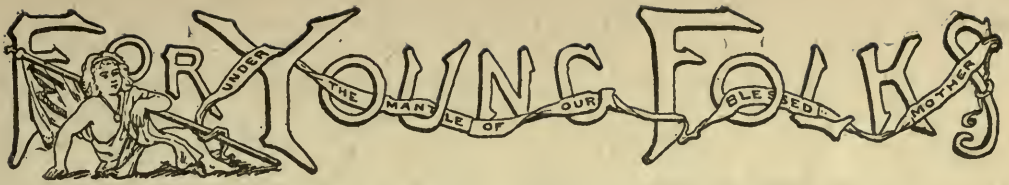
well worth reproducing as succinct expressions of truths perennially timely:

She [the Church] blesses you in the name of religion, society, and humanity. She tells you to struggle for every legitimate right of body, mind, and soul. She warns you not to be deceived and beguiled by an evil whose spirit she has often fought in her long course of two thousand years. She pleads with you not to sacrifice your faith, your virtue, the virtue and care of your children, your personal rights and liberties. She found you, when she first came forth upon her mission, slaves of the State; and she warns you not to sell your freedom to become the State's wards and dependents again. She appeals to you as free men and strong men. She appeals for God's sake, for the sake of those who will come after you, and for your own sake.

She is said to be the enemy of the workingman, to be in alliance with Capitalism, to be opposed to the progress and aspirations of the working classes. What a bold, rash and slanderous charge in the face of history! The Church has at all times been the friend of the poor, the weak, the laborer, the oppressed. She gave labor the happiest days that it has ever known. She has filled every age and every land with hospitals, asylums, homes, refuges of every kind for the unfortunate, weak, injured, impoverished, and even outcast of society.

Not only on Labor Day, but on all days, is it important for Catholic workingmen to realize the bearing of these oldtime truths on their relations to the Church on the one hand, and to all Socialistic organizations on the other.

There may not be much culture, but there is an abundance of common-sense in the workingman of whom a Jesuit missionary tells this story. Father C. was talking of the poor opinion some of the Western miners seemed to have about this "uplift" business. In one camp he overheard a rough fellow saying: "Uplift! Uplift! Social uplift! In my opinion, the very best kind of uplift a fellow can get is to meet Father C. and go to confession." The miner was right, of course. Social uplift, as understood by not a few of its devotees, is not at all incompatible with spiritual downfall.



The Brass Watch.

BY GEORGE MERRIMAN.

ALONG the road that stretched straight between two lines of tall poplars walked a traveller with a rapid gait and an air of supple ease. He was scarcely twenty-five years old; his baggage was limited to a bundle tied up in a bandana handkerchief, and the appearance of his clothes seemed to indicate that his pockets were not overburdened with money. As he had a fine presence, however, and was good to look at, those who met him on the way noticed his apparent poverty less than his handsome figure, and saluted him cordially. He smiled in return and raised his hand to his hat, in which he had stuck a tricolored cockade.

After walking for several hours, the young man reached, about dinner time, Pont-André, a large village not far from Paris. There were two taverns, or inns, in the village. They stood opposite to each other on the main street, but they did not resemble each other at all. One was new, handsome, well patronized, and bore in letters of gold across its front "Hôtel du Globe Terrestre" (Hotel of the Terrestrial Globe); the other was old, dark, little frequented, and had no sign-board at all, but only a branch of oak.

Let it be added that the Globe had for landlord a peevish and covetous fellow called Master Leonard; while its rival—if such it could be styled—was managed by the Widow Melanson, a rather timid and very gentle lady.

The traveller stood motionless on the street between the two inns, looking first at the Globe's dazzling sign, and then at the humble oaken branch. Finally, he debated with himself:

"Be sensible. That branch means that you can get a good meal very cheap.—Yes, but the Globe tempts me."

And, snapping his fingers, the young fellow turned his back on the oak branch and entered the establishment of Master Leonard.

The landlord made a grimace as he noticed the shabby appearance of the guest; and, before serving him, asked who he was.

"My name," was the reply, "wouldn't give you much information. Enough that I come from the other end of France, and on foot, if you please. Just now I'm drawing near the end of my journey. To-night I'll be in Paris, and to-morrow I'll be a soldier. They have promised me a place in the Guards."

"Another adventurer!" grumbled the landlord, shrugging his shoulders.

"I'm very hungry," said the latter, "as hungry as a wolf."

And he proved it. An omelet disappeared in no time; some ham followed suit, and then short work was made of bread and cheese.

"My lad," remarked the innkeeper, "you have a pretty solid appetite."

"Oh," answered the other, with a sigh. "I could eat much more without trouble—quite the contrary. Well, I must be off now. How much do I owe you?"

"Three francs and seven cents."

At that period and for so modest a repast, the price was exorbitant. The traveller was both indignant and distressed. Possessing only three francs, how was he to pay three francs and seven cents? At first he tried to beat down the price; but the landlord declared he would not lower it a cent.

At last the young man drew out his purse.

"Here are the three francs," he said. "As for the seven cents—"

"You haven't got them?"

"No."

"Well, when one knows that his pocket is so poorly lined, one shouldn't permit himself to enter a hotel like mine. Do you know where fellows of your stamp ought to go? Over the way there, to Widow Melanson's. We have no haggling about prices at the Globe."

"But I tell you I have only three francs."

"Then leave something in pawn."

"Very well," said the traveller; and he drew from his pocket a large watch, offering it to Master Leonard with the remark: "There, I presume this pledge will satisfy you."

The watch was not a particularly valuable one, seeing that it was of brass, and had only one hand—the larger one. As the mainspring was broken, however, it did not make much difference whether it had one hand or two. But it was worth seven cents and more, and might be a keepsake.

Placing the watch in a drawer, the landlord declared:

"You'll get it back when you pay me my seven cents."

The other did not reply. He hastily left the hateful inn; and as he noticed the oak branch waving over Widow Melanson's door, he apostrophized it:

"Branch of oak, if ever I pass through this village again, 'tis toward you I'll take my way, branch of oak."

Having thus delivered himself, the traveller left the village.

Seventeen years went by,—very eventful years in France. Napoleon was at the zenith of his power, and was giving away European kingdoms to his favorites. Among the kings he made were some who had entered the ranks as simple soldiers.

Life in Pont-André, however, remained much the same as it had been when our young traveller took his dinner there in 1791. The Hotel of the Terrestrial Globe still bore its gilded sign, and the oaken

branch still waved above the door of the poor Widow Melanson. She was growing old, was the widow; there were wrinkles on her pleasant face, and her hair was much whiter than it had been.

One summer's evening in 1808, a little before sunset, the widow saw a number of people in their Sunday clothes gathering in the neighboring square.

"What is the matter?" she asked of a neighbor.

She was told that the Emperor Napoleon had conferred the crown of Naples on one of his marshals; and that the new king, who had left Paris that afternoon on the way to his dominions, was just about to pass through the village.

Master Leonard had set a row of chairs out before the Globe, and said to his acquaintances:

"Sit down here, by all means. I don't know whether the illustrious traveller will make a halt at Pont-André; but, if he does, my house is the only one fit to receive him. Widow Melanson has no chance of entertaining such a guest."

Just then some boys cried out:

"Here they come!"

A handsome barouche, drawn by four horses and surrounded by a company of splendidly mounted cavaliers, entered the village and stopped between the two inns. A man whose dress appeared to be all of cloth of gold got out of the carriage and walked toward the Globe. Leonard, proud as a peacock, ran forward.

"What does your Majesty desire?" he asked with every symptom of servility.

"I desire," replied the King, whose eyes flashed and whose brow wore a terrific frown,—*"I desire to see my watch."*

"Watch?" cried the stupefied landlord. "What watch, please your Majesty?"

"A brass watch which you had the audacity to retain as a pledge seventeen years ago. Do you remember, you rapacious scoundrel?"

Oh, yes, Leonard remembered now! And, to his inexpressible dismay, he recognized in the person of the King of Naples

the shabby traveller who had carried all his belongings in a handkerchief.

"My watch!" repeated the former field-marshal, now ruler of a kingdom. "Hurry up!"

The timepiece was produced; and, taking it, the King said to one of his suite: "Give this rascal seven cents."

Then, turning on his heel, he walked across to the Widow Melanson's, and said to the astounded old lady:

"Give me a glass of —anything at all."

The widow hastened to serve him with some cherry brandy.

He smiled and handed her a well-filled purse.

"I give you this that you may improve your inn. Have it repainted and repapered; and, instead of that oaken branch, I suggest a sign with this inscription on it, 'Here the King of Naples was a guest.'"

Murat entered his barouche, the horses started, and in a few moments the whole procession were disappearing down the road. But even when they were completely out of sight, Master Leonard had not fully recovered from his astonishment and chagrin.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XIX.

SHE was to have been a prodigy, and she had turned out a "duffer."

It occurred to the visitor, who had come on her account, that the Spanish father must have known English very well—even unclassical English.

Lolo was a funny little figure, as she came out and stood on the hearth-rug,—short black hair, as usual in every direction, but curly to-day; a round face, with grand, dark, solemn eyes; a pink cotton frock, very old, for it was outgrown, though she was small; and no shoes or stockings. In this creamy golden light of the shaded room, one could not see that she had been crying. But "fahzer" and

"muzzer" had made hard remarks when they recaptured her; and she would have had hard knocks instead but for the kind doctor's warning about the power of the law some day to refuse a license for her playing in public. Even the state of the party dress, when it was taken off, had been the subject of a scolding. She had soiled the white frock by falling on the street. It was forgotten that she might have been run over, and then there would have been no Lolo any more. It was very naughty to be knocked down by a car, when the white dress had cost so much money. A few more tears had been shed by Lolo for her little diamond clasp. It was not in the trunk; she had failed to find it, and dared not ask.

So here was "the young lady that played the violin," standing on the hearth-rug, with hair on end, no shoes or stockings, and eyes that would have looked red in a clearer light. A silver chain was visible; but whatever it held was under the pink cotton frock.

"Well, my little child?" said the white-haired visitor, stretching both hands toward her.

At the words the child's heart went out to him; her small hands were at once in his; her face gazed up confidently; there was even a smile dawning in the midst of her wonder at this friend who claimed her tenderly, though she had never seen him before. They seemed to know each other, these two. What wonder! Every priest is the messenger from the Lover of little children.

"I wouldn't have hidden behind the chair, if I knew it was you," she said slowly, still gazing up at him, with the broad gaze of one of the child-angels of the *San Sisto*.

"Well, I am glad you peeped out. Do you like playing hide-and-seek?"

"It wasn't a game," said Lolo, with truth in those great, round eyes. "I was frightened."

"Why?"

"Muzzer doesn't want me in here,

because I broke the china one day—and—I have no shoes and stockings on.”

“Why don’t you put your shoes on, eh?”

Lolo hesitated.

“Fahzer says shoes cost money. I wouldn’t smash the china now, if they let me come in.”

“I am sure it was only an accident,” said the priest, kindly.

“No, it wasn’t.”

“O Lolo!”

A flush spread over the round little face up to the roots of the curls; but the grand eyes still gazed upward, without flinching.

“It was a cup,—my cup. We were having tea. I hadn’t tea, because I must have no nerves. And they wouldn’t give me sugar. Hot water and milk is not nice without sugar. That was the day I practised all the time—”

“All day?”

“Yes, all day; it was before the concert. So I began to cry; and—you know when you cry very much, you must bang something somewhere, and then you get better. So I banged my cup into the fender.” She looked round penitently toward the scene of the disaster.

“Did you? O Lolo!”

“Yes, I know I am not good like other children. Fahzer and muzzer say I’m not. I didn’t even say, ‘Skews *me*.’”

“But you will try now not to be cross and smash the china, and you will do what father and mother tell you.”

“Yes, I’ll try,” replied Lolo, sweetly, answering his smile with a brightening face. “I’ll go away now; they told me not to come in here. Please will you say ‘my little child’ just once again before I go? Will you say it, even if I am only a bad child? Fahzer and muzzer say I am bad. But I wish I wasn’t. They don’t know how I wish!” And tears made a swimming brightness in her eyes again.

They had crossed the room to the door. Now, in this sad little speech there was the stirring of grace,—there were simplicity, truth, trustfulness, humble avowal,

and the will to be obedient. All these good things appealed to the heart of the priest. At the same time he saw that Lolo’s relations with her parents were not those of an ordinary child. The people seemed to be hard, when her whole nature was confiding. They told her she was bad—a cruel word!—when the hot, impulsive little creature really wanted to be good. He put a kind hand on her wild dark hair, saying:

“God bless you, my little child!” And then he went on speaking in a low voice like a murmur, and moved his hand about close to her head. What did it mean? The last words were “descend upon you, and remain with you forever.”

Lolo went away, and treasured these words in her heart. Betsy would not know what they meant. And she dared not ask “fahzer” or “muzzer.”

The priest stood thinking of that untaught soul, so full of the promise of great things, in its truth and its lowliness. How wonderfully she had seemed to recognize him and pour out her heart! They were friends at first sight, and more than friends,—tender father and confiding child. Poor little Lolo had come in touch with some one from the land of her great inheritance.

A very different meeting followed a few moments later. Mr. de Selvas came into the shaded room, bowing and speaking with a foreign accent. But he soon gave up his foreign talk and manners.

“You are mistaken, sir,” he said: “there is no one here of your religion.”

“I thought the name ‘De Selvas’—”

“Ah, that is only for professional purposes! My name is Woods. The British public prefers foreign musicians, so we have translated it into Spanish.”

“And your little daughter who plays the violin?” the priest asked. “I have been told she is a Catholic.”

“You have been misinformed.”

“She looks quite Spanish,” remarked the priest.

“Ah, yes!” answered Woods, proudly.

"She played yesterday at Lady Dalchester's. A genius, sir—a genius! It was merely through a slip of memory that she stopped. She will not play again for some time. We keep her absolutely to ourselves. You can not see Dolores de Selvas. She belongs to the professional world, sir, and is now reposing."

He said this very grandly, not knowing that the prodigy had been there five minutes ago, barefooted and with hair on end. She had already been interviewed.

"I heard that your little daughter wears a Catholic medal," said the priest.

"Does she? Perhaps. She may have picked it up somewhere." The man shrugged his shoulders. "Now I remember we did let her wear such a thing, when she was quite little, as a mascot—just for luck. She may have found it again."

A murmur escaped from the priest. He seemed to shudder. He would not give up yet and go away. He had been treated without any courtesy, not even asked to sit down. He stood thinking what appeal he could make. The man touched with an idle finger the head of a little china mandarin on the table. The head began nodding, and swung more and more slowly. Every nod of the little Chinese figure, every tick of the gilt clock on the mantelpiece, seemed to be measuring away the seconds when the soul of this child might be rescued.

Pedro de Selvas explained further:

"My wife wants a holiday on Sundays; we don't go anywhere. Music is the religion of my daughter."

The priest urged that art can not take the place of the knowledge of God; that even the child's artistic feeling would be raised to a higher level by such knowledge. Why should she be "of the earth earthy"? Her music would be something better if her soul could speak,—if she were "of the heavens heavenly." This ought to be part of her education.

"Perhaps," said the obstinate man. "But we wish to educate our little girl in our own way. We have travelled, and

will travel again. She has studied at the best conservatories of the Continent. She chatters French and German."

"Will you not let me hear her?"

"Impossible, sir. All her future depends upon rest at the present moment."

"To take your own words," said the priest, "'all her future depends'—on what I am entreating for her. She has a soul. If you refuse yourself the way to real happiness, do not refuse it to your child. If you have any love for her—"

The man interrupted rudely:

"I have now other business, sir. You will excuse me; my time is valuable. I can not talk of matters which do not concern me."

"But this *does* concern you," said the priest, warmly. "Some day the end will come: you will have, to die. Do you ever think of that? You are flinging your child upon the world, without faith, without religion. This is a crime for which you will have to answer."

The man shrugged his shoulders, and spread both hands with a careless gesture.

"I repeat, sir," he said, "my time is valuable. I have business to attend to. Good-morning!"

The priest went away saddened. He had no idea that this was not a father but a speculator. The child was really regarded only as so much capital. Such a thing as a soul had never been thought of; the only question was money. The man was as hard as a stone. Slowly the priest went down the long flights of steps. What a disappointment! What a world!

After a week, he passed that way again, and looked up toward No. 16. In each window were printed notices: "To let. Furnished." He made inquiries of the hall porter, and was told that the De Selvas family was gone—no one knew where. They were in debt all round. Such people "fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away!" The hall porter shook his head and remarked: "He got on the wrong 'oss, I expect."

The priest went away, with his white head bent forward. He only said to himself. "Poor little child!" But his lips were still moving as he walked along.

From him the disappointing news was sent to Mike, and so it reached the happy little house in the small street.

"Sure, Mary, they were not Catholics at all! And the father said the blessed medal was only a mascot."

Mary asked what "that outlandish word" meant.

"Something for luck," Mike explained.

Mary raised her bright eyes toward the ceiling, and said fervently:

"The Lord between us and harm!"—a common enough saying in her own land; and, if one comes to think it over, one of the most beautiful prayers that lips can utter. "Yerra!" she went on, indignantly, "did you ever in your life hear such a thing as people treating the medal of the Blessed Mother of God as if 'twas no more than a crooked sixpence?"

Mike had put his helmet on the table. The policeman was gone, and the father was come. He already had Baby Pat on his knee, and his chin was softly rubbing against the golden curly head.

"Yes, indeed, Mary, we'd rather see our own in their little coffins than brought up like that. But don't you fret. I'm thinking that child has the seal of the Queen on her, and mothers have a way of taking care of their own."

"Where are they gone?" asked Mary. Her eyes were moist; there were no dimples in the rosy cheeks.

"I inquired of the hall porter. He says maybe to Monte Carlo. The gentleman had been there before: the labels were on his trunks. That's the gambling place. Grand folks and paper rolls of gold to bet with, — sort of sausages stuffed with money."

"And did they take the child, Mike?"

"They did, wherever they're gone. The man in the hall said maybe she'd stand fiddling outside the Casino while they were playing inside."

Mary could not speak. A tear rolled down and splashed upon the helpful hands resting a little while in her lap.

"I'd like to run that man in," growled Mike; "and the grand lady, too."

"Grand lady, moy-yah!" said Mary, with a Gaelic interjection that no scorn could translate. "'Tis in a duck-pond they both ought to be."

And she did not mean a nice pool with ducks swimming about, but the ducking pond, perhaps green and slimy, where country folks dipped offenders before policemen were invented.

And now we must make use of our privilege of peeping through roofs and walls, and see what was happening to the "progdidy" and "fahzer" and "muzzer," and find out where they really had gone. It was not, we may say, to Monte Carlo.

(To be continued.)

A Monk's Motto.

Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand
No worthy action done.

As swift the golden hours flee,
Think that day lost to thee
If at the setting of the sun
No conquest thou hast won.

Though familiar to everyone and quoted everywhere, very few persons know that this motto dates from the Middle Ages, and originated with a monk, the great St. Bernard. We give two versions of the lines, the first of which John Brown, the famous abolitionist leader, taught to his children, and Wendell Phillips, the celebrated orator copied in autograph albums without number. Each day has its duties, be they little or great. Those which we oftenest neglect may turn out to be of the greatest importance. A single word—a brave "Yes" or "No"—may come up to the saint's idea of a worthy action or a real conquest.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Eversoul" and "The Land of the Sunrise Sea," a mystery play and musical drama, by J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., is forthcoming from the press of John Lane Co.

—The Christian Press Association has issued a very practical little brochure, "The Way, the Why, the When," for Catholic children, by an experienced teacher.

—A collection of "Poems of the Great War," just published by a London firm, is described by one critic as being for the most part "academic diatribes against Germany or laudations of English qualities and aspirations."

—"Working for God," from the writings of St. Alphonsus Liguori, edited by the Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald, D. D. (Christian Press Association), is a 24mo of 141 pages, the first score of which are devoted to a biographical sketch of the author. An excellent little book for occasional spiritual reading.

—The Fathers of the Divine Word, who have done such efficient work among our Southern Negroes, relate the history of that endeavor in a brochure of some fifty-five pages—"Our Negro Missions,"—which also states the present conditions and prospects of this noble apostolate. The booklet may be had for ten cents of the Mission Press S. V. D., Techny, Ill.

—"Chats in the Zoo," by Teresa Weimar and R. G. Jones (Rand McNally & Co.), is an attempt at supplying the young folks' demand for "really truly" stories; and, we should judge, a successful attempt. Sometimes in the book boys and girls question the animals, sometimes birds and beasts talk among themselves; and the information imparted is as instructive as interesting. The volume is profusely illustrated with really excellent cuts.

—From the knowledge betrayed by Mr. J. S. Philimore, M. A., in his preface to Blessed Bishop Fisher's "Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms" (the Catholic Library, XIV), as likewise from his manner of presenting it, we judge that he might produce a much-needed book—namely, a history of the Catholic contribution to English literature. As a controversialist, he wields a trenchant pen, at the same time shedding a light that is often blasting. As for the matter of the present volume (which, by the way, is not the complete work, nor is it continued in the volume which is number XV),

the reader will fully agree with its editor that, "as a book of devotion, it certainly escapes the commonest fault in that kind, the sin of sweetishness or false unction," and regard the text as "extraordinarily satisfying and uncloying."

—From the Macmillan Co. we have received "The Case of Belgium in the Present War," an account of the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and the laws of war on Belgian territory, published for the Belgian delegates to the United States. No price is given.

—The second volume of "Betrothment and Marriage," ably translated by the Rev. W. Dobell, from the French of Canon de Smet, S. T. L., deals with marriage, the impediments thereto, the duties of the parish priest and confessor in connection with this sacrament, matrimonial procedure, dispensations, etc. The bibliography of this excellent canonical and theological treatise greatly enhances its value and usefulness. Published by B. Herder.

—"The Question of Alcohol," by Edward Huntington Williams, M. D. (The Gooch Co., New York), although only a 16mo, of 120 pages, contains as much really worth-while matter on an ever-timely subject as many a work of quadruple size. A statement from the preface will give an inkling of its point of view: "The evils that have been accentuated by ill-advised temperance propaganda are too patent to escape the attention of any candid observer."

—Mr. Benjamin M. Read, of Santa Fé, New Mexico, who deserves the thanks of all lovers of truth for his untiring efforts at the correct presentation of the facts of Mexican and New Mexican history, has won further credit by issuing a "Popular Elementary History of New Mexico," based on his larger work dealing with the same subject. The reader—as Archbishop Pitaval says in his letter of approbation—will be "well impressed with the way the author has endeavored to make his history simple enough to be grasped by the youthful mind and at the same time cover the important events associated with New Mexico." The volume is published by the author.

—United with an uncommon talent for smooth versification, the Rev. William Livingston, whose "Poems for Loyal Hearts" is handsomely issued by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, has also the poet's inner vision that discovers the hidden beauties of truth and interprets the broadcast

revelation of the Creator in His universe. There is a strong personal element, too, several of the poems commemorating jubilees, professions, anniversaries, etc. These do not fall below the level of most occasional verse. Let us reproduce some lines from "A Jubilee Meditation":

Five-and-twenty years of service for the Fold,
Drawing weak and erring sinners from the cold,
Reaping graces, till the harvest time, untold.

At the altar craving pardon, craving grace,
For the priceless souls entrusted to his care;
Robed in splendor as befits the holy place
That is sanctified by sacrifice and prayer.

Raising up the Host divine,
And the golden chalice filled
With that same redeeming wine
Which on Calvary was spilled;
While the ransomed of his Masses far above
Hear the angels sing of worship and of love.

By the bedside bringing comfort, bringing peace,
For the body and the burdened soul within,
With the Lord's own sweet assurance of release
From the nightmare and the loathsome load of sin.
Bringing joy that anxious ears
Sweep to sad, expectant eyes,
Drawing forth the gentle tears
That bespeak the soul's uprise,
And the yearning for His coming with the light
That will melt away the mist and chill of night.

Thus the years in love have held him and will hold,
Never wearied in the service—never old—
Till the silver leaves are burnished into gold.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Betrothment and Marriage." Canon de Smet, S. T. L. \$2.25.

"The Question of Alcohol." Edward Huntington Williams, M. D. 75 cts.

"Poems for Loyal Hearts." Rev. William Livingston. \$1.25.

"Popular Elementary History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$1.

"Chats in the Zoo." Weimar-Jones. 40 cts.

"Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms." 35 cts.

"Some Counsels of St. Vincent de Paul." E. K. Sanders. 40 cts.

"Standard-Bearers of the Faith." 30 cts. per vol.

"The Floral Birthday Book." Margaret M. Brown. 75 cts.

"Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures." Vol. III., Part II. 30 cts.

"Sister Mary of St. Francis, S. N. D." \$2.

"Perilous Seas." E. Gallienne Robin. \$1.25.

"The Maid of Spinges." Mrs. Edward Wayne. 85 cts.

"The Parting of the Ways." Florence Gilmore. 80 cts.

"The Seventh Wave, and Other Soul-Stories." Constance E. Bishop. \$1.20.

"Stanmore Hall and Its Inmates." \$1.25.

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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Thomas Smyth, of the diocese of Cleveland; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Garland, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Quirinus Stuecker, O. F. M.; and Rev. Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory.

Sister M. Angelica, of the Order of Mercy. Mr. George Oliva, Mr. Jose Castro, Mrs. James Maloney, Mr. Robert Evans, Mr. Owen Daley, Mrs. Catherine Crawford, Miss Anne A. Dunn, Mr. Albert Bernstetter, Mr. Dominick Morrison, Mr. Thomas Hasteley, Mrs. Agnes Clarke Crain, Mrs. Jane Gallagher, Mr. John Kissel, Miss Jennie Myers, Mr. B. McAndrew, Mrs. Mary Desch, and Mr. Charles Missere.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

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NO. 16

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Our Queen.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

QUEEN OF ANGELS! Dares this clod
Call thee, while the choirs of God
Chant thee holy lays?
Queen of sainted Patriarch,
Dares a youth beseech thee hark,—
Thee whom ancients praise?

Queen of Prophets! Canst thou mind
Me that am an infant blind,
Thou the Queenly Seer?
Queen by twelve Apostles sung,
Can this uninspired tongue
Hope to make thee hear?

Queen of Martyrs! Is it I,
Coward, so afraid to die,
Join my song to theirs?
Queen of them who Christ confessed,
Dare I to their anthems blest
Add my feeble prayers?

Queen of Virgins! Virgin Queen,
Is it I, with lips unclean,
Vie with that pure throng?
Queen of God's unnumbered saints,
What are one poor sinner's plaints
By all Heaven's song?

Queen conceived without a stain,
Dost thou listen to the strain
Of poor sinful me?
Yea! The answer thou hast given,
Linking me to highest Heaven,
By thy Rosary.

WE can not do too much to honor Mary; our most must be sorrowfully too little.—*Faber.*

War and Peace.

BY M. N.

PEACE should result from the will, war from necessity," says the great St. Augustine; and his words seem to hold for us a very special significance at this time. It is interesting to find that a desire for peace, even in the midst of the most just wars, was one of the many striking characteristics of the Middle Ages. We see it manifested in all sorts of ways, and strongly urged by prelate and priest, monk and layman, warrior king and meek and loving saint. "Peace," exclaims the Seraphic Doctor, St. Bonaventure, "is the language of heaven; for Christ, who came from heaven, spoke that language, as when He said, after His Resurrection, '*Pax vobis.*' The angels, too, who are citizens of heaven, spoke it, saying, '*In terra pax*'; and the Apostles, taught by Christ, were to speak it on their mission, saying when they entered a house, '*pax huic domui.*'"

During the Ages of Faith, we know that lovers of peace used to erect altars dedicated "to St. Mary of Peace" or "Our Lady of Peace." Many such are to be found in countries frequently devastated by, and, owing to their position, constantly exposed to, the horrors of war. For example, over an altar in the church of St. Nicholas in Brussels these words are inscribed: "From war deliver us, as well as from pestilence and famine!" And over the portal of the ancient and historic church of St. Pierre,

at Louvain (now, alas! in ruins), used to be seen the following line: *Mars Petro cessit, pro clavis hasta recessit.*

In the streets and squares of cities, as well as over their massive gateways, were written solemn sentences deprecating the evils of war. Poets and chroniclers wrote of it; artists like Callot would depict, in awe-inspiring imagery, its miseries and calamities; and others sought to express in stone the beauty of peace, and the prayer of fervent souls that tranquil days might reign upon the earth. Even the letters of that period show traces of the same desire; for many of them begin with these words: *Pacem et caritatem diligere.* All churches may truly be called memorials of the love of peace, but some were specially so; for instance, that dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, built for the brethren of his Order by the people of Brescia, in accordance with a vow by which they promised to erect it if God would deign to make peace between their contending factions.

In view of the awful tragedy of Louvain, the words of Marsilius Ficinus recur with startling appropriateness. "I see," he says, writing to Pope Sixtus, "nothing but arms made for destruction; I hear nothing but the sound of arms, the tramp of horses, the thunder of bombardments. I hear nothing but weeping and rapine, and flames and slaughter." Again, the lamentations of Richard Bury, Bishop of Durham and Chancellor of England in the time of Edward III., seem but an echo of our own day. "O Almighty Author and Lover of Peace," he cries, "dissipate the nations wishing wars, which, more than all kinds of pestilence, are injurious to books! . . . Who would not shudder at the thought of such holocausts as have been offered when devouring flames have consumed so many innocents in whose mouth was found no guile, and so many treasures of eternal truth! . . . Truly infinite are the losses of books, which have been the result of war. Therefore, since we can not adequately deplore

them, let us cease, and only beseech the Ruler of the world to establish firm peace, and to remove wars, that the times, by His protection, may be tranquil."

Mediaeval history furnishes us with innumerable examples of rulers, even the most warlike, feeling scruples concerning the bloodshed and slaughter entailed by war. Thus Edward III., who would certainly not be described as a peace-loving monarch, when about to make war upon King Philip of Valois, writes to the latter, expressing his repugnance at the thought of the disastrous consequences which a contest between them must inevitably bring about. "Such destruction of human life," he says, "every good Christian should deprecate"; and proposes, as theirs is essentially a personal quarrel, that in order to prevent shedding the blood of the people, he should meet Philip either in single combat or with only a hundred knights on each side. One may read the King's letter in the "Chroniques de St. Denis," A. D. 1340.

The historian Michelet tells us how Edward, before finally entering upon hostilities, caused to be read in the churches a circular letter stating what efforts he had made in vain for the sake of peace. How sincere those efforts were is known only to the King of kings, from whom no secrets are hid. Another instance where single combat was suggested is related by Bauldry de Cambrai, who says that after the check at Soissons, when the Emperor sent to Lothaire to ask him to decide upon a field of battle, Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, cried out that the two kings might fight in single combat for the Empire, and thus avoid the grievous loss of so many men.

The records of monastic houses abundantly prove that remorse for having taken part in unjust and cruel wars was a fruitful source of conversion to the religious life; whilst many a successful warrior must have felt impelled to exclaim, with a certain lord of Milan in 1266: "Woe, woe! I fear that the blood

which has been shed this day will be on my head and on my children!"

It is interesting to find that when Lord Canis the Great, of Verona, came to die, he bequeathed to the Venetians one hundred thousand florins as restitution for whatever he had unjustly seized in war. Indeed, scattered broadcast upon the pages of the period with which we are dealing we see how memorable and how lasting were the effects produced by the ever-peaceful influence of the Church. Kings and emperors, as well as Pontiffs and prelates, thought the office of peace-maker a most noble one. "The Emperor Sigismond," we are told, "labored all his life to promote the union of the Church and the peace and concord of Christian princes."

Louis le Gros, the great protector of the people's peace, "was sweet, and beyond human thought mild." When he came, in his last illness, to St. Denis, vast crowds of people followed him, and numbers left the towns and castles, and even their ploughs in the fields, and wept much because of the love they bore him on account of the peace they had enjoyed under his rule.

Godfried, Duke of Bouillon and uncle of the famous Godfrey, is mentioned in the monastic chronicles of the abbeys of the Ardennes as the great preserver of peace; for, under his wise government, we learn that tranquillity and justice prevailed to a degree not known hitherto by the men of his time; whilst of Azo Visconti, Lord of Milan in 1329, we read that, "though a young man, not more than thirty-seven, he was the father of all the religious Orders, a lover of peace and of making concord, sweet in speech, beyond measure mild in voice and countenance; most prudent, generous, just, and chaste."

Again, we read of Richard, Duke of Normandy, in the "Chronicles of St. Denis," that "so much did he love peace that all those who were at variance he brought to concord, either by himself

or by his messengers." Indeed, it would be quite impossible to give any idea of the many Christian rulers in Mediæval times whose chief object would seem to be, like that of England's King Edgar, to promote peace. It will be remembered that Edgar, surnamed "the Peaceful," reigned in the tenth century; a great friend and benefactor to the Benedictines, he was said to have built or restored fifty houses of their Order.

The establishment of peace was also sometimes due to the efforts of women, whose softening influence was not unfrequently solicited by the clergy. In truth, women played an important part in feudal life. Thus we find that the warlike Guignes IV., Count of Albon, was on many occasions persuaded by his gentle wife, Marguerite de Bourgoyne, to be reconciled with his enemies and to keep the peace. Jane de Valois, sister of Philip, King of France, never rested in her efforts to make peace between France and England; she would throw herself at her brother's feet, entreating him to be appeased. Speaking to Duke Hermann of the young Princess Elizabeth, a Hungarian monk exclaims: "All Hungary rejoices in this child, for she has brought peace with her!"

Another Elizabeth, who was Queen of Portugal and a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, labored so earnestly and suffered such hardships in order to "appease warlike fury" that she has won from the Universal Church the glorious title of *Pacis et Patriæ Mater*. On one occasion, when the two armies of the King and her son Alfonso were already engaged in battle, she mounted her horse and, riding between them, implored them to cease hostilities. She also made peace between Ferdinand IV., King of Castile, and his cousin; between James, King of Aragon, and his brother, and so forth; thus meriting the commemoration of her zeal and success in the prayer of Holy Church on her feast-day.

It is recorded of Matilda, daughter of

the great Otho, that "she rendered submissive and peaceable the hardened necks of the barbarous princes, . . . not by any force or array of arms, though she was most fit for conducting them, but by vigils and fasting and prayers"; thus putting into practice the duty so strongly urged by Dionysius the Carthusian, who says: "Noble women ought to excite their husbands, brethren, and relations to love mercy and peace; to dissuade their lords from oppressing and taxing those subject to them, and from afflicting the helpless and poor." How meritorious the office of peacemaker in a woman was held to be, may be gathered from a letter of St. Thomas of Canterbury to the Empress Matilda, in which he says that, though the exceeding generosity of her alms was pleasing to God, yet no less agreeable in His sight was her solicitude that the peace and liberty of the Church should be maintained.

It has been said that prelates and priests were frequently mediators between contending monarchs or between lords and vassals. The celebrated Ives de Chartres was noted for his labors in this connection; he reconciled Raoul de Beaugeney and Thibaud IV., Count of Blois, besides many others. The saintly Archbishop of Genoa and true son of the glorious patriarch St. Dominic, James de Voragine, has made his name forever famous as a man who restored love and harmony, calming those dreadful feuds between Guelph and Ghibelline which for so long had divided Genoa; and, in 1295, ratifying a general peace between all the citizens,—a peace brought about by his own exertions, though in his humility, when describing the event, he omits all mention of himself.

Again, another old chronicle tells us that when Albero, brother of the Duke of Louvain, became Bishop of Liège, it was delightful to see what peace returned to the country by his means; and it is recounted of St. Hugh of Lincoln that, on being chosen ambassador to treat of peace with Philip Augustus, he dis-

played such wisdom and prudence in the negotiation that the most skilful diplomatists of the time were greatly astonished. But it is not surprising; for had he not learned in the seclusion of the cloister those heavenly arts which enabled him to make peace between kings? In truth, many bishops and Sovereign Pontiffs had, in the quiet cells from which they were called, become proficient in a science not of this world,—a science, moreover, that enabled them to still the troubled waters of rage, envy, and revenge.

But more even than Pontiffs or bishops did the monks and friars seek peace themselves and strive to bring others to peace. Ever the first to suffer for justice' sake, their one aim, their one desire was to heal discords, reconcile those at variance, and bring about social and intellectual tranquillity. It has been truly said that "the pacific influence of St. Bernard alone might occupy a whole volume." The exalted position of abbots, especially in the larger monasteries, not seldom enabled them to settle the most important political differences; though, on the other hand, entire separation from the world, combined with extraordinary sanctity, was often still more efficacious. For instance, we are told that a letter from Dionysius the Carthusian to Arnold, Duke of Gueldres, and to his son, made such an impression that they abandoned their intention of making war upon each other, "and thus the country was preserved from immense calamities."

Holy solitaries, anchorites, and hermits came forth, too, from time to time as peacemakers. It is recorded that when dissension arose between Philip Augustus and King Richard, an old hermit named Joachim, who lived in the mountains of Calabria, left his retreat in order to make peace between them.

The rise of the mendicant Orders was, as has already been said, extraordinarily effective in its results. Italy, torn by civil strife, paused in wonder to listen to the voice of the Seraph of Assisi proclaim-

ing in soul-thrilling tones, *Dominus det vobis pacem* (the words with which St. Francis began all his sermons). "Joyous he was," says an old chronicler; "and hope and peace abode on all who heard him, raining like dew from his sweet talk."

That his children followed in his footsteps is abundantly proved by the records of the period. "In 1233," we read, "there was made peace in Modena by the mediation of Brother Gerard, of the Order of Minors, and free pardon granted to all." At the preaching of St. Bernardine of Siena, the most bitter enemies might be seen embracing each other in Rome, Perugia, Bologna, Milan, and other places. Nor were the sons of St. Dominic less zealous. Who shall speak of the labors of that great patriarch himself, of St. Vincent Ferrer, and others too numerous to mention. It must be remembered, too, that the Franciscans and Dominicans were repeatedly chosen to be the ambassadors of peace on those occasions when the Holy See intervened; as, for example, in 1331, when Friar Gerard, the General of the Franciscans, and Friar Arnold, the Dominicans, were sent by the Pope to settle a dispute between the Kings of England and Scotland who were about to make war upon each other.

In the rule of the Third Order of St. Francis we see what minute and truly admirable directions are given with regard to the reconciling of enemies and the promotion of peace; and it is interesting to find that not only such Orders but even confraternities of a much earlier date, were all institutions of peace. Witness those in the Capitularies of Charlemagne, which are called "Gilda," from a Saxon word signifying "to pay," because each member contributed to the funds for pious uses like the promotion of peace.

But enough has been said to show that, in spite of wars, dissensions, and much that was wild and lawless, a strong sense of the beauty and holiness of peace, and an earnest desire to promote it, existed during the Ages of Faith.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

XIII.



THROUGH the long hours of the Christmas Day, Marie wandered from kitchen to living room of the little cottage in pitiful depression and unrest. Once she ran out to the barn to seek even the company of the pony and chickens; they were at least living things. And as the chickens crowded round her, crying out noisily, she remembered that she had given them no food that morning, and made one more journey to the house to fetch it. The cayuse looked at her wistfully, too. She climbed into the loft and threw down some armfuls of hay for him; and lingered a while in the stall, glad of anything that would take the edge off the solitude that seemed pressing her in like a doom. Then the fear that Hayes might return drove her back to the house, and made her bolt the doors and close all the windows against intrusion. But, even so, knowing what frail barriers those were, she could not dispel the sense of apprehension which had come down upon her after Romey's departure.

So real was it that when she discovered that she must fetch in wood for the fire, it took all her resolution to open the door and slip out to where it was piled on the back porch. All her philosophy seemed to have evaporated, and a sense of forlornness, such as she had never experienced in her life, settled down upon her as the day wore on. Toward three o'clock she had to fill some buckets with snow to procure drinking water; and she set her teeth as she crept out, shovel in hand, to the clean drift that had piled up by the fence close to the little white tree.

A full bucket of snow melts down to such a very small proportion of water that she had to make the journey several

times; and every time she glanced across the lake to where Romey's cabin showed dark against the snow of the hillside, wishing with all her heart that she had not sent him away. It would have been an unspeakable comfort to see the gleam of light she had watched more than once of late,—the light that betokened he was there, and perhaps, perhaps, thinking of her.

"This will never do!" she told herself, as she brought in the last bucket of snow and set it on the stove. "I am letting myself go,—behaving like a fool! After all I said about being taken care of, and not being afraid! You are a bad, ungrateful girl, Marie le Breton! Pull yourself together and say your prayers, and find something to work at, and chase the bogies out. They're just bogies,—you know that perfectly well."

She shook her shoulders as if to throw off the haunting fears, made up the fire, lighted the lamp and brought it into the kitchen, since it seemed more friendly than the front room, with its unshuttered windows. Then she took out her Rosary and said it devoutly, courage and peace coming back with the contemplation of the sweet Joyful Mysteries that brought the first Christians so clearly before her—the stable-cave in Bethlehem, the radiance hovering round the Divine little One, the rapt glory of the Mother's countenance, the tender adoration of St. Joseph and the poor Shepherds. Strong and calm, she rose from her knees when she had ended, and stood for a moment, gazing at the lamp, but seeing that other scene with the eyes of her soul.

Then her little clock struck the hour—six. She would get her workbox and do a little sewing before having her bit of supper and going to bed. Strange to say, she had hardly thought of Rhinehart that day. Her nervousness in its earlier hours seemed quite unconnected with him; and an unexplained conviction had come to her that he, at least, would not appear before the morrow.

She picked up the lamp and went into the front room to find her workbox, which she usually kept there. For a moment she paused, considering whether she should set the other little lamp in the window, as she had done in the first days of her stay in the cottage. But something said, "Better not!" And then the same instinct made her pick up two grey blankets which Rhinehart had left behind, and pin them across the glass, less from any real fear of being observed than to save herself the sight of the naked panes with the black darkness beyond them.

The workbox had a special place of its own on the lower shelf of the dresser; and as she knelt down and pulled it out from between the bar-soap and the baking powder, the loose cover slipped aside and her thimble rolled on the floor with a tinkle and disappeared under the cupboard. This was raised so little on its feet that she could not get her hand underneath to recover the thimble, and she reached for the broom and tried to push the long handle in to rescue the little object. But even that stuck before she could feel the wall behind with it; and she got up from the floor very pink with stooping and prying, and looked ruefully at the big dresser. There was nothing for it but to move the great, heavy thing a little away from the wall, if this could be done. It looked dreadfully heavy, and was so old and battered that it might, Marie thought, come to pieces in the process. The thimble she must have, however; and there was nothing for it but to try.

"And won't it be dusty, ugh!" she said to herself, as she lifted the crockery off the top and carried it across to the table. "I don't believe anybody has cleaned house here since the place was built. Now, then!"

She bent all her young strength to the task; and her end of the cupboard, groaning and creaking, stood an inch or two from the wall. It must come farther than that before she could reach for the

thimble with any success; so again and again she put her shoulder to its side and dragged it over the rough board, till at last there was a free space behind, into which she peered anxiously. But the light of the lamp which she brought to bear on the recess disclosed such a mess of dust and cobwebs that nothing would have induced her to plunge her fingers into it.

"Serves me right for never cleaning it before! Horrid old thing, I hate to have to touch you!" she grumbled. "But I'll do it thoroughly, now I'm at it."

So a few more efforts saw the old cupboard, much askew on one splintered foot, standing like a drunken thing out in the room; and Marie, with broom and dustpan, carefully sweeping out the piles of grey fluffs, the rope-like cobwebs, and the sifted soil that had blown in during past summers, till the boards appeared clearly, and the thimble answered the last swish of the broom and came into view. She stooped to pick it up, and noticed that a good deal of the loose earth still lay between the crevices of two short bits of flooring that had not been very well matched. At it she went again, pushing the broom spikes vigorously along the cracks, when, as her foot rested for a moment on one of the sections, it flew up at the other end and displaced its mate.

"Why, they're loose!" she exclaimed. "They weren't even nailed down!"

She dropped the broom and knelt to lay the boards in place, but they would not fit back together. She took one up and, laying it aside, lifted the other also to slip it in properly. A ray of the lamp, standing a foot or two away on a chair, fell on the cavity thus revealed, and showed that it had square sides like a box.

"That's queer!" Marie thought, peering down into it, and gingerly feeling the side with her fingers. "It ought to be just stones and earth. I wonder what

they put a box down here for? Oh!"

She drew back with a little cry; for her hand had touched something that was neither wood nor stones nor earth. She brought the lamp closer and looked in. A bundle tied up in a blue handkerchief with white spots, — the kind that is sold in every country store; but it brought back to Marie a sudden memory, a sense of her father's personality. She had never let him use those ugly, common things; but on their journey down, when there had been no time to wash anything, he had bought two or three, and told her, laughingly, that she should have them for dusters afterward in the new house he meant to build. Curiously she felt of the parcel, and pulled it out and turned it over. It was not tied: the handkerchief had been merely wrapped round what felt like a bundle of letters; and suddenly one end slipped and the contents slid out, some on the floor and some back into the yawning hole.

Marie, kneeling still, gave one look at them and sank back against the wall, white as death; her eyes, dilated to blackness, fixed on the papers, her cold fingers clutching at the blue cotton unconsciously, while her heart seemed to turn to ice in her breast. Then darkness came, complete and irresistible; the place went black to her eyes, the cabin walls and roof seemed to be crashing in, and she knew no more.

When she came to herself, sick and dazed, the lamp was burning smokily and the room seemed very cold. She was sitting on the floor, staring at the dirty back of an old cupboard only a couple of feet away. What did it all mean? Her first instinct was one of repulsion. Fastidiousness rose in arms, while memory still slept, and she got stiffly to her feet. Then she stepped on a paper that crackled, and the sound brought back to her all that had gone before. Those were her father's papers, — the big letter from the lawyer about the sale of the Canadian homestead, the parish priest's "round

robin" recommending Mr. Le Breton to his colleagues wherever he might happen upon them, the long yellow envelope marked "Marriage and Baptism Certificates." Good God, how had they come here, stuffed into a secret place in Rhinehart's cabin?

Marie's head reeled again and her hands shook pitifully as she gathered them up, and reached down into the dark hole for whatever had slipped back into it. She needed all her self-control to bring up what her hand found there,—a small white bag, marked "Queen Table Salt," filled to squareness with some flat substance and tied round and round with yarn. Ah, Marie remembered it! She herself had found the bag for him to put his money in, and had teased him for the clumsy fashion in which he had secured the knots. It had been cut in one place, and the top of the little bag must have been pulled open; for it was all untidy, and showing its ravelled edges at the corner. Very slowly Marie brought it to the light and forced herself to take a glance at the contents. She had known what they would be,—a number of Canadian notes with five gold eagles slipped in between their folds.

Then she had to sit down again; for she was shuddering from head to foot, such a sickness of fury and sorrow overwhelming her that it seemed as if she must die of it. The money, the papers, had been taken from her father, and he would never have given them up alive. They had killed him,—Rhinehart had killed him! As the appalling fact at last reached her brain, she sprang up with a shriek, and, as if to escape from it, fled to the closed door, against which she flung herself, beating it with her clenched fists in agony of soul. It tore her hands; one was bleeding all across from a splinter in the panel, and she looked at it stupidly for an instant. The pain had been a kind enemy. It was just what was needed then. She must act,—must get away from this accursed place. If Rhinehart

came back and she had to see him, she knew she should die. The rending passion of pain and hatred was breaking her heart already. She must go, and go quietly. The murderous beast might be approaching even now. Fancy breathing the same air with him for a single moment!

The emergency gave back her coolness. Very carefully she gathered up every scrap of the beloved papers, searching diligently in the hiding-place and all around on the floor, to make sure she had missed nothing. Once more she rolled them up in the despised blue handkerchief—grown sacred all at once,—and slipped the packet into the large square pocket which countrywomen wear under their dress. Then, carrying the lamp in both hands, she passed into her tiny bedroom, and placed the light on the packing case which served for a table.

"I will be sensible,—I will, I will!" she kept repeating to herself, as she gathered together her few treasures—so valueless in other eyes, so dear in hers because of father and mother and the sweet, bright childhood that seemed a thousand years dead,—and locked them away from possible sacrilege in the little cowhide trunk in the corner. That was all there was to do. With the key in her hand, she came out again, still carrying the lamp, and looked round the front room. Ah, she had forgotten the work-box! It had been mother's. So there was another journey back to put it in the trunk, and then Marie was ready to go—

Whither? No time for that now. Out into the clean night, that was all,—and far, far from the house of horror. Her hand was still bleeding, and she stopped and mechanically tied a handkerchief round it. But she was too distraught to remember to put on her wraps till her eyes fell on her coat lying on a chair by the door. She had thrown it there when she last came in from fetching snow. She threw it over her arm—plenty of time to

put it on when she was out in the safe kind woods,—and, opening the door, groped along to the stable. She could get away much faster with the help of the good little horse, always so willing and gentle. She was glad she had remembered to feed him well.

There was no moon; but the snow-light showed the trampled way, with the snow shovelled in a grimy wall nearly three feet high on either side of it. And she had reached the stable, and had noted that the wooden bolt was not fastened, when she heard a sound that froze her heart,—the sound of a sleigh dragging slowly over the trail beyond the house. The dreaded Rhinehart? Oh, this was past belief! She must not, *could* not, ever look on the miserable creature's face, even for a moment, and live!

She shrank back against the closed door, trembling in every limb; her eyes aching horribly as she stared out, watching the section of the trail where he must show himself in approaching the house. It was only a little bit—the trees hid the rest,—and it seemed to Marie that she had been watching it for ages, straining to see if anything were moving on it, when the low, black bulk of the sleigh came into sight, lumbering heavily as the horses slipped and stumbled on the choked trail, while the dark form that sat in front swayed from side to side drunkenly.

Then the door against which the girl leaned began to shake on its hinges,—began to open very slowly, an inch at a time. She scarcely noticed it at first. The horses sometimes made their way out like this; and when there was but one in the stable, he was not tied. Marie was only frightened lest the cayuse's movements should draw attention to herself; and she tried to keep him back by holding the door in place, her head turned back, and her eyes never relaxing from their fixed watching of that sleigh, getting so dreadfully near now. "What am I to do?" she asked herself, despair-

ingly. The cayuse was pushing with all his might, and her strength was not enough to hold out against him. Could she dare dash across the small open space down to the edge of the lake, where the overhanging bank would screen her from Rhinehart's view? Then, ere she had taken her resolve, the door was flung open with a suddenness that threw her down sideways upon the snow; and it was no cayuse that leaped out of the stable, but a crazed, tattered human creature, who sped past her and made for the barnyard gate, holding something low in the right hand,—a polished thing that shone dully as it caught the reflection of the snow.

Marie was on her feet the next instant, and a moment later had reached the white tree and let herself down to the hollow in the bank below it. Crouching there to get her breath, there came to her one piercing scream—and then the single shot that means death crashed sharply out, and sent its after-thunder roaring up into the hills, that answered it, muttering again and again, till the last growling echo died away, and the outraged night sank back into its own frozen peace.

(To be continued.)

The Beloved.

BY ARTHUR V. KENT.

HANDS in Thy lilies pale,
Feet in Thy daisies white—
Purity Infinite.

Face of Thy garden's flowers,
Lit with a lover's light—
Thy Beauty Infinite.

Brow crowned with pearlèd stars,
Gems from earth's vanished night—
Thy Wisdom Infinite.

Heart of an unfurled rose
Holy in God's great sight—
Mercy, Love Infinite.



Avila of St. Teresa.

BY ALICE DEASE.



T is an incontrovertible fact that the fourth centenary of the birth of St. Teresa will be celebrated in the course of a few months; yet the traveller in Spain who breaks his journey between Madrid and the frontier to visit Avila, the birth-place of the great Carmelite reformer, finds himself in an atmosphere that seems almost to suggest that she is still alive. Certainly, on entering the gates of Avila one leaves one's daily life and the twentieth century completely behind; there is a feeling of antiquity and of bygone grandeur in the quaint, roughly-paved streets,—a feeling which takes one directly back to the days of the Saint whose spirit still pervades the town.

The house in which was born Teresa, daughter of Don Alfonso Sanchez de Cepede and Doña Beatrix Ahumada, stands in what was formerly one of the fashionable streets of the town. It is perched on the banks of the River Adaja, and in the course of centuries, during which it has in turn been a dwelling-house, a convent, and a college, it was changed somewhat in character from what it must have been on March 28, 1515, when Doña Teresa came into the world.

There are, however, other, somewhat similar, houses in Avila, dating back to even earlier than the sixteenth century; and from these one can picture what the house of the De Cepede must have been. A number of these houses are perfectly unchanged since Mediæval times; a few are richly decorated, and must have been very magnificent; but the greater number are built on the same simple plan. A courtyard—or *patio*, as it is called—separates the dwelling from the street; and it is entered through a great gateway, over which, perhaps, is a huge coat-of-arms on a sculptured stone shield. Above this there

is usually a balcony, on which it is no uncommon sight, even in these days, to find pet quail kept in captivity for the sake of their use in decoying their wild brethren either to snares or for sportsmen to shoot.

In the very old houses, the apartments lying round the entrance halls are used only for family festivities or ceremonials, such as a marriage or a funeral; and the life of the inhabitants is passed in what is called the body of the house, facing a second court, round which the servants' quarters and back premises are ranged. The dining hall is the principal apartment. It contains a huge fireplace and chimney corner, so big that whole trees can be burned upon the hearth in winter. Low benches, with rough cushions, run along either side of these hearth places; and there are holes in the walls to hold great pitchers full of water; above these is placed a ledge, which contains a variety of *bucares*, or drinking goblets.

One or other of the courtyards is usually cultivated as a garden, in which herbs and vegetables and flowers grow together; and opening off this is the big tiled kitchen, where the servants live and eat, and where all the cooking and work of the house is done. St. Teresa's house has been a good deal changed from this pattern; for after her death, and for a number of years, it was a Carmelite convent of strict observance. When the religious Orders were expelled from Spain, it was again altered to suit its new occupants, who used it as a college for boys. There is, however, a fine church erected, it may be, in the garden where Teresa and her brother tried to build themselves hermitages, in which to imitate the solitaries of whom they read in the Lives of the Saints. And leading out of the church is the room wherein St. Teresa was born, which has been turned into an oratory, where her bedstead, her rosary, a curious old walking-stick which she was wont to carry, and other relics, are preserved with the greatest veneration.

The Augustinian convent is the next milestone in the life of the saint. Here, after her mother's death, Teresa was sent, partly for her education, and partly to take her away from the novels—romances, as they were then styled—in which her father discovered she had been revelling, unchecked at home; and here the seeds of her vocation were sown. The Convent of the Incarnation, where she sought admittance when only nineteen, lies at a little distance from the town. It has a fine church, with splendid cloisters, and a stream flowing through the garden and orchard makes it an oasis in the arid country which surrounds it. Great granite boulders are strewn broadcast amongst the scant vegetation of the plain; and above the town the mountains of the Guadarrama range lend a certain grandeur to the scene, which is relieved from sterility by the pastures along the banks of the Grazal and Adaja Rivers, on which flocks of sheep, for which the district is famous, graze in great numbers.

The Carmelite nuns of the Incarnation are not of the reform—not discalced,—but their veneration for their holy Sister seems as great as that of her own daughters, and they are possessed of some of the most interesting of the Teresian relics. A simple wooden crucifix and the statue of the Infant Jesus, from which, in all her journeyings she was never separated, are kept, with her chair and her picture, in the room that used to be hers. Here, too, are quantities of letters written both by and to St. Teresa,—her correspondents being St. John of the Cross and St. Peter Alcantara; there is a curious picture of this last-named saint, painted after his death, as he appeared to St. Teresa.

From the Convent of the Incarnation, into which, as the Life of St. Teresa tells us, many abuses had crept, the young Sister who was inspired to be a reformer went, after much suffering and many prayers, to that house known as St. Joseph's, or De las Madres, as it is now

called. And truly it was the first-born child of this wonderful spiritual mother. A statue stands over the doorway; and here, too, relics are treasured and shown for veneration. Her cell can be seen even to-day, with some of her garments, her discipline, her books and more letters, and the coffin in which her body was placed when it was taken to Avila from Alva. Of all her houses, this was the one best loved by its holy foundress; and she was journeying back to the shelter of its walls when death overtook her at Alva on October 15, 1582. Her body was buried there with great honor; but three years later the General of the Carmelites had it removed to Avila, to the indignation of the Duque d'Alva, who applied to Rome for a reversal of this order. This application was granted in the following year; and the saint was carried back in triumph to her first resting-place, where her body remains incorrupt to this day.

With a visit to the Convento de las Madres the life of St. Teresa, as directly connected with Avila, is ended; and unless the traveller is prepared to face ten hours in a Spanish diligence, and several hours more in one of the springless carriages of the district, which is necessary if Alva is to be included in his tour, it is at the convent that he also bids good-bye to the saint of the Reformed Carmelites.

But although the greatest, St. Teresa is far from being the only saint of whom Avila boasts. St. John of the Cross, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Peter Alcantara are but three of those who have earned for this fortress-town of the Guadarrama the title of "City of Saints." This designation was a natural one, when the holiness of its sons and daughters made it possible; for it had long been known,—first as the "City of Knights," a name won for it by the valor of its soldiers and their unfailing chivalry. Later this title was varied with that of "City of Kings," an appellation bestowed on it either from its loyalty to the throne or, according

to some authorities, from the fact that the Court of Spain took up its residence there for a part of each year, and the youth of many royal children had been passed in the healthy air of the fortified city, which, though distant little more than fifty miles from Madrid, is always cool and temperate of climate, owing to the height (3000 feet) which it stands above sea level.

The foundations of the city date back into the mythological cycles; for its name is said to come from Abyla, wife of Hercules and mother of Alcides, who is supposed to have built its first fortifications. In the archives of the city there are references to a camp or collection of dwellings erected on the banks of the River Adaja, where Avila now stands, and said to have been inhabited by the Phœnicians, who overran that part of Spain at the time when Romulus and Remus were sharing the lair of the wolf in Italy. Whatever its origin really was, Avila must have been looked upon as a place of considerable importance in the olden fighting days; for Christians, Moors, and Mussulmans were continually struggling for its possession. Only in the tenth century did the Christians finally wrest it from the Moors, and the city and fortifications were then rebuilt by order of King Alfonso VI.

Though the whole of this work is said to have taken only ten years to carry out, it stands to this day, a splendid specimen of Mediæval skill. The walls, which extend for nearly two miles, are in some places over forty feet high, and vary in width from ten to fourteen feet. The fortifications, consisting of ninety round towers placed at intervals along the walls, are crowned by the cathedral.

This noble monument of Gothic architecture was designed by Garcia de Estella, and is now the chief feature of the town. Originally constructed to be half church, half fortress, it is inclined to heaviness in style and is rather sombre; but the beautiful stained glass windows, the altar-

piece by Santos Cruz, and the elaborately carved stalls which were added in the sixteenth century, take away from the gloom and give an ecclesiastical and devotional air to the whole edifice.

The pinnacles of its high tower form a shelter, of which a family of storks takes advantage; and in the early summer the parent birds may be seen standing motionless for hours clear-cut against the sky, their white plumage showing out in a most fanciful and picturesque fashion against the deep blue of the sky.

Almost more interesting than the cathedral are the churches of St. Vincent, St. Nicolas, and St. Andres. Of these the first named is said to date back to the year of the Decian persecution, when Vincent, a deacon, stamped in contempt on an altar of Jupiter and left the mark of his feet imprinted upon it, which act naturally led to his martyrdom. The church stands in a plaza not far from the present railroad station, and contains a very curious thirteenth-century monument, standing on twisted pillars in the aisle. The clustered columns of its portico are very fine; and from its beautiful cloisters the best view is to be had of the unique eastern apse of the cathedral, which is fortified like a castle, and projects from the city wall into which it is built.

Of a later date than the three churches already referred to is St. Tomas, which stands outside the city walls; and in addition to the paintings it contains by Fernando Galegos, one of the earliest Spanish artists, it possesses a very beautiful monument to Prince Juan, only son of Ferdinand and Isabella. The Prince is represented lying, with folded hands and features smiling in death, upon a marble altar-tomb.

Outside the walls may also be seen another particularly fine monument. It is in a small church, which is singular in the Gothic city from being built in Romanesque style. St. Segundo is said to have pushed a Moor over the battlements of the neighboring tower, and so

endeared himself to every son of Spain; but, judging by the expression of ecstasy of his effigy, he must either have considered this a justifiable and meritorious act, or have repented it and sought and found forgiveness.

Besides the very interesting buildings both inside the walls and outside, Avila is worth a visit both because of its associations, especially those connected with St. Teresa, and for the quaintness and picturesqueness of its site. The train service necessitates either an arrival or a departure by night. But this, though uncomfortable, is no loss; for the country, once the town is left behind, is flat and uninviting. The improvement in the roads since King Alfonso has taken to motoring when in residence at the Palace of La Granja, near Segovia, makes Avila possible for the motorist. Indeed, any one who penetrates into Spain farther than Burgos, is well repaid for the little trouble that a halt at Avila may entail.

Suzette.

BY HENRY BORNIER.*

A FAMILY in Paris, in moderate circumstances, had a servant—a maid-of-all-work—named Suzette, who was deeply attached to all its members. The husband, who had formerly been wealthy, was now, through reverses of fortune, obliged to be very economical; and while his family lived in comfort, they often made up a dinner of odds and ends, to which they certainly would not have cared to invite a stranger.

About this time a distant cousin from the island of Martinique, supposed to be rich, arrived in Paris, and at once made himself known to his relatives. He became a frequent visitor, and soon got into the habit of coming to dinner almost every day.

Besides being extremely fastidious

about his food, he ate as much as any three members of the family. Furthermore, the evening hour, which was wont to be the time when parents and children enjoyed one another's society, was now given over to entertaining Monsieur Aubigne. Still, he had many pleasant ways of passing time. He loved to play piquet, and insisted on a game every night.

Suzette was not long in discovering the increase this perpetual visitor made in the household expenses, although she never dared to say a word. The children complained to her of the crusty old bachelor, who deprived them of the society of their father and mother, and forced them, by his constant presence, either to spend their evenings with her in the kitchen or to go early to bed.

Still Suzette dared say nothing. One night, however, after their guest had departed, she overheard a conversation between her master and mistress, which gave her to understand that they also were embarrassed by the daily visit; but, as they knew no way of putting an end to it, it seemed to them something that must be endured; and they decided to be patient and make the best of it.

The following morning, while engaged in her household avocations, Suzette broke the ice by saying,

"I have heard time and again from the neighbors, Madame, that Monsieur Aubigne is very rich."

"So it is reported, Suzette," was the reply. "For myself, I do not know."

"*Eh bien, Madame!* It is not, then, that Madame has expectations from her cousin?"

"No, indeed," said her mistress; "on the contrary, he has assured us that whatever little he may die possessed of will go to the Church; for you must know, Suzette, that he is very religious, in spite of his eccentricities, and has a brother who is a priest."

Suzette made no further remark, but laid her plans accordingly, when she found

* Translated for THE AVE MARIA.

they would not conflict with the interests of the family to whom she was so faithful and devoted.

The following day, when the obnoxious relative appeared at his usual hour, she politely informed him that the family were not at home.

"Not at home!" exclaimed the visitor. "That is something unusual. But they will doubtless return in time for dinner, so I will go in and play with the little dog until they come."

So saying, he passed into the house; and Suzette, disappointed, went back to her work. To his surprise, he found the family in the drawing-room; but, thinking it a mistake of the servant, who had perhaps seen them go out, but had not been aware of their return, he made no comment on the matter.

The next day, at the same hour, he called again, and was greeted by Suzette, who once more informed him that the family had gone for a walk.

"Very well," he replied. "I will await their return, and shall amuse myself with the little dog until they come in."

"The little dog has gone with them to-day, Monsieur," said the unblushing Suzette.

"It does not matter," replied Monsieur Aubigne. "The parrot and I will have a chat while I am waiting."

Casting upon him as withering a glance as she dared, Suzette retired to the kitchen; and the visitor pursued his way to the parlor, where, to his great surprise, he found the family assembled. They appeared glad to see him, so he made no remark.

On the following day he again made his appearance, and was greeted by Suzette with the same information.

"But the dog and the parrot are here," he replied. "Besides, you, in your kitchen, do not hear the family when they return; for I have found them at home every day this week; although if I had gone away I should have been deprived of the pleasure of dining with them, and tasting

the good dishes which you know so well how to prepare."

This flattery had no effect on Suzette. She answered sturdily:

"They are out to-day, Monsieur, for a certainty. The dog went with them; and the parrot is ill,—she will not talk to any one to-day."

"Very well," said Monsieur Aubigne. "I will just go in to set my watch by that excellent clock of yours which stands in the hall."

With these words he made his way into the passage; and Suzette retired, discomfited. He found the family at home, partook of a good dinner as usual, and made no remark on the strange conduct of the servant.

The next day, nothing daunted, he made his appearance as usual. Suzette met him this time with fire in her eye.

"Are the family at home?" he inquired.

"No, Monsieur: they have gone to the country."

"Ah, well! I will play with the dog until they return."

"The dog accompanied them."

"Then the parrot and I will have a little conversation."

"The parrot is ill again."

"Ah, that is too bad! But I can at least set my watch; it is going wrong these days."

"The clock is stopped."

"Ah, what a series of misfortunes! However, I will pass away the time with a book until the family come back."

"My master and mistress will pass the night in the country; and, as I do not feel well, I have not prepared any dinner."

"I am sorry to hear that you are not well," began the visitor, when he was interrupted by the voice of the master of the house, requesting him to come at once into the dining-room, where the dinner was growing cold.

Convinced at last that Suzette had some spite against him, Monsieur Aubigne related the story of his recent encounters, much to the chagrin of his host and

hostess. After his departure Suzette was called, and rather sternly reproved by her master for her conduct. She said nothing, but stood twisting her apron around her fingers. Her master thus concluded:

"Never again, Suzette, while you are in my house, let me hear of your trying to close the door against any one who honors us with a visit."

"But, Monsieur, to come every day, and to eat of our best, while we have to save and save to make both ends meet!"

"Not another word, my good Suzette!" replied her master. "The virtue of hospitality shall never be forgotten in this household while we have a crust of bread in the cupboard. Besides, Monsieur, in spite of his eccentricities and absent-mindedness, is one of the best of men."

After which Suzette silently left the room.

The following afternoon Monsieur Aubigne wended his way to the house of his relative, curious to know what reception he should meet with from Suzette. Repeated rings on the bell brought no response. At last he turned somewhat ruefully away, surprised and not at all pleased at the turn affairs had taken. As he did so the window was thrown open, and Suzette appeared within, her face very red and her eyes very bright, but the ring of just indignation in her voice.

"Monsieur," she cried, in no inaudible tones, "my master has forbidden me ever to close the door in a visitor's face; and I have not done it, for I have not opened it. The family are at home, the dog also; the parrot is not ill, the clock is running, and I am very well myself. There is a very good dinner on the stove; but I think that when people like this family, so good, so generous, have to scrape and save to provide for a guest who never so much as brings a box of *bonbons* to the children, it is time for *some one* to interfere. It is true that yesterday my master said that he would not fail in hospitality toward you, though he had only a crust

of bread; but, on the other hand, I am sure you would very soon give us the cold shoulder were nothing but a crust forthcoming. That, Monsieur, is all I have to say."

Closing the window as abruptly as she had opened it, Suzette disappeared, and Monsieur Aubigne walked quietly away. He did not return for several days; but when he again appeared—taking care to meet his relative on the way from his office, so as to insure admittance to the house—he carried in his hand a box of choice *bonbons* for the children. He made it a practice thereafter when he came—twice or three times a week—to dinner, to slip, with a sly wink, a five-franc piece into the hand of Suzette, who, good soul that she was, instantly deposited it in the purse for household expenses, which was entrusted to her care.

Sundry cases of wine and luxuries also found their way at intervals to the *cuisine*,—gifts which Monsieur Aubigne said were presented by a friend, and which he would not know how to use unshared by his kind relatives. These unsuspecting people, not aware of what had occurred, fancied that the reprimand given to Suzette had had a wholesome effect, by causing her to change her conduct toward their cousin.

The truth was revealed only at the expiration of three years, when Monsieur Aubigne departed this life, leaving all his possessions to his hospitable relatives, with a bequest to the faithful Suzette, whom he characterized as "that rare creature, a servant to whom her master's interests are of more importance than her own." And it was then that, with radiant face and shining eyes, in which glittered two furtive tears, honest Suzette "made a clean breast of it."

It is better to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Your victory may deprive him of his power to hurt for the present, but reconciliation disarms him even of his will to injure.—*Anon.*

Caves of Scottish Saints.

BY E. BECK.

THE frequent occurrence of the word *deserta*—in its modern form, *dysart* and *diserta*—in the topography of Ireland and Scotland shows how common was the custom among the Celtic saints of withdrawing entirely from the world to the seclusion of lonely caves or mountain solitudes. Everyone knows, through Scott's "Marmion," how St. Cuthbert, the Celtic apostle of Northumbria, withdrew to the isle of Farne to die; but the world at large knows little of the many saints whose memories are enshrined in the ecclesiastical term *deserta*, which appears in the names of thousands of parishes and districts in both Ireland and Scotland.

The thoroughness of the mis-called Reformers in the latter country has destroyed most of the traces of its early saints. Some few, however, yet remain; and chief among them are those connected with St. Ninian, the apostle of the Southern Picts. Ninian, we are told, was the son of a Christian prince, and was born on the west coast of Scotland, at a place now called Whithorn from the white church—the first built of stone in Galloway—which the saint in after years erected with the help of masons from Tours, in France, where he had studied under St. Martin ere proceeding to Rome for his priestly training. In that city he spent many years. Returning to his native land, he fixed his bishop's See at Whithorn, which became a seminary of saints.

St. Ninian died after a laborious and holy life on September 16, 432, and was interred in the church he had built. His tomb became a place of pilgrimage, and was the scene of miracles. James IV. of Scotland frequently visited this sanctuary, and his treasurer has preserved an account of his various offerings on these

occasions. In 1505 he gave "ane relique of the King's awn silver" of much weight and worth.

In Wigtownshire, near Physgill, are the remains of a cave-chapel to which this early saint was accustomed to retire for prayer and penance. It has always been known as St. Ninian's Cave, but it was only in 1883 that the excavations of archæologists discovered a chapel connected with it. A number of crosses and a stone basin, once evidently used as a holy-water fount, were found there. The chapel had been paved, and on one of the stones was an inscription in Roman letters of which only the word *sancti* was decipherable. Some time earlier, at the restoration of an old church in one of the Scottish islands, a fresco of St. Ninian, with mitre and pastoral staff, was discovered. This discovery was the more remarkable since it was the first of its kind in Scotland.

There is another cave-chapel on the Wigtownshire coast which bears the name of St. Medan's Cave. In it are three large natural basins which are usually full of water and to comparatively recent times these pools were resorted to for the cure of sore eyes and wasting diseases. The "Breviary of Aberdeen" states that St. Medan was one of the "devout women" of the early Christian Church, and that she came from Ireland to Galloway and ended her days near the blessed Ninian.

Tradition says that the great evangelist of Northern Scotland, St. Columba, once occupied a cave on the western shore of Loch Coalisport in Argyle. This cave was ever after held sacred to his memory, and a chapel was subsequently built near the spot in his honor.

Among the hymns composed by St. Columba is one in praise of St. Kieran, abbot of the great monastic school of Clonmacnoise on the River Shannon. Perhaps it was through this hymn that a cave in Argyshire is known as St. Kieran's Cave. This Irish saint died at the early age of thirty-three. Some miles

from the cave, a church dedicated to him once stood.

St. Serf's Cave at Dysart, in Fife, has its name as being the place of retirement for mortification and prayer of that disciple of St. Palladius, who became bishop and apostle of the Orkney Isles, and who died in the fifth century. And not far off is the Cave of St. Constantine, who, after ruling as king for forty years, exchanged the sceptre for the pilgrim's staff.

St. Baldrede, the successor of St. Mungo in the See of Glasgow, had also a cave on the east coast of Scotland. So, too, had St. Adrian, that bishop of St. Andrews who suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Danes in the ninth century. A great monastery was subsequently built in his honor on the island in the Firth of Forth where he won his crown.

At St. Andrews in Fife is what remains of the Cave of St. Rule, to which the palmer in "Marmion" journeyed.

But I have sworn vows to pay,
And may not linger by the way
To fair St. Andrews bound.
Within the ocean cave to pray;
Where good St. Rule his holy lay,
From midnight to the dawn of day,
Sung to the billows' sound.

Tradition says that St. Rule, or Regulus, was a monk who carried the relics of St. Andrew to Scotland early in the fourth century. He landed at St. Andrews, where he founded a church, and preached to crowds from far and near.

HUMAN respect is the greatest tyrant in the world. Next to pride, it is accountable for most of the backslidings of the soul. More than any other fault, it makes cowards of us all. Every step we take under its tyranny binds us with a stronger chain, till at last we find ourselves so strongly fettered that we despair of freeing ourselves from the undesired allegiance. Happy the man who has the courage to break the tightly forged links before they become too numerous or too strong!—*Anon.*

Every Man His Own Biblical Expositor.

THE latest novelty among non-Catholics is "a Bible that explains itself" ("The New Analytical Reference Bible"), of which the Rev. Dr. T. C. Edwards says: "It is the short cut to Biblical knowledge. I heartily recommend it to all who have only a little time to do a great deal of work." Other Protestant divines are quoted to the same effect in the publisher's circular; he presents also the following extract from an address by the late Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States:

It would be a great blessing if a Bible could be put in the hands of every dweller in this country. But there is something more than putting the book in every man's hand: you have to do something to draw his attention to its value. So the sending out of teachers of the Bible competent to explain and illustrate it makes it potent as a force in the land. Those who are engaged in this work are patriots. If the teachings and precepts of the Bible could be brought home to the people, the results would be grander than all the victories won in all the wars since the beginning of time.

Competent expounders, then, are required in order that the Bible may become "a force in the land." The eminent jurist got nearer to the position of the Church regarding the Bible than most outsiders. But these questions did not occur to him: Who is to pass on the competency of the expounders, and what guarantee can be given that any two of them will explain and illustrate in the same way? Interpretation, in order to have any weight, must be authoritative; and the authority must be rightly constituted. What judge would ever think of putting a code of laws into the hands of a jury for their interpretation, no matter how intelligent they might be, how important they might consider the work to be done, or how incontrovertible the principles of the code? The application of these is the important thing, and this, it is plain, demands expert knowledge.

Dr. Edwards should know that a

"short cut to Biblical knowledge," as well as legal knowledge, is out of the question. The Good Book contains "things hard to be understood." That eunuch of "great authority," riding in his chariot and reading the prophecies of Isaiah, did not pretend to interpret them. "How can I understand," he asked, "unless some man show me?" The Head of His Church, to whom Christ said, "And thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren," is that man. An office was conferred by these words; and if there were still no one to exercise it, we should all be in the position of the eunuch, unable to understand what indeed many "wrest unto their own destruction."

The Pope and the European War.

CATHOLICS need not be told that reports from any source, especially secular journals, as to what the Holy Father has done or intends doing to bring about peace in Europe should be regarded as mere inventions. It is plain that the time is not yet ripe for any special effort in that direction on the part of his Holiness. He will know when to take action, and, needless to add, will not do so until he is thoroughly informed about the feeling in the different countries and the dispositions of their respective governments. These are not to be learned through unofficial agencies.

Another thing that should be borne in mind is that official contradiction of flying reports, even such as are calculated to do much mischief, is not to be expected of the Holy See. To deny certain statements on public affairs, said to have been made by the Pope or a "leading official of the Vatican" would be to dignify them. No one of ordinary intelligence needs to be assured that Benedict XV. is not antagonistic either to France or to Germany.

How the Holy Father feels about the great European war may be learned from his letter to the Catholic world, a

translation of which, such as it is, is appended. It is "given from the Vatican on the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary." This letter is the Pope's first public pronouncement, and it constitutes all that he has said on the subject of the war. When he has something further to say to the world he will be sure to express it thus formally.

Raised to the Chair of Blessed Peter, though knowing well our unworthiness for so high an office, we bowed with all reverence before the hidden will of Divine Providence, which has elevated our humble person to so high a dignity. If indeed, while no merits of ours fit us for so high a favor, we seem to have undertaken with confidence the administration of the Supreme Pontificate, we accept the charge solely through trust in Divine Goodness, not for a moment doubting that He who has laid on us this heaviest burden will grant us the needed help and strength.

But when we look from the height of this Apostolic See toward the Lord's flock committed to our care, we are filled with horror and inexpressible grief by the sight of this war through which so great a part of Europe is reddened with Christian blood, devastated by fire and sword. From the Good Shepherd Jesus Christ, whose place we hold in the government of the Church, we have this very duty, that we embrace with the bowels of paternal love all the lambs and sheep of His flock. Inasmuch, then, as, from the example of the Lord Himself, we must be—as indeed we are—ready to give even our life itself for their salvation, we are firmly and deliberately determined to leave undone nothing that is in our power to hasten the end of so great a calamity. Now, therefore—even before we address Encyclical Letters to all the bishops, as is the established custom of the Roman Pontiffs at the beginning of their Apostolate—we can not refrain from repeating the last words of our most saintly predecessor, Pius X., worthy of immortal

memory, spoken on his deathbed, at the first thunder of war, from his Apostolic solicitude and love of the human race.

Wherefore, while we ourself will be suppliant before God with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, we exhort and pray all children of the Church, particularly those in Holy Orders, as our predecessor exhorted and urged them, that they insistently, in all ways possible, whether privately in humble prayer or publicly with solemn supplications, implore God, the Arbiter and Sovereign Master of all things, that, mindful of His pity, He may put away this scourge of His wrath with which He exacts of the people penance for their sins. And may you be assisted and protected in your common prayers by the Virgin Mother of God, whose most blessed Nativity, celebrated this very day, has shone out like a dawn-light of peace on an afflicted world,—the Virgin who was to give birth to Him in whom the Eternal Father willed to reconcile all things, “making peace through the blood of His cross both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven.” (Coloss., i, 20.)

But those who rule the affairs of peoples, we urgently implore and conjure that they now turn their minds to forget all their own discords for the sake of the salvation of human society; that they consider that already there is enough misery and trouble in the life of men that it should not be rendered for a long time more miserable and troubled; that they be satisfied with the ruin wrought, the human blood already shed; that they initiate councils of peace and become reconciled; for thus will they truly deserve well of God and of their own peoples, and will be benefactors of the civil society of the nations. And for us, who at this, the very beginning of our Apostolic Office, see grave troubles in the terrible disorganization of all things,—let them know that they will be doing a thing most pleasing to us, and one which with all our heart we desire.

Notes and Remarks.

The far-reaching effects of the war in Europe are daily becoming more evident. One of the most recent to come to our notice is the postponement of the Marian Congress that was to have been held during the present year in the East Indies. Advocating such a postponement, the *Catholic Herald of India* remarks: “The fever of war is on us all, and a Marian Congress can not possibly gain by this fever. The price of food stuffs is rapidly rising more and more everywhere in India, and it does not seem the proper time to incur extra expenses. Then, although we must rely for the success of the Congress on the mass of laity, we can not overlook the hierarchy and the priests, so many of whom belong to nations in arms one against another. By the regulations of the government, already strict—and no one can say that it will not be necessary to make them stricter,—the movements of those in war with England and her allies are hampered; their circumstances are reduced and some can hardly live.”

It is, perhaps, fortunate that the lamentable necessity for holding the latest conclave of the world's Cardinals arose when it did instead of a few months later, else it, too, might have been postponed by this all-blighting European conflict.

The publishers' statement that Mrs. Kathleen Norris' new book, “Saturday's Child,” bids fair to be as successful as “Mother” is something to rejoice over. Both are exceptionally interesting and wholesome books, from which the most frivolous readers are sure to derive benefit. They may be of opinion that “one of the advantages of laws is that you can follow them blind, when you've lost all your moorings”; that the best of life is service, not money or success or position; that wealthy people are happy only when they are doing something for

the world's betterment, and poor people unhappy only when they are idle and shiftless, selfish and envious,—the reader may already be half persuaded of the truth of all this: the reading of "Saturday's Child" will thoroughly convince him.

We heartily wish this book might fall into the hands of all who envy the wealthy, so few of whom get real enjoyment out of what they possess in overabundance,—palatial residences, where true peace may never once have entered; jewels and plate, the care of which is a burden; rich food, for which a normal appetite may oftenest be lacking. It may seem a desirable thing to be able to gratify every passing whim, but the doing so inevitably brings weariness and disgust.

The disposition to believe the worst of other nations and religions, and to hold that we are the only judges of virtuous conduct and the only ones to practise it, might be controlled by taking to heart these beautiful words of the great Görres, quoted by Prince von Bülow in his now much-read work, "Imperial Germany":

All of us, Catholics and Protestants, have sinned in our fathers, and still weave the tissue of human error in one way or another. No one has the right to set himself above another in his pride, and God will tolerate it in none, least of all in those who call themselves His friends.

These words may be pondered without the slightest danger of incurring the fate of the astronomer in La Fontaine, who, while gazing at the star, fell into the pit which lay at his feet, but which he had not seen.

An illuminating bit of contemporary history is recorded in the *San Francisco Monitor* by a correspondent in Ireland, who, to show how misunderstanding regarding Catholics in Orange districts is being dissipated, relates that when a convent was on fire a short time ago in the blackest section of the North, some of the people—in fact, most of the men—who

worked hardest in saving it were Orangemen. "A great deal of light has been let in of late on the true feeling of Irishmen one to another; and the chances are that when all are brought together in a common cause and common national outlook, all the old strifes will be forgotten."

We think this view correct. After all, there must be a limit to Orange prejudice as to Orange hatred, and the events of the next six or twelve months are likely to exhaust the capacity of each.

Recalling such advertisements as that of the fishmonger who wanted an assistant to open oysters with a reference, and that of the old lady who advertised for a Protestant butler unaddicted to strong language or imported ale, the editor of the *New Zealand Tablet* cites, as a still better example of unconscious humor, the following appeal, published in an American Catholic paper which shall here be nameless:

500,000 man-eaters of the South Sea Islands (Oceanica) are clamoring for Catholic missionaries. Donations forwarded to the ——— will be acknowledged.

The editor man at the Antipodes declares that the suggestion here conveyed is that a famine exists amongst the man-eaters, and that only by providing an adequate supply of Catholic missionaries can the distress be relieved. The appeal does seem a little ambiguous.

The prominence of the Rev. Dr. Ryan among present-day writers on economics and sociology invests his matured convictions with an importance that does not attach to the haphazard, hastily adopted impressions of the majority of those who deliver themselves on such topics as the social side of charity. In his paper on that subject, read before the convention lately held in Baltimore, Dr. Ryan said:

However successful the individual may be in relieving and even in preventing single cases of distress, he can achieve practically nothing in dealing with social causes. For the latter

purpose we need organized effort, not only among Catholic individuals and Catholic societies, but between Catholic individuals and associations on the one hand, and non-Catholic or secular individuals and associations on the other hand. Movements which have for their objects a more effective control of the liquor traffic and of commercialized vice, movements to secure adequate compensation for workmen on account of industrial accidents and diseases, schemes of social insurance, methods of establishing a living wage, projects for the improvement of housing conditions, campaigns against tuberculosis and other diseases which contribute so largely to the sum total of poverty,—all these and many other social activities of the same general type ought to command the active support of all Catholics who are interested in the study and work of charity.

There is, perhaps, an exaggerated reluctance among Catholics to identify themselves with non-Catholic organizations, even of a purely sociological character,—a reluctance intelligible enough to those who are aware of the multifarious ways in which in the past the religious element has been introduced into such theoretically non-sectarian bodies.

Among the horrors of war, if one may so put it and yet escape the charge of triviality, is the person whose common talk has become so saturated with the jargon of warfare that he can not speak save in terms of "mobilization," "retreat," "flank-movements" and the rest, though the subject of his discourse be only the struggle for an athletic pennant or the opening of the city schools. On the other hand, the analogies of war may be graphically and powerfully used by a master of speech, as in the following excerpt from a recent sermon by the Archbishop of St. Louis. Said his Grace:

If in Europe there is at present a battle line extending over one hundred and fifty miles, there is likewise a battle line in America extending across the entire Continent. On one side is arrayed the Church of Christ; on the other, immorality, infidelity, meanness and prejudice. The war is on between the gentle Church and things spoken and written of that Church which

outrage even common decency. The priest, by his life and teaching, is to sustain the Church, and to uphold her code of morals against the vulgarity and immorality that are set up against her on every side, but especially by anti-Catholic literature that violates all decency and propriety in its endeavor to tear down the work of God. Morals are, indeed, at a low ebb, and everywhere the priest must battle with unflinching devotion in the struggle for faith, law and order.

The matter of language apart, Archbishop Glennon's is a notable utterance upon a question on which the hierarchy have not as yet too often or too strongly spoken.

At no time in the past hundred years, perhaps, has there been such vital need that Catholic maidens and mothers should ponder well and take seriously to heart such advice as the following which is offered by the editor of *Truth*:

Catholic women, you are called upon to follow Mary, and to help in the regeneration of a corrupt world. At this moment we want women who regard life as a mission, and not as a masquerade of pleasure-seekers. There is a wide field for Catholic women, young and old, who have good minds and firm wills and broad sympathies. You can be apostles of prayer. Pray for yourselves; pray in your home with your brothers, with your sons, with your husbands, with your children. You can be apostles by your good example in your homes, emulating Mary's virtues—humility, purity, devotedness, and patience. You can be apostles of good example at your business and work by your pure lives and your fidelity to Christ. At home and in public you can make some reparation for the lives of those who have fallen away from the Church. Catholic women, if you knew the power you have, if you only used it, what glory would be given to the Most High! You would see what theorists and faddists ignore—that the true power and dignity of women lie in her weakness; that the virtues that have made woman respected and honored and that give her real influence over men, are the virtues of Mary.

Among the phrases that are being bandied about nowadays without any very definite idea of their real significance attaching to them in the minds of many who use them, is "the balance of power."

It may be useful, therefore, to quote the following paragraph from an article lately contributed to the *North American Review* by Mr. R. G. Usher:

It is the fundamental aspects of the European crisis we must study if we are to reach a satisfactory explanation. The most significant and important single factor is that commonly denoted by the familiar but vague term, the balance of power. In last analysis, this is simply the accident of geography. . . . The history of Europe has been a struggle of the various countries to obtain possession of these strategic places—Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and the like,—for the country which held one or more of them dominated and threatened the very independence of the adjacent countries. Eventually, after centuries of struggle, certain few of these places were made neutral and denied in possession to all countries; certain others (like Roussillon) were admitted to be necessary to the independence of some nation, and were by common consent left in its hands. The balance of power means simply that each nation must not attempt to expand beyond its natural geographical limits by the absorption of one or more of these strategical places or by seizing part of its neighbor's territory. . . .

The most competent students of world politics just at present seem inclined to think that at the close of the present unparalleled conflict, there will take place a notable readjustment of the balance hitherto obtaining.

Among the many pertinent—and pungent—paragraphs to be found in the reported address of President Denechaud at the recent convention in Baltimore, of the federated Catholic societies, we call attention to this one:

The passiveness of our laity has rendered more bold and vicious the traducers of our Faith, who, through their garrulous and slanderous spokesmen, are ever levying insults at our Church and our priests. While posing as gentlemen of some Christian calling, they are destroying Christianity among themselves. Truly the heathen may flatter and call himself fortunate that he yet bathes in darkness, if the light of Christianity as thus diffused is but to foster suspicion, intolerance and hatred in his heart.

Catholics should be more militant in the defence of their religion. It will not suffice to

stand by and say that no intelligent and honest man will accept the noisy talk of these lovers of discontent; for our bounden duty is beyond the fair-minded and intelligent. They can and must care for themselves; and they are controlled by a conscience, to the pricks of which they are sensitive; but it is to the audience to which the demagogue speaks that we must address ourselves. The thousands who listen with attentive ears, who are anxious to receive and ready to believe any and everything defamatory of the Church,—these are the people to whom he caters; these are the people we must bring to a realization that, apart from furnishing an easy livelihood for such performers—which is their business,—they are violating our inalienable rights to worship as we please, which is our business.

These wise words speak of an attitude concerning which we quoted not long ago the vigorous utterances of Mr. Joseph Scott of Los Angeles; and it is well that they be repeated time and time again until the idea they embody is realized in lay Catholic practice.

All publicists are giving, these days, their opinions—or, in the case of not a few, mere impressions which they mistake for opinions—about the war and its lessons. A. Maurice Low, who has earned some right to be considered worth while, says: "But perhaps the greatest lesson of all, and withal the saddest, is the scant value to be attached to treaties, the little reliance to be placed upon the plighted word of kings, the mockery of rulers talking peace, peace, when there is no peace. To-day, as in the past, nations must rely on their own strength, on their courage, on their fortitude."

A Frenchman is quoted as saying to an Englishman: "We and you have fought one another so often and so long that we know and *understand* and can like one another." Which is very French-like. And an Englishman is quoted as saying of the Germans: "They have learnt so much about us that they know nothing." This also is exceedingly characteristic.

Notable New Books.

Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph. By the Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C. SS. R. Translated by the Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R. B. Herder.

Very interesting is the author's account of how he came to write his effective life of Our Lord; and very successful has been its sale in France, where no fewer than thirty thousand copies are now circulating. Having observed for years the feverish reading habit of his people, who devoured the sensational and vicious romances of the time with ever-increasing appetite, Father Berthe began to consider a Life of Christ that might interest this multitude. Their taste demanded plot, incident, scenery, varied character, and climax, and the dominant idea which fuses all these elements into one, along with a smooth-flowing narrative that vexes not the attention with serious obstacles. After many experiments, he found the method which satisfied the crowd. He began with narratives from the Bible, which displayed their popularity by selling up to one hundred thousand copies, and the twenty issues in a few years reached the astonishing number of two million copies sold. Thus encouraged, Father Berthe produced his Life of Christ. The book is written for the man in the street. It is a clear, dignified, entertaining narrative, without notes, discussions, or references. Its interest is maintained with ever-increasing power, quiet but dramatic, up to the tragedy of the Passion. The character sketches are simple and vivid. The scenes are rich in color, without exaggeration. The majesty of the theme excludes all excess of word or phrase. In the book, Christ the Son of God is the theme, and His divine nature is taken for granted. The insinuations, which mark every line of Renan and mar each at the same time, are absent from this straightforward, vital narrative. It lacks on purpose the picturesqueness of Farrar's Life, for it was to be direct and simple. It is a book of the hour, and its sale should be noted in this country, to learn if our people can really be interested in the literary exposition of the Life of Our Lord.

The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages. Vols. IV.-X. Illustrated. By the Rev. Horace K. Mann. B. Herder; Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

The first three volumes of this *magnum opus* we noticed separately as they consecutively appeared several years ago. Of the present series, all but two were issued in 1910; Vol. IX. appeared in 1913, and Vol. X. in the

present year. Our readers may recall that Father Mann starts his work at the Pontificate of Gregory the Great (590-604); and that the subject-matter of his first volume is "The Popes under the Lombard Rule," while volumes II. and III. discuss "The Popes during the Carolingian Empire."

Of the seven volumes with which we have to do at present, it is to be remarked in the first place that they are not all of uniform size, or at least of the same thickness. The exigencies of divisional lines, and the desire to make each volume practically complete as to the story of the pontificates grouped together, have resulted in a considerable variation as to the number of pages in the different books, ranging from 453 in Vol. IV. to 306 in Vol. V., and from 314 in Volume VIII. to 452 in Vol. X. To have done at once with externals: let us state that paper, printing, and binding are good, as are the illustrations, the number of which in the different volumes varies from six to twenty-six.

As for the historical eras into which the author has divided the three centuries (891-1198) covered in these seven volumes: IV. and V. deal with "The Popes in the Days of Feudal Anarchy" from Formosus to Damasus II. (891-1048); VI., VII., and VIII. treat of "The Popes of the Gregorian Renaissance," from St. Leo IX. to Honorius II. (1049-1130); and IX. and X. have to do with "The Popes at the Height of their Temporal Influence," discussing such of them as reigned from 1130 to 1198, — Innocent II. to Innocent III. This third division extends chronologically to the year 1305.

That it is an important work and an interesting one, no student of Church History is likely to deny. The industry, and the erudition alike, of the author are evident in every chapter, stamped on every page. In his treatment of the innumerable political and ecclesiastical situations which furnish him with the bulk of his material, Father Mann plays the rôle of an impartial, dispassionate critic, and follows the admirable method of modern Catholic historical writers,—the method exemplified in a number of monographs to be found in the "Catholic Encyclopedia,"—the writers hewing to the line of truth, letting the chips of blame, disedification, or scandal fall where they may. Edification, it may be well to state, was not the sole or even the principal object the author had in view in writing this series of Papal biographies. He expressly says so in his preface to the fourth volume, in which he cites the cardinal historical maxim of Leo XIII., that the truth will not injure the Church, and fortifies his position by quoting

the words of St. Gregory I., "If scandal be taken from the enunciation of truth, it is better to allow the scandal to arise than to leave the word of truth unrecorded."

Not that the history of the early Mediæval Popes is prevailingly, or even in any large measure, a disedifying one: on the contrary, it is on the whole a singularly glorious record, and the occasional shadows that dim the glory are neither so numerous nor so dark as the general reader is apt to fancy them. The outstanding merit, indeed, of this monumental work of Father Mann's is to our mind its placing at the disposition of the Catholic man in the street ample material for the refutation of innumerable slanders and calumnies uttered by unscrupulous and ill-informed enemies of the Papacy. Not all the Popes of the Middle Ages were men of either transcendent holiness or exceptionally brilliant mentality; but these lifelike portraits make it abundantly evident that the pictures of them usually painted by non-Catholic historians are, for the most part, caricatures.

The Life of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani. By her Spiritual Director, Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, Passionist. Translated by the Rev. A. M. O'Sullivan, O. S. B. With an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Aidan Gasquet, O. S. B. Sands & Co.; B. Herder.

Those who read, some three years ago, the condensed biography, by Father Philip Coghlan, C. P., of "*A Child of the Passion*," will welcome this fuller life-story of Gemma Galgani, the Italian maiden of Lucca. A contemporary servant of God—she died only eleven years ago—she appeals to us with a sense of reality and concreteness that is sometimes lacking in the case of saints of the long ago; and the knowledge that there are numerous living witnesses of the facts recorded concerning her holy career furnishes a comfortable assurance that we are dealing with well-authenticated occurrences, and not with a mixture of objective truth and subjective legend.

In his very interesting Introduction to this charming biography, Cardinal Gasquet does not hesitate to say: "Personally, I do not know of the life of any saint in any age of the Church which has brought home the supernatural to my mind more plainly and fully than Father Germanus' story of the "*Life of Gemma Galgani*,"—a statement which, coming from so widely-read and conservative an authority as the scholarly Benedictine is no mean tribute to the book's excellence.

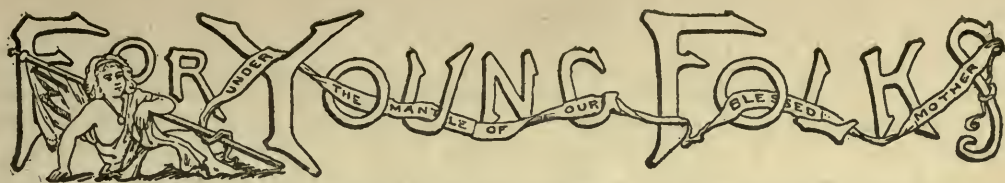
Such of our readers as are unacquainted with the heroine of the story may like to know that

Gemma's life of twenty-five years was spent, not in the cloistered cell of a contemplative, nor even in an "active" Order of Sisters, but "out in the world." To all appearances she led a humdrum village life; but it was a case in which appearances were more than usually deceptive, as the fascinating pages of this volume make evident. Inasmuch as her vocation was that of the overwhelming majority of Christians, her story is of very special interest to the general reader who is apt to look upon the biography of a clerical or religious saint as the record of a personage too unlike himself to contain for him any really practical, concrete lesson. This "*Child of the Passion*" was an everyday Catholic girl of the present. The book is a handsome octavo of 450 pages, well printed, substantially bound, and equipped with a good index.

The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795. Vol. I.—*The English Colleges and Convents in the Catholic Low Countries, 1558-1795.* By the Rev. Peter Guilday. Longmans, Green & Co.

A portly octavo of some five hundred pages, equipped with preface, Introduction, an extensive bibliography, appendices, and an excellent index, this work impresses one at first glance as being scholarly and worth while; and the more one examines it in detail, the stronger grows that first impression. Father Guilday offered the book as a thesis to the University of Louvain for the "doctorate in moral and historical sciences"; and the knowledge that only a seriously important contribution to existing historical literature could hope to merit the coveted distinction, evidently dictated his extensive research and his subsequent labors in co-ordinating and writing the results thereof. As the outcome of research and labor, we have a volume of no little charm to even the casual reader, and of notable interest to many thousands of English-speaking Catholics.

The title-page evidently implies that at least a second volume is contemplated. The present one has to do with the English Foundation Movement in general, the English Carthusians, the Bridgettines of Syon, the College at Douay, the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the English Benedictine monks and nuns, the English Franciscans, the English Carmelites, the Canonesses of St. Augustine, and those of the Holy Sepulchre, and the English Dominicans. Lovers of Catholic religious history, and more particularly of such of that history as has been made and lived by English-speaking peoples, will greatly enjoy the present volume, and joyfully anticipate its successor.



The Fall of the Leaves.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

IT was the little Leaves of Gold
That sang out merrily:
"A little longer in thy hold,
O shelter us, kind Tree!
A little longer in our fold
Delay the bird and bee!"

It was the little Leaves of Brown
That murmured in the air:
"O let us not so soon go down
The winding azure stair;
For we can smile at Autumn's frown,
And all the breezes dare!"

It was the little Leaves of Red
That whispered in the sun:
"Who cares to go like babes to bed
When day is not yet done?
The clouds that pass us overhead
Of whitest fleece are spun."

It was the Mother Tree that spake,
Reproving low and clear:
"Nay, nay, the Winter with white flake
Like starry night draws near!
Go down and sleep by stream and lake
Till Spring like dawn appear."

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XX.

DE SELVAS and his wife had been greatly consoled by finding the diamond clasp the evening when Lolo ran away. After dinner they had made a thorough search; and, looking into the box-room, they saw the big trunk standing open; and in one corner of it something glittered. There was the little brooch that had been given by the princess. It was always a mystery where Lolo

had hidden. She had not been in that trunk; and the tall round clothes basket, Madame de Selvas said, was full of linen to the top. But the child must have raised the lid of the trunk before running away, and left her treasure in it. Why? That was another mystery. Anyhow, she would never get it again.

They were quite certain that Lolo had gone out; for the hall door of the flat was found slightly open. Pedro de Selvas was not anxious. He gave notice at the police station, with a description of the child; and he came home without the diamond clasp, and with his purse full of money. So Lolo's brooch had been sold,—the first thing she had won by her playing. When they brought her back in the taxicab, she had gone at once and looked in the box-room, because she remembered the gold pin pricking her. She searched in the basket and in every box; and she shed a few more tears beside those that had already fallen under much scolding. For she began to fear she would never see her pretty brooch again. Perhaps it had been lost in the street, after all.

When the pink cotton frock was put on, and the white shoes and stockings taken off—with severe remarks about the wickedness of running away and tumbling and soiling one's clothes,—Lolo had gone with soft bare feet into that drawing-room, shaded from the sun, wondering if by any chance her brooch might have been put in the glass box of trinkets among the china on the inlaid table. No, it was not anywhere to be seen; and she dared not be heard asking Betsy. Nor could she venture into "muzzer's" room; for "muzzer" was there taking off her hat and feathers.

It was then that the electric bell of the entrance hall was set ringing, and Betsy opened the door at once and showed

a visitor in. Lolo had just time to slip away out of sight behind the large chair in the corner. And we know what happened after that.

The hall porter had been quite right in his 'guess that Mr. de Selvas had "got on the wrong 'oss." He had betted on a horse that did not win—and with the money that he had received for poor little Lolo's brooch. So now the diamonds were gone and the money also.

In his other guess the hall porter was mistaken. After disappearing from No. 16, the "Mansions," the De Selvas family did not go to Monte Carlo: they only took shabby lodgings in another part of London. The man did not play in any orchestra now, but often went out for the day, with a white hat and a plaid suit, and carrying a pair of glasses in a leather case slung across his shoulder. One night when he came back very cross, he said Lolo's relations had led him astray. Then "muzzer" was angry too, and said she thought he had more sense than to believe the gypsies on a race-course. The pair quarrelled, taking a supper of bread and cheese, by the light of a badly-trimmed lamp that smelled of oil.

The dark-haired child in the old pink frock sat with dangling feet on a high chair in the corner, listening to the quarrel, trembling, and watching with solemn eyes. At last "fahzer" strode out of the room and banged the door. "Muzzer" leaned her elbow on the table clad in a sleeve of cheap finery, and tears made marks in the powder which Lolo always mistook for flour rubbed on her face.

Timidly the child came to her side.

"Muzzer, don't cry! Do you think we could find my little brooch of diamonds anywhere? You could have it, muzzer. Diamonds are worth lots of money."

The eager little face was close to hers, when the harsh woman turned and flung poor Lolo away, with a sounding slap across the cheek. There was no scream, no sound. The child silently crept

upstairs, and cried herself to sleep, broken-hearted. Her effort to help or to console had been a miserable failure. She knew it now, if she had never known it before: these people, whom she called "fahzer" and "muzzer," did not care for her the least bit. Oh, for love,—the love that every child wants as much as sleep and food, and more! The medal was clasped in her little hand, and she whispered the words she had learned on that one sweet night, when a real mother kissed her. What did the words mean? Was there an invisible mother also? Her sobs settled down into a dreamy peace. And then she wondered what the white-haired visitor meant, that day, by something that was to descend upon her and to remain with her forever. Where was it? When would it be with her? It had not come yet. His voice meant something holy—love and goodness and peace. With these vague longings toward a world unseen, poor little Lolo felt comforted, and began to dream—and fell asleep.

"Fahzer's" fiddle was sold next day. He got a fair price, and did not in the least regret the instrument. He did not care for work: there were more exciting ways of making money than what he called "sawing with a fiddlestick." Lolo's Italian violin still remained,—a very beautiful one, though rather small, for as yet her powerful little hand could not quite stretch to a full-sized instrument. She was trying to practise again, but a thin thread of pain always began in her right arm. The professor who had coached her for her first appearance told the guardian to consult a specialist. There was a fortune in Dolores de Selvas, he said; this pain in the arm should not be allowed to spoil everything.

So Lolo was taken to a great doctor in Harley Street. She dreaded the visit. Would it not mean a nasty bottle to be "shaken and taken"? And if she grumbled at the horrid stuff, she herself would be shaken instead.

But a surprise came. The great doctor

held his little patient by the hand, and said:

"This child must go to the country for three months. She must have nothing to do but to run about and get sunburned,—no work, no study, no music."

"Can't I have my fiddle, please?" pleaded Lolo, whose eyes had sparkled until that last word suggested an impossible existence. She really loved her fiddle. No one knew what she suffered over that touch of pain threatening to stop the music altogether.

"It may be your toy, little lady," said the physician; "but there are to be no tasks. I dare say you would miss it. Yes, of course you would. Well, don't play at all for the first four weeks. Then begin to play a little—just for fun, you know,—a few minutes when you feel inclined. Put it away, if your arm hurts the least bit. Your fiddle and you are great friends, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Lolo, smiling with pearly teeth under the shade of her big hat.

The doctor was holding his little patient by the hand, while the guardian and Madame de Selvas stood ready to go.

"Now, which do you like the better—the fiddle or the Teddy-bear?"

"I haven't got a bear."

"What! No bear! Then I suppose you have a doll as big as yourself."

"No," replied Lolo,—*"I don't have any bears or dolls."*

"O my dear child!" said the great physician, letting go her hand, and almost tearing his hair, so that Lolo laughed at his distracted state. "What is one to do? No dolls, no bears! Frightful! Have you had nothing but fiddle practice?"

"She has plenty of poetry books," observed the guardian; "and I encourage the reading of fairy tales which develop the imagination."

"Of course," interposed Madame, "she does not practise all the time. She speaks some French and German."

"I am glad to hear of the fairy tales," said the doctor; "but that can't make

up for having had no doll-and-Teddy-bear life."

Lolo listened; he was serious, and she was greatly puzzled.

"Have you any brothers and sisters, little one?"

"No."

"With whom do you have a game?"

"With myself."

"How do you manage that?"

"Oh, I pretend! I go shopping and buy beautiful frocks,—not real ones, of course. And then I play at concerts,—sham concerts."

"You see," said the doctor, "she is all straining toward the one thing. We must let her be a child."

"She is so very gifted!" responded "muzzer," with a hand round her shoulders,—*"a born artiste. Her ardor wears out her strength."*

Lolo was always surprised at praise or caresses; she never received them at home, where sharp words and slaps were the order of the day.

"Well, you must let her be a child," said the doctor. "That pain in the arm is a symptom of something gone wrong. She has suffered from overstrain and shock. And if you ever want her to play—"

"We do," the guardian interrupted. "She is a genius, a prodigy!"

"Very well; she must give up practice for a time, and get the nerves strong again.—You are to go to the country, my dear." He was still holding the small patient's hand. "You are to tumble about in the hay and see the apples growing, and ride a donkey, and look for the fairies. Good-morning! Good-morning! It is usually two guineas. Thank you! Good-morning, my dear! Go and get brown. Three months' fun. Bye, bye!"

Mr. Pedro de Selvas was not pleased. Neither was Madame with the high plumes. This prescription seemed to be very little to get for two gold coins and two silver ones. The specialist had not ordered a tonic that would act like magic,

or something to rub that would stop the pain at once and make practice possible. He had prescribed hayfields and swings, apples and donkeys and fairies. He had spoken with regret about the want of toys and Teddy-bears.

"Absurd!" growled De Selvas.

"Ridiculous to take money for that!" said the wife.

Yet they knew that they should follow his advice, if they wanted their own speculation to succeed. A few days later some country cousins agreed to take the child for three months, and to be paid handsomely out of the fortune. Mrs. Strawson, at Strawson's Farm, was a cousin of "muzzer." She had never heard of the name of De Selvas, but only of Woods. She had been told long ago that Cousin Woods and her husband had adopted a gypsy child of wonderful musical talent, and her remark had been that they were "a goose and a gander."

It was, then, to these country cousins that Lolo was sent. It was a happy escape for her to go off by herself; and, though it seemed as if the day would never come, it came at last, and she was away full-speed by train across the green country. She looked out of the window of the railroad carriage at the fields seeming to whirl round, the cows and horses appearing and vanishing, the trees running past, and the wooded hills changing their shape. The train shrieked and clattered through tunnels; it stopped now and then at wayside stations, and took in wonderful people who seemed to live out here far from everywhere. At last, at one of these wayside stations, the little traveller was called by the guard; and, climbing out, was met by Farmer Strawson, who carried her off, with her small bit of luggage and her fiddle-case, on a car drawn by a briskly trotting-horse. Thrown over the horse was a sort of twine coat with scarlet tassels, and other little scarlet tassels were swinging from his ears to keep off the flies.

Yes, this was the country indeed,—a

dusty road, where the car went spinning along between the hedges, and rosy children cheered from a stile, and cottages and haystacks flew by.

Farmer Strawson and Lolo were good friends before the farmhouse was reached. There it was at last,—a white house with a red roof among trees and barns. The farmer jumped down and opened the wooden gate. With encouraging clicks of his tongue, he led in the horse; and Lolo, with her little box and fiddle-case, found herself enthroned alone on the car, being drawn across the farmyard among fluttering fowls and barking dogs.

"Woa, there!" said the farmer. The horse stopped at the door. "Joomp down now, little gel!" Stretching up to take both her hands, he swung her with one grand leap to the ground. "Here we are! And there's the missis!"

(To be continued.)

A Master of Harmony.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

"Abt Vogler," of all Browning's poems, is the one best loved by musicians.

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

Lovers of music read and love and understand these words; then they say, "Who was this Abt Vogler? When did he live? Where did he live?" To them we reply: He was a Bavarian, a great organist, a rare composer, and withal a warm-hearted, kindly, gentle, and devoted priest. The public is cruel and fickle. It was in danger of forgetting Abt Vogler until Browning wrote his wondrous words.

The little lad whom the poet would not let the world forget was born at Würzburg, on July 15, 1749, and was christened George Joseph. His people were poor, and his path of life was from the first, as for many another genius, thorny and

bare of comfort. He was a child of high instincts, and his heart went out in two directions—toward music and toward God. He loved music all the more for loving God so well; he loved God all the better because of the divine harmonies to which his soul was attuned.

Many of the greatest musicians have been precocious children, and George was no exception. There are many stories told of the early blossoming of his genius, and of them this seems to me the sweetest.

One night he played from dusk to dawn upon the harpsichord, and the other lodgers, naturally, complained. The mother of George remonstrated with him; but he managed to forget, as boys ever will, and kept on playing, actually driving away many of the occupants of the building. "My mother upbraided me bitterly," he said when an old man, "and I tried to be sorry; but I couldn't. The room where I played was poor and dark and dingy; but I felt that angels were there, making it light and beautiful and glorious. How could I feel sorry, when if I had gone to bed and slept I should have missed the angels!"

Little George was only ten years old when he invented a new method of fingering, which was commended by the great musicians of his day.

Writers have wondered what drew the young organist to the religious life. As if it could be anything but the divine call to obey the heavenly vision. His attendance at the Jesuit college and his years of service in the church choir were only some of the appointed helps toward God's desired end. And here it may be said that the long course of his school-life is unmarred by any record of escapade or disobedience or moral fault. He was always known as the "good little musician."

If he had a grave fault it was his propensity for roving. From the time he was twenty he was never long in any place. Under the patronage of Karl Theodor, the

Elector Palatine, he went to Italy, going from town to town, studying music, especially that characteristic of nations, and delving with absorbing interest into the principles of theology. At Rome he was ordained priest and given many offices of trust, among them that of Papal Chamberlain; but before long we hear of him back at the court of Karl Theodor, who appointed him chaplain of the palace.

At Mannheim his pronounced success and unusual musical theories excited the jealousy of his contemporaries, and even the great Mozart was not above attempting to belittle his powers. But the sweetness of the Abbé's temper remained unchanged. He never retaliated or retorted or appeared to care.

It was at this time that he founded the first of his famous schools, to which pupils flocked from admiration of his methods and in which they stayed out of love for their master. Never was there a more patient and painstaking instructor. His pupils were to him not only his dear friends but his spiritual children, the objects of his unceasing devotion. As teacher, he set forth in hitherto unknown ways the principles of the concord of sweet sounds; as priest, he encouraged, consoled and warned.

But his one weakness, the spell of the wandering foot, overcame him again, and he once more set out for far lands. We hear of him even in America and Africa; and following in his wake there were ever tales of his extraordinary improvisation as well as his knack of imparting musical knowledge. He could even inspire others to do what he could not do himself; for, although he left no conspicuous works behind him, he was the teacher of Von Weber, Meyerbeer, and others quite as pre-eminent.

His operas appeared at intervals, and were greeted with varying approbation. One of them, given at Paris, was so great a disappointment to the audience that the curtain was rung down before it was

finished. At that the Abbé had recourse to his customary solace and went to Greece for a year. When he got back the tide had turned and he found himself the fashion. In 1786 he again set out on his travels, visiting Sweden (where he was made Kapellmeister to the King), Russia, and England.

The "musical instrument of his invention" to which Browning refers was undoubtedly a sort of portable organ, something like an orchestrian, and could be packed into the space of nine cubic feet. He was continually experimenting with the mechanism of the pipe organ, and is said to have introduced organ pedals into England.

The wild social upheaval of the latter part of the eighteenth century was in many ways a profound trial to the Abbé Vogler; and, taking Weber with him, he started on another of his journeys, during the progress of which he again visited Paris, where he was received with intense enthusiasm. At one organ recital over fifteen thousand livres were received, which amount he promptly turned over to the poor. Then he fled. The shadow of revolution still hung over Paris, and his sweet and sensitive nature thrived only in the sunshine.

The rest of his life is only a record of teaching, organ playing, and doing good wherever an opportunity presented itself. He had the pleasure of meeting the greatest tone-masters of the world, and on one occasion engaged in a friendly musical contest with Beethoven, in which the Abbé held his own bravely.

His declining years were very happy ones. Perhaps his best work was given to the school at Darmstadt, which he founded after the evening's shadows were creeping on. There Von Weber and Meyerbeer and Gänsbacher joined him. They all lived together—the Abbé and his "sweet boys," as he called them; the Abbé being, perhaps, more a boy at heart than any of them. Their life was calm and joyous and regular. In the

morning Abbé Vogler would say Mass, then the lessons would begin. On his birthday and other anniversaries the "boys" would compose odes in his honor, praising "Papa Vogler," as they loved to call him. They were all with him when he died. "He will ever live in our hearts," wrote Weber.

He left many compositions, but he was not in sympathy with the tastes of the age, and it failed to hold him in remembrance. Still his influence is felt to this day, and he does not miss the praise men failed to give. He was one of the greatest organists of the world; his immense hands—he could stretch two octaves easily—being of marked service to him. At improvisation he has seldom had an equal. He walked in his own path, not that beaten by mediocre men whom the world has crowned. He paid the penalty which all must pay who dare to be brave and true; but in the highest sense his life was a triumph, for it was lived for God.

Black Maria.

It is common to apply the term "Black Maria" to the long, black conveyance in which city prisoners are carried to jail. During the old Colonial days Maria Lee, a Negro woman of great size and strength, kept a sailors' boarding-house in Boston, in a very lawless part of the city. She was of great assistance in preserving the peace; and when an unusually troublesome person was to be taken to the station-house, the services of Black Maria, as she was called, were often in demand. It is said that she once took three riotous sailors to the lock-up without any help. After a while "Send for Black Maria" came to mean, "Take this disorderly person to jail." And when the dismal-looking patrol wagon was employed, it received the name which had been bestowed upon the colored woman who had been for many years the policemen's efficient assistant.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume for which pastors, catechists, and parents will be grateful is "Private First Communion Instructions," by the Rev. James Nist, and edited by the Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. B. Herder, publisher.

—"My Book," a souvenir of retreats given by the Rev. P. A. Petit, S. J., has been done into English by Marian Lindsay and is published by B. Herder. It contains fourteen instructions given to a religious community, and makes very edifying reading.

—"What Is the Sacred Heart?"—a translation by the Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O. M. I., from the French of Abbé Felix Anizan (M. H. Gill & Son), will instruct as well as edify many who probably believe that they have little or nothing to learn about the subject matter.

—"Those who prefer a briefer and simpler biography of the founder of the Jesuits than the elaborate work of Francis Thompson will be pleased with F. A. Forbes' "Life of St. Ignatius Loyola," in the Standard-Bearers of the Faith series, published by James Brodie & Co.

—"Cantica Sacra" is the title of a new collection of Catholic hymns. The words are quite familiar; but there are fifty new melodies, with organ score, for church and home, composed by the Rev. Remi Stephen Keyzer, of Boise, Idaho. Though we are accustomed to the old tunes, the impression made by these fresh melodies is very pleasing, and we bespeak for them a hearty welcome by lovers of sacred music. Published by J. Fischer & Bro. Price: organ score, \$1; vocal part, 20 cts.

—"If "Yourself and the Neighbors"—Mr. Seumas MacManus' latest volume—were that author's first book, we should predict for him and it a happy fortune. We hope the un-made prediction will come true; for the author has worked very hard and to excellent purpose, and "Yourself and the Neighbors" is the most delightful book we have read in many a long day. As compared with Mr. MacManus' other work, it is the latter wine of Cana. But, alas! one fears that all of his guests have not remained at his board. Some of them returning, perhaps, will not be all-pleased with the present work; but in a production of such high general merit, what blemishes there are may be generously condoned. "Yourself and Herself," the opening series of sketches, is as beautiful an idyl of Irish home-life as one could wish; while many of the later pieces likewise grip the heart. Some

are madly merry. The only ones our patience fails on are the fairy-tales smuggled in as "the lore you loved." The volume is well printed and bound, and has a number of illustrations quite "in the key," by Thomas Fogarty. Published by the Devin-Adair Co.

—"Baptism and Extreme Unction," the latest issue of the "Doctrine Explanations," by the Sisters of Notre Dame (R. & T. Washbourne, Benziger Brothers), merits all the praise lavished upon the earlier numbers of the series, which it resembles in arrangement and treatment.

—It will interest readers of THE AVE MARIA to learn that the series of Irish sketches contributed to our pages by the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., will soon be issued in book form under the title, "Round About Home, Irish Scenes and Memories." No single series of papers was ever more popular with our readers than Father Carroll's sketches. Evidently they spoke a message to all hearts in which the fair fame of Ireland is enshrined. Their beautiful idealism was sure of a response, and the laughter they evoked had no sting.

—In view of the fact that—if we except the Laureate's "Thou Careless, Awake!"—no real poems on the present war have yet appeared, the editors of newspapers do well to reproduce such lines as these from Kipling's "Hymn Before Action":

Ah, Mary, pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave;
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foe-man,—
Madonna, intercede!

—Time was, and not many decades ago, when the demand for Catholic plays was considerably in excess of the supply. That conditions have changed of late, we have reason to believe from the number of dramas recently received from Catholic publishers. From Joseph Berning, Cincinnati, come "The Monk's Pardon," in four acts, and "The Robbers of Mt. Kulm," in five acts, both dramas being rearranged by Anthony Matre, and both containing male and female characters. P. J. Kenedy & Sons publish "Jane Gray," an adaptation, by the Ursulines of New Rochelle, N. Y., from Sir Aubrey de Vere's "Mary Tudor"; and "Louis XI," arranged for male characters only by J. H. Stratford. B. Herder has brought out "Her Only Love," a four-act drama of the early

Christian period, by the Rev. P. Kaenders. Another clerical playwright is the Rev. F. Bernardine, C. P., whose "Veronica," a religious drama in five acts, has been very successfully staged in Pittsburgh. (Privately printed.) "Margaret Roper," a tragedy in three acts, by Ymal Oswin, is published at Cann-Cot, Shaftesbury. And, finally, "Anti-Aunts," a three-act comedy by Edith M. Burrows, is one of the "plays for young people" published by J. Fischer & Bro.

—Countess Alfred Von Bothmer was well advised when she undertook the Englishing of "Our Failings," by Father S. Von Oer, O. S. B. (B. Herder), a book that has run into ten editions in the original German. The volume contains a series of two dozen little essays—or "simple talks," as the author styles them,—that will prove illuminating to many a reader who fancies that his failings are as well known to himself as to his neighbors,—a condition that really exists only in the case of God's saints. An excellent volume for spiritual reading by religious and layfolk.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. IV.-X. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.

"The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795." Vol. I. Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

"Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph." Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C. SS. R. \$1.75.

"The Life of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani." Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, Passionist. \$1.80.

"Our Failings." Fr. S. Von Oer, O. S. B. \$1.10.

"Yourself and the Neighbors." Seumas MacManus. \$1.40.

"Life of St. Ignatius Loyola." F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.

"My Book." Rev. P. A. Petit, S. J. 60 cts.

"What is the Sacred Heart?" Abbé Felix Anizan. 2s.

"Private First Communion Instructions." Rev. James Nist, Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

"Betrothment and Marriage." Canon de Smet, S. T. L. \$2.25.

"The Question of Alcohol." Edward Huntington Williams, M. D. 75 cts.

"Poems for Loyal Hearts." Rev. William Livingston. \$1.25.

"Popular Elementary History of New Mexico." Benjamin M. Read. \$1.

"Chats in the Zoo." Weimar-Jones. 40 cts.

"Commentary on the Seven Penitential Psalms." 35 cts.

"Some Counsels of St. Vincent de Paul." E. K. Sanders. 40 cts.

"Standard-Bearers of the Faith." 30 cts. per vol.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Louis Verhaag, of the archdiocese of Oregon City; Rev. Francis Marseilles, diocese of London; Rev. Thomas McGronen, diocese of Brooklyn; Very Rev. Martin Geraghty, O. S. A.; and Very Rev. Basil Gaisford, C. SS. R.

Mother M. Teresa and Sister M. Alphonsa, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Simcox, Mr. Simon Randolt, Miss Ellen Brennan, Mr. John C. Smith, Mr. Michael Comer, Mr. Thomas Masterson, Mrs. A. A. Parker, Mr. James Brennan, Master Zeno Korth, Mr. Joseph Schnettler, Mr. Patrick Shanley, Mr. James McCormack, Mr. Edward Bulfin, Miss Frances Becker, Mrs. Margaret Molloy, Mrs. B. A. Quinn, Mr. Herman Heithaus, Miss Mary Kohler, Mr. John McGrain, Mr. Daniel Flaherty, Mr. Edward Kerr, Mr. Simon Kemp, Mr. W. H. Quinn, Mr. W. E. Quinn, Mrs. Anna Johnson, Mr. Vincent Bobesienitz, Miss Annie McNally, Mr. Joseph Carney, and Mr. B. F. Kroeger.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Chinese missions:

J. M. K., \$5; Mr. McS., \$10.

For two poor missionaries:

B. J. M., \$4.50.

To supply good reading for prisons, hospitals, etc.

Friend, \$10; B. J. M., \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NO. 17

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Health of the Weak.

BY CATHARINE MCPARTLIN.

MOTHER, my care I bring to thee—
My haunting sense of wrong,
My doubt and fear of what may be,—
To turn into a song.

For thou canst bid my fears depart
As mist before the morn,
And draw me to the Sacred Heart,
In faith and love reborn.

Then give me in Temptation's night
Thy shield of virtue fair,
And unto sweetness and the light
Guide thou my soul in prayer.

Difficulties in Prayer.

HERE is no doubt that, to the ordinary Christian, prayer is not an easy matter. It seems at first sight as if it ought not to be difficult to place ourselves in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and to make known to Him our many needs, to praise and thank Him for all His benefits, to worship and adore His Divine Majesty and His Supreme Goodness. There is, too, a natural propensity in the human heart to cry out in time of need to that One who alone can help us with a power that is unbounded and a love that is always ready to listen and to grant aid in distress. Yet, for all this, prayer is hard work. We find that prayer—that is to say, anything like constant and persevering

prayer—needs great determination to begin, and effort to continue. It is hard to keep up attention for more than a few minutes: distractions pour in from every side, and we are soon wearied by the struggle to fight against them.

Now, the reason why prayer is difficult to us is to be found not merely in ourselves, but in the very nature of prayer itself. For true prayer is the most exalted action of which a creature is capable. It is a supernatural action: it is the "raising up of the mind and heart to God." By true prayer we, poor human beings, are raised above the thought of earthly things, and our minds fixed upon God Himself, upon heaven, upon supernatural truths and facts that are in themselves far above our comprehension. And the lifting up of the mind by that attention to and reflection on the truths of faith, which must enter into real prayer, should be directed to fixing the will in a loving aspiration and stretching out to God, and to all that leads to God, as our last end.

True prayer, then, is an exercise of faith, hope, and charity. To be really effective, it must aim at introducing more and more into our lives, into the details of our daily activities, the good intention of serving and pleasing God for love in all that we do. Now, all this is supernatural, and therefore not only difficult to the natural man, but impossible without some kind of help from above. Prayer is mounting to heaven, and we are of the earth, earthy; prayer means resolute effort and perseverance, and we are natu-

rally disinclined toward spiritual things, and inept of ourselves both in conceiving them and in reaching after them. Prayer means looking out with the eye of the soul beyond this earth to the things of God; and our earthly sight is dim, and the things of earth tend altogether to absorb our attention.

The first difficulty of prayer comes, then, from its character as a wholly supernatural thing, involving supernatural acts of mind and will, supernatural views and aspirations. Other difficulties in prayer are undoubtedly of our own making. Perhaps we do not want to pray well, and make no effort to do so. We say prayers because we are afraid to omit them altogether; but we put no heart into them, because we have not realized what true prayer should be. Our *saying* of prayers is a perfunctory tribute to conscience, and to the explicit teaching of Christianity that prayer is necessary for salvation.

Perhaps, again,* we do not legislate for prayer in our lives: it plays no important part in our daily routine. It is a thing to be "got in" somehow, and we grudge the time given even to such hurried recitation of our prayers as we are content with. Or we forget the warning of the Preacher: "Before prayer prepare thy soul, and be not as a man that tempteth God."* We go to our prayers without recollection with no thought of the presence of God, with no reverence for the Divine Majesty we are about to address. Again, our difficulties and distractions may come from a habit of frivolous occupations and reading. It is not possible to pray well if life is wholly devoid of seriousness, given up to pleasure, to dress, to what is called "killing time," and is really the killing of every good desire and aspiration after better things that God has implanted in us.

Yet even those who are not at fault in these and similar ways, but have an earnest desire to pray well, devoutly

and fervently, frequently experience great difficulty in accomplishing their pious desires. It is for these that the following considerations are intended, in the hope that they may afford some consolation and encouragement in the face of the difficulties of prayer—of mounting to Heaven.

And, first, it is a consolation to know that no complicated apparatus of learning, of talent or of genius is necessary in order to pray well. It is of this that spiritual writers are thinking when they say, as they do sometimes say, that prayer is easy. They presuppose good will on the part of the one who prays, and that God has given the grace of prayer, which He does give to those who ask. With these presuppositions, we may say that prayer is easy, in the sense that no learning, no profound or difficult reasoning is required for praying well; but a good will and a simple heart, some thoughts about God and spiritual things which faith supplies; and, above all, a loving confidence and a loving aspiration of the heart toward our good God. Or, in other words, prayer is easy in the sense that it is accessible to all without exception.

Secondly, the grace of prayer is given, as we said, to all who wish and try to pray. There is no grace of God more universally and liberally given than the grace to pray. Thirdly, God does not demand that we should perfectly succeed in prayer: success is His own gift. What God asks is our co-operation with His grace, our persevering efforts to pray well. He is satisfied with the *attempt*, if that attempt be sincere. If, then, we can honestly say that we have done our best, our prayer has been good, because it has been pleasing to God. It may not have satisfied ourselves: it may have been one long struggle against weariness and distractions; it may have been all "against the grain"; but God knows that we have tried, and that we have passed through this struggle for His sake.

The practical, most-felt difficulty in

* Ecclus., xviii, 23.

prayer for ordinary Christians is experienced in regard to the matter of attention and distractions. They should remember that distractions are not sinful if they are not wilful. It is a duty to aim at attention in prayer and to guard against distractions; but when we have taken all precautions and they trouble us nevertheless, we must simply be patient with them. Totally undistracted prayer is a very great and exceptional grace. Now for a few practical hints for avoiding distractions as much as possible, and for dealing with them when they come.

At the beginning of prayer, whether mental or vocal, endeavor to realize as vividly as possible for a few moments the thought of the presence of God. "God is here; I am going to speak to Him; He will listen and speak to me." Then, when a distraction comes, if it is slight it should be ignored,—that is to say, passing it over, we should go on with our prayer. If the mind has wandered away completely from the subject in hand, the original thought and impression of the presence of God should be dwelt on again for a few moments, and the prayer resumed. If our prayer is vocal—if we are reciting prayers from a book,—the prayer should not be repeated from the beginning, unless it be a very short prayer. It will suffice to go back a sentence or two. In all this there should be no straining of the mind or violent effort, which would simply defeat the end in view. All should be calm and quiet; resolute indeed, but not agitated.

When saying vocal prayers, it is undoubtedly good to have the book open and follow the words, trying to understand their sense. It is perfectly legitimate, while reciting vocal prayers, to fix the mind upon some holy thought, on some mystery, on God, on heaven, and so forth; but many people find that they pray better by following the sense of the words. As a rule, only short and very well-known prayers can be attentively recited by heart, such as the "Our Father," the

Acts, the "Hail Mary," and ejaculations.

Vocal prayers should not be chosen at random, or said simply because they are in a prayer-book. A prayer-book should be *studied*, and those prayers selected which we find by experience to move our hearts to love God, to hate sin, and to strive after holiness of life. It is useful to mark in our prayer-books those sentiments which have at some time affected us, to dwell on them, and to recall again those holy aspirations and good resolves which they formerly aroused.

We should give preference in our devotions to standard prayers recommended by their use in the Liturgy of the Church or the practice of saints, such as, first and foremost, the "Our Father," then the "Hail Mary," the *Salve Regina*, the *Anima Christi*, St. Thomas' great hymns for the Office of Corpus Christi, the *Adoro Te Devote*, and similar beautiful productions of Catholic piety. An excellent method is to take one of these grand prayers, or the Apostles' Creed, the Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Contrition, or any other prayer that we are in the habit of using, and recite it slowly and thoughtfully, with a pause between each sentence, thus giving ourselves time for the meaning of the words to sink deeply into our minds. A real meditation, too, can be accomplished by taking one of these prayers, fixing the time—say, a quarter of an hour—to be spent in prayer, and then proceeding as follows.

Having reverently and devoutly said the first words, "Our Father," stop and reflect upon the meaning of these words, which will suggest many good and holy thoughts. This reflection should be continued as long as the words provide matter for pious reflection. When no more can be obtained from this opening phrase, recite the words that follow, "Who art in heaven," reflecting on them in the same way. Continue to do this with each sentence of the prayer till the time fixed is about to finish. Then recite the rest of the prayer, and conclude with some

practical, definite, and detailed resolution to be carried out without delay as the result of the reflections made.

These two ways of praying are recommended by that great master of prayer, St. Ignatius of Loyola. Such pious practices must soon tell upon the spiritual life of any one who devoutly and sincerely makes use of them, and will lead on to higher things, provided that there is always a corresponding endeavor to carry the lessons learned in prayer into the conduct of daily life, thus making prayer a means of amendment and of true love and service of Almighty God.

Finally, for our consolation let us remember that we do not pray alone. An old verse says:

Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

He trembles because he sees, praying with us and for us, bearing up our feeble prayers to the throne of God on the strong wings of their fervent and powerful petitions, not only all angels and saints, and the great Mother of Jesus, and the Holy Church His Spouse, but Jesus Christ Himself, the Mediator of the New Covenant, who "ever liveth to make intercession for us" in our heavenly home, where He has prepared for us a place that we shall one day win by the earnest, heartfelt prayer we offer with and in and through Himself.

IN our childish days we resented being sent to school, and being made to work when we got there. We were willing enough to forego the advantages of a liberal education. But our parents and teachers knew our true interest better, and insisted on making men of us even in spite of ourselves. Our Father in heaven insists on making us saints, — uncanonized probably and uncanonizable, but still saints. There are none in heaven who are not of the number of *All Saints*.

—Joseph Rickaby, S. J.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

XIV.



RHINEHART had fallen backward like a broken stick. His head and shoulders hung limply from the low driving seat, his arms were flung wide, the left hand still entangled in the "leathers." His knees were a little raised; and Hayes, standing a few yards off, laughed softly as he saw the booted feet sticking out as if to kick.

"Done with kicking, I guess, you doggone Siwash!" he remarked, drawing cautiously nearer for a second shot.

It was not needed. He had fired at Rhinehart's back fair and square, leaping up on the sleigh to put the bullet in at close quarters. The other had time only to turn and see upon him the face of his slayer, green-white and blazing with diabolical joy. The weapon had kicked, and Hayes, losing his footing, had rolled to the ground; while the cayuses plunged madly, and one, trembling and snorting, stood beside his mate that lay helpless on its side in the tangled harness. Hayes was on his feet in an instant, and now he came closer to make sure that his victim was dispatched.

Ah, dead enough! There seemed to be no mistake about that. All the hideous helplessness of death was on the face hanging upside-down, with open mouth and blind, white eyes. Hayes turned away and rubbed the pistol barrel carefully on his overalls, and then slipped it into the pocket of his mackinaw, where, finding a hole, the barrel ran out and showed itself in a dull slanting gleam. Then the man turned his attention to the horses, disentangled and raised the fallen one, soothed the other, got them both free of the harness, and led them round to the stable, where he tied them in their separate stalls, saw to it that their mangers were full, gave a kick to

the stay-at-home who came nosing up to him; and, coming out, secured the stable door,—all with the quiet precision of habit.

Now that he had accomplished that on which his mind had been set, he felt perfectly composed and reasonable. He walked up to the front door and knocked once, twice. There was no answer, and he tried tapping at the window.

"Say, Miss Marie," he coaxed, "it's only me—Hayes! Guess I frightened you. Want to apologize. Come, let me in,—there's a good girl! I got something to tell you."

Nothing stirred in the house. Through a rent in the blanket Marie had pinned up, he could see that a light was burning somewhere and he walked round to the rear. There he tried again, coaxing the supposed inmate the while.

"Got news of your pa, Miss Marie,"—he lied boldly at last. "Don't you want to hear about your pa? Oh, — it, then I'll have to break in! But don't you be scared, kid. I'm only aiming to get in. I wouldn't hurt *you*—you know that!" And he tried one last long knock. "Got her head under the blankets, I guess," he muttered. "Queer how a woman hates the sound of a gun! Well, here goes, blast it!"

And two thundering kicks at the lower hinge sent the frail door sagging inward with a squeak. It was the work of a minute then to lift it off the upper hinge, the rotten wood meanwhile parting from the lock which still hung in place, all askew, with the ineffectual key yet sticking in it.

Hayes looked round. The fire had almost gone out, but a coffeepot was standing on the range. He found, on feeling it, that it was still warm; and, taking a cup off the dresser, he poured some out and drank it greedily. Lifting the side of the hot closet, he discovered a plate of biscuit and another with a bit of tinned beef on it. Sitting down, he ate till he was satisfied, with as little

thought of what was lying on the sleigh a hundred yards off as if the body had been that of a dead coyote.

Rising and stretching himself after his meal, he went on into the front room; but there the sense of disaster struck him between the eyes. The big cupboard pulled out, the broom fallen on a heap of sweepings, the yawning hole in the floor,—all told of search, of haste, of flight. What was it? Rhinehart was outside, dead; but he had been returning home in all security. Who had rifled the house in his absence? Who had torn up the flooring? In an instant cupidity and hatred leaped up in the heart that had harbored them so long, and Hayes threw himself on his knees and felt all round the sunken box, cursing through set teeth the while. Nothing rewarded his search, and he straightened himself and glared round the room.

"The girl did it!" he muttered. "Taken her pa's money; robbed me of my bit, same as Rhinehart tried to,—and me that earned it honest; going and telling old man Laurensen there was a tramp fell over the grade. Saved his life, I did—so being he is alive,—and hers too! By gum,—Rhinehart would have killed *her*, only I wouldn't stand for it. And, now that I have a chance to skip out quietly and let them forget all about me, she's gone off with the cash! I was a fool to get scared, and not to tell her when I came before. She's a paid me good, sure thing. And she wouldn't have 'split' on me either. She's white, all right. Where is she now? Miss Marie, Miss Marie!" he shouted. "Come on! It's all right! No use hiding, kiddie! I'll find you before I'm done, you bet!"

He ran into the bedroom, the door of which stood open, and paused inside, looking round. All was cold and neat as if no one had been there for days. Some clothing hung on a peg on the wall, and Hayes searched it eagerly, feeling for plunder. Then he turned to the bed, tore off the pillows, slit the one hard

mattress with his jackknife and dragged out the stuffing, which flew in every direction and nearly choked him. Sputtering and cursing, he gave that up and looked for some other possible hiding-place for Le Breton's money. His eye fell on the little locked trunk, and he sprang to it with a cry.

"In here! If she ain't packing it on her!" he told himself. "Now, then!"

He wrenched at the cover, but it refused to give, and he had to go back to the kitchen for the hatchet. Two or three blows with that, and the cover jerked up, disclosing poor Marie's possessions carefully laid together, with her small store of clothing, and one pair of dainty buckled shoes. Hayes ransacked everything, pitching the articles behind him on the floor when done with; but the shoes he held up and looked at for a minute, while quite a human expression came into his eyes.

"Dinky little things!" he murmured, trying to stick his great hand into one of them. "My, think of a real live foot getting inside that! But she's danced in them,"—he turned the sole to the light and noted the dulled leather. "Poor kid, *danced!* Seems too bad. Wonder if she'll want to dance again, once she tumbles to things? I'll keep them for her,—for sake of that supper she gave me. She wasn't scared of old man Hayes, not she! Good supper too! Called me 'Mr. Hayes.' Yes, I'll keep her shoes for her."

And he stuck one in each pocket, one little heel scraping against the gun that had killed Rhinehart.

A sense of great exhaustion came over the man now. His rage was spent, and he was so tired that he sat down on the wreck of a bed and stared gloomily at the wall. What was the use of anything, anyhow? Oh, what would he not give for a drink! Perhaps he would find one out there in the other room. He rose stiffly and stumbled out, wading through the heaps of stuffing that he had torn from the mattress. It clung to his clothes

and his boots, but he took no heed; and, as he went, long streamers of the cheap cotton and dried grass marked his track across the floor. He found a whiskey bottle, half full, tucked away in the chimney-shelf behind the stove; and, bringing it out, sat down beside the table and took a long pull without waiting to find a glass. The spirit warmed and comforted him greatly. After a second drink he drew his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and began to smoke in dreamy contentment, absolutely innocent of thought. By the time the bottle was empty his pipe had gone out, and he struck a match to relight it. But that seemed to be too much trouble, somehow. The match dropped from his hand, his head sank forward on the table, and before he had drawn another breath Hayes was sound asleep.

To Marie, crouching under the overhanging bank, not a sound came after the last echoes of the pistol shot had died away. It was as if it had killed all life in that frozen world. She gathered courage to come out of her shelter, and stand close to the friendly tree to look up toward the house. There all seemed quiet. The door was shut and no light came from the shrouded windows. Had she made a mistake? Was it possible that what she had heard was not a shot at all, but one of those terrific reports that come from the riving of ice in great frosts? She decided to mount to the level and make her way through the farther gate to the only trail she knew—the one leading round the eastern end of the lake. And then? What point should she make for then except Romey Johnson's cabin, so safe, so far from the scenes of all her terrors?

She would have given anything to get the cayuse out of the stable, but she could not face that. The creature who had burst from it and charged past her as she lay in the snow was some raving maniac escaped from custody. She shuddered

on recalling the slow pushing of the door as she leaned against it, the crafty resistance to her efforts to hold it in place, and then the shock, the scream, the arrow-like swiftness of the madman's race toward the sleigh approaching from the trail. No, she could not go near the stable again. He might be lurking there now. She must make for the gate and get away on foot, and the rest lay with God. He would not fail her in her great necessity.

Doubling herself almost in two, she ran close to the ground, like a hunted animal, across the open space between the house and the trees; and had already reached the gate when she lifted her head to look for the end of the clumsy swing beam that fastened it. She had utterly forgotten that the sleigh must still be outside; and now, black against the low half-whiteness all around, the long, hearselike thing confronted her, with that contorted figure, doubled back over the driving seat, frozen stiff in the last wild gesture of despair. She could not see the face that hung backward: that sight was spared her; but the booted legs, the right arm still wound up in the reins, the ragged quilt dragging down in the snow,—all told her again what she had known from the first. This was Rhinehart the enemy, and some one had killed him.

Her first conscious feeling was one of glad revenge, but that lasted only an instant. Her next heart beat was truer to her pure nature. If Rhinehart were really dead—was there any doubt about it?—he had died horribly, in mortal sin. Oh, poor lost soul! Was there a chance for him yet? If he only breathed, he might be made to cry in his heart, "Lord Jesus, mercy!" What was she doing, letting him pass without help?

All thought of herself vanished, and she tore open the gate and sprang up on the back of the sleigh. Her human nature gasped at what she saw, but she did not grant it any grace. Kneeling down behind

the driving seat, she lifted the man's head—oh, how heavy it was!—and pulled it round on to her shoulder, and supported it there, while burning words of prayer and entreaty poured from her lips.

"You aren't dead! Come back! Listen! Say it with me, Mr. Rhinehart: 'Jesus, mercy! Mary, pray for me!' Are you listening? Are you there? Think it! Say, 'Yes,' in your heart,—that's all. God will save you yet. 'God have mercy upon me! I believe, I repent, I trust!'—O Lord, don't let him go like this! Thou hast not judged him yet. I know he's only on the way to Thee yet. Never mind, dear Lord, about poor father! He's safe! He was good! I forgive Rhinehart right here. I'm sure father forgives him. Wilt not Thou forgive him, too? I guess he didn't understand much, and it's so easy for Thee to save him!—*Rhinehart!*" she called loud in the cold ear. "Mr. Rhinehart, you are sorry, aren't you? You *do* know Christ can save you. You can't talk, but you're asking Him, all the same. O Blessed Mother, won't you do something quick?"

The hot tears were running down on the grey face,—tears so glorious in their burning charity that perhaps they merited the miracle they implored. A kind of shiver seemed to pass over the inert form, and the ghost of a breath rose white on the air and was lost. No sound followed it. The head rolled sideways off the girl's shoulder, and she doubled up on her knees, weeping for a minute or two in great sobs of pity and horror that nearly strangled her.

But there was still something to do. She stood up and tried once, and again, and then again, to drag the dead man back over the seat and lay him down on the rack of the sleigh. She would do it, she vowed, if the thing were possible. He was dead now—oh, no more doubt of that!—but she had seen death before, and it did not frighten her very much. All she desired was to leave the poor

body, defaced from God's image though it might be, lying decently, and not hung like the hide of a steer over the rail of the seat. The strain was so terrific that she thought her arms would be wrenched from the sockets, and, in spite of the cold, little beads of perspiration crept down her temples. At last the weight yielded to her strong pulling, the rail itself broke down, and, with a thud, the poor corpse shot over toward her and nearly flung her over in the impact. She recovered her balance instantly, however; and did what she could to straighten the bent limbs, and even tried to close the eyes. That was impossible: till earth covered them they would stare blindly at the sky. Marie climbed down and picked the old quilt up from the snow. She broke the folds of it that were frozen to boards, and spread it upon the dead man. Then she made the Sign of the Cross over him and prepared to go. There was nothing more for her to do.

Worn out with the terrible emotions of the night, almost light-headed with fatigue, she stumbled on for a few paces along the trail, and became aware of a flood of orange light suddenly thrown upon it from behind her head. She halted, staring at it. Her own shadow clear as in sunshine lay black at her feet. Wheeling round to see whence the strange radiance came, she beheld a sheet of fire, gorgeous, terrible, all-devouring, rising from the roof of the cottage by the lake.

(To be continued.)

THE ascetics admit the charms of the world, and are timid and nervous about them. They say of the wickedness of the world what moralists say of its wretchedness. They are dismayed by its attractiveness. This is the true view, and even the man of the world admits the truth of it in his heart. Some day that heart may be softened by a sense of the world's wickedness, while it is only hardened now by the preaching of the world's wretchedness.—*Faber*.

One of France's Gifts to China.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

I.

A CONSIDERATION that can not but encourage those who hope for the full restoration of Catholic rights—yes, and privileges—in France, is the historical fact that in every foreign mission of the world for centuries past French religious have been conspicuous, and that on the glorious muster-roll of the Church's martyrs in modern times French names occur more frequently perhaps than those of any other nationality.

One such name, François-Regis Clet, was borne by a martyr in China in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, and in the closing year of that century was honored by Leo XIII. with the prefix "Blessed." The tenth of fifteen children born to Césaire Clet and Claudine Bourquy, respectable merchants of Grenoble, François-Regis was baptized, the day after his birth, on August 20, 1748. Belonging to a Christian family in which many religious and priestly vocations had already appeared, the boy grew up in an atmosphere and environment that permanently stamped his soul with the imprint of virtue.

His ecclesiastical vocation manifested itself at an early date. A pupil of the Oratorians who then conducted a Little Seminary near Grenoble, he made a brilliant course of studies, excelling in literature, and being an accomplished Latinist as well. His preliminary studies finished, he entered the Grand Seminary at Grenoble, but remained there only a few months. Like his sister Anne, who had taken the Carmelite habit, and his brother François, who had become a Carthusian in 1764, the young man felt himself drawn to the religious life. In March, 1769, he accordingly entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Mission at Lyons. Two years later he

took the usual vows, and in 1773 was ordained priest.

Some months after his ordination he was sent by his superiors to Annecy as professor of Moral Theology in the Grand Seminary of that city. There Father Clet remained for fifteen years. Details as to this period of his career are somewhat meagre, but we know that his reputation as a scholar was so great that he was continually being consulted about theological difficulties and cases of conscience. In fact, he was nicknamed "the living library." In 1788, on the death of Father Jacquier, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Mission, provincial delegates were sent to Paris to elect his successor; and the province of Lyons was represented by Father Clet, who, scarcely forty as yet, was the youngest among the assembled delegates. The election over, he was preparing to return to Savoy when the new Superior-General, Father Cayla de la Garde, told him that he had been appointed director of the novitiate at St. Lazare. He filled this position most acceptably for about a year, when the Revolution broke out; the novitiate was sacked; and, an urgent appeal from the Mission Fathers in China for more missionaries being received about the same time, Father Clet realized a long-cherished hope by obtaining permission to join those of his brethren who were evangelizing the Chinese.

Toward the close of 1791, in company with two younger missionaries, he arrived at Macao, the Portuguese settlement at the mouth of the Canton River; and, after spending some months there in order to familiarize himself with the Chinese language, he received orders to proceed to Kiang-Si. Assuming a necessary disguise, he reached his destination only after a long and uncomfortable journey of thirty days. The very next day, October 15, 1792, he wrote to his sister, Marie-Thérèse, to apprise her of his arrival. "A new career," runs one paragraph of his letter, "opens before

me. It is to renew the religious spirit in the oldtime Christians who have been left to themselves for so many years, and to convert the pagans. Such, I hope, is to be my work until death. We are accordingly separated for evermore on earth, but what a joy it will be to see each other again in that heaven which is the goal of your ambition as it is of mine!"

The servant of God shows himself in this letter such as he was to be during his sojourn of twenty-eight years in China,—always cheerful and smiling; never complaining, no matter what discomforts he had to endure; making himself at home in a miserable hut, which he styled his straw palace. His mission was the poorest and most abandoned of the Chinese Empire, although it was situated in one of the most fertile and most thickly settled provinces.

Father Clet was isolated in the midst of this human beehive. For a long time no European had lived in the region. The last Catholic missionary in Kiang-Si had been an old Chinese Jesuit, Father Yang. In 1787 he had been denounced to the mandarin, arrested, and sent to Peking to be tried. The French missionaries of Pe-tang interceded in his behalf and had him set at liberty. Since then he had lived in the capital, sharing the labors of Father Raux and his companions.

The difficulty which Father Clet, scholarly and able as he was, experienced in learning the Chinese language accentuated the sadness of his isolation. In 1798, six years after his arrival in the Middle Kingdom, he wrote to his brother, the Carthusian: "The Chinese language is unmanageable. The characters that form it are designed to express, not sounds, but ideas. Hence the enormous number of these characters—there are not fewer than sixty thousand of them. I came to China too late to acquire a passable knowledge of them."

If he never learned to speak Chinese thoroughly well, he at least rapidly accom-

modated himself to Chinese customs and the life of the people. He adopted the native style of dress, and found it more convenient and comfortable than that of Europeans. He wore his full beard and shaved his head, except on top. His bed was a board covered with a little straw, a mat, and a rug.

Owing to his difficulty in learning the language, and to the need of more apostolic laborers in Hou-Kouang, where the Christians were much more numerous, Father Clet remained in Kiang-Si only a year. During that period he baptized more than a hundred adults. He might have given baptism to a much larger number, but he made it a point to receive only those who were thoroughly instructed. Toward the close of 1793, he put himself at the disposal of Father Aubin in Hou-Kouang, in which province he was to pass the last twenty-seven years of his life.

While this new field of his labors was among the most fertile districts of China, being called indeed "the flower of the Empire," the missionaries were, nevertheless, frequently in a state of destitution. Father Clet wrote to his brother that the Christians were, almost all of them, poor; their houses were mere huts. At least two-thirds of them lacked clothing sufficiently warm to protect them from the severity of winter weather; and, in lieu of quilts, they covered themselves with straw in order to get to sleep. For fuel they hunted up certain combustible plants. "We have here," he wrote, "no wealthy Christians whose superfluity might help the indigence of the poor."

The habitual residence of the Lazarists was at Kucheng, a town situated in the mountains to the west of Lake Tong-ting. Therein were grouped most of the flock confided to the care of Fathers Aubin, Pesné, and Clet. The missionaries took their turn in travelling from twenty to forty and fifty leagues, to look after the spiritual interests of other Christian groups. The persecution of 1784 had resulted in the apostasy of a large number

of the Hou-Kouang Catholics, who had at that time only one priest to attend them,—Father Louis Ko, an old Chinese Jesuit. Father Aubin experienced much difficulty in putting down certain practices that were more or less idolatrous. He was effectively aided in this work by Father Pesné, and especially by Father Clet. The combined efforts of the three finally succeeded in re-establishing Catholicity in its pristine fervor, despite the varied opposition of apostates.

In 1795, Father Aubin, called to Pekin by his superior, Father Raux, who wished to have him named vicar-apostolic of Hou-Kouang, was arrested and probably poisoned by a mandarin of Singan-fu. A year later, Father Pesné, worn out by the fatigue incident to his missionary work, died of a hemorrhage. Accordingly, Father Clet was again isolated, and was deprived of the assistance of his confrères, just when a new persecution appeared to be threatening the Christians of China.

Fears of such a persecution followed the death, in February, 1796, of the Emperor Kieu-long, and the subsequent ceremony of the "kotow" before his coffin. The kotow consisted in prostrating one's self, or in kneeling three separate times and touching the ground with the forehead at each kneeling. After a thorough investigation and discussion of the matter, the Church had declared the ceremony superstitious and idolatrous, and strictly forbidden the toleration or observance thereof. In consequence, when the Catholic missionaries of Pekin were summoned to perform the kotow before the dead Emperor's bier, they declined to do so. They had, of course, foreseen the probable consequence of their refusal, and had made their wills in advance. But Providence, who holds in His hands the hearts of kings, so disposed matters that they were not molested for their refusal. Accordingly, there was no persecution from that cause.

A quasi-persecution, however, resulted from the murderous activities of the

Pei-lien-Kiao, a species of Chinese Kuklux Klan. This sect, desirous of overturning the Tartar dynasty, raised the standard of revolt when Kia-King succeeded to the throne; and during six years its members devastated various provinces and massacred thousands of their inhabitants. The Catholics underwent a twofold danger. They suffered from the attacks of the Pei-lien-Kiao, and nevertheless were accused by the pagans of being in league with that association. In 1801, Father Clet narrowly escaped being murdered by the fanatics, who pillaged his residence and destroyed or consumed his scant provisions.

Apart from these vexations, Catholicity enjoyed comparative liberty during the early years of the reign of Kia-King. Father Clet, without giving up the precautions which prudence counselled, threw off certain constraints in the exercise of his functions. "Our worship," he wrote in 1802, "is not so secret that the pagans near our missions are not aware of it. I am known to them very well as a European, but they say nothing about it. They even see me, occasionally, publicly accompanying the dead to the cemetery, with my surplice and stole on, too."

II.

After the deaths of Fathers Aubin and Pesné, our missionary had charge of about ten thousand native Catholics, two thousand of whom dwelt near his habitual residence; the others were scattered throughout the district of Hou-Kouang. To aid him in his ultra-strenuous ministry he had only one or two Chinese priests. In vain did he appeal to his superiors in Pekin for assistants. It was only in 1810 that they could spare him Father Dumazel. To supply in some measure this dearth of missionaries, the servant of God multiplied himself and worked with an ardor that his muscular forces could hardly sustain. He undertook journeys that kept him as long as a full year from his "straw palace," visiting in the course of such journeys bands

of Christians who had been twenty years without seeing a priest. Writing in July, 1802, to the Vicar General of St. Lazare, Father Ghislain declared: "Father Clet is overburdened, and he will end like Father Raux unless you vigorously order him to take care of himself." Father Raux had died the previous year, literally worn out by his incessant labors. On his return from his long and fatiguing trips, Father Clet "rested himself" by spending eight or ten hours a day in the confessional. His zeal, as well as his spirit of humility and poverty, was the admiration of his confrères in Pekin.

In the letter in which he joyfully announced the long-desired arrival in Hou-Kouang of Father Dumazel, in 1810, he earnestly asked to be relieved of the superintendence of the mission, an office for which he believed himself quite unfitted. "You know well enough," he remarked, "that I was charged with this burden simply from the necessity of making an arrow of whatever wood happens to be at hand." His superiors turning a deaf ear to his appeal, he wrote to the higher authorities of the Congregation in France, begging them to appoint Father Dumazel superior in his stead. "As for me," he said more humbly than exactly, "I have not found out the secret of making myself either loved or feared. I am very weary of commanding, and am, at most, good only for obeying." His abilities and merits were too well known, however; and he was forced to remain administrator of the Hou-Kouang mission until his death.

As a matter of fact, he was an admirable superior. His relations with his subjects were marked with gentleness and cordiality. He never undertook anything of real importance without consulting them, and he showed a truly fatherly interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare. While he himself was rather imprudent than careful in the matter of work, he showed himself firm in making his subordinates look after their health.

Here are some of the wise counsels he gave them at the beginning of the persecution of 1811: "Don't believe yourselves to be so soon worthy of becoming Confessors of the Faith. You are not obliged to present yourselves uselessly before the mandarin in order to fortify the faith of a few weak Christians. I say *uselessly*; for hardly would you say a word or two before your arrest would follow, to the great detriment of the immense majority of your flock, thus deprived of their shepherd. Hide yourselves rather, to reappear when the tempest calms down. The present tempest rages against the shepherds rather than their flocks. If, however, the flocks were actively persecuted for defending their pastors, then these latter should give themselves up for their people. Outside of such a case, 'tis your duty to fly."

The occasion of the persecution of 1811 was the finding on the person of a missionary, arrested at Chan-si in the beginning of that year, papers enumerating the powers he held from the vicar apostolic of the province in which he was to exercise his ministry. This was enough to warrant an accusation that the Christians had entered into a conspiracy with a view to becoming the rulers of China. A decree of the Emperor ordered the expulsion of all Europeans, with the exception of three Portuguese missionaries who were members of the "tribunal of mathematics," and who were attached to the church in Nam-tang, or the southern quarter. The Spaniards and Italians immediately abandoned their residences and flocks in the eastern and western quarters; but the French Lazarists decided to remain until the last extremity. They addressed to the Emperor a memorial, exposing the calumnies of which the Catholic pastors and their flocks were the victims, and the order of exile was revoked.

The edicts against the Christians, however, still remained in vigor. One of these commanded the faithful to abjure their religion in the course of the year,

and threatened rigorous punishment in case of a refusal to do so. In July, 1812, there was a rumor at Ku-cheng that the Christians were about to rise in revolt. Denounced to the mandarins, Father Clet was forced to hide himself to escape from the fury of his enemies. The house in which he habitually resided, and which had just been rebuilt, was demolished, and his church and school were razed to the ground. God did not, however, permit His servant to fall into the hands of these fanatics: he had still eight years to live before winning the crown of martyrdom.

Two years before his death, Father Clet received a very severe blow in the premature passing away of Father Dumazel, the companion for whose advent he had longed so ardently, and whom he hoped to leave behind him as his successor. The hour for his last sacrifice and his supreme trial was drawing near. As if the victim had not been sufficiently purified in the crucible of suffering, God sent him bodily infirmities which completed the ruin of his once robust health. In 1818 Father Clet was reduced to almost complete immobility by a very painful sore on his ankle, which was cured only a year and a half later, on the eve of the persecution that was to send him to prison and eventually to martyrdom. The want of the necessary care, consequent upon his dire poverty, aggravated not a little the suffering occasioned by his infirmity.

At length our missionary seemed to be approaching the end of his career: his virtue had been purified in the fires of sacrifice and trial, the measure of his meritorious works was full. Far from futile had been his twenty-seven years in Hou-Kouang. Since his arrival the mission conditions had notably improved: scandals had disappeared, abuses had been uprooted, and a whole multitude of Chinese had been converted. During the latter years of his apostolate his name and fame were great, and that not merely among the Christians. If the missionaries

and the faithful loved him and revered him as a father and a saint, the pagans looked upon him as a privileged mortal, a friend of "the Master of Heaven"; they turned to him in their troubles or when a plague devastated the country, to obtain through his prayers the cessation of these evils.

Years later, when the process of his beatification was begun, credible witnesses testified as to different marvels wrought by his intercession. On one occasion, among others, the dwellers in a neighboring hamlet came to him imploring him to get them a supply of rain. He immediately sent his Christians to the chapel to pray, and shut himself up in his room. He remained there praying fully two hours. On coming out, with tears in his eyes, he said to the suppliants who awaited his reply: "You will have plenty,—perhaps too much." And shortly afterward rain fell so copiously that the people began to fear there would be a flood.

An object of popular veneration, Father Clet was to be crowned with the signal glory of martyrdom. Toward the close of his life he asked of God every night the grace of dying for Him. His prayer was granted. On May 14, 1818, between the hours of five and six in the evening, dense clouds suddenly covered Peking and its suburbs. The Christians were accused of being the cause of this atmospheric phenomenon; and, as a result, persecution became rampant throughout the Empire. It broke out first of all in Hou-Kouang. A pagan set fire to his house, and, out of revenge against a Christian whom he hated, accused this latter of starting the conflagration on the advice of Father Clet. The mandarins organized a search for the European, and offered a reward for his capture.

Father Clet at first hid himself in caves and in the forest; and even succeeded in escaping to Ho-nan, where he took refuge with a Christian family. He thought himself in surety, and wrote to Father

Lamiot for some money and the objects necessary for the administration of the sacraments. Betrayed and denounced, however, by an apostate, he was taken prisoner on June 16, 1819. It developed that he had been miraculously forewarned, and had himself predicted his arrest and imprisonment. When he saw his betrayer among the soldiers who seized him, he said to him as Our Lord to Judas: "Friend, why hast thou come hither?" And then in a compassionate tone he added: "I pity you."

During the eight months that elapsed from his arrest until his execution, Father Clet was dragged from one prison to another, being incarcerated for intervals more or less brief in no fewer than twenty-seven. He was treated with savage cruelty by more than one of the mandarins to whom he was successively confided, having his face buffeted with heavy leather straps, being obliged to rest with his bare knees for hours at a time on iron chains, bound down at night to a plank by a chain that prevented his raising his head, and being carried from one prison to another in a cage, with irons on his hands and feet and an iron chain about his neck. Yet though his face was covered with wounds, and his clothes soaked with the blood therefrom, his countenance was uniformly cheerful, there was always a smile on his lips, and he uttered no complaints.

In the last of his prisons, at Hou-pe, the future martyr had for companions his brother Lazarists, Father Lamiot, superior of the Peking mission, and Father Chen, a native priest. On New Year's Day, 1820, the three of them were led to the tribunal to receive a definitive sentence. After briefly examining them, the grand mandarin declared Father Lamiot freed from every accusation. He then ordered Father Chen to abjure the Christian religion; and, on the latter's refusal, the judge declared that both Father Chen and Father Clet merited death, which sentence, before its execution, needed the ratifica-

tion of the Emperor. That potentate's decision did not arrive for more than a month.

About the middle of February, however, the last word on the matter was received from Kia-King. It declared that the European Lieou (the Chinese name of Father Clet) had deceived and corrupted great numbers by teaching them his religion, and that accordingly he should be attached to a cross and die by strangulation. As for Father Chen, life was granted to him, but he was condemned to exile. Father Lamiot also, notwithstanding his proclaimed innocence, was barred from residence in Peking or elsewhere in the Chinese Empire.

Early in the morning of February 18, the guards entered the cell occupied by Fathers Clet and Chen, and told the former that he was to accompany them. "Are you to bring me back here?" asked the missionary. As the men evaded a direct reply, Father Chen said: "Tell the truth. Europeans are not afraid to die." They then acknowledged that the prisoner was not to be brought back. An expression of lively joy illumined the countenance of Father Clet, who asked only a few moments' delay—to confess and receive absolution.

He was taken outside the city's walls to the usual place of execution, where a cross had been erected. The martyr asked the mandarins present permission to say a short prayer. On their consenting, he knelt down for a few moments; then, rising, said to his executioners. "Proceed." He was lashed to the cross with ropes, which, starting from his neck, tied his hands behind his back, and pressed his feet one against the other. Death by strangulation in China entails a long and cruel agony. The victim is not allowed to die until his respiration has been restored three several times, so that he actually undergoes the horrors of a triple death. Father Clet underwent the full agony of the execution; but throughout his terrible sufferings his face (as eye-

witnesses attested) was radiant, as if illumined by a ray of that glory which his soul was about to enjoy.

Biographers of the martyr note that the hand of God weighed heavily on all who had persecuted him. Within six months after his execution, death in some horrible shape or other overtook them—from the apostate who betrayed him to the Emperor himself, who was killed by a stroke of lightning. The very pagans were impressed by these facts. "See," they said, "how all the persecutors of that religion have perished! Ever since old Lieou was murdered, we have never had good crops, but only misfortune after misfortune."

The body of Father Clet, buried at first in the Christian cemetery at Oucheng-fu, was brought in 1868 to the seat of the Lazarist Congregation in Paris. In 1843, the heroicity of the martyr's virtue was canonically certified by the Congregation of Rites, and Pope Gregory XVI. signed the decree authorizing the process of beatification. Finally, on May 27, 1900, Pope Leo XIII. gave the finishing touch to that process; and France's gift to China, known in the Middle Kingdom as old man Lieou, became to the world at large Blessed François-Regis Clet.

In the Night Watches.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

WHEN in the long, dark night I wake,
 And, sleep-forsaken, turn and toss,
 I think of One who for my sake
 Hung tired and tortured on the Cross.
 And when with pain my temples throb,
 My mind and body sick and sore,
 My heart remembers with a sob
 The cruel pains that Jesus bore.
 My heart remembers, and I yearn
 His pierced feet with tears to wet,—
 But, oh, when health and hope return,
 How soon my Saviour I forget!

"Miss Dimples."

BY MARY F. NIXON-ROULET.

AS a general thing, the coterie of doctors which occupied suite 1013 in the huge office building held the even tenor of their way with extreme serenity. There was in the suite a fashionable dentist, a throat specialist, an oculist, and a young doctor just starting out, who cheerfully described himself, with gay French *insouciance*, as a "specialist for the skin and its contents." The four men were uncommonly congenial; and if one appeared a bit touchy on occasions, the others pleasantly permitted him to "grouch" in peace until such time as he felt sociable again.

The office was comfortable, — four private rooms grouped about a general waiting room, and all cared for by Miss Elmsley, a young Englishwoman, sweet as a hawthorn blossom in a fresh country lane. Well-mannered, and possessed of a diplomatic way of making patients forget how long they had been waiting, Miss Elmsley was, in short, the presiding genius of the place.

Things went so well in 1013, in fact, that young Dr. le Roux had been heard to murmur that it was "too good to last"; mindful as he was of the friction in other offices, where befizzled, "ratted" office girls made life miserable for his professional friends by forgetting to deliver messages, keeping important patients waiting unnecessarily, and by their genius for admitting book agents, drug dispensers, and other unwelcome persons.

When, therefore, one morning, Dr. von Hellern, who managed the suite, with a long face broke the news to his confrères that Miss Elmsley was leaving for a three months' vacation, there was general consternation.

"Confound the luck!" fumed Dr. Crocker, the oculist. "Just at the time

when I have the most patients! Everybody comes down town shopping for Easter bonnets, and gets chunks of March dust in the eyes; and there's nothing better for my business except face veils and the 'Movies.'"

"Yes, and throat trouble is just ripe for picking," said Dr. Emmett; "and when they sit here three deep and all in a hurry, Miss Elmsley makes them forget it's my lunch hour, and they wait like lambs."

"I can't pose as being so busy as you fellows," said Dr. le Roux, "but I certainly hate to see her go. Bet she doesn't come back. She has a sort of blushy air that looks to me like a June bride's," he added gloomily.

"Raven!"

"Make it as bad as you can!"

"Nothing of the kind, man!"

The three doctors turned on him savagely, and Dr. von Hellern said:

"I really don't think it is so bad as that, Le Roux. She is tired and wants a rest. Her mother has been sick, and she's been nursing her and running us besides. She has a right to be tired. The mother is going away, and Miss Elmsley feels she ought to be at home to take care of the small brother and sister. We'll simply have to let her off and try to get some one else, though we needn't expect to fill her place."

Accordingly, Miss Elmsley departed on the Saturday following, mourned by 'her doctors,' as she called them; and Dr. le Roux went to the office Monday morning with a sinking heart, wondering what sort of "freak," as he expressed it, the new incumbent would be.

As the Doctor opened his office door he was met by an apparition at which he opened his eyes, so unexpected was it: a slim girl in a neat dark blue gown, with the daintiest of white collars and cuffs,—the sort of uniform exactly suitable for a business woman. A pair of clear gray eyes, very large and long-lashed, were raised to his; a most bewitching

pair of dimples flashed into pink cheeks, and then disappeared again, as a well-modulated voice asked:

"Whom did you wish to see, please?"

"I am Dr. le Roux," he smiled. "Are you?"—hesitatingly.

"Miss Burton, the new office assistant," she replied pleasantly, again with that flicker of dimples; and, as Dr. le Roux disappeared into his private office, hope once more arose within his breast.

Nor were his hopes unfounded. Miss Burton—promptly christened "Miss Dimples" by Dr. le Roux, with whose friendly, merry manner no one ever took offence—was a treasure. Her work was always well done; she was always agreeable, always on time, always well dressed,—*"Too well dressed!"* grumbled Dr. Crocker, inclined to be the fault-finding member of the community.

"But, my dear fellow," argued Le Roux, "why on earth shouldn't the girl be as well dressed as she likes?"

"She should," growled Dr. Crocker, "if she can afford it. But I confess it makes a fellow feel queer to see his office girl walk in on a raw March day wearing handsomer sables than he can give his wife."

"Ah, there's the rub, eh?" Emmett laughed. "Work harder and buy your wife her sables."

Crocker was a good man, spoiled by having an income outside of his profession, so that he did not have to work.

"No danger of your not getting your wife sables!" retorted Crocker. "You're always running around to do something for her. There's nothing so fatal to a doctor's success as being happily married."

"What's the row?" inquired Le Roux, cheerfully. "Let me in on it. I feel fine and scrappy."

"Get along, Infant! There's no row," was the reply. "We were just discussing the new office girl."

"Miss Dimples? She's all right," said the young Doctor. "Tends to business

and keeps everybody jollied. She'll be as good as Miss Elmsley, if she stays long enough."

"There seems to me a kind of mystery about her," said Crocker, slowly.

"Mystery! Why? Von Hellern had references all right enough," Le Roux answered. "Orphan, lives with an aunt, works for an honest living for four cantankerous doctors,—where's the mystery? You've been attending too many nickel shows, Crocker: gone to your brain."

This sally was received with a shout from the other two, and an indignant snort from the elegant Crocker.

"Fancy Crocker going to a nickel show!" said Emmett. "He never attends anything less than ten cents."

"But," persisted Le Roux, "I'm all ears to hear the mystery about Miss Dimples."

"Come to putting it in words," Crocker spoke slowly, "I can't tell you; only it seems queer that a girl so evidently above her place, with such clothes as she has, should be willing to work for ten dollars a week."

"But really, old man" (Le Roux's snapping brown eyes looked a bit keen), "I don't feel that that is any of our business. Miss Burton does her work admirably; she dresses to suit her part while she's playing it; she is unmistakably a lady. If she fails to take us into her confidence in regard to her private affairs, that is surely her own concern. She either needs to work for her living or she doesn't; and, if the latter is the case, she is probably bored at home and wants something to do."

Dr. le Roux had a happy faculty of ignoring things which bothered other people, and was totally lacking in curiosity about his neighbor's affairs,—a circumstance which made him easy to get on with, albeit there were times when it nearly drove his wife frantic that he showed no "proper interest" in things which she thought of considerable importance.

As to Miss Burton, however, even the

young Doctor confessed to himself a certain curiosity, and at times found himself studying the girl. There was something a little peculiar about her,—a certain cool aloofness. Pleasant though she was, smiling, attentive, no one would ever dare to go beyond a certain point of friendly courtesy. At the slightest hint of anything approaching familiarity from any of the frequenters of the office, the dimples would vanish, and a perfectly polite young person, with a wall of ice raised up around her, would appear in place of the affable one who had so swiftly attended to the wants of the patients. There was something intangible about her,—something elusive, which baffled while it charmed. Le Roux, himself a practical Catholic, had seen the little medal of Our Lady she wore at her watch fob, and smiled to himself as he thought how agnostic Crocker and atheistic Emmett and indifferent Von Hellern would wonder if they knew the girl was a Catholic. But no one noticed it, and she said nothing, going calmly about her daily duties until the three months were over, and Miss Elmsley was ready to return, with no one in the office knowing any more about Miss Dimples than on the day she came.

She bade them all good-bye as placidly as she had bidden them good-morning the day she arrived, and every day since, and said prettily:

"I want to thank you, gentlemen, for your kindness to me all the time I have been here. You have made everything so easy, and it might have been ever so hard!" Then, with a smile and a bewitching show of dimples, she was gone.

Von Hellern, without a word, went into his office and banged the door. The other men looked at each other, and Crocker raised his eyebrows.

"Otto's hard hit," he remarked, and Emmett nodded; while Le Roux said:

"Poor old chap!"

A day or two later, as Miss Elmsley handed the doctors the Saturday's mail,

each one received an envelope, evidently an invitation.

"Wonder if this is a June bride or somebody's Commencement?" grumbled Crocker. "Either one means a present."

"Mine is neither," said Le Roux, as he handed a sheet of paper to his friend. "Is yours the same?"

"What does it mean?" queried the doctors, and Le Roux answered:

"It's a reception into a convent. Somebody is going to become a nun. You fellows had better go. The Archbishop will be there, and he's a wonderful speaker."

"There's some mistake," said Crocker. "I don't know any nuns."

"I don't either," mused Emmett. "And my wife has something on hand for to-morrow."

"Come with me, Von Hellern?" asked Le Roux. "I am going, and you must come home to dinner with me."

"Oh, I'll come, thanks!" said Dr. von Hellern. "I've never seen anything of the kind. I'll look you up in the morning."

Sunday morning dawned, an ideal day, sweet and cool, with a wind as kind as a mother's kiss; and the convent chapel was all abloom with radiant flowers. Upon the altar of the Sacred Heart were blood-red roses, and snowy ones before Our Lady's shrine; while countless candles flickered through the dim, religious light which revealed black-robed figures kneeling in prayer. Five slender girls received the veil; and as the new-made novices turned from the altar, Le Roux heard near him a long-drawn sigh, then saw Von Hellern bury his face in his hands. Last of the little band she came, Miss Dimples, upon her face a light such as he had never seen,—the ecstasy of one who saw already the joys of heaven itself. Benediction closed the simple service.

"Yes," said Von Hellern to his friend as they strolled homeward, "I knew. I asked her to marry me, and she refused ever so gently. When I pressed her as to what her reason was, if she cared for

any one else, she said she was sorry,—she could never marry anybody. She had always wanted to be a nun. But her aunt would not give her the little money needed to enter the Order—just enough to get a simple outfit,—though quite willing to buy her all the extravagant clothes she could wear in the world. So she took the place at our office to earn the money. That was all."

Le Roux laid a hand on his friend's shoulder, with wordless sympathy.

"At least you can please her by trying to believe as she does," he said.

"I mean to," was the response. "There must be something in a religion which can produce such characters. Good-bye, old man! You'll excuse me from dinner to-day?" And the two parted with a warm handclasp.

St. Hilda's Town.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

Often I think of the dear old town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in dreams go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

IN that great Northern county which I sent its hundreds—yea, its thousands—to the Pilgrimage of Grace, that last mighty uprising against the tyranny of Henry VIII., is the ancient town of Whitby, the Nantucket of England, as it used to be in days of yore, when the fishing fleet sailed out to the white seas. To this town soon after her marriage came Little Mother, as we called her, and from her journal I copy some reminiscences of it.

On the West Cliff stands the ruined Abbey of St. Hilda, that Saxon abbey of which Scott sang in "Marmion." Cædmon, the father of English poesy, was herdsman here, and one night he had his wondrous vision of the soul. Let me recount that vision for the benefit of those who may not have had the privilege of reading it. Cædmon seemed to see a lighted banqueting hall, in which nobles

and knights were feasting. It had two doors, and from out the darkness a bird flew in. It went straight through, and flew out at the other door into the night from whence it came; and as Cædmon wondered, a voice said: "This is the soul, and the banqueting hall is the world." So were God's mysteries unveiled to the man who tended the kine and prayed as did David of old.

Great was the sanctity of Hilda, the Saxon princess, who counted the poor lot of the servants of God as more to be esteemed than the royal purple. She became the mother, the beloved benefactress of the fisherfolk and tillers of the soil who dwelt around. An old couplet runs thus:

You may break, you may shatter the vase if
you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it
still.

To quote the journal: "I found that the Lady Hilda's memory was still held in affectionate reverence, clung round the ruined abbey like the scent of roses in the vase; for some of the aged folk averred that her shadow was seen at the west window seated at a spinning-wheel, spinning for the poor."

Once on a time Whitby had had its shipbuilding yards, wherein the wooden walls were hammered and turned for their voyages to the white seas in quest of that leviathan which brought bread and comfort to many a mariner's home perched amid the dark rocks like a sea-bird's nest. An adventurous sailor, whose doings as Captain Cook have come down to us, was once a shipwright's apprentice here. All events in the town used to be regulated by the sailing out and sailing in of the whaling fleet. Lovers plighted their troth prior to its going, and were married when it came home. The quays were crowded when it put out to sea, and it was: "Dinna greet, mither! I'll soon be hame."* And, "God be wi' ye, Willie!" How true it is that—

* "Don't weep, mother! I'll soon be home."

Some must sail to the banks far North,
 And set their trawls for the hungry cod,
 In the ghostly fog creep back and forth,
 By shrouded paths no foot hath trod!
 Upon the crews the ice winds blow,
 The bitter sleet, the frozen snow,—
 Their souls are in the hands of God.

It is a wild and stormy coast, and vessels have often much difficulty in crossing the harbor bar. Little Mother says that several wrecks took place, and thus describes one she saw:

"I shall never forget one autumn day. Toward twilight the wind began to rise, and the bellman went up and down the streets, ringing his bell and crying over and over again: 'Ship on the rocks! Ship on the rocks!' There was no Seaman's Home at that time, so a number of the townsfolk put lighted candles in the windows as a sign that the survivors of the wreck might be brought to them, and got the beds and other comforts ready.

"My husband said that he would go down to the beach, and I was left alone. I had a wish to go too, as everyone round seemed to have done; so I pinned a shawl tightly over my head and hurried along the wind-swept streets. I found the shelter in readiness, with the doctor in attendance; and on the beach were ministers of all denominations praying for the men in the rocking ship outside the harbor bar. 'Yon's the *Seamew!*' wailed a woman near me. 'She was due this very day, and my Tom's aboard her.' Every effort was made to save the doomed vessel: rockets were set off and the life-boat put out, only to return because of the rough seas. At length came a sudden lull in the storm, and the boats went to the rescue again. This time they were more successful: they brought back a lad and a foreign seaman, swarthy of face, and with gold earrings. Both were carried into the shelter. The boy gave signs of life and was wrapped in warm blankets. Dr. Culmer lifted the head of the bronzed sailor, then said very solemnly: 'He has crossed the harbor bar.'"

Yet a few other reminiscences:

"There were several notable characters in old Whitby. One was the bellman, who used to notify all public events, from a ship in distress to a fine haul of fish. He would come round and ring his bell thrice and cry: 'O yez, O yez, listen, good people all! There's been a fine catch o' fish! Halibut is selling at fourpence a pound on the North Quay.'

"Then there was Dr. Culmer, the Good Samaritan, who literally went about doing good. You met him in the fishers' quarter, passing along some narrow lane in which an epidemic was raging. He would stoop under a low lintel and enter a room where some fisherman's child lay ill, and, placing his hand on the fevered brow, say: 'Poor little lamb! We will send you something to make you better soon, please God! And when the mother asked, 'What shall I pay ye?' he replied, 'Wait till I send my bill in.' And said bill would take the form of comforts for the sick child. Dr. Culmer's sitting-room at the old Bank House was like a museum, so crowded was it with curious articles from walrus tusks to a cashmere shawl, the gifts of grateful patients.

"One of his patients was old Mr. Trotman, the watchmaker, who had lost his memory and a fortune besides. He used to repair the clocks in Whitby and for miles around; and the tall, bent figure in the long, white watchmaker's apron, with a clock under its arm, was quite a familiar feature on the moors and in the sea-washed streets. His wife was a vivacious little woman, who, to use her own expression, never meant to be old. 'My heart's young,' she said, 'and so am I.' She had a decided talent for painting, and gave lessons to private pupils and at several schools. She had been educated in a convent whose name I forget, as I was young at the time (not nineteen); and, as I was then a non-Catholic, one religious Order was the same to me as another. But, as the pupils' uniform was brown, I think that

the good Sisters may have been Franciscans, and the convent itself was on the frontier between France and Italy.

"One night the children were roused from slumber by shouts, screams, and the report of firearms. A red light gleamed fitfully on the dormitory windows, and those who rushed to them saw cottages in flames, and soldiers. In front of them was an officer on a grey horse; he was a little man, and wore a tricolored cocked hat. It was General Bonaparte on Marengo. All at once he lifted his arm and sternly shouted: 'Spare that convent!' The Reverend Mother told all the children to dress and go into the chapel and pray, and she herself met the victor.

"When the morning dawned, all the girls were ordered to put on their Sunday uniforms and to take their places in line on the grounds. One small child was given a basket of flowers to present to the visitor, who was none other than the Little Corporal, who had asked to be allowed to come and pay his respects. He graciously accepted the floral offering, and, turning to the superioress, said: 'Madame, this convent seems to me like the gate of heaven.' He then wrote out a protection order, which would ensure the future safety of the nuns and of the village when troops passed through. So it happened that general after general, captain after captain looked at the signature, bowed, and said '*Avant!*' to his men; and the humble villagers and gentle Sisters lay down and took their rest in peace. When 'Sceptre and Crown had tumbled down' and the banner with the golden bees* was torn and lost, Napoleon, the captive of St. Helena, may have remembered with pleasure this act of mercy.

"All round Whitby lie great moors, over which the wild birds flit and sing; and there is a wild green forest known as Larpool Wood, where the owl

hoots, tu whit, tu whoo; the woodpecker tip-taps, the squirrel stores nuts for the winter, and—

Round it, through it, and over it all,
Soundeth incessant the waterfall."

When the writer of the reminiscences which I have quoted lived there, old customs were held in high honor. Children went Maying. On New Year's Eve, families and friends met together, had gingerbread and cheese for supper, and solemnly watched the Old Year out and the New Year in. At Epiphany, women came with little waxen figures representing the Magi adoring the Infant Christ, and they joined hands, danced round the table, and sang:

"God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go!"

"The old order changeth, giving place to new," and there have been many alterations in this old brown seaport; but Flamborough Head and its Lighthouse, of which a local distich says,

Three whites to one red
Mean Flamborough Head,

still stand like changeless sentinels by the changeful sea. The whaling fleet no longer takes fathers and sons to the frozen seas; but barques and brigs and schooners come sailing down Esk Water; and, best of all, the stones of the ruined abbey near Cædmon's Cross still give the town its right to be called St. Hilda's Town.

WITH many the going to Mass or even to the Sacraments generally seems to be considered as entitling them to "marks," as it were, in the Great Book; yet these are intended but as aids for real work. Fancy some great philanthropist, who furnished his workmen with gratuitous food and clothes and money, and to whom one who had not worked at all came to claim reward for using his clothes, food, and money.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

* Napoleon's banner at this period was powdered with golden bees.

Something Well Worth Considering.

PREACHING in Newman Hall, Berkeley (Cal.), recently on "How shall We Pray for Peace?" the venerable Paulist, Father Searle, enunciated a number of truths that needed enunciation and are worth meditating. "Peace between nations can not be made," he said, "when a war has actually been begun, without some definite basis of peace. Some agreement must be come to as to what the future state of things is to be. To leave things just as they are is simply impossible." It does not follow, of course, that prayers for peace are either useless or inopportune. Not at all. Father Searle goes on to say: "Still we are asked to pray for peace, and we mean and ought to do so. But how shall we do it? Not by simply begging Our Lord, who holds the nations in the hollow of His hand, that this horrible war may stop somehow, and no matter how; and that we may go back to somewhere near where we were before it began, but with all the causes of it still just as they were. No, not this; but that the end of it, if not a true and permanent peace, on a really right basis, may at least be a long step in that direction; and that it may, if such be His holy will, come soon. We may, each one of us, have our own ideas of how the great conflict should end in order to bring about this. We can not be expected to agree precisely regarding the matter; but we need not engage in another war, though even only of words, about it among ourselves, which can not possibly do any good."

This last sentence is distinctly worth while. If the average American, especially in a racially mixed community, would only curtail his discussion of the war and its probable results (bearing in mind that most of what he reads in the papers and magazines is palpably unreliable), the interests of peace—domestic peace, at least—would be subserved a good deal better than is apparently the case in this country at present.

The Means of Salvation Superabundant.

AS comparatively few of our readers, presumably, see the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, we think it well to quote for their benefit a paragraph from a recent contribution to its pages—"Is an Act of Perfect Contrition Difficult?" by the eminent moral theologian, Father Slater, S.J. Let us premise that he does not believe contrition to be so difficult as many, perhaps most, persons suppose. Commenting on a passage from Father Faber's "The Blessed Sacrament"—a passage in which the lot of those deprived of the Sacrament of Penance is painted in darkest colors,—Father Slater writes:

The judgments of stern theology without doubt may sometimes appear harsh, especially to unintelligent and uncharitable kindness. But before teaching that any particular doctrine which has the appearance even of harshness is a judgment of stern theology, we should make sure of the fact. Unless we do this we shall be in danger of dishonoring God and hindering the salvation of souls by mistaking an opinion for the truth. The truth can not diminish the glory of the Sacraments nor the value of the privilege of belonging to the True Church. It is a truth that God seriously desires the salvation of all men, and that He has provided sufficient means for all men to be saved. It is a truth that no one is lost except by his own fault. Contrition and perfect charity are the only means of salvation for such as can not receive the Sacraments. The dismal lot of those outside the Church should never be extenuated; but we must never forget that all those who are lost are lost because they would not make use of their free will to be saved, not because God has not provided sufficient and superabundant means of salvation for all.

In justice to the memory of Father Faber, Father Slater quotes from that prolific devotional writer other passages which proclaim a less rigorous view as to the possibility of penance's being supplied by affective love, and concludes with the statement: "I think that these passages show that the real Faber was not opposed to my contention, that it is not difficult to make an act of perfect contrition or of the pure love of God."

Notes and Remarks.

If the Holy Father possessed territorial independence, we should have greater hope than we can now feel of his being chosen as peacemaker between the nations at conflict in Europe. It is not improbable, however, that before the war spirit of their rulers has been crushed the people of the countries involved may demand a cessation of hostilities, that the soldiers themselves may sicken of slaughter and devastation. The sinews of war are not inexhaustible. Destitution and disaffection are factors that must be reckoned with. Once the cry of widows and orphans makes itself heard on all sides in Europe, the clash of arms will not long continue. Then will mediation be welcomed, and it may once more devolve upon the Father of the Faithful to exercise the office of peacemaker. Nor is there anything preposterous in the notion that the Powers consenting to his arbitration may decide, in recognition of his neutrality, to guarantee his independence. Great changes will inevitably result from so great a war, and that many of them will be beneficial to the Church there can be no doubt.

The consensus of opinion regarding the outrage in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, last week seems to be that the bomb was planted by some crank whose mind had become unbalanced by reading anti-Catholic literature. Before the grief and indignation which the act naturally arouses have subsided, there should be vigorously renewed efforts to prevent the dissemination of such literature through the mails. If the powers-that-be in Washington are indifferent as to the injustice of which Catholic citizens are the victims, they should be made to understand the danger arising from the unrestricted circulation of printed matter calculated to poison the minds and excite the passions of that

class of bigots who, being convinced that the Catholic Church is an evil to be done away with, are easily persuaded that any means whatever to this end should not be left untried.

Until the unlawful efforts of anti-Catholic fanatics are restrained, there are grounds to fear, not only for the future safety of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but for the safety of sacred and beautiful buildings all over the country. Think of its being necessary to assign detectives for night and day duty at all the principal Catholic churches of the metropolis! That no lives were lost as a result of the explosions in the Cathedral or at St. Alphonsus' Church is due to the fact that they took place on a weekday and at an hour when these large edifices were almost empty.

In these days of copious humbug and noisy partisanship it is refreshing to meet with such a correspondence as that between the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte and Mr. W. S. Lilly, published in a recent number of the *London Tablet*. In a book on "Newman" Dr. Whyte had stated that at the end of his life the great Cardinal "largely returned to his mother's Huguenot and Puritan faith." On reading this passage which so gravely misrepresents Cardinal Newman, Mr. Lilly sent a letter to Dr. Whyte, in which he said: "The close and unbroken friendship with which Cardinal Newman honored me, from the year 1873 till the day of his death, lays on me the duty of utterly denying the assertion. . . . It would be interesting to know, if you are in a position to make the disclosure, on what authority the statement rests which I thus challenge." In reply Dr. Whyte wrote: "You are certainly safe in saying that if I gravely misrepresent Cardinal Newman in anything I say about him, it must be unintentionally. For I went to all the sources open to me—both books and men,—and, as I thought, exhausted them, before I began to write

my little appreciation of this great man. And I fully believed that I had good ground for all that I said about him. But your letter convinces me that you know the real facts about the matter in hand much better than any of my authorities. And, though I am deeply sorry to have to make the retraction, yet I say in reply to your letter that, if my little book should go into another edition, I shall expunge the passage to which you have taken such strong exception."

The cause of truth, much as it may suffer at the hands of those who are slow to make allowance for misinformation and quick to impugn motives, is invariably promoted by men so considerate and courteous as Mr. Lilly, and so urbane and open-minded as Dr. Whyte.

We had thought that the Holy Name Society was one Catholic organization with whose aims and methods the non-Catholics of this country were in sympathy and substantial agreement. In fact, the multiplied instances in which the secular press has editorially praised the Society and its parades gave good grounds for our thinking so. That the sympathy is not unanimous, however, is clear from the action of the Ministers' Association of Paterson, New Jersey. The ministers requested that music be eliminated from the parade when near churches or Sunday-schools, a simple matter enough and one readily to be granted; but they themselves admitted that this request was but an entering wedge, their ultimate purpose being to abolish such parades altogether. That these reverend gentlemen do not truly represent the non-Catholic sentiment even of their own city is clear from the following paragraph which we find in the *Paterson Press*:

The *Press* offers two suggestions. First, that the idea of interfering with future Holy Name parades be abandoned. Second, that the heads of all the churches that will be passed by the Holy Name men next Sunday shall show the true Christian spirit—the spirit of love and forbearance taught in the Sermon on the

Mount—by seeing to it that a recess is taken in each of their Sunday-schools when the Holy Name line appears, and that the Sunday-schools *en masse* go out to the front of the church and give their Catholic brothers the Chataqua salute; and if the bands should be playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the men singing the air, let the Protestant children mingle their voices with those of the marchers in the inspiring Gospel song, and thus bring the Kingdom of Heaven a little nearer the city of Paterson.

Our leading article this week is from the pen of a pastor who was formerly a professor of theology; hence its solidity, clarity, and practicality. It explains the chief difficulties of prayer, and shows how they may be overcome. Those especially who complain that their prayers are not heard, and those whose prayers are generally accompanied with distractions, would do well to give this article attentive perusal. No wonder prayer is so often without effect, since it must so often, as the Catechism says, offend God rather than please Him. The writer points out that it is impossible to avoid distractions—impossible therefore to pray well—if one's life is devoid of seriousness, given up to frivolity and pleasure.

There can be no question that the main difficulties in prayer are of our own making, and it is an inestimable benefit to have this fact brought home to us. A profitable reflection for many, perhaps most, Christians would be: So many prayers without attention, so many confessions without amendment, so many Communions without love!

We suppose that no reader of these columns, whatever be his racial affiliations, is so blind a partisan that he can not admire the little Catholic country that has suffered most from the ravages of the present war. The *B. C. Western Catholic* has this to say of some of Belgium's titles to admiration:

Belgium justly claims to be the greatest centre of charity in the world, in proportion to its size and population. Nor are its good

deeds confined to Belgians: all international charities appeal to its priests and laity. The country is the head of the Eucharistic Congress; and two of its prelates, Bishop Doutreloux, of Liege, and Bishop Heylen, of Namur, were its first presidents. Five sessions of the Congress have been held in Belgium—viz., at Liege, Antwerp, Brussels, Namur, and Tournai. Coming to missionary work, again Belgium occupies honored place. The priests of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary have established missions in Mongolia and the Congo, and in some cases have sealed their faith with their blood. Belgian Jesuits labor in Calcutta and in Western Bengal, these missionaries being trained in the Apostolic School of Tournai, Louvain. The American Seminary, founded in 1857, assists in the provision of priests for the United States and Canada, some of our own archdiocesan clergy having been educated there.

Who has not burned with holy zeal for God's service when reading the heroic work of Father Damien among the lepers of Molokai; or when listening to the story of the labors of Father de Smet, the apostle of the Rocky Mountains; or Archbishop Seghers, who so tragically lost his life on his return journey from Alaska! These, and many others, claim Belgium as their land of birth.

A glorious heritage for any nation, and an adequate justification of its existence, even were that existence to end with the great war.

Writing, in the *Austral Light*, of the Irish missionary priest, Bishop Phelan examines the grounds on which to account for the unexampled fertility of Ireland as a missionary nation, and endeavors to explain "the marvellous success with which God has crowned the spiritual enterprise of her children in every land under the sun." He attributes the notable achievements of the early Irish missionaries to the three following causes:

First, there was no love for the world's goods, there was no thirst for the world's applause, and the victory over self was complete. . . . In the second place, they had implicit and unquestioning faith in their vocation—that they were called directly and immediately by God to act in partnership with Him. "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you." The consciousness of this divine alliance overruled their lives. Finally, these holy men not

only believed in a call to the religious life, but also that they were sent to a particular place with a special message from God to man, and that they could appropriate the words which their Divine Master applied to Himself: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me: wherefore He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the contrite of heart."

The centuries roll on, but the human heart remains the same; and the requisites for genuinely successful missionary work are not different nowadays from what they were in the heyday of Ireland's golden age.

Discussing the ethical aspects of the war, an English writer observes that apparently nothing less than a world catastrophe was needed to awaken the rich to a sense of responsibility for their wealth. One must rejoice at the outpouring of a vast amount of money in England for the relief of the numerous destitute refugees from Belgium and for the support of the widows and orphans of English soldiers. Not only are the wealthy class practising charity: they are also giving an example of self-denial, something of which the moralists declared them incapable. Thus are whole peoples reformed as individuals are bettered by trials and tribulations. Says the anonymous writer above quoted: "Sunk, as it seemed, only a few months ago in a selfish materialism, few among us could have expected that the nation would meet so adequately so great a crisis."

It may be fervently believed that all of his singularly faithful life was a preparation for the sudden death which, on the 6th inst., overtook Count Albert de Mun. And peaceful, indeed, should be the sleep of one whom friend and foe alike unite in honoring. For many years he was, perhaps, the most prominent figure among the Catholic laity of France. A nobieman whose title was derived from the Empire, he was nevertheless one of the first to rally to the cause of the

Republic in compliance with the advice of the Holy Father, Leo XIII. In every public and private capacity, he did his utmost to serve the cause of Faith and country. The Catholic Workingmen's Clubs are a monument to the late Count's practical, self-sacrificing zeal. A man at whose death even his most bitter enemies could say, "One of the glories of France has disappeared," was a man indeed. *R. I. P.*

Among the resolutions adopted by the American Federation of Catholic Societies at the recent Convention in Baltimore was this:

Whereas, despite the continued protests of decent men of different creeds, the privileges of the mails are still extended to obscene and scurrilous papers, injurious to the rights of conscience as guaranteed by the Constitution, and destructive of sound morality; and whereas a simultaneous protest has already been organized by the Catholic Press, we urge that the Federation of Catholic Societies, in support of this protest, request its members to write at once to their respective Senators and Congressmen, drawing their attention to such abuse of the mails.

Mr. Paul Bakewell, whose letter to the Postmaster General, *re* the *Menace*, we commented upon a week or two ago, declares that if his protest is properly supported it will prove effective; and it is to be hoped, accordingly, that the foregoing resolution will be carried out by every individual member of the federated societies.

A non-Catholic paper of Iowa, the *Tribune* of New Hampton, uses the European war as an object-lesson that refutes triumphantly a charge often made against our coreligionists of every nationality—that they are not patriotic. Says the *Tribune*:

Two weeks ago while a sinful agitator, in a tent in this city, breathed forth his horrible untruths about the Roman Catholic Church and its people, he also charged them with disloyalty to their country. In this he told a lie, and he knew it. Our attention was called to the statement by a member of a Protestant

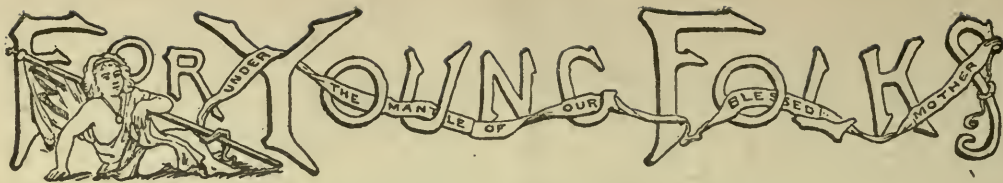
church, who said that all Europe now proves that political shyster a liar.

As a matter of fact, everyone with intelligence enough to read a newspaper knows that, in the contending armies of Europe, Catholic fights Catholic as wholeheartedly as if they were, religiously, as far asunder as the poles. Moreover, Catholic loyalty to the United States has been proved to a demonstration too continuously to admit of its being questioned at this late day.

Reviewing a number of religious works—certain of which, however, are not orthodox or even philosophical,—the London *Athenæum* observes that "the time has passed when a supercilious editor could commit himself to the statement that 'the Question of God lacks actuality.' *La question de Dieu*, whether for or against, whether explicitly or implicitly, whether in a Christian or a non-Christian aspect, occupies in greater or less degree most of the leading minds of the present generation. It even seems to be mingled somewhat more vividly and sincerely than in the immediate past with the conduct of practical affairs."

A sign of the times which is as unmistakable as it is gratifying; and one of many such signs.

About as flagrant an instance of "straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel" as we have heard of in a long time is the recent decision of the faculty of Drury College (Missouri) that the institution will not tolerate a professor who smokes. Rather a diminutive gnat, assuredly. As for the camel, the president of this latter-day educational factory declared, a month or two ago, that a man who denied the Divinity of Christ was not unfit to teach in Drury College. Level-headed men will form their own opinion as to the fitness of president and faculty to form—or deform—the character of Young America.



Margery May.

BY ALLEN FORD.

YES, dark it is outside on the street:

Not a sign of the sun all day;
But what do I care and herself over there—
The light of me, Margery May!

O the rogue you are, with your coaxing smile,
So you'll sit on my lap this way!
The blue of the skies is alough in your eyes—
The joy of me, Margery May!

They tell me 'tis like myself you are:
To please me they talk that way;
But let them be gone with their carrying on—
The heart of me, Margery May!

There's Gerald, Aline, Mary, Anna, and Joe,
Who all ruled the house in their day;
But their day is gone now, so they'll all have
to bow

To my queen, to my Margery May!

Margery, Margery, sun of my life,
You were sent to me Dolors' Day!

O Queen of doles seven, from your throne up in
heaven

Bless my darling, my Margery May!

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXI.

LIFE at the farmhouse was not all butter and milk and roses. To begin with, the Strawson family knew quite well that their cousin's name was Woods, and that the adopted little girl was of the poorest origin. They were willing to give her food and a top room for three months, in the hope that the speculation would succeed and bring a fortune by and by. But they never forgot that the child was a gypsy, and they looked down on the whole race as tramping thieves. The

farmer's wife, with her grand Sunday dress and gold chain, was overheard saying:

"My girls have something else to do. Let that gutter-sparrow look after herself,—that's what *I* sez!"

One Miss Strawson remarked:

"Lawks! what straight black hair she's got,—like the boot-brush, only longer!"

"My goodness me!" added the other Miss Strawson, "did you ever see such a plain child? Ain't she got a terrible bad skin!"

They themselves were, of course, light-haired. They were pale,—as pale as suet pudding; and they had no more expression than mutton and turnips. They were quite grown up, these Strawson girls, and looked very fine on Sundays; and they saw nothing nice in a dark little gypsy. They locked the doors of the bedrooms and brought the keys downstairs. They joked about the safety of rings and bangles when the small guest, with her quick ears, was quite within hearing at the other side of the kitchen.

"It's as well to be careful," they said. "It is in the family. She might take a fancy to our jewelry, same as the others take a fancy to chickens."

The farmhouse kitchen was very large; it served for a dining room as well as for cooking; its shelves shone with bright metal and with glistening chinaware. Lolo, over near the dresser, glanced round with flaming cheeks when these remarks were made; and the young women, cooking at the fire, knew she had heard them. She went out into the sunshine—to the two dogs and the speckled fowls and the dear donkey. It was best to be with the friendly animals.

The dairymaid was coming with a pail of milk.

"Will you tell me my fortune?" she asked.

Then Lolo rushed away, out of the farmyard and along by the hedge, where she lay and hid her face among the grass. Why would not people let her alone? Even to be with "fahzer" and "muzzer" in the town lodgings was better than this.

"Hey! What's the matter, little gel?" It was the farmer himself who came by now,—a big stout man with the broadest waistcoat that ever was, and a jolly red face, all smiles, under a straw hat.

Lolo scrambled to her feet.

"Come along, little gel. See the pegs."

They went then to the pig village behind the barn. The farmer was kind. Lolo put her hand in his, and was introduced to white pigs and black pigs, and little pigs that ran after each other like kittens; and long, thin pigs that came to the rail with inquiring snouts; and fat pigs so huge that they could do nothing but lie down in the sunshine. They were all "pegs" to the farmer; and he scratched their bristly backs, while Lolo the musical began softly to imitate their grunts.

"Listen to that now!" said the farmer, with admiration. "You'll be able to speak to 'em in their own language one of these days."

Lolo looked up at him, with eyes that had been lately crying.

"I like talking to the animals," she said. "They never say anything to hurt me."

"What a queer little gel!" the farmer thought. "Coom along, then," he said. "Try if you can talk to the calf. And there are the pigeons. Look at the pouter puffing himself out! That there's a fantail pecking at the grain. See the box up there,—how they go squeezing themselves in an' out through them little holes! Bless you! they've room enough: they're half feathers. Here now is the cow-shed. And there's the little calf. Ain't he bonny?"

"He looks all legs!" said Lolo.

"So he does, my little gel,—same as the young donkeys do, and the foals. Shall we fetch him down to the meadow

now? Coom along, my beauty! Put a roap round his neck, my gel. Now you take the end of it. He'll walk along to the meadow, and you'll see the red cow come to meet him."

Afterward the donkey was found. Neddy was in the shafts at present, but Lolo was promised a ride. And then the crops had to be inspected, and the little guest trotted at the farmer's side along field paths by the hedges.

"Well," he said to his daughters at dinner time, "if she *is* a gypsy, what's the matter o' that? She's a fine little gel, and talks as nice as a lady. She can't help bein' o' gypsy blood any more than a black Legawn [Leghorn] can help coming dark out o' the eggshell instead of bein' a white Wyandotte. Everyone can't strut about made the same. You may be very proud o' bein' a Cochin China; but everybody wasn't made with all them feathers on, and three foot high. And I'm glad there's other sorts, too, beside Cochin Chinas—and peacocks!"

The farmer had come in to twelve-o'clock dinner, and was walking heavily about the kitchen, with his hands in his pockets.

"They say she'll be a mine of gold for her music,—a *prodigy*; that's what they call her. She's goin' to play in public, and make a million o' money, they say. I'm sure I don't know."

"I'll believe it when I see it!" said the second Miss Strawson, sharply. She had a large apron on, and was giving the pot of boiled potatoes a vicious shake to dry them. Her mother and sister were in the dairy this morning, for it was butter-making day. "A girl fiddling—as if any one would give money for that! Fiddlesticks, sez I! If there's anything frightful in the way of a noise, it's that thing. John Dubbin plays one up at the 'Coach an' Horses.' I'd rather scrub every floor in the whole house than have that squeaking thing up to *my* ear."

Lolo had just arrived at the back door, with Snip and Snap, the two rough

terriers. The words would hurt her, had she heard; but perhaps she was spared the pain. For she was very busy telling the dogs, in the most affectionate manner, that they must not come in yet, but it would not be long; for that clock up there — see! — was very nearly twelve. Snip and Snap were not allowed into the kitchen till dinner was quite ready. During the last ten minutes they sat outside, one at each doorpost, taking sniffs, and occasionally giving a bark when their feelings became too much for them,—just to remind people that they would like to have some of that nice smell on a plate.

When the farmer was not present, Lolo seemed to be always vexing the Strawsons. She soon began to realize that she was not one of the good children, no matter how hard she tried. Whenever she appeared, she was scolded — if the kind farmer was not by; and whatever she did was wrong.

She came in too early — “Go out,” they said, “you tormenting child! You are always in the way.”

She came late — “Was there ever such a thoughtless girl! Never in time! There was pudding a while ago, but there’s none now. We’ve eaten it all. Why can’t you be thoughtful for others? We take the trouble to get the meal, and you won’t come and sit down to it. And now there’s cold meat, and we have to cut bread and butter for you!”

She was a minute late in the morning, and she was called “lazy”; down too early, and she was sent upstairs again to wash her face. “You should take longer than that to dress, or you ought to be put under the pump,” they said.

If Lolo ate much food, she was “greedy”; and if she ate little, she was “too dainty.” If she talked, she was scolded for being “a chatterbox, that would give one a headache”; and if she was silent, she was reproached with being “sulky.” If she stayed in the house, she was not taking exercise as her guardians wished — “disobedient child!” And if she

really ran wild and enjoyed herself, she was blamed for wearing out her clothes — “such a selfish thing to do, for you know how hard it is to buy new ones.”

“I like old clothes,” pleaded Lolo. “Please let me wear my old cotton frocks, and no hat, and no shoes and stockings!”

“All right, so long as none of our friends meet you!”

And the Strawsons said to each other: “You see, it comes natural to her to go barefoot; and it is really the best way, for we can’t bother keeping her tidy.”

There was an awful day, when Lolo jumped several times across the brook, and at last fell into it, and arrived at the farmhouse all muddy. She was scolded then for making the kitchen wet when she changed her clothes and put the muddy ones to dry. The very next day the trouble was worse; she was caught out in the rain, and was afraid to come in and get dry, and so she had three days of sneezing.

Then came the worst day of all. Lolo flew into a furious temper, and cried with rage like a storm. Still worse she actually hammered Bodelia with her two little fists; and finally, as the “missis” said, “she tore it out of her cousin’s hands.”

This was the tale the farmer was told when he came in one evening and asked where Lolo was, and heard she had been sent to bed without supper.

“What I sez is, send her home!” began Mrs. Strawson at the supper table, where one chair was empty. “You should have seen her raging and roaring, and running round the house after Bodelia to pull it out of her hand!”

“To pull what?” asked the farmer.

“The fiddle. My Bodelia was having a try to play it, when in came the little brat with that heap of weeds she is always dragging into the house. She gave one shout, and off with her helter-skelter after my daughter! She wouldn’t let anybody touch her things. Wicked little wildcat she is!” said the “missis,” angrily. “You never saw such a hunt—round the house, in at the front door and out at the

back, up the stairs with such a clatter, and down again—"

She stopped. The farmer was leaning back in his chair, laughing, with his knife standing up from the table in one hand, and his fork in the other.

"What's the matter?" inquired his wife. "You'll choke yourself!"

"It does make me roar," said the farmer. "Oh, ho! to think of it! My Bodelia playing the fiddle! No, no, my dear Jane! I draw the line at that. She's more cut out for kneading the dough. And the little gel run after her, did she? I wish I'd seen her hunting Bodelia up and down the stairs. Oh, ho, ho!"

"You always were too soft, John," observed the wife. "You'd stick up for anybody instead of your own."

"Well, mother," the second daughter, Selina, put in, a little jealous of her sister, "you know we all said it was better to leave that fiddle in the best parlor, where no one would go in and touch it; for Aunt Woods wrote that she hoped it would be kept safe. It's worth heaps of money. And Bodelia thinks she can do anything; and the child said it would be broken. When she wanted to get it, Bodelia pretended to fling it up in the air. It might have been smashed to atoms."

The farmer shook his head.

"I'm afraid you've been teasing her, Delia. Now, don't touch the poor little gel's fiddle. Bart" (that was Bartholdy Wagner Woods) "might ask a lot of money if it was spoiled."

By this time the discussion had become so heated that they were all talking at the same time, and Bodelia could hardly make herself heard saying something about "the little vixen."

"Well, don't you touch the fiddle again, Delia," her father said.

"Nobody knows what they can do till they try," said Miss Strawson.

"Tut! tut, dearie!" replied the farmer. "You're great for a veal pie, with slices of egg and ham in it too. (I dare say you made this one now, and a fine pie it is.)

But I shouldn't think you are the one to begin playing tunes at this time o' day. P'raps the little gel thought it would be bad for the neighbors as well as the fiddle. Now, my dear wife Jane, what are you crying about? And what's Delia pushing her supper away for?"

"You never yet stood up for your own kith and kin,—that's what I sez!" The "missis" was smearing her eyes with a handkerchief about the size of "a young tablecloth." She had given the child 'a bit of her mind' at the top of the stairs,—and the mind of Mrs. Strawson must have been at that moment a very tart thing to get a bit of. "You may take your squeaking fiddle out of this house now, I sez. Not a squeak of it shall I allow under my roof."

They were still all talking at the same time; but the farmer was heard to say: "It must be kep' somewhere, my dear."

"She may keep it in the cow-shed or the pigsty," said the angry matron,— "not in my best parlor any more."

"All right, my dear,—all right!" replied the farmer.

He went on with his cold pie again, but presently he had to give up, and lean back in his chair and shake. And so his supper was finished by turns of eating and stopping for a laugh, with his knife and fork in his hands. For he had a vivid picture in his mind of "the little gel" in the short pink frock chasing his Bodelia round the house and up and down the stairs, and capturing her fiddle with great indignation.

"It wasn't all the little gel's fault," he said. "Send her up a plate of supper."

"I'm ashamed of you, John!" said the "missis," who was going on gaily with her own supper. "She's got an unnatural temper, that's what I sez. And fancy that brat thumping my Bodelia!"

"Yes, and when she had the thing," the young lady added, "she opened her mouth wide, and stood there roaring like a thunderstorm."

"Well, you shouldn't have touched it.

You began it," the second girl snapped.

"My dear John," said the wife, solemnly, "I sez to you again what I often sez. My own two daughters, thanks to me, is angels. You have no idea what a torment a common or'nary sort of child like that can be. I put up my finger at Lolo like that, I did, and I sez to her, 'No more o' this sort of rampaging, sez I, or home you go. I am not going to have my house made into a garden, which was always respectable,—no, I sez, not for any gypsies nor tinkers!'"

(To be continued.)

A Tricky Number.

Uncle George happened to catch his nephews, Harry and Frank, busily engaged the other evening working out problems in arithmetic. To his inquiry as to what rule they were "tackling," they replied:

"Compound Proportion; and it's a mighty *hard* rule, too."

"Compound Proportion, eh? Why, you're pretty far advanced for little fellows of your age."

"I ain't so little," protested Harry. "My head's most up to mamma's shoulder; and I'm bigger than Johnnie Regan, who's goin' on eleven, and I'm only nine and a half."

"Oh, I apologize!" laughed Uncle George. "I only meant you were little in comparison with the big sums you are doing. And, by the way, I wonder if you are very strong in what used to be called, when I went to school, Notation. Suppose you write down for me in figures the number eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven."

"That's easy," commented Frank. "The littlest kids in Sister Agatha's class do them kind of sums. Here you are, Uncle!"

Frank showed his paper on which he had written six ones, thus *IIIIII*.

His uncle smiled and said:

"Do you know, Frank, when I was a 'littlest kid,' as you call smaller boys, and did 'them kind of sums,' as you say, this number of yours would have been read a hundred and eleven thousand one hundred and eleven."

"Oh, pshaw, Frank!" said Harry, who had taken a look at his brother's paper. "You've put down a one too many. Here's the right way, Uncle George."

And Harry proudly disclosed his own solution, which consisted of five ones—*IIIII*.

"Now, perhaps I've forgotten my arithmetic," said the uncle; "but, really, Harry, this looks like eleven thousand *one* hundred and eleven, and I asked for eleven thousand *eleven* hundred and eleven. Hadn't you better have another try?"

"Well," said Frank, "if you want the whole thing put down, I guess this will be about it." And he forthwith showed *IIIOOIIOOII*.

"Let me see," mused Uncle George. "Units, tens, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions, tens of millions, hundreds of millions, billions, tens of billions. Frank, my boy, you have gone pretty near the limit. This number is eleven billions, one hundred and ten thousand and eleven."

"Look here, Uncle George, you're just having fun with us. I don't believe there is such a number as the one you gave us."

"Yes, there is, Harry; though I confess 'tis not always read out in that way. You see, 'eleven hundred' is one thousand one hundred; so eleven thousand with another thousand added to it makes twelve thousand, and accordingly we have *12,111*."

"Say, Frank," exclaimed his brother, "don't tell any one, and I bet we can stump all the boys with that to-morrow!"

"I feel sure you will succeed, boys; and next time I come to the house I hope to succeed myself in convincing you that the word 'kid' is utter slang and that 'them kind' of sums or anything else, in fact, is bad grammar."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Book Fancier" is the title of a new volume by Percy Fitzgerald, which the J. B. Lippincott Co. have just published.

—Mr. Hilaire Belloc's long-promised "Book of the Bayeux Tapestry" has just been brought out by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. It contains a colored reproduction of the entire tapestry.

—Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Co. announce for early publication "The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde," by Darley Dale, with an Introduction by Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. This will be the first Life of St. Hildegarde in English.

—"Meditations on the Rosary," by a Brother of the Little Oratory, is a series of considerations, written in metre, on the Fifteen Decades. There may be those to whom work of this kind will appeal. The devotional spirit of the book is admirable. For sale in this country by Benzigers.

—An important piece of controversial literature is "Freemasonry and Catholicism in America," by the Rev. Michael Kenny, S. J., published as No. XV. in the Catholic Mind series of pamphlets (America Press). Fr. Kenny writes interestingly and fights effectively, and has given us a work that should find its way into Catholic hands everywhere.

—"The Little Florentine," a charming juvenile story by H. de Charlieu, competently translated and adapted by H. Twitchell, which appeared in THE AVE MARIA a year or two ago, has been reproduced in book form by the Page Co. It is a most attractive volume, to which Mr. John Cross has contributed a number of spirited illustrations.

—"Christian Citizenship," by Father Thomas Wright, with an Introduction by Bishop McIntyre, forms a new issue of the series of Catholic Studies of Social Reform, published by Messrs. P. S. King & Co., London. The work is divided into three parts dealing respectively with the Christian Citizen and His Duty, the Christian State, and the Church and the State.

—The latest of the Corpus Christi Books is "The Story of St. Dominic," by Marie St. S. Ellerker, with a preface by Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P. This little volume is designed for children; accordingly the story is simple, as it should be, and interestingly told. St. Dominic is featured as a Knight of God and Our Lady. There are

a few not particularly happy illustrations, from the child-reader's viewpoint, but the book is attractively bound and printed. Messrs. Benziger Brothers are the American agents for the Corpus Christi Books.

—In "The Conversion of Caesare Putti," Mr. W. Hall-Patch does over into a fresh and charming narrative a few of the familiar stories which exhibit the benevolent holiness of St. Philip Neri. Burns & Oates and Benziger Brothers.

—Perhaps the best edition of "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola" in English, certainly the most convenient and attractive, is the one translated from the autograph by Father Elder Mullan, S. J., and published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Besides a table of contents, there is a general index covering nine pages, which greatly enhances the usefulness of the book. We fail to see how it could be improved in any respect.

—A unique literary partnership is now ended in the death recently of Miss Katharine Harris Bradley, who, with her niece, Miss Edith Emma Cooper, produced within the last thirty years, under the joint pen-name of "Michael Field," some fifteen volumes of dramatic and lyric verse. In 1907 both writers were received into the Church, and in two volumes published thereafter evinced the sincerity and beauty of their faith. *R. I. P.*

—The late Fr. Kenelm Digby Best, of the London Oratory, was the descendant of men who had made history, and in his own way was like them. His was the grace to be a priest and a member of the Oratory for over half a century. Besides being a link with a particularly glorious past, he has in his own right claims to remembrance as a man of indefatigable zeal and noteworthy holiness of life. Much of his service took the form of preaching and writing; he was the author of some dozen works, including translations. His last volume, "The Mystery of Faith," appeared only a week before his death. *R. I. P.*

—Reviewing "Java and Her Neighbors," by Arthur S. Walcott, a writer in the *Athenæum* tells of once meeting in a Sydney hotel "one of those bright and high-souled Americans who go about the world selling improved agricultural implements." He had just returned from a protracted stay in Java, and, on being asked what he thought of that island, said only,

"You can keep Java!" And the reviewer remarks: "Probably he was biased by the backwardness of the inhabitants in recognizing the advantages of American machinery; for most people who have visited that country want to keep it themselves,—at any rate, to keep the vivid impressions which they have formed of exquisite scenery, rich vegetation, gay-hearted natives, and wonderful temples."

—"A Layman's Retreats," by Henry Owen-Lewis, is remarkable rather for the view it allows of the writer's sterling character than for any fresh contribution of its own to the supply of spiritual literature. Obliquely, too, it is a splendid apology for the work of laymen's retreats. Reading these notes, one realizes how vividly the lessons of the retreat sink into ready hearts; and, from the Introduction by Fr. Edmund Lester, S. J., and the preface by Bishop Hedley, one expects to find in Mr. Owen-Lewis the heart of the true practical Catholic. That he surely was,—a man, in the words of the Bishop of Newport, given to "regular prayer, strictness and self-denial in food and recreation, carefulness in speech, considerateness to others, loyalty to the Church, and the courageous profession of Catholic life." May the example of his life, as illustrated by this little book, bring him many imitators! Published by Burns & Oates, and for sale in the United States by Benziger Brothers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"A Layman's Retreat." Henry Owen-Lewis. \$1.25.

"The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola." Fr. Elder Mullan, S. J. 65 cts.

"The Conversion of Caesare Putti." W. Hall-Patch. 35 cts.

"The Story of St. Dominic." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cts.

"Meditations on the Rosary." A Brother of the Little Oratory. 35 cts.

"The Little Florentine." H. de Charlieu. \$1.

"Our Failings." Fr. S. Von Oer, O. S. B. \$1.10.

"The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. IV.-X. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.

"The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795." Vol. I. Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

"Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph." Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C. SS. R. \$1.75.

"The Life of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani." Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, Passionist. \$1.80.

"Yourself and the Neighbors." Seumas MacManus. \$1.40.

"Life of St. Ignatius Loyola." F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.

"My Book." Rev. P. A. Petit, S. J. 60 cts.

"What is the Sacred Heart?" Abbé Felix Anizan. 2s.

"Private First Communion Instructions." Rev. James Nist, Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

"Betrothment and Marriage." Canon de Smet, S. T. L. \$2.25.

"The Question of Alcohol." Edward Huntington Williams, M. D. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Matthew McDonnell, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Peter Schmitz, diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Thomas Corr, diocese of Newark; Rev. Terence Caraher, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rev. Patrick Smith, archdiocese of Dubuque; and Very Rev. John Hayde, Institute of Charity.

Sister M. Adrian, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Bertha, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Sebastian, Sisters of St. Francis; Sisters Loretto and Laura, Sisters of Charity.

Mr. John Solon, Mr. Henry Weber, Mrs. Elizabeth Croker, Mrs. Mary Dunne, Mr. Franz Bartl, Mr. Joseph Michalowski, Miss Catherine Gilgallon, Mr. Henry Keller, Miss Bridget Martin, Mrs. Bernard Deck, Mr. Robert Still, Miss Anna Trainor, Mrs. Frederick C. Law, Mr. William O'Meara, Mrs. Margaret Hawkins, Mr. Leonard Cameron, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Mr. Frank Haas, Mr. George Eberle, Mr. Henry Peters, Mrs. Catherine Kroeger, Mr. Frank Calhoun, Mrs. Ellen Nyham, Mr. James J. Lacy, Mrs. Julia R. Raborg, Mr. Theodore Edel, Mr. Charles Edel, and Miss Mary E. Brown.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Morning Hymn by St. Ambrose.

(*Splendor Paternæ Gloriæ.*)

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. J. CHANDLER.

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name;
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May He our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end.

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

And Christ shall be our daily food,
Our daily drink His Precious Blood;
And thus the Spirit's calm excess
Shall fill our souls with holiness.

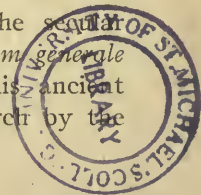
Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!
Let meekness be our morning ray:
And faithful love our noonday light;
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne!
Oh, may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

St. Mary's, Oxford.

BY CECIL UNDERWOOD.

IT is a noteworthy fact that the College at Oxford, which is mainly responsible for the Oxford Movement, began its existence under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin. Oriel, immortalized by such men as Copleston, Keble, Whately, Pusey, and Newman, was founded by royal grant in 1326. The King's Almoner, Adam de Brome, announced at the opening services that it pleased his Majesty Edward II. to grant a "royal license" on behalf of Oriel, wherein the King stipulates that the new College should have "one master and ten fellows," and that it should be "dedicated to the Blessed Virgin," who is a "Patroness of the Arts." St. Mary's Hall, which marked the crude beginnings of Oriel, and which was afterward converted into a parish church, is now known as the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. And if there be any doubt that she is still recognized as a Patroness of the Arts, it will vanish as soon as one remembers how St. Mary's, situated in the heart of the city, soon became a common centre and home for the University; how for centuries students and officials have assembled there not only to hear select sermons and lectures but likewise to discharge many of the duties pertaining to this *studium generale* and *Mater Alma Artium*. This ancient and customary use of the church by the



University can not be fully explained unless we take into account the fact, attested in the royal charter, that the Blessed Virgin was regarded in a special manner as Patroness of the Arts.

But why was the name Oriel instead of St. Mary given to the new College? No other college of that name existed under the ægis of the University, and the wishes of the founder were clearly indicated in the royal charter. From 1326 to 1350 Oriel bore the name of St. Mary; but after the middle of the fourteenth century there is no further evidence of its use. A legend accounts for the new name but not for the change. La Oriole was applied to a group of buildings which occupied the college site; and the College, when erected, very naturally appropriated the name of these buildings. Now, although this legend may explain the origin of Oriel, it does not give any reason why a sacred title should have been discarded. It was Mediæval custom thus to employ sacred titles, examples of which are numerous among Oxford colleges. Jesus, Trinity, Corpus Christi, Christ Church, All Souls', Magdalen, are all sacred names harking back to the Ages of Faith. On that account it becomes more difficult to explain the case of Oriel.

In the history of Mediæval universities we have, however, some parallel instances, notably that of the University of Paris, which had its origin in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and which for many years prior to the publication of the Bull of Gregory IX. was known as the "School of Our Lady." It is said that the chancellor of Notre Dame, who issued the first degree known as master of arts, and who acted in the capacity of first rector of the University of Paris, insisted that Pope Gregory should christen this *studium generale* after the name of the city in which it was situated. Hence in that famous Gregorian Bull, *Parens Scientiarum* (the Magna Charta of universities), the title "University of Paris" is employed. As Paris was then

crowded with foreign students eager to take advantage of the various courses of study, it may have been patriotic reasons which dictated the change; for the title "University of Paris" made sharp and clear that national distinction thus coming into vogue; so that English, Germans, and Spanish, as well as French, might feel that France was indeed the first great teacher of the modern world. No such reason, however, existed in the case of Oriel, and we may only conjecture the causes or the accidents which substituted Oriel for the name of Our Lady.

One more observation is necessary before dealing directly with the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. Oriel, though it lost her sacred name, seems to have remained under the special influence of the Blessed Virgin; for out of Oriel, the past century, have come those Catholicizing influences which permeate not only Oxford but the whole Church of England, and work so powerfully in helping to restore the true Faith to the English nation. Oriel looks like a miniature college beside its giant neighbor, Christ Church, which, as Clough wrote, "seems like a huge mastiff ready to gobble her up at a bite." But, although small in material size, Oriel has shown a herculean strength in the intellectual race; so that the University cartoonist hit upon a delightful piece of irony when he drew a picture of the Oriel giants, with Newman at their head, winding in solemn procession out of that tiny *Habitatio Artium*. And the ironical situation was given a touch of completeness; for Newman's hand held his famous book open at the title-page, "Apologia pro Vita Sua."

Now, in the early history of Oriel St. Mary's Hall seems to have served the double purpose of a college chapel and lecture room until more commodious buildings were erected; whereupon the Hall went out of existence, and the Church of St. Mary the Virgin took its place,—first as a parish church unconnected with

any college; afterward, in virtue of its position, a common home and spiritual centre of the University. In fact, the architect who planned the church seems to have had this double purpose in mind; for the church, with a seating capacity of several thousand, was evidently intended to meet more than the wants of a small parish. The spacious chancel is separated from the rest of the church and almost hidden from view by a heavy stone screen, surmounted by the organ; whereas the nave is fitted up not for the common worship of an ordinary congregation, but as a meeting-place of the University, where that body attends to-day in its corporate capacity just as it has attended for centuries. On such occasions more than three thousand students assemble to hear special sermons or the more weighty rulings of the University officials.

Owing to the triumph of the High Church or Catholic party in Oxford, regular missions or retreats are now given at St. Mary's; and students of all the colleges are expected to attend, since the retreats are preached for their special benefit. Last year the preacher, Dr. Gore, Bishop of Oxford, congratulated the University because out of 3200 students 2100 had "made the mission." An examination of the sermons and the calendar of exercises reveals the interesting fact that, both in matter and in manner, this retreat at St. Mary's might have been conducted by a Dominican or Paulist, so carefully had it been patterned after the Catholic ideal. What a spectacle! Here in the heart of England, the flower of her youth trained to Catholic practices, exhorted to pray and to go to confession and "Holy Communion," invoke the saints and Our Lady, recite the Rosary, attend "Mass," and lead holy and zealous lives!

Before the Protestant rebellion, St. Mary's enjoyed a still more intimate connection with the University. Here for centuries Masses were said by the various college chaplains, and each year the Uni-

versity chancellor celebrated a *Requiem* for the dead students and benefactors. Here were performed the many and various exercises which preceded the attainment of a degree, and here degrees were formally granted and conferred. The Members of Convocation assembled within its sacred precincts and debated all matters affecting the University and enacted statutes. The chancellor, who in the absence of any municipal judge exercised a peculiar jurisdiction over students and civilians as well, held his court at St. Mary's, and before his tribunal were brought all cases affecting justice within the precincts of the city. One trace of the University privileges still survives: a student for any offence must be tried in the Chancellor's Court.

For several centuries the various chests of the colleges were kept in the church vaults, as if the Virgin who safeguarded the spiritual wealth of the University might be safely entrusted with a similar guardianship over its earthly treasury. One may claim, then, for St. Mary's a quite exceptional and unique position among the churches not only of Oxford but of England; for, inasmuch as it occupied the centre of interest at the University, and became as well known to the average Englishman as St. Paul's to the average Londoner, it connects itself with all the great religious and spiritual movements which have touched English national life,—that national life which Oxford has so profoundly influenced.

Some idea of the important rôle it was to play must have been present to the mind of the architect, who sought to impress upon the souls of Oxford men in successive generations certain ideal aims which animate a great Christian university. As the eye is turned to the lofty tower and spire, one can not help noticing the twelve sculptured figures which stand in niches of the great pinnacles. Among these are Cuthbert and Hugh, who teach for all time the power of the saintly life,—St. Cuthbert, immortalized in his effort to

free Northumbria, his native heath, from the heathen Penda's sway; and St. Hugh of Avalon, with his usual emblem of the wild swan from the marshes of Stowe nestling in the folds of his robe, with neck and head upturned for the caressing hand. One more figure deserves special notice—that of Becket, the archbishop and martyr, with mitre, pallium, and crosier. He is placed in a niche and enriched with special ornaments. Above his head hangs an elaborate canopy, whereas the grotesques at his side are evidently armed knights who slew him.

But for the purely human element, one turns from the exterior to the chancel stones. To all churches in Europe there is attached a peculiar interest connected with the graves of those whose bodies through successive generations have been laid to rest within the hallowed precincts. St. Mary's is no exception to this rule. University societies had a legal right to burial within the walls, and they took advantage of it until the space was fully occupied; afterward the graveyard adjoining the church offered hospitality to the academic dead. Oriel came first, and Adam de Brome's chapel may still be seen, with many large slabs bearing the names of the early provosts. The chancel itself is honeycombed with graves, each one a milestone in English history; for the men buried here, like those in Westminster Abbey, were often distinguished in Church or State, sometimes as benefactors of the University.

Romance, too, claims her votaries as well as letters; for as we move toward the marble altar steps, worn by the feet of centuries, we read a half-erased inscription: "Here in this brick vault at the upper end of this quire was buried Amy Robsart, wife of Lord Robert Dudley, on Sunday, September 22, A. D. 1560." The genius of Sir Walter Scott has made Amy's name immortal, and her figure to rank among the most pathetic of the heroines of fiction. The victim of Leicester's ambition and of her own unflinching love;

the prisoner of a cruel, odious and jealous sovereign, who procured her murder by as foul a conspiracy as ever disgraced the annals of England,—such is the tragic romance unfolded with singular charm in the pages of "Kenilworth." When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford, six years after the murder of Amy, she entered the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, and, occupying the front pew, listened to a Latin disputation after the Mediæval fashion of university debates. It is recorded that during a pause in the debate she turned to Leicester, and, pointing at the inscription, whispered cynically: "After life's fitful fever *she* sleeps well."

The historic memories of a church like St. Mary's can not be gathered into a single article or a single volume: how Newman glided into that pulpit like a "spiritual apparition," and, with a "most melodious voice, entranced his hearers"; how Pusey rolled back the tide of Reformation error by restating Catholic dogma and defending, above all, the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament; how Liddon and Manning and Whately and Keble and a host of others thundered against mistakes of Protestant Reformers and the necessity of restoring to England her lost Catholic birthright.

And the mention of Protestant Reformers makes us pause a few seconds in the aisle of this historic church to listen to the trial of Archbishop Cranmer, who heard the sentence of death by fire pronounced upon him from St. Mary's pulpit. The proctor of the University is speaking: "Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, appear here and make answer to that shall be laid to thy charge,—that is to say, for blasphemy, incontinency, and heresy. Make answer here to the Bishop of Gloucester, who representeth the Pope's person." Cranmer, after much vacillation, gave an answer which illustrates one of the texts in the Book of Wisdom, about the young man entering upon and persisting in "the way of evil": "when he is old he will not depart from

it." Cranmer was now too old to choose his course; he had sinned too long and too deeply* against the light, —like a modern apostate who on his deathbed exclaimed: "I have *outlived* God's grace and mercy,—it is too late!" Yet, in spite of the obduracy and sin of the heretic, it was an awful sentence which fell on listening ears within St. Mary's walls in the hush of the twilight hour after the trial had been concluded,—“to be led from St. Mary's to the stake and burnt alive.” An awful penalty in this life, not to mention the hereafter; so that there is pathos in the last lines of a journal of Lord Williams, who, as a bystander, witnessed the execution: “Surely his death much grieved every man, but not after one sort. Some pitied to see his body so tormented with the fire raging upon the silly carcass that counted not of the folly. Others that passed not much of the body, lamented to see him spill his soul, wretchedly, without redemption, to be plagued forever. His friends sorrowed for love; his enemies, for pity; strangers, for a common kind of humanity whereby we are bound one to another.”

But a still greater event took place in St. Mary's than any one of the royal visits or famous church trials, even though an heretical archbishop were there brought to the stake. It was the preaching of a sermon on national apostasy in 1833 by John Keble, Fellow of Oriel. Keble had spent several years in his College, quietly surveying the religious situation, and he reached the conclusion that the Church of England was moribund, and that the English people were fast drifting away from any spiritual anchorage. As he wrote to Pusey several months before this startling sermon was preached, “the timidity of the faithless must be scorned into recovery of the full splendors of the Church which they would betray. Far from conceding this and yielding that, every claim of hers must be asserted in its paramount validity, every honorable endowment of hers must

be boldly proclaimed, all her terror must be rigorously upheld. She must come forth in her comeliness, in her majesty, in her strength, beautiful as an army with banners, rejoicing as the sun to run her course. Not by minimizing her creed, but by magnifying her name, is the peril to be repelled and the day to be saved.”

In Oriel, Keble's associates have been described as lovers of Christ's poor and haters of abuses. They felt that if the people had grown cold toward the Church, it was because she had failed to dominate the imagination, the conscience, the heart; they demanded of the Church that “she hold her own kingdom real, strong, and living against the rising kingdoms of indifference, apostasy, and unbelief.” It was in such an atmosphere that Keble wrote his eventful sermon which Newman afterward described as a “trumpet call to the nation and the real beginning of the Oxford Movement.”

St. Mary's had no warning of the approaching storm. The smug dons and fellows were all in their accustomed seats below the pulpit, flanked by stalwart faculties of the various colleges, and prepared to doze through a droning hour when, lo! the following shells began to drop on the slumberous audience and explode with amazing violence:

“The fashionable liberality of this generation exhibits the same temper which led the Jews voluntarily to set about degrading themselves to a level with the idolatrous Gentiles. Apostasy is not too harsh a word to describe this temper.”

“As a nation, we are indulging or encouraging a profane dislike of God's awful Presence, our general tendency as a people being to leave Him out of all our thoughts.”

“‘He that heareth you, heareth Me.’ Disrespect toward the successors of the Apostles implies an enmity toward Him who sent them; such disrespect is now quite general and national.”

“Our nation stands convicted in the

Saviour's sight of a direct disavowal of His sovereignty. Our country is fast becoming hostile to the Church, and therefore can not long be the friend of God."

"In these evil days the landmarks of the Church have been broken down. Under such circumstances, remonstrance, calm, distinct, persevering, in public and in private, direct and indirect, by word, look, and demeanor, is the unequivocal duty of every Christian."

"As Samuel rebuked Saul and came no more to see him because of his excesses, so should we on behalf of the Church alienate ourselves from the apostate spirit of our times in order to secure some abatement of indifference and irreligion."

"The true Christian will meet these modern efforts of Antichrist to subvert religion as the Apostles themselves, who gladly met the first persecution, saying with the Psalmist: 'Why do the nations rage? The kings of the earth stand up and take counsel together against the Lord and against His anointed.'"

The limits of this article will not permit any lengthy quotation, but these few sentences culled haphazard suffice to show the general drift and tenor. The effect was electrical. Somnolent dons and fellows and heads of colleges woke up. Edition after edition of the sermon came from the University press. "Keble is aroused," said Newman; "and, now that he is up, he will prove another St. Ambrose." One month after his sensational sermon on national apostasy, Keble and his associates in Oriel began their "Tracts for the Times,"—the Oxford Movement was under way.

In after years Keble remembered the Church of St. Mary, and dedicated a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, under whose special inspiration he believed he had acted when he preached about national apostasy and started the movement which was intended to bring so many souls to the true Faith. The hymn forms a part of the series in the "Christian Year," and is sung at St. Mary's on the Feast of the

Annunciation. One or two stanzas will serve to show its sweetness and beauty:

Ave Maria! Blessed Maid,
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee, so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For Jesus, Holy Dove?
Ave Maria! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caressed
Clings the Eternal Child;
Favored beyond Archangel's dream
When first on thee with tenderest gleam
Thy newborn Saviour smiled!

One word more. Above the portal of St. Mary's, carved in stone, stands the Blessed Virgin, to whose bosom clings the Eternal Child. Together they have looked down for centuries on the streaming tide of English youth as it wended in and out of the sacred edifice and in and out of the great University. Together they have watched and prayed that wayward generations under the cloud of error might return to the Faith of their fathers, while dead saints and martyrs in cold crypts beneath the chancel uttered a similar cry before the Heavenly Throne. Patient, resolute, unwavering, with that charity which hopeth and endureth all things, the Virgin Mother has stood there through the watches of a long, dreary night, presenting her Divine Son for the love and adoration of the multitude. And now, when her ceaseless intercession seems to be crowned with success, and the morn is breaking over darkened hills, and the whole land echoes with the voices of resurgent Catholic life that the Reformers had crucified and flung into the tomb, we recall the praise sung by Dante in her sacred honor:

Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art as the noonday torch; and art, beneath.
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Nor only him who asks,
Thy bounty succors, but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoever may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combin'd in thee.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

XV.

IN the unlighted street, Romey got to his seat on the sleigh, and stooped down, groping for the hand of the good Father, who had come out in greatcoat and slippers to bid him God-speed. Terence Molloy had insisted on going with his friend, and sat, a mere bundle of wraps, by Romey's side. There was in the expedition a touch of adventure that appealed to the lad. Not only did his Irish blood rejoice at the thought of helping to rescue a pretty girl from a branded villain like Rhinehart, but a still more ambitious dream had taken possession of his soul—he would out-class the sheriff for once and capture the suspected criminal on his own account. With this object in view, he had secured his father's repeating rifle, and had brought several yards of rope and a long dog-chain with which to secure his captive when he had got him. All this made him feel so extraordinarily gay and triumphant that he wanted to be off at once, and grew impatient of the half-whispered conversation between Romey and Father Mortier on the other side.

Romey, too, was anxious to start; but it was he who was detaining the expedition just now.

"You do think I can tell her there's a chance of her father's coming out of this all right, don't you?" he asked appealingly. "Upon my word, I just can't say anything else. I couldn't stand seeing her face. And I say, sir, you'll see to it that somebody goes up to the Swede's place right away and brings Le Breton down, won't you? If only she could find him here when I bring her back to-night! I'll do that, if I kill the horses on the way!"

"Don't worry," the priest answered. "Molloy himself is going up the first thing. Everything that can be done will be done, depend upon it. There isn't a

man in town who won't be ready to help, once people are awake and the story gets round. Molloy ran over to see the sheriff before he went to bed, and Rhinehart and his amiable friend will have to be very slick to get away from our sheriff. He's a hustler once he's on the warpath. Now good-bye, my boy! Keep a good heart. I'll be praying for you and the little girl till I see you both safe here to-night. God bless you! Off you go!"

The good man stood for a moment on the porch, watching the flash of Romey's lantern go dancing up the street. "A straight, honest young fellow," he told himself, "and God *will* bless him—and that good girl, too. I wonder how soon they will ask me to marry them? I believe, somehow, this missing father will be present at the wedding. Ugh!" he shivered. "They've got a cold drive ahead of them. I'm glad it's not my job. I must go in, or I shall have no voice to preach with this morning."

Crossing the bridge, Terence broke out into song. He was too excited and happy to keep silence any longer. Romey turned on him like lightning.

"If you don't chuck that, young un," he growled, "I'll drop you into the river right here! I'm just about full up, and there's fifteen miles and more of this to do. Hold your tongue, if you've any regard for your health!"

"Poor dear little thing!" Terence mocked, teasingly. "Does it feel so bad as that? Oh, all right!" as Romey, irritated, yet amused, laid a hand on his cheerful tormentor's collar. "I'll keep my elegant conversation to meself, and it's you'll be the loser, old sport! What's the use of taking things so mighty hard, anyway? By supper time we'll be waltzing back into town; and you'll be wanting to do the singing, 'cause I'll have had to take a back seat, this here section of the Pullman being occupied by a young lady. See if it ain't! And—ah, well, I'll tell you 'bout that later."

In his own mind he saw one, if not two, vanquished criminals lying bound hand and foot on the back of the sleigh, begging brave Terence Molloy to shoot them then and there rather than hand them over to the stern mercies of the law. He could see the sheriff smiling at him approvingly; he could hear the applause of the fellows as they passed the saloon. Somebody was calling out: "Terence Molloy for sheriff! He's the boy!" The sheriff was taking off his own star, pinning it to his young assistant's breast—bump!

He woke with a gasp, to find his companion pulling him back on to the seat, from which he had nearly fallen in his glorious dream.

"Struck a rock," said Romey, apologetically. "Better keep awake now, sonny. The going's a bit rough along here."

It was all of ten o'clock when they rounded the last corner between the hills and emerged on the more level trail that skirted the northern shore of the lake. True to his word—and his own feelings,—Romey was now making straight for Rhinehart's cottage. It was a brilliantly fine morning. The menace of the snow had passed away, and everything was dazzling in the early sunshine,—the snow, a sheet of crystal-powdered velvet; every little tree, an aigrette of diamonds; the sky, bland turquoise; the very rocks beyond the lake showing gleaming surfaces of bronze and silver. The air was like wine, and the sunbeams, after the cold of the dark hours, warming as a mother's kiss.

"Here we are!" Romey shouted, standing up to urge on the tired horses, his lithe, strong figure swaying in perfect balance with the smooth running of the sleigh. "Marie, Marie!" He could not keep the glad cry from ringing out, though she could scarcely hear it yet. "I've come back! It's all right!"

Answering to his enthusiasm, the cayuses broke into a gallop and covered the short distance so quickly that a minute later the little wood was passed,

and they had charged straight at the front of a big bob-sleigh that obstructed the road. Their driver threw himself back, winding his wrists in the "leathers" to pull them off; and they reared, snorting and screaming as only cayuses can.

Terence was down in an instant and flew to their heads, pulling and pushing, coaxing and scolding with all his might, to make them back off, while Romey still held tight to the reins. A foot or two was gained thus; and Terence, breathing hard, stood aside for an instant and glanced at the abandoned sleigh. Romey, who could not see so far as that, observed that he turned pale as death and crossed himself.

"What's wrong, Terence?" he cried, dropping the reins and springing to the boy's side. "Here—hold on to me! Are you sick? Oh, my God!"

He saw it now, the ghastly ridged length beneath the tattered quilt too short to cover the feet, that stuck out with upturned soles caked with dirty snow. Death makes no mistakes in its announcements. The splendid daylight was shining on a corpse.

For a minute the two young men leaned against each other, breathing hard. They were brave boys, but this was too sudden. Then Romey remembered that he was the elder, and he drew Terence away to the back of his own sleigh and made him sit down on the end of it, and turn his face to the hills across the lake. There was no one to see them, and he put his arm round the lad and drew the young head against his shoulder and held it there for a minute.

"Steady, Terence!" he said gently. "I'm going to want you—bad. They've burned the house down—" His voice broke now. "You hadn't noticed that. We've got to find Marie."

The dreadful, fruitless search was over. With pick and shovel, with bleeding hands, in frantic haste, the smoking débris had been cleared from the wreck of the

cottage, disclosing all that was left of Hayes, who seemed to have been killed by the fall of the roof-tree before becoming conscious of the flames at all. These had only partially destroyed the heavy beams which lay across his body; and the fire, leaping away to the lighter material of the walls, had left it recognizable as that of a man. There was no trace of any other human being about the place, no slightest sign of the girl's having been involved in the catastrophe; and for this crowning grace Romey, as he came a few steps away from the ruin, and raised his eyes to the calm blue of the noonday sky, gave thanks with a relief which was so intense as to resemble pain.

"She wasn't here, — that's a cinch!" said Terence at Romey's elbow. "Guess she had sense enough to run away when she saw the coyotes comin'. Where to, that's the question? What you doin'?"

For Romey had suddenly gone down on his knees in the trampled snow and was staring at something — one small footprint that showed, uneffaced, beside a stone that stuck up angrily in the middle of the path. Leaning over, he caught sight of another print farther on. Then he leaped to his feet with a cry:

"She passed here. She was making for the bank down there!"

And he ran on, scanning the ground as he went, till he reached the signal tree, and dropped out of sight to the ledge below.

Terence had started to follow him when a long "Coo-ee!" from the other direction made him pause and look round.

"Coo-ee!" he answered, the clear call ringing out and awakening echoes in the mountains.

Three or four men on horseback galloped into sight, and pulled up at the gate beside the abandoned sleigh. Terence ran joyfully to meet them, and the sheriff leaned toward him across the fence.

"Hello, young un!" he called. "What's all this? Seem to have had a reg'lar picnic up here, by the look of things. Found the owner?"

"Want to see him?" Terence replied in his most grown-up manner. "Needn't go far. Just step along to the back of that sleigh."

And he began to stroke the nose of the sheriff's horse with affected unconcern. He and Romey had together identified the ugly thing under the frozen quilt, and he had no desire to look on it again.

The sheriff and his posse were all standing round it now, gravely and silently carrying out their work of inspection. A few minutes later one of the men threw the quilt once more over the body, and the sheriff came round to speak to Terence.

"Who shot him?" he inquired. "The thing was done at close quarters,—clothes all burned. Did you find a gun anywhere?"

"Didn't look for it," the youth replied. "Maybe it's in there," — pointing to the still smoking house. "There's — there's a man in there. We didn't touch him. Guess *he* did it. Maybe you'll find the gun there. No" (as the sheriff, starting toward the house, looked round as if expecting him to follow), "you don't get me in there again. I've got something else to do."

And he turned and walked toward the bank to seek for his friend.

The two young men pulled up on the last edge of land. There was nothing beyond but the level expanse of ice, gleaming like steel where the sun had melted the snow that lay in streaks on its surface. They had traced the little footsteps to the hollow under the tree, thence back to the upper level and the path that led eastward, for a little way. Here there had been a sudden rush down to the edge of the lake, and then they ceased. The blue whiteness of the ice showed no mark, and the nearest patch of snow lay far out toward the centre.

Romey stood staring across to it, his brows knitted in tense questioning, his mouth a straight line that seemed sworn not to betray the wild anxiety of his heart. Slowly, missing nothing, he worked along

the edge of the tiny shelf of shore, seeking for any mark of Marie's having returned to the land farther down. But the snow lay bland and pure, mocking his hope by its undimpled whiteness. Terence accompanied him silently, never taking his eyes from the ground, desiring, as he had seldom desired anything before, to find one of those little prints turned toward the bank. At last Romey halted and spoke.

"I don't think it's any good, sonny. She's out there somewhere" (looking across the sheet of ice). "It seems crazy—everything's crazy just now—but that's where I've got to look for her. It may have held,—she's such a little thing." The agony *would* make itself heard in his voice.

"Course it held!" Terence declared. "Come along!"

"No," said Romey. "I'll go alone. You beat round the edge a bit more. She might have hit it anywhere. Go on!"

And he gave the other a little push, and sped back to the spot where those precious tracks led to the untried ice. His life was Marie's, to use or to lose; but the boy belonged to his father and mother and should go back to them alive. Marie's lover sat down and took off his boots, discarded every bit of extra clothing that could add to his weight, and stood for an instant, poised, with his hands on his hips, a splendid, graceful figure, with the sun shining kindly on his dark head, as, with narrowed eyes, he decided on his course. There was nothing to guide him, but his heart said that in that wild flight the girl he loved would have looked toward the cabin on the cliff, where they two had had one happy hour—ah, such a little while ago, and yet, as it seemed, in some remote, safe past that would never be theirs again! Who could live through so mad a venture as hers had been? What anguish of fear must have driven her to trust herself to *this*? He could see the great rifts, with the water showing black below; could see the thin stretches that were splintered across and

across. With a long, swaying movement, he left the shore behind and sped out, his body bent forward like a low-lying bow, his arms outspread; he seemed to be skimming over the surface with the faith that comes from wings.

The great snow patch was reached. Romey lay flat and kissed its whiteness; for there were tracks across it, straight in line to its farther edge. There something rose—a low black line. What was it? Why had he not seen it before? Oh—he sprang up in his eagerness, and instantly a slight cracking sound and the wash of icy water on one foot made him lie down at full length and crawl away from the bad place,—crawl, wriggle, move an inch at a time; yet move, and with every movement draw nearer to what lay beyond—the few inches of the hull of an old boat, as he now perceived, with tracks leading to it,—zigzag tracks of tired small feet, turning here, straying there, but going on, thank God!—yes, going on. What magic of mercy had kept them from breaking through? What angel had held her up, his little Marie, out there in fear and darkness and cold? Oh, would he ever reach what she had reached? Would he find *her* there, or only the unbreathing, lovely shell that her spirit had left on earth?

Was it for hours or days that he had been pushing himself over the deathly ice that covered colder death below,—the ice that whispered and cracked, and threatened every instant to let him through? He was chilled to his vitals; his hands and feet ached so that he could have screamed. Each new spot that he tried with knees and elbows, before trusting himself to it, stung like red-hot iron. The palm of one hand was skinned clean when at last, after an agony of effort that seemed tearing out his heart and lungs, he grasped the board that rose black and rough from the frozen water, and pulled himself to it till he could look over its edge.

Then a cry went up that reached the surrounding shores and startled the very eagles nesting on the peaks. In the deep old boat, split here and there and half filled with snow, lay God's child, not frozen, not dead, only asleep, her head nestled on her hand, and that on the bit of a thwart, her eyes closed, and the long, golden lashes resting on cheeks that still showed a dawn-flush of rose through their pure paleness.

At her lover's cry she awoke and smiled up at him.

"I knew you would come!" she murmured. Then her eyes closed dreamily and she fell asleep again.

(Conclusion next week.)

In an Old Monastery.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

SOME are the black-gowned monks,
And their places know them no more,
And never again shall their sandalled feet
Go treading the earthen floor.

Yet here to its cloister dim and cold
Came Bishop Oswald, the saint of old;
And here where those reverend feet have trod
Men learned from him of the love of God.
For he said: "My table is always spread
With a generous portion of wine and bread.
There are men who suffer and men who sin:
I will go to the highways and call them in.
I will feed their bodies, and then maybe
The Lord in His pity will dwell with me."

Here to the cloister there daily came
The poor and sinful, the blind and lame;
And Oswald blessed them. He bathed their feet,
And gave them daily his bread to eat.
"Pity them, Father," the good man said,—
"Thou who givest me daily bread!
In their hands misshapen Thy wounds I see:
Lord, in Thy mercy abide with me!"

The place is holy where Oswald trod,
For here, like Enoch, he walked with God;
And here, when his dying eyes grew dim,
The dear Lord came and abode with him.

A City of Mary.

POPE PIUS II., better known perhaps as Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, said that in the course of his travels he had visited three towns which he deemed worthy of the glorious title "City of Mary," and that one of them was Bruges in Flanders. Before his elevation to the Chair of St. Peter, this Pope had been for a time secretary to Frederick the Pacific, Emperor of Germany, or rather of the Holy Roman Empire; and had been sent by his master on an embassy to Philip the Good, of Burgundy. In the Middle Ages Bruges was one of the most important towns in Europe, traders from all parts flocking to its market. This great prosperity was mainly due to the fact that the Zwin, an arm of the sea, was navigable to within half a league of the town,—a circumstance which necessitated the erection of those dams, or dikes, which have been immortalized by Dante.

But the sea retired, and took with it the prosperity of Bruges. That "quaint old Flemish city" has, however, retained its Medieval characteristics, and is full of charm for those who love Old World ways, so that few objects in Europe are better known than

the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

And amongst other things the Brugeois have maintained that devotion to the Blessed Virgin, which, if we may judge from the words of Pius II., must have been their chief characteristic even in the palmiest days of their worldly prosperity.

It is said that in the seventh century Liederic the Forester (that being the title borne by the rulers of Flanders till the ninth century, when it was changed to Count) called St. Amaud and St. Eloi, or Eligius, to Bruges, and gave them ground, on which they built a church and a chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin,—the church in the part of the town known as the Burg, the chapel on the site of the

present Cathedral of the Holy Saviour. The present parish church of Our Lady is on the site of a chapel which is believed to have been built about the year 744 by St. Boniface, then on his way from England to Germany. At the end of the eleventh century Radbod, Bishop of Tournay, raised the church to collegiate rank, giving it a provost and seven canons. From the year 1495 till the French Revolution, a High Mass in honor of Our Lady was sung daily, and followed by a Requiem for the soul of Mary of Burgundy, daughter of Charles the Bold, whose magnificent monument is one of the glories of this church. Though there is but one parish church dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin, there are many chapels; and we should only weary our readers did we dwell on those of Loreto, of the Seven Dolors, of the Blind, of the Holy Rosary, of the Portiuncula, and the rest.

The confraternities are hardly less numerous than the chapels. There is one of Our Lady of the Snow, in Our Lady's own church; one of Our Lady of Ransom, in the Church of St. Giles; and formerly, if not now, that of Our Lady of the Dry Tree, in the church dedicated to the English princess, St. Walburga, daughter of the English chieftain, St. Richard. Then in the old Hospital of St. John, famous for its antiquity and its precious examples of Memling's skill, is established the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mercy, founded for the assistance of mendicants and prisoners; and of the latter, more especially those under sentence of death. But the most celebrated of all is the Royal Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Seven Dolors, founded in 1482 by Philip I., of Spain, and established in the collegiate Church of St. Sauveur, which is now the cathedral. Year by year, on Palm Sunday, the members accompany the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows as it is borne in procession to the cathedral from the church of the Capuchins.

The Archconfraternity is not the only reminder in Bruges of the piety of Spanish

monarchs to the Queen of Heaven; for in two of its churches are the escutcheons of the early Knights of the Golden Fleece, whose Order was founded in Bruges in 1430, on the occasion of the marriage of Philip the Good with Isabel of Portugal; and, like that of the Garter in England, dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin, whose immaculate purity is symbolized by the Fleece of Gideon.

But the most striking exemplification of Brugeois piety is the immense number of statues of our Blessed Lady to be seen in the streets, carrying our thoughts to the far south—to Avignon, to Genoa, to Rome. This street devotion attracted the attention of the Pope to whom we have referred. And it can hardly have diminished by the seventeenth century; for an old writer tells us that in 1666 there were no fewer than four hundred statues in Bruges, before which lamps or candles were burning. Probably there are not as many now, but enough remain to form one of the most striking characteristics of the town.

Among these out-of-door statues two must be more particularly referred to: one high up on the belfry, the other on the Town Hall. Before the former, musicians assemble on New Year's Eve to play three pieces of music, by way of a New Year's greeting to the Holy Virgin. How old this custom is no one can tell, but two centuries ago it was spoken of as dating from time immemorial. The latter of the statues—that on the Town Hall—is regarded as miraculous. It was formerly at Aardenburg, a village near Middleburg; and was there the object of pilgrimages made by two Kings of England—Edward I., the English Justinian, who died in 1307; and Edward IV., who died in 1483. The arms of the latter monarch, whose sister married Charles the Bold, are, it is interesting to note, to be seen among those of the Knights of the Golden Fleece in the cathedral and church of Our Lady. In 1578 the venerated statue was in danger

of destruction at the hands of the Iconoclasts, who were ravaging the Low Countries; it was saved, however, taken to Bruges, and placed in the position which it still occupies.

Of famous statues within the various churches and chapels there are not a few. The Chapel of St. Basil, under the celebrated shrine built by Count Theodoric for the relic of the Precious Blood, possesses a venerated statue of Our Lady of Good Hope. The shrine of Our Lady of the Blind is in the church attached to the hospital of the same name, which was founded for thirteen blind persons by Robert de Bethune, five centuries and a half ago, in commemoration of the battle of Mons-en-Puelle.

Three statues, all reputed miraculous, are to be found in the church of the Princely Beguinage, the chief of them being known indifferently as Our Lady of the Spermaillie and Our Lady of the New Jerusalem. It belonged originally to a community of Cistercian nuns, whose abbey was built near the sea, on some land known as Spermaelgen; they afterward moved to the Abbey of the New Jerusalem, in the parish of Syssele, near Bruges, where they remained till the sixteenth century. Fear of the Iconoclasts eventually drove them from it, and they retired into the town, where they rested till the suppression of their house in the year 1796, at which time the miraculous statue was placed in the church of the Beguinage. It has been an object of pilgrimage from the thirteenth century; and among the miracles recorded in connection with it is the cure of a nun from paralysis, from which she had suffered for four years. This was authenticated in 1665 by the bishop of the diocese.

But beyond doubt the most celebrated shrine of the Blessed Virgin in Bruges is that of Our Lady of the Pottery; so called because the Hospital of the Holy Ghost, in whose church it is found, stands on the site of a chapel which belonged formerly to the Potters' Guild. The hospital, which

is served by Augustinian nuns, provides for between one and two hundred indigent old women. The date of its foundation is not known, but Charles the Bold spoke of it, in a deed dated 1464, as being then more than three centuries old.

The statue is believed to be much older than the hospital: it is considered the oldest of all the statues of the Blessed Virgin to be found in the Low Countries. Miracles are recorded as having been worked in connection with it at so early a date as 1009, when, according to an old register, "it pleased the all-powerful God to work great prodigies at the intercession of His Holy Mother."

This ancient statue escaped the French Revolution uninjured, with its precious crown still on its head, although the hospital was made use of for wounded French soldiers. There is a story relating to it which is worth repeating. The superior, Dame Benedicta Deschamps, instructed a man named Peter Pullian to hide the treasures belonging to the church. In accordance with her instructions he removed the crown from the statue of Our Lady of the Pottery, but immediately replaced it, saying to the superior, "Madame, as Our Lady will know better than any one else how to keep her crown, I have given it back to her."

Unfortunately, the other valuables belonging to the shrine did not escape in the same way. In 1793 the nuns were compelled to send eight hundred and eighty-seven ounces of silver and seven ounces of gold to the royal mint at Brussels, for the use of the Emperor Francis II., who needed money, as he was at war with France; and eleven months later they had to contribute eleven hundred and fifteen ounces toward the levy made on the town of Bruges by the French. On both occasions the religious, before parting with the treasures of the church, obtained permission to do so from the descendants of those who had given the various articles; and the deeds by which these permissions were granted are

still preserved in the archives of the hospital.

A century and a half before the plate belonging to the shrine was thus turned into money, an attempt to seize it had been made, fortunately without ultimate success, by less distinguished robbers. On Easter Sunday, 1632, four strangers passed some hours in the church, apparently to satisfy their piety, but really to make an inventory of its treasures, the greater part of which were exposed for the feast. During the night one of them effected an entrance into the church, and seized the *ex-votos* and altar furniture. With the exception of a reliquary, which he kept for himself, he passed the different objects through the window to his companions, whom he then rejoined. The four miscreants tried to get off with their booty, but could make no way. Terror-struck, they threw the bag containing the stolen property into the canal; but even then the one who carried the reliquary found no relief till he had hidden it in a heap of manure. Next morning the sacrilege was discovered. The whole town was in a ferment; the magistrates had the gates closed, and ordered that no one should be permitted to pass out without being rigorously searched. At length the bag and reliquary were found. But the thieves were not discovered so quickly, though eventually their arrest was brought about in a strange way.

One of the four seemed to have been unable to tear himself away from the scene of his crime; at length he was noticed by a woman to be constantly prowling about the Church of the Pottery, showing at the same time signs of great uneasiness. She asked him one day, in the most direct manner, if he belonged to the sacrilegious band; taken aback, he acknowledged that he did, and gave the names of his accomplices. Not being arrested at once, he succeeded, with the other three, in escaping from the town. They were compelled by heavy rain to take refuge in a cave where some other

Brugeois had collected. They were recognized, taken back to the town, tried, and condemned; three of them were hanged, and the fourth escaped the same fate only by suicide—though there is reason for hoping that he died penitent. The events connected with this sacrilege have always been regarded by the people of Bruges as preternatural.

The devotion to Our Lady of the Pottery has been encouraged by the favors of the Holy See and of various bishops, and there is evidence of this encouragement's having been given at an early date. In the archives of the hospital are two curious documents, each dated from Avignon—one in 1326 and the other in 1353,—and each granting, subject to the approval of the diocesan, an indulgence of forty days to all who should visit the shrine on certain specified days.

At the present day the devotion is still lively. In times of great public calamity or danger especially, the whole population has turned for help with one accord to Our Lady of the Pottery. Of this one instance must suffice. In 1304 the Flemings were at war with their powerful neighbor, Philip the Fair. The wives of the Brugeois who were in the Flemish ranks flew to the venerated sanctuary, and implored the Blessed Virgin to protect their husbands in the coming battle; vowing that if she did so they would institute an annual procession in her honor, and present her every year a candle of thirty pounds weight. The Flemings lost the day, but the men of Bruges returned safe and sound to ratify the vow made by their wives. The procession was fixed for the Feast of the Assumption, and was faithfully kept up till the French Revolution, after which the custom fell into abeyance. It was revived in 1839 by the provost of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Blind, and fixed for the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; but in 1860 this was changed for the old day.

Many miracles are recorded, of which

two are here quoted; both of them having been authenticated by the bishop of the diocese after the facts had been examined by two of his canons (one of them being the penitentiary) deputed for the purpose. A child eleven months old, the daughter of Nicholas de Schietere, a man of noble family, was reduced to the last extremity by a fever. Whilst the babe was lying in what was believed to be her agony, the father went to a church and vowed that if she recovered he would present a silver statuette of the child to the shrine of Our Lady of the Pottery. On his return he found the little one convalescent. Eleven years later this same child was suffering from an internal abscess, which her medical attendants pronounced incurable. Her father vowed a massive silver heart to Our Lady of the Pottery, and had scarcely done so before the child was cured. Nicholas de Schietere deposed to these facts on oath before the episcopal judges in the year 1630, when he was warden of the Hospital of the Pottery—to give it its proper name.

In one of the suburbs of Bruges, St.-André-lez-Bruges, there is a shrine of Our Lady of the Tree, at which many miracles are believed to have been worked. And about two and a half miles from Bruges is the church of Assebrouck, which contains a venerable statue,—one well known, by name at least, to those who have read the Life of Mother Margaret Hallahan. Other places within easy reach of Bruges also possess statues of Our Lady which are much venerated,—never more so than now, when almost every family is under affliction of some sort as a result of the great European war.

WHEN I wish to obtain some favor from the Eternal Father, I invoke the souls in the place of expiation, and charge them with the petition I have to make to Him; and I feel sure that I am heard through their means.

—*St. Catherine of Bologna.*

How Vervins was Saved.

IT was just after the Reign of Terror had deluged sunny France with the blood of her noblest and her best. The Directory exercised full power. One of its victorious armies had overrun a small German principality; and the troops occupied the country, resting on their laurels. In a lordly old castle on the Rhine, the home of the German sovereign, the commander-in-chief of the French forces had established his headquarters. The intercourse between the victor and the vanquished was marked by exquisite courtesy; the German potentate treating his conqueror with all the consideration of a polished host for an honored guest, and the conqueror himself manifesting genuine respect for the prince to whom the chances of war had proved unfavorable. The disciplinary regulations to which the French soldiers were subjected were of the strictest. The least abuse of power in the treatment of persons or property was promptly and inexorably punished.

Among the dwellers in the castle, the officers of France had been pleased to discover a fellow-countryman in the person of a priest, the Abbé Tupigny. The Abbé had fled from the prisons that had yawned for victims during the Reign of Terror, and had received generous hospitality from the German prince. In return for the asylum so cordially offered to him, he had undertaken the education of the prince's only son; and at the period of which we write had won the genuine esteem and love of both.

One morning there was an unusual stir in the garrison. A French soldier, of previously irreproachable conduct, had been guilty of an infraction of discipline,—a fault insignificant in itself, but one which in the army, especially in time of war, is invariably visited with severe punishment, as being a breach of the order and discipline so essential to military organizations. The delinquent was arrested, and

at once confessed his guilt. A court-martial was on the point of being held, and it could have but one result: condemnation and death.

At this phase of the incident the Abbé Tupigny heard of the matter. His priestly heart was touched at the stern fate which menaced his countryman, and he determined to make an earnest effort to secure his pardon. But whom to address? The commander's inflexibility in such matters was proverbial; the appeal to him of a self-exiled priest was sure to prove ineffectual. The offence had been committed against a German: it was the German lord himself whose intervention in favor of the soldier should be solicited.

The Abbé hastened to the prince, and implored his aid so eloquently that he in turn sought the French commander, and begged as a personal favor the pardon of the criminal. "I pray you," he said, "do not inflict on me the sorrow of seeing this poor fellow suffer for a fault committed on my domain and against me." Seeing the French general hesitate, he went on: "Although my conqueror, you are my guest. In default of other rights, leave me at least the privilege of pardoning."

In presence of such generosity the victor declared himself vanquished; the soldier was pardoned, and to the Abbé Tupigny was committed the joyous task of making known to him the totally unexpected news of his good fortune.

Years afterward, when the Empire had replaced the Republic, and the Concordat had opened the gates of France to her exiled priests, the Abbé and the soldier met again in Vervins, where the former spent the remainder of his days as pastor, and the latter as a member of the local *gendarmérie*. Naturally, a cordial friendship existed between the two, and the soldier's children learned to look on the good *curé* as their greatest benefactor.

Half a century rolled on. The Abbé had long since gone to his rest, and the

soldier's family was represented in Vervins by two grandsons: one a physician, the other a druggist in their native town. The memory of Father Tupigny was still preserved in their hearts; he was the hero of their childhood: grandfather and father had told and retold the story of the German castle until it was as familiar as their prayers. The brothers still spoke of the old priest, and the doctor preserved as a precious souvenir a little portrait in oil which the Abbé had left to his grandfather. It was the picture of the Abbé's old pupil, the son of the German prince.

In 1871 the wail of conquered hopes resounded throughout France, and hearts were sore because the German invasion had already lasted for months, and the end seemed still far off. Vervins was occupied by the enemy. A heavy war-tax had been imposed on its citizens; they were now impoverished, and knew not where to look for succor. The penalty for not producing the amount of the tax within a given time was too terrible to think of.

The doctor, grandson of the old soldier of the Directory, sighed as he thought of Abbé Tupigny. Would that he were alive, and could prove as effective an agent of mercy now as he had been early in the century in the castle on the Rhine! As he recalled the familiar scene, the doctor ran his eye carelessly over the morning paper. The name of the general who commanded at Laon for the first time arrested his attention. Where had he seen or heard it? After a moment's reflection he remembered: it was the name of the German prince whose portrait had been in the family for so many years. It is possible, he reflected, that the general is of the same family, a near relative perhaps. "What if I should pay the general a visit, and, showing the portrait, implore mercy on my townsmen of Vervins?" On the spur of the moment, the young physician, with no other credentials than the picture, set out on his quixotic enterprise.

Arrived at Laon, he asked to be shown to the general's headquarters, begged an interview, and for recommendation mentioned the name of the Abbé Tupigny. It proved sufficient. He was admitted, and was at once accosted with: "Who are you, and what do you know of the Abbé Tupigny?"—"He was the beloved pastor of the town of Vervins, and I am the grandson of the soldier whom he saved from death in Germany."

Seeing that the officer was somewhat moved, the doctor handed to him the portrait of the young German prince. The general seized it, looked at it long and earnestly, and, in a somewhat husky tone, ejaculated: "Yes, it is he—my father. This portrait of his youth is more interesting than any other in my family collection."

"It is yours, general, if you will accept it; but in exchange for the sacrifice of this precious souvenir of a beloved benefactor, will you not grant my prayer for mercy on my townsmen of Vervins? They are too impoverished, I assure you, to pay the tax imposed upon them. Your grandfather accorded to the Abbé Tupigny the pardon of a soldier: will you refuse to the memory of that holy priest the deliverance of a town that was dear to him?"

The general seized a pen, rapidly wrote a few lines, which he gave to an attendant; then, turning to the doctor, replied: "I accept the bargain. Return to your home, and assure your fellow-citizens that henceforth, until the end of our occupation of the country, I take under my protection the town in which lived and died the good man who educated my father."

SORROW is the setting of joy, the foil of joy, the shadow which softens joy, the gloom which makes the light so beautiful, the night which causes each morning to have the gladness of a resurrection. They live together because they are sisters.

—Faber.

The Rosary Hour in Ireland.

WE feel sure that readers of Mr. MacManus' latest volume, "Yourself and the Neighbors," will go back to it again and again, finding each time something to refresh the spirit and warm the heart. In these closing days of October it is well to pause on one picture out of many which the Donegal writer sets forth with unalloyed charm. It is a scene familiar perhaps to all dwellers in Catholic lands—the hour of the Rosary. 'Mr. MacManus thus describes it:

In your house, as in all the houses, the Rosary was recited nightly by the whole household, kneeling in a circle. Molly made you lead it, while she and the children devoutly chorused response. The Rosary hour was a peaceful hour, and it brought you all very near indeed to God. The hum of the Rosary was sweet and beautiful to those who, passing the way, uncovered their heads in reverence, and felt they were treading sacred ground while still that music was in their ears. Although you led the Rosary, Molly could never trust you with the trimmings. These Herself always did take charge of. For 'twas she, and she alone, who knew how to pour out the heartfelt poetic petition which prefaced each *Pater* and *Ave*, asking for benefits spiritual and temporal for yourselves and your friends and neighbors, and for all the world—and an especial petition for all poor sinners who had no one to pray for them. Lucky, indeed, was the mortal who was particularized in Molly's prayers. Blessed were all who shared with your household the fruits of the nightly Rosary.

It is not surprising that home life such as this should be the fertile soil of holy vocations; and it is with a sense of the fitness of things that we read later on in Mr. MacManus' charming narrative of the First Mass of "yourself's" and Molly's son, Patrick. Untold hardship had his education cost the devoted parents, years of pinching and scraping; but—

At last, on that blessed and memorable morning on which, in Frosses Chapel, you saw him, in his golden, gleaming robes, turn to the congregation, and, a light from heaven shining on his fair young face, spread his arms above the bent multitude, saying solemnly, *Domineus vobiscum*, yourself and Molly, kneeling amid

hundreds of other hushed ones, took hands underneath her shawl, and, your eyes running tears, together bowed heads and hearts before God in soulful gratitude for that this day had crowned your married life with its crowning joy.

Even from his birth that "first boy" had been consecrated to the service of the altar, and during years and years the Rosary was never concluded without five *Paters* and *Aves* being chorused that God's blessing might descend upon him.

Modernism in the Church of England.

THE Anglican periodical, the *Church Times*, has been maintaining that Modernism in the Church of England is different from the Modernism with which Pius X. dealt so vigorously, and that the Modernist movement in the Establishment is doomed to failure. The reasons by which it supports its contention do not impress our London contemporary, the *Catholic Times*, as being very strong. "Doubtless," it says, "the authority of the German writers—Harnack and the rest—whom the Anglican Modernists have followed with servile docility will sink rather low for a time in consequence of the war. But will the Anglican Modernists become more orthodox? There is not the least likelihood that such will be the case. They have been allowed to maintain views that can not be called Christian and at the same time to remain members of the Church of England. Those views they will persist in advocating and teaching, and in a few years they will turn again to their German leaders with all the old manifestations of esteem. So far from contributing to the failure of their propaganda, the toleration which has been extended to them by the Anglican Church has only strengthened their position."

As for the Anglican declaration that "the immediate hope of a *rapprochement* lies with the Russian Church," our esteemed London confrère says: "Again and again the advances of the Anglican Church have been repulsed by the schis-

matic Church of Russia, and well is it that this is so. Union with the Anglicans would be a great misfortune for the Russians. Not only would it be destructive on doctrinal points of the utmost importance, but the entire position of the Russian Church would be seriously affected by the spirit which would be introduced. Even whilst criticising Modernism and admitting the necessity of opposing it, the *Church Times* favors a Liberal Catholicism which it is hard to distinguish from Modernism, and declares that Liberal Catholicism must not be allowed to die."

The declaration is merely another instance of the patent inconsistency—patent to everyone save themselves—which characterizes the normal action, and indeed the whole position, of our Anglican friends. They apparently desire to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds,—to be called Catholic while protesting against a fundamental Catholic doctrine; to insist on styling themselves priests, though the invalidity of their Orders has time and again been proved to a demonstration; to flatter themselves that they form a branch of the living Church, though that Church declares them a severed bough.

As regards Modernism, the fact is that, in combating "the synthesis of all heresies," the Pope was fighting for the essentials of all Christian creeds, even of the Anglicans'—if they had but the grace to know it. It is a significant fact in this connection that, in the obituary estimates of Pius X. and his career, Modernism was referred to in a tone widely different from that which marked its discussion by non-Catholic publicists, and even a few Catholic ones, when the Encyclical of 1907 was issued. What was then styled by many an imaginary danger, a visionary fear, became later on recognized as an evil of momentous import, and one that could not be too vigorously stamped out. The late Pontiff's policy with regard to it was abundantly justified in a very brief period.

Notes and Remarks.

The warning sounded recently by Representative A. P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, in regard to the country's unpreparedness for war recalls the wise words with which the late Major Gen. Curtis concludes his memoirs of our great civil conflict, in which he bore so honorable a part. Writing on the anniversary of his last battle, he declares: "As a world power, we need more than ever before to raise our military and naval forces to the highest state of efficiency, to bring into use every discovery which will express in the shortest time and most effective manner the nation's strength. Such a policy will increase the number of the nation's days of peace; it will insure the world's respect; and, should evil days befall us, it will put the country in a position to compel peace in the shortest time and with the least cost. . . . I feel more keenly than ever the inexpressible horrors of armed strife; and, while desiring the nation to cultivate the arts of peace with the greatest assiduity, I, nevertheless, believe that suitable preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace."

Wise words are these. We are now at peace with the rest of the world, and there is, perhaps, no nation that is not friendly to us; but Powers are always in danger of falling out, and, for the settlement of quarrels, are quite as likely to go to war as individuals are to go to law. As the world is constituted at present, the idea of universal disarmament is utopian. A nation can no more dispense with an army than a city can dispense with a police force. Nothing could be plainer than that a great country like ours should at all times be prepared for war. The lamentable fact is that such is not the case. Our navy, besides being thousands of men short, is not provided with proper armament; and our land forces, as everyone must admit, would be no match for such an invading force as any of the

great Powers could muster against us. The notion that a large army and navy could be mobilized and equipped at short notice is ridiculous.

In demonstrating and emphasizing the fact that neither the army nor the navy upon which our country relies for defence is large enough or sufficiently well equipped, Mr. Gardner has rendered a most important service. Let us hope that his words will have the effect of convincing every American citizen of the truth of Gen. Curtis' contention, that "suitable preparation for war is the surest guarantee of peace."

In reply to those who hold that they can live as correct lives without religion as with it, a dignitary of the Protestant Episcopal Church is quoted as saying: "Do they realize that they are living on an inheritance of morality and respectability handed down from previous generations? There is in the world a great deal of this left-over piety bequeathed by godly ancestors, earned by father or grandfather, and easily squandered." The episcopal moralizer might have gone further and stated that all the genuine Christianity or Christian civilization that exists to-day in non-Catholic nations or communities is Christianity left over from the pre-Reformation period. Protestantism, as such, is not creative, but destructive—of genuine religion, as of art and letters.

In an interesting and informative paper, "The War and the Home Rule Bill," contributed to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, Mr. John J. O'Shea has this pertinent and timely paragraph:

There are captious critics on this side of the ocean who, in the effort to belittle the work of the Irish Parliamentary party and the United Irish League to prepare the way for Home Rule, keep carefully out of sight the many important tasks they undertook and carried to a triumphant success. The first in value of these, as an educational factor, was the Local Government Act; the next as a measure on

which to build up the edifice of material prosperity, without which the gaining of Home Rule would have been something in the nature of an empty concession, the scheme of Land Purchase. This was a gigantic problem, in its inception and in the elaboration of its details and the machinery for carrying it into practical effect. In addition to these two supreme needs of a transfer of power from an autocratic class to popular representative hands, there was the wide extension of the Laborers' Cottages Act, which was passed a quarter of a century before, but had (by reason of the unwillingness of landlords on the one hand, and of taxpayers on the other, to incur any responsibility for the amelioration of a large class who had the most crying claim for relief) been allowed to languish almost into desuetude.

While there is no necessity of impugning the motives of Mr. Redmond's relatively few opponents in this country, or of questioning the genuineness of their love for Ireland, it will probably occur to the impartial observer that, after all, the Irish in Ireland may be credited with knowing their own business best; and as between the distinguished Irish leader whose statesmanship has received world-acknowledgment and the most effervescently patriotic Irish-American, the presumption unquestionably favors Mr. John Redmond.

There has been organized recently the German Catholic Women's League of California. The Rev. Rápael Fuhr, chairman of the special committee that framed the League's constitution and by-laws, justified its formation by declaring that—the many radical, nationalistic, and at all events un-Catholic, women's associations already in existence make the formation of this great League on the part of our German Catholic women a timely and most important movement. Woman has a right to participate in this momentous work of Christian social reform. She has not only a right, but a sacred duty.

As for the purposes and activities of the new organization, the members of the League are to be instructed on all social questions in which they should be interested; they are to co-operate in a systematic way with other existing Catholic women's organizations, by con-

certed action in social and charitable undertakings, such as the education of children, the care of the poor, the orphans, the immigrants, the visiting and nursing of the sick, railroad-station mission work, the safeguarding of young and inexperienced girls, the helping and uplifting of unfortunate women who have fallen by the wayside and need the kind word and helpful hand from their more fortunate sisters, to aid them to secure respectable employment, etc. Self-sanctification, Christian charity, and religious zeal will be the guiding motives of the organization. Needless to say that if these motives are lived up to, there will be no danger of the League's not becoming an effective agency for good.

Our Cincinnati contemporary, the *Catholic Telegraph*, is not enthusiastically in favor of such "school monopoly" as is advocated by an Ohio superintendent who proposes the keeping of all boys and girls at school until they are twenty-one years of age. Apropos of a course in salesmanship in one high school, and another in canning vegetables in another, the *Telegraph* asks: "How is it that, having by law forced our children out of the factories, we are now forcing the factories into our schools?" And, forecasting the probable outcome of present-day tendencies, it concludes:

In the future, then, we are going to have an education that does not educate, given by educators who are not educated. We shall teach our boys to can, to dig, to sow, to hang wall-paper, to save the soles of their boots, to give first aid to the injured, to shine shoes; our girls to sew, to iron, to scrub, to trim hats, to answer a telephone, to dress a baby. The day is near at hand when, under our present system of education, every little Jack will be teaching his grandmother how to feed ducks.

Q. E. A., as we used to say in logic days: "which is absurd."

The Rev. Father Coupé, O. M. I., of Natal, says a good word for the Zulus, of whom, and particularly of their chief,

Cettiwayo, the world heard a good deal more in the late seventies than it does at present. The Oblate missionary declares that it is wrong to say, as is often done, that the Zulus are, essentially, liars. On the contrary, they rarely lie, although it is not always easy to get the truth from them. The mixed-up fashion in which they present their explanations often renders these unintelligible or misleading. Another point, the sense of justice is innate in the Zulu. Let a white punish a native unjustly and he will never be forgiven. If, however, the white man punishes a native who is really guilty, the latter will, often enough, entertain for him additional respect.

All such testimony as this coming from missionaries in foreign lands is of distinct value. They learn to know thoroughly the natives among whom they have cast their lot, whereas the transient traveller acquires only impressions, which are, oftener than not, absurdly false.

"The Roman Church keeps the Bible away from the people, and has proved on numerous well-known occasions that she would rather see men burn it than read it."

We do not know what other assertions of this kind may be contained in a new book about "Romanism," by the Rev. Randolph H. McKim, D. C. L., rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, D. C., but the words quoted above are to be found on page 176. The only excuse we can think of for such brazen bigotry as Dr. McKim displays is that, having read so much on the subject of "Romanism," he has become a monomaniac, with whom it would be folly to argue, and whom it would be useless to try to set right. It is unlikely that he will ever have sufficient mental poise to be disposed to read any standard Catholic book, or to listen to any explanations of Catholic doctrine and practice that an educated member of the Church might offer him; but we hope that some day he will be in a mood to reflect upon the following words of

another Protestant minister and author, the Rev. J. W. Nevin, D. D. We shall not neglect to send Brother McKim a print of this extract for convenient reference. Would that every non-Catholic polemic might read it!

Of all styles of upholding Protestantism, we may say that is absolutely the worst which can see no sense or truth whatever in Catholicism, but holds itself bound to make it at every point as bad as possible, and to fight with tooth and nail every word that may be spoken in its praise. Such wholesale and extreme pugnacity may be very convenient, as it calls for no discrimination; it requires neither learning nor thought, but can be played off under all circumstances by almost any polemic with about the same effect. Its strength consists mainly in calling nicknames, in repeating outrageous charges without regard to any contradiction from the other side; in thrumming over threadbare commonplaces received by tradition from the easy credulity of times past; in huge exaggerations, vast distortions; and bold, insulting insinuations thrown out at random in any and every direction. But, however convenient all this may be, requiring little learning and less thought, and no politeness or charity whatever, it is high time to see that it is a system of tactics which needs, in truth, only a slight change of circumstances at any time to work just the opposite way from that it is meant to work. The vanity and impotency of it must become apparent in proportion precisely as men are brought to look at things with their own eyes; and then the result is that sensible and well-bred people—not only those who go by the text-book of a sect, but such as move in a wider range of thought and have some better knowledge of the world: political and literary men,—seeing how they have been imposed upon by the current slang, are very apt to be taken with a sort of quiet disgust toward the whole interest which they find thus badly defended; and thus to look favorably in the same measure on the other side, as being, at so many points, plainly an injured and persecuted cause.

Dr. McKim's book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, who have sent us a copy for review. They will not, of course, be pleased with what we have had to say about it; but they should know that such productions as Dr. McKim's can not nowadays escape the censure they deserve, not only from

Catholics but from all enlightened and fair-minded Protestants. Should Messrs. Putnam's Sons desire to be known as purveyors of anti-Catholic literature in the United States, the favor of an announcement to this effect will not be refused them by THE AVE MARIA.

Will it ever be unnecessary, we wonder, to repeat the declaration that such names as "Romanism" and "Romanist" are not applied to the Catholic Church and her members either by scholars or gentlemen? A century and more ago John Wesley declared that all epithets of the kind are fixed upon Catholics "by way of reproach." Calling nicknames is a violation of charity and decency which should be enough to condemn any polemic convicted of it. But there are men with whom abuse passes for argument, and assertion counts for proof. To contend with such persons is the most profitless work in which one could possibly be engaged.

Regret for the sudden death of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson—which occurred on the 19th inst., in his forty-third year,—will be general and heartfelt. His books had made his name a familiar one in every part of the world, and he was greatly admired for his versatile talents and the zeal with which he exercised them. A son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and already known, at least in England, as an earnest and interesting preacher, great things were expected of him when, in 1903, he joined the Church. All expectations were fully realized. With both voice and pen he rendered valiant service. Of the numerous books written after his conversion, doubtless the most important is "Confessions of a Convert," contributed to THE AVE MARIA. He often declared in reference to this work, so many passages of which recall Newman's famous "Apologia," that if he had not written it when requested to do so, he could not have written it at all.

Everyone was impressed by Monsignor

Benson's sincerity, while his simplicity and amiability endeared him to all who enjoyed his friendship. Regret that a career so useful and honorable as his should have ended so soon will be mitigated by the remembrance of all that he accomplished—the work of many years. It may truly be said of Monsignor Benson that "in a short space he fulfilled a long time." Peace to his soul!

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To the current issue of the *Fortnightly Review*, a writer with first-hand knowledge of her subject, Mrs. Elizabeth Christitch, contributes a study which would be interesting at any time and is especially so at present—"The Soul of the Southern Slav." The predominant trait of the Slav in question, it appears, is brotherly love. Says the writer mentioned:

It is a virtue, of course, common to all nations in a greater or lesser degree, but so marked and so puissant in this case as to justify its being reckoned the chief national characteristic. Its strength is puzzling and disconcerting to the outsider; for the entire social edifice in Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Servia, Montenegro, and to a certain extent in Bulgaria, is based on the principle of fraternal solidarity. The tie between brothers is the most sacred of family ties. It is quite apart from, and superior to, the parental, filial, or conjugal tie, none of which approaches it, or is expected to approach it, in depth or intensity. The love of a brother for a brother, or of a sister for a brother, is the favorite theme of Southern Slav poets, the inspiration of the noblest deeds, the sentiment that awakens most sympathy. Any attempt to gauge the complex soul of the Southern Slav will fail if this factor is not borne in mind. The story of Cain and Abel is still the most horrible that can be conceived by the Slav. The national legends in these parts represent fratricide as a more heinous crime than parricide.

As illustrating this trait in graphic fashion, the action of wives during the late Balkan war is cited. Those who scanned the casualty lists looked first for their brothers' names, then for those of their husbands. "The reason was succinctly put: 'God can give another husband, but never another brother.'"

Notable New Books.

An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen. By Martin Haile. B. Herder.

In the general reconstruction, by modern historians, of the narrative of Queen Elizabeth's settlement of religion in England, it has developed that, so far from the English Reformation's being a joyous rebound of a whole nation from a hated creed imposed upon it by Queen Mary, the change was wrought by coercion from without, not conviction from within. That Elizabeth and her ministers, Cecil, Walsingham, and Bacon, were shrewd, far-sighted, bold, and unscrupulous in the task they had set themselves of changing the religion of England is a commonplace among the modern successors of Burnet and Macaulay; and "good Queen Bess" has been shown to be a characterization more mythical than accurate.

Prominent among the opponents of the Queen and her advisers in this matter of enforcing the change of religion was the subject of this biography, William Cardinal Allen. To him principally is due the failure entirely to stamp out the Catholic religion in England. To the general reader, Cardinal Allen is best known, if known at all, as the founder of the English College at Douay, and perhaps also as a leader of the "Spanish Party" in England at the period of the threatened Spanish invasion of that country. In that character he was out of touch with the vast majority of English Catholics who proved loyal to their country, and rejoiced quite as much as their Protestant fellow-countrymen in the defeat of the Armada.

The author of the present Life gives Cardinal Allen's career in interesting detail, and incidentally throws illuminating side-lights on historical personages and events. The style is unlabored and readable, and not more diffuse than is warranted by the nature of the subject. Typographically, the volume is a clearly printed and well bound octavo of some four hundred pages. There is a suggestion of the increased cost of paper, due to the European war, in the price of this book.

Letters of Mary Aikenhead. M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.

Thoroughly to appreciate and enjoy these letters of the foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity, one should perhaps have previously read her "Life," by Sarah Atkinson. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with that excellent biography it may be well to state that Mary Aikenhead was born in Cork in 1787,

founded the Congregation of Irish Sisters of Charity in 1815, was nominated its superior for life by the Apostolic See in 1843, and died in 1858, after having established during the four decades of her religious career thirteen separate foundations. The letters which form the contents of this substantial octavo of some five hundred and eighty pages were written, with few exceptions, to members of her community, the greater number to Mother Mary de Chantal (Coleman).

They may well serve as spiritual reading in convents; for, as the Rev. P. M. MacSweeney remarks in his preface to the volume, "they are a practical manual of religious training, and they reflect the fundamental and searching mind of one who lived and worked in Christ." Perhaps the characteristic note struck all through the book is that of vigorous common-sense. Thoroughly pious herself, and alert to promote genuine piety in her subjects, she never permitted supererogatory or arbitrary devotion to interfere with the appointed work of the Congregation. Mother Mary was evidently a close student of the writings of Thomas à Kempis, St. Augustine, and St. Ignatius; and assimilated their spirit so well that her action in directing souls was as beneficent as it was practical. An edifying and interesting volume. No price is given.

Trees and Other Poems. By Joyce Kilmer. George H. Doran Co.

This is Mr. Kilmer's first volume, and not only as a first book is it remarkable. It might with credit be an author's last work. As it is, it crowns the reputation which it begins. Mr. Joyce, should he never offer another line, is an English poet. Never mind the magnitude, whether great or minor: read "Trees":

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree,—

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Having finished "Trees," will it ever have finished with you? Are you not permanently richer for that reading? Will not your memory hold a more precious store for all time? And do you not find it in your heart to thank the Maker of both trees and poets for these imperishable words? But your duty by this volume is not done. You must read in it again and again.

"Love's Lantern," "Poets,"—these are no less a revelation than "Trees." Find here and there a trace of Coventry Patmore, stumble once or twice over an obvious epithet ("angry lightning," "rugged face" of mountain); but admit finally that here is a new, fresh, firm, clear, strong singing voice in English poetry; and give thanks, too, that the personality of the bard exhibits the highest qualities of a character that is modern, Catholic and American.

The Century of Columbus. By James J. Walsh, K. C. St. G., M. D., Ph. D., etc. Catholic Summer School Press.

With that encyclopædic fulness which constitutes the chief merit of his historical method, Dr. Walsh has given in "The Century of Columbus" a minute and absorbing account of the activity of the world during the period from 1450 to 1550. This time practically coincides with the era usually set down as that of the Renaissance. How consequential that time was is lucidly and cogently portrayed in Dr. Walsh's Introduction, which he summarizes thus: "The discovery of America is but one of a series of notable achievements in Columbus' time. His century, 1450-1550, had more great men than any other in human history. In the arts it is unsurpassed. In its deeds, it rivals every other century, above all in social work, in scholarship, in education, and in its achievements in the sciences, physical as well as biological, and in medicine and surgery. Its literature is behind that of certain other periods of history; but this is the age of Leo X., and one of the most interesting epochs of world literature in every European country." It is interesting, by the way, that Dr. Walsh saves the reputation of his "Thirteenth, Greatest of Centuries," by the distinction that the thirteenth was the happiest time: "and that is the greatest period of human history when man is the happiest."

Following the lead of Ruskin, the author has directed his inquiry into the greatness of this period along three chief lines, and divided his work accordingly into Book I., The Book of the Arts; Book II., The Book of the Deeds; and Book III., The Book of the Words. The result is a large-sized octavo volume of five hundred and seventy-seven pages, with eighty-six illustrations, nearly all full-page. Here the reader will find discriminating studies of such artists as Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo; of sculpture, music, of books and prints, and of the varieties of engraving. The student, if he is familiar with earlier Mediæval researches of Dr. Walsh, will not be surprised, in Book II., to note both the extent and the "up-to-dateness" of social and relief work done

during that far-off century of Columbus. In the treatment of these topics, the author's detailed method is of special value in giving concreteness to his work.

In view of the comprehensiveness of such a task as Dr. Walsh sets himself, imperfections of detail, which he himself is the first to admit, may be readily condoned, much as the reader may regret the occasional looseness of the style and rather more than occasional neglect of authorized punctuation. But Dr. Walsh, by the positive merits of his work, makes these faults by comparison small indeed; and he has again put not only the world of students but the generality of reading men much in his debt by the issuance of an *opus* which, perhaps, only narrowly escapes being a masterpiece. The volume is appropriately dedicated to the Knights of Columbus.

The Unworthy Pact. By Dorothea Gerard. Benziger Brothers.

Certainly the English women novelists have distinction above all other qualities, and this absorbing story of the man who planned apostasy is a fine example of it. The advantage of this quality can be seen in the handling of difficult themes, as in the present volume. Adrian Belmont is the son of a woman who lost her inheritance because she became a Catholic. While her life was not one of poverty, it was one of self-denial, and her son had to make his own way in the world. His faith was sound but irreflective. He was a Catholic as other people are Methodists, having been born so, and it would not have mattered to him had he been born Buddhist. It nettled him to know that his mother's conversion had deprived him of a fine income and a standing in the world. In the course of the story he suddenly falls heir to his uncle's fortune, and learns only at the last moment that to hold it honestly he must give up his religion. He finds no internal difficulty in doing so, but is deterred for a time by the presence of his mother from open apostasy. He waits for her death, which is long a-coming. Meanwhile death does not wait for his intentions to become active; but strikes hard at him, and the discipline of sorrow warns him in time away from the precipice.

It is long since we have read so graceful, interesting a tale. It belongs to the same class as "Michael," by Lady Clifford, presents the social relations of Catholics and non-Catholics pleasantly, and will be of assistance to all parties in understanding one another. As every novel should be, its interest increases as the plot unfolds, and the climax is satisfying. A book not to be overlooked, though we have too long delayed our notice of it. No price is given.

FOR YOUNG FOLK

UNDER THE MANTLE OF OUR BLESSED MOTHER

A Glory of Florence.

BY GEORGE RICHARDS.

A'T it again! Benvenuto, my son, have you sworn to disobey me until sorrow turns my hair white? I begged you to study this marvellous air which a Roman musician has composed for the flute,—an air so sweet that it seems to have been inspired by some celestial genius; and, instead of finding you with your instrument in hand and your fingers plying it, I see your flute in the corner there, your music on the floor, and yourself modelling potter's earth on the table. Do you really want to drive me to despair?"

Benvenuto stood up, confused and blushing. He was a lad of fifteen, tall, and strong. His black hair fell in curls about his neck; he had splendid eyes, sparkling with intelligence; and a straight wrinkle between the eyebrows lent to the youthful countenance an expression of peculiar energy and—obstinacy.

"Father," he began, but Giovanni Cellini interrupted him.

"Enough!" he said angrily. "I am fifer to his Eminence Cardinal de Medici. I could have consecrated my life to the arts of drawing or sculpture: I did not do so, judging that music partakes of a higher character. And, since you are a musician; since, even at your age, your skill as a flute-player is such as to charm the most critical connoisseurs, I demand that you continue to be a musician. Painting, sculpture, modelling are difficult arts, for which you have no aptitude. I have spoken. Take your flute and get to work."

Benvenuto took up the instrument, and for the next two hours drew from it notes

so sweet and pure that the old Florentine fifer felt his eyes filling with tears.

"And the young jackanapes would give up music!" he grumbled.

Every day a similar scene occurred. Benvenuto had but one dream: to be a goldsmith, to chisel gems, to mount precious stones. He hated the music for which his father insisted he was born.

"There must be an end to this," he told himself. And, with the energy, at times terrible, that characterized him throughout his whole future life, he took a resolution one day, and proceeded to carry it out forthwith. He did not stop to consider that he was about to grieve his father very deeply: he felt himself drawn by an irresistible attraction.

As night fell he went to a neighboring village to see his little cousin and friend, Michelina, daughter of the village currier. Michelina was twelve. Benvenuto thought her very like the statue of an antique goddess which he had seen and admired in the municipal palace,—the same straight nose, the same profile, proud and calm; the same pure and smiling mouth, the same majestic attitude. Very often he had modelled portraits of her in clay. The little girl had faith in her cousin and fully believed in his genius.

"Michelina," he began abruptly, "I'm going away."

"Where to?" she asked seriously.

"To Pisa. I'm starting at midnight. I'll be there to-morrow. I know a goldsmith there, and will take a position with him. I can't live any longer in the company of my flute."

"All right, Benvenuto!" said Michelina. "I think you are wise. Pisa is not very far away, and I shall hear news of you. Who knows? Some day, perhaps, I may go to see you."

At midnight the young fifer started



on his trip, a staff in his hand—and no money in his pockets. The Angelus was ringing from the Pisa tower as he presented himself to Master Olivieri della Chiostra, a renowned worker in gold and silver.

"And so," said the artist at the close of their colloquy, "you wish me to teach you the secrets of my trade. Well, I consent, provided I judge you worthy of receiving them. Here, take this piece of clay and make of it whatever you like."

Joyfully Benvenuto set to work, and in less than an hour he had finished a mask copied from the antique, and had reproduced the majestic and terrible expression of tragic countenances.

"That's good,—it's *more* than good!" exclaimed Master Olivieri. "Why, this already is the work of a master. What assurance and boldness in the reliefs! What harmony in the lines! Ah, Benvenuto, you will be giving lessons to all of us yet! You may abandon your flute without regret, for in another art you will create glorious and immortal works."

Young Cellini spent a year in Pisa. In writing to his father to ask his pardon for having run away, he had naïvely declared: "It seems to me that I am now in Paradise. I will do you credit, dear father." Giovanni had replied: "Providence apparently wills it; so work away and be happy. Only, let me beg you, don't abandon your flute altogether."

At the end of ten months, Master Olivieri, in order to testify his satisfaction with Benvenuto, presented him with a good-sized bit of virgin silver. The youth chiselled it to suit himself and for himself. He fashioned it into a clasp for a girdle or belt. It was about as large as the hand of a child, and was adorned with flower garlands of marvellous delicacy.

So the days went on. Cellini drew, studied, copied from the antique, chiselled the precious metals, mounted gems, etc. Toward the end of his year a messenger who had come from Florence brought Benvenuto a letter from Michelina.

"I am in despair," she wrote. "Father

is going to be put in prison for debt. It isn't his fault, for he has been sick and couldn't work. I don't know to whom to go for assistance; and that's why I'm writing, Benvenuto, to you, who are so good and so courageous. I can't see *how* you can help us, but I feel sure you *will*."

Benvenuto lost no time in deliberation,—his decisions were always made quickly.

"Master," he said to Olivieri, "I need a week's holiday. I must go to Florence."

"Go ahead, then! You render me too much service to let me refuse you such a pleasure."

That same evening Benvenuto was in his father's arms, and Giovanni wept with joy at seeing him.

"And your flute?" was the father's first question.

Benvenuto laughed.

"The flute! Oh, yes! It is about the flute, or almost, that I—as fifer of his Eminence, haven't you free access, father, to the Cardinal?"

"Of course," said Giovanni, with some pride.

"Then you must present me to him to-morrow."

"As a flute-player?"

"No: as a goldsmith."

Giovanni sighed; then in a resigned tone he said:

"Very well: I'll present you."

The following day the presentation was made. Quite calm, with one knee bent to the ground, Benvenuto offered to his Eminence a small casket he had brought with him. In the casket was his silver clasp.

"Will your Eminence," he said, "be gracious enough to accept this from the humblest of your subjects?"

The Cardinal opened the casket, took out the clasp, and uttered a cry of admiration.

"Was it you who worked this?" he asked.

"Yes, your Eminence."

"Then you will be one of the glories of Florence, the city of the arts. What can I do for you?"


What he could do for Benvenuto is easily guessed. An hour later, Michelina's poor father was freed, with all his debts paid off, and Benvenuto Cellini was attached to the service of the Medici. As Master Olivieri had predicted, he became one of the great artists of an age in which lived such men as Michael Angelo, and he dowered Italy with a number of immortal works. Old Giovanni was, of course, very proud of his son, though he occasionally remarked:

"And yet, how well he could play the flute!"

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXII.

" SEZ to her," the farmer's wife went on, across the supper table, "'Lolo,' I sez, 'you're the worst child that ever was. I never saw my Bodelia and my Selina in such tempers,' I sez; 'and see—they are grown up to be ornaments!'"

"And what did she say to that?" asked Farmer Strawson. His cheeks and lips were twitching, as if he were trying not to laugh again.

"She sez: 'I don't want to be no ornament!' And she ran off with the old fiddle up to the garret. So I sez: 'You stop there! You're not going to get no supper in my house,' I sez."

"Poor little gel!" murmured the farmer.

"She has a temper like a turkey-cock," said the wife.

"Well, well, my dear; maybe she has! But don't let us get cross about it ourselves. I wish somebody had learned you and me, Jane, long ago, to keep our tempers, too. The little gel must have an extra bit of breakfast in the morning: young things are hungry. I'll be down at five: she can have bacon and eggs with me. Dolly over there is a good one to get up. You will, Dolly, won't you?" (The kitchen girl was washing plates in a stone-paved scullery.) "I'll tell the

youngster that we must keep the peace and have no battles. If you tell that little gel a thing, Jane, and give her a bit of soft talk with it—like sugar to help her to swallow it,—she takes it all right. I stopped her hunting the lambs to ketch 'em. 'Twould make 'em run too fast, I told her quietly; and she took it in as wise as a judge. Same way with breaking down the corn to get the poppies. 'Doan't you do that,' I sez. 'The ears makes the flour, and the flour makes the buns.'—'I woan't,' she says, 'and she kep' her word, too.'"

Soon after five o'clock next morning, there was breakfast for two—bacon and eggs and paternal advice. The violin, with its polished case, was carried away beyond the farmyard and the orchard, and put in a safe place in the loft over a barn. Then Lolo did something that she thought of quite by herself. She waited by the tall clock in the hall till the "missis" came downstairs, with her morning apron on and her large face still shining with soap.

"I am sorry I thumped Cousin Delia," said the child, with a great effort. "Please forgive me!"

"No more tantrums here, or out you go!" said Mrs. Strawson, tartly. "Here is Cousin Bodelia coming now. It's to her you've got to say that you are sorry. Go on now quick—say it!"

Lolo had not thought of this. She looked up, almost choking with the second effort. "Muzzer" had taught her an apologetic word, which sounded very elegant,—at least Lolo thought so; though she did not know that she had picked up the end of it and not the beginning. It had been useful when she wanted to pass a visitor in the narrow hall of the flat. Would that be sufficient now? She hoped it would; for Cousin Bodelia looked very prim and stiff.

"Cousin Delia," she ventured, "I want to say, 'Skews me!'"

The young lady of the farmhouse stared, and slowly understood, and then

burst into a fit of laughter. Bodelia so carefully explained "*Skews me!*" to the "missis," and they both made such a joke of it, that Lolo never said her polite word anywhere again. She stood blushing hotly, and, by way of changing the subject, said:

"I had bacon and eggs."

"Oh, yes, I dare say you've been spoiled this morning!" retorted Mrs. Strawson. "Now go out, child, and stop out! Dinner at twelve, supper at six. Keep out o' the way, and don't get into mischief. Don't tear your frock. Don't tumble into the stream. Don't go into the field where the bull is. Don't eat any berries off the hedges, or you'll kill yourself. Don't pick mushrooms. Get some thick bread and butter from Dolly; and when you see the haymakers eating their dinner, it's time for you to come in—not before. O my dear Bodelia, what a handful that child is! One has got to tell her such a lot of things!—Be off now!"

Lolo needed no second bidding. She had put away her shoes and stockings, and ran about barefoot these days, to her great delight; and she was soon dancing round the farmyard like a sun-burned fairy in pink cotton. She had put her bread and butter in the loft where the fiddle was. She was free now—free till noon,—and she forgot her troubles. Farmer Strawson had, indeed, been gentle and kind. He had explained to her the wisdom of not making a "*hullabaloo*." He himself had found out, he said, that a *hullabaloo* did no good; and if anybody vexed one, things came right soonest if one kept quiet, "and let 'em make a row by themselves. I don't say all the fault was yours," he added. "My Delia shouldn't have touched your fiddle. She can no more play than a cow can dance a hornpipe."

So well had Lolo taken in Farmer Strawson's kindly teaching that, after carrying her treasure to the barn, she had come back to the house and forced herself to make that apology, which was

not very graciously received. It was all over now, and she was off across the farmyard, as we have seen, like a sun-burned fairy in pink.

The first few days of wandering had shown that no gypsy camp was anywhere near. She had settled down to an open-air life at the farm, following the specialist's advice quite naturally. She loved the sunshine as the Spaniards love it; and as a gypsy, she was at home in the fields and woods. The treatment resulted in a fine sunburn, almost bronze. After a few weeks, no one could have recognized Dolores de Selvas who played at Lady Dalchester's reception: this brown child, with bare feet and pink cotton frock, looked so unlike the wonderful little being in white and gold that appeared before the audience at Belgrave Square. To tell the truth, she liked her playmates at the farm much better than fashionable society. She had crowds of friends. There were the two dogs, Snip and Snap; there was Neddy the donkey, and the big horse; there were all the pigeons, the cows and the calf—and the "*pegs*." There were also dear little mice, that ate bread crumbs in the loft over the barn; and the birds in trees and hedgerows were merry company.

That short cotton dress, faded from much washing, was a delightful garment. One could not spoil it. One could run down into the brook and kick the water about, and scramble up with cool feet under the hedge at the other side. And, with such a thick crop of hair, it was much nicer not to wear a hat. There was nothing to lose when the donkey condescended to trot, and jogged up and down all across the farmyard. There was nothing to tumble back off one's head when one looked up suddenly to see the singing speck, when the lark was somewhere above in depths of morning blue.

Lolo had first run wild amid the glorious pageant of an English spring. Orchard trees made fairyland. Then it was lilac time; next came scented hawthorn

whitening the hedges, and pink apple blossoms right under her window in the gabled roof. The laburnums shook out yellow tassels; the immense chestnuts in the meadows held up a myriad spires,—some trees were loaded with coral pink, and some with waxen white. When the hay was cut, the meadows became a paradise for play. Lolo helped in the haymaking, of course: tossed it when it was spread on the fields; and when it was dried, made all by herself one of the little mounds of hay dotted with pink clover. The men carted Lolo every day on top of the loads; and she learned all about building stacks, and covering the top with black canvas to keep out the rain.

When the hay was "in," Lolo took to wandering again. There were golden-brown bees to watch humming in and out of flowers, and lambs grown big to pet, and funny little jumping kids to laugh at. She knew the haunts of all the flowers and many of their country names—"butter and eggs," and "lords and ladies," and "shepherd's weather-glass," that closes before a shower. Greenish-white water lilies with round leaves were on the pond, reminding her of the fairy Thumbkinetta on the floating lily leaf; and "forget-me-not" showed blue specks at the edge of the ditch where the frogs lived. Lolo loved the blazing red poppies best; but even if they did not drop to pieces at once, they closed at night beside her bed, and opened no more.

It seemed a long time since she had answered the call of the cuckoo. Summer was going on: the hay had been carted, and now the wheat harvest was reaped. The sheaves were standing together in lines of yellow "stooks" along the fields. Soundly she slept at night up in her little room in the gable, where wooden walls were yet warm with the sunshine of the day. Always the medal was kissed; always the wistful words were said. With her last look she saw the stars watching from an infinite

distance. How mysterious it all was!

One day she asked Farmer Strawson, when she was perched on the stile with dangling feet:

"How do the stars shine up there at night? Where do they come from?"

"We doan't see 'em in the day," replied the farmer. "If it could coom on dark now, like black night, you'd see lots o' stars."

"In Germany, when it was cold, I saw hundreds of bright ones," said Lolo. "Some of them kept winking, as if they were alive."

"They do twinkle," replied the farmer.

"Why?"

"I dunno. There's many things I dunno."

"How did they first get to be up there?" asked Lolo.

"Oh, you know that!" said the farmer. "'Twas the Lord God Almighty made everything. Didn't you know that?"

"No," answered Lolo, gazing at him with frank eyes.

"That's a bad job, little gel!" said the farmer. "They should have learned you better than that. He makes the stars to shine, and the corn to grow, and the leaves to sprout on the trees. There's no growth in the winter—hard ground, black branches. Look at it now,—there's a sight to see! It's the Lord God Almighty, sure enough, makes the stars coom out, and sets the sun shining and everything sprouting and growing."

Lolo, with her feet hanging crossed, gazed from the stile at the sunny world, and at the sky in the hot blue haze of summer. Where was He who had made it all? She could not put into words the longing that came into her heart.

The farmer began to shout across the field, and then walked away, followed by the two dogs, to give orders to the men. But the sunburned child was still gazing, gazing from her perch on the stile. All this beautiful world—the summer and the sunshine, the flowers and the birds, the stars that shone at night,—all this

was like a thin veil, and "the Lord God Almighty" was somewhere—somewhere—behind that veil of beauty which was His own work. There was no one to tell her that He was everywhere, that He was close to her, that He was with her day and night. She knew nothing. But she looked out, with a great longing, at the infinite beauty of the summer world; and her sigh was an adoring wish, so it must have been a prayer.

Presently she climbed down off the stile, and went back to the farm, thinking and wondering. In the barn there was a ladder, with flat steps, leading up to the loft. Lolo had always been a climber. We all remember how she had walked on the top of a wall, five years ago and more, wearing a long white dress and a big blue sash. So it was easy to go up the ladder to the ceiling, and to creep through a square opening, and arrive upon hands and knees on the dusty floor of the loft above. The place was heaped with straw. Sometimes one saw a mouse—a nice little mouse, with beady eyes—peep out and nibble at crumbs, and vanish. Outside the end of that barn, there was part of one of last year's haystacks,—hay thickly pressed together, and being cut down as it was wanted in slices like a cake. Beyond the haystack, one saw an apple tree and the top of a wall, with a bend of the sunny road beyond. All this could be looked down upon from the square window without glass in the end of the loft.

Lolo's fiddle-case was on the floor. There was a longing in her heart to say something in music. First she would look out over the road, and watch that boy riding on a pony. He seemed a big boy to her, because he was much bigger than herself; but, then, she was very little. His hair was bright. He wore white summer clothes—a cricket shirt, with a blue tie hanging. The pony was brown, with a shaggy coat, and a beautiful long mane and tail.

(To be continued.)

An Actor's Generosity.

David Garrick, the eminent English tragedian, was a man of great generosity and of kind heart. He had deposited five hundred pounds in the hands of a lawyer for safe-keeping; and the latter, seeing what he supposed to be a chance to make some money, speculated, losing Garrick's money along with his own. He was in despair, having no means left with which to satisfy his creditor. But he had numerous kind-hearted friends, and after a little while they met to devise some plan whereby he might be extricated from his difficulty.

Their alarm was great when a letter arrived from Garrick, but it was turned to joy when they found that he had sent back the note the lawyer had given him, thus relieving him of his indebtedness. Accompanying the note were these words: "I understand that your relations and friends meet to-day. I should much like to join them, but am prevented from doing so; and as you ought to have a good fire with which to make their reunion cheerful, I send you a paper to light it with."

So we see that Garrick was a good man as well as a great actor. Only the good know how to forgive. When he left the stage he presented his shoebuckles to another player, who wrote this couplet: Thy buckles, O Garrick, another may use,
But none will be found who can tread in thy shoes!

We can agree with this: it would be hard indeed to find a man who could worthily fill the shoes of one who forgave a large debt and an injury so readily and so cheerfully.

An Irish Aphorism.

TRANSLATED BY ELEANOR HULL.

TIME was, I was not here;
Short the time for me, I fear.
Death comes, that is clear;
It is not clear when death is near.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"More Italian Yesterdays," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, is a welcome announcement by Mr. Hutchinson.

--Messrs. Chatto & Windus will soon issue an illustrated edition of Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven."

--In "St. Clare of Assisi: Her Life and Legislation" (J. M. Dent & Sons), Mr. Ernest Gilliat-Smith has gathered together all the available information concerning the foundress of the Poor Clares.

--"Constitutions of the Friends of Jesus and Mary," by the Rev. Fr. Geiermann, C. SS. R. (Benziger Brothers), is a tiny booklet of 24 pages,—one half of them blank. It contains a brief rule of life for devout Catholics.

--The underlying principles of the great Franciscan movement in the thirteenth century and afterward are set forth in a work by Father Cuthbert, O. M. Cap.—"The Romanticism of St. Francis, and Other Studies in the Genius of the Franciscans,"—announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

--The cant of culture, the decadent anti-conventionalists, the self-deceit of the casuists, the vapidness of the Simple Lifers, the shirking of marriage duties, and other anomalies which have crept into modern life in the name of so-called "freedom," are inveighed against by Fr. Bernard Vaughan in a book entitled "What of To-day?" which will be issued at an early day in England and this country.

--"The Choir Manual," compiled by G. Burton and published by Messrs. J. Fischer & Brother, offers a Gregorian Mass, a Mass of Requiem, Vespers, with hymns and antiphons, besides English and Latin hymns for various feasts of the Liturgical Year. It is a handy manual and sufficiently complete. The requirements of the *Motu Proprio* on church music are not lost sight of. The price of the vocal part edition, bound in cloth, is 80 cts.

--"The Straight Path; or, The Four Marks of the True Church," is the title of a new book by the Rev. M. J. Phelan, S. J., soon to be published by Longmans, Green & Co. He represents a man awakening on a Sunday morning in an English city. The varied chimes of the church bells set him thinking on the contradictory creeds preached from the pulpits. Bewildered with the clashing of Christian beliefs, he betakes himself to the study of the Bible

to ascertain the characteristic marks by which the True Church can be singled out from the various claimants to that title. He discovers them to be four: The true Church should be One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic. He finds all these marks in the Catholic Church and in no other.

--The Macmillan Co. have issued two up-to-date pamphlets that will interest persons anxious to learn the English view of the underlying causes of the present European conflict—"Why Britain is at War," by Sir Edward Cook; and "Modern Germany and the Modern World," by M. E. Sadlier.

--"The Absolution of Recidivi and of Occasionarii," a brochure of seventy-two pages by the Rev. David Barry, S. T. L., should be welcome to confessors, for it is brimful of solid arguments clearly presented. The teaching of the great masters of theological science on this vexed question is reviewed in such a way as to be of practical assistance to the confessor in dealing with difficult cases. Price, one shilling, net.

--"The Secret of Pocomoke," by Mrs. Mary T. Waggaman, for which there have been many demands in book form, will be issued next month. Safe to say, no one who read this story when it appeared serially in THE AVE MARIA will have forgotten its interest or its charm. In our judgment, not even "Billy Boy" takes precedence over it. "Grown-ups" as well as younger readers yield themselves up contentedly to the magic of Mrs. Waggaman's art. The sweet and sane simplicities of life never had better expression than in this tale of the adventures of "Pat" and her faithful shadow, "Ginger." And the plot, too, is a genuine achievement.

--Evidently Mr. Meredith Nicholson did not intend making a mystery of his hero's identity in "The Poet," for Mr. James Whitcomb Riley's personality is the whole story. Besides, the illustrator has been good enough to give us representations of Mr. Riley in case there should be any doubt. Mr. Nicholson's work has been a labor of love. The slightest framework of plot has sufficed for his main purpose of paying tribute to the nobility, gentleness, and kindness of his poet-friend's nature. These qualities, however, are exhibited as purely philosophical, nothing supernatural. Mr. Nicholson's own philosophy, we fear, is a bit sketchy. Says the young lady, on page 126: "I suppose I'm a sort

of heathen; I don't know what a pantheist is, but I think I must be one." Says the young man: "Oh, you can be a pantheist without being a heathen! There's a natural religion that we all subscribe to, whether we're conscious of it or not. There's no use bothering about definitions or quarrelling with anybody's church or creed. We're getting beyond that—" and there is more, but here the pen falls from our hand. We resume it to remark that, mechanically, "The Poet" is a beautiful book. Published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

—"Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim," by the Rev. S. M. Giraud, translated from the French by W. H. Mitchell, M. A. (Benziger Brothers), is a beautifully printed volume, and will give pleasure to readers from this fact alone. Its matter is devoted entirely to minute explanations of the life of Our Lord up to the beginning of His mission, interspersed with learned comment, pious meditation, and emotional prayers. The method is simple enough to encourage the average reader, and the thought is deep enough to provide a serious thinker with useful reflection. The book will prove helpful to religious communities, and to pious souls who need a change of spiritual diet. The style is bright.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Century of Columbus." Dr. James J. Walsh. \$3.50.
- "Trees and Other Poems." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.
- "An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen." Martin Haile. \$6.
- "The Poet." Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30, net.
- "Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim." Rev. S. M. Giraud. \$1.50.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. C. Vanier, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Thomas Mahar, D.D., diocese of Cleveland; Rev. A. A. Dierckes, S. J.; and Rev. Lawrence Henn, O. M. Cap.

Sister Genevieve, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. Juliana, Sisters of the B. V. M.

Mr. Thomas Braydon, Mrs. George Close, Mr. Michael Clune, Mrs. Margaret Murdoch, Mr. M. J. Courtney, Mr. Henry Brons, Mr. Edward Byrd, Mrs. Catherine Purcell, Mr. Joseph Hanley, Mr. Christian Andersen, Mr. Patrick Reilly, Mr. Daniel Beffa, Mr. John Howard, and Mr. Francis Aid.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 7, 1914.

NO. 19

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The Irish Welcome: "Cead Míle Fáilte!"*

BY R. O'K.

THERE'S an ever-green Isle in the sea,
The home of affection and rest;
This welcome they'll give there to thee:
"Cead míle fáilte, sweet guest!
Thousands of welcomes, sweet guest!"

At Mass, when the priest lifts on high
The Bread and Wine changed by his word,
With hearts filled with rapture, they cry:
"Cead míle fáilte, sweet Lord!
Thousands of welcomes, sweet Lord!"

When Jesus comes into their soul,
Adoring, they bend to the sod;
Then sigh like the great ocean's roll:†
"Cead míle fáilte, sweet God!
Thousands of welcomes, sweet God!"

When they to "the far country" go,
And the Judge awaits each at the end,
He'll give them the welcome they know:
"Cead míle fáilte, sweet friend!
Thousands of welcomes, sweet friend!"

* Pronounced *Kaid meela faulta*,—"A hundred thousand welcomes."

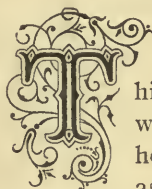
† The great poet Aubrey de Vere, shortly after his conversion, listening in the little country chapel to the subdued awe of the poor people at the Elevation, said that it reminded him of nothing so much as the rolling of the sea on the Irish coast.

THE life of Blessed Mary is a rule for all Christians. In her actions we find a perfect model, which leaves us ignorant of nothing which needs reforming in us: what we have to do and to avoid.

—St. Augustine.

The Halo of Sanctity.

BY FR. CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.



THE study of the posthumous history of a saint—that history which runs its course in the hearts of the people—is almost as interesting psychologically as that other history which concerns itself with his mortal life. Especially is this true of those saints who evoke a widespread, popular devotion. Frequently indeed such devotion is more patently indicative of the soul of the people, of their spiritual need and religious temperament, than of the real character and life-story of the saint they honor. Legends will sometimes attach themselves to the name of a saint, for which no historical tradition can be traced; and on the strength of these legends the saint will receive a warm and enthusiastic homage. But in other cases the popular devotion in its different stages is turned toward some historic event or known characteristic; and the link between the people's enthusiastic reverence and the saint's earthly life is easily authenticated. Yet even in this case it sometimes happens that the popular conception of a saint's character proceeds by successive stages to a fuller understanding; and the immediate motive of the honor paid to him varies from age to age.

Notably has this been so in regard to St. Anthony of Padua. Nearly seven hundred years have gone by since his

death; yet to-day there are few saints more universally honored with intimate affection than he. And the modern devotion to him is not in any sense a sporadic growth. From the beginning of the fourteenth century he has held the imagination of the Catholic people, and with successive ages the devotion to him has taken a wider sweep. Yet, as we shall see, the immediate motive has not always been the same; but each renewal has added something to the people's apprehension of the saint's character and merit.

To-day the devotion centres chiefly upon his pitiful charity toward the poor, and finds expression in "St. Anthony's Bread." Those who would honor him must feed the poor and assist them in their temporal needs. This special form of devotion to St. Anthony is of comparatively recent growth: it has come into evidence within the last half century. Undoubtedly its genesis is to be traced to the renewal of neighborly compassion for the poor, which about the same time manifested itself so remarkably in the institution of the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, and has since turned Catholic piety toward social reform. But the devotion of St. Anthony's Bread would hardly have gained such prominence had there not been some traditional ground for it in the already existing devotion to the saint. As a matter of fact, ever since the fourteenth century St. Anthony has been popularly regarded as the friend of those in need. In that century men sang of him:

*Si quæris miracula,
Mors, error, calamitas,
Dæmon, lepra fugiunt,
Ægri surgunt sani.*

*Cedunt mare, vincula;
Membra resque perditas
Petunt et accipiunt
Juvenes et cani.**

So far back, then, as the fourteenth century, St. Anthony was regarded as the finder of lost things, and the friend

of men in all manner of temporal distress. And yet we shall entirely misapprehend the regard in which he has been held by the popular feeling in past ages, and the secret of his power to evoke that regard, if we imagine that to the Catholic world St. Anthony has been merely the wonder-worker of neighborly charity. The representations of the saint in art, which above all else witness to the popular devotion, prove that behind the helpful wonder-worker, the people saw and honored a personality which appealed to their higher, spiritual instinct; and though they might be drawn to him in the first instance by his ready generosity in time of temporal need, they came speedily to honor him from more spiritual motives.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as is evident from the pictures of the time, the saint's fame largely rested upon the tradition of his marvellous power as a preacher and home missionary. He is depicted holding a book in one hand, whilst the other hand is raised in the attitude of a preacher. The book symbolizes the theologian; for, as is well known, St. Anthony was the first lecturer in theology in the Franciscan Order. But it is evident that the artist of the period had in his mind's eye a saint whose words had power over the hearts of men both to heal and rebuke. St. Anthony, in these pictures, is a middle-aged man, of commanding presence and piercing gaze; sometimes, as in the well-known Spoleto portrait, he has a lurking tenderness in the curve of the lips, — a man to love and yet to fear.

But in the fifteenth century, particularly with the Florentine artists, a transformation takes place. No longer is

* If miracles thou fain wouldst see,—
Lo! error, death, calamity,
The leprous stain, the demon flies,
From beds of pain the sick arise.

The hungry seas forego their prey,
The prisoner's cruel chains give way;
While palsied limbs and chattels lost
Both young and old recovered boast.

St. Anthony represented as the great preacher, but as the worshipper of the Divine Infant. At the same time he is shown not as a man of mature years, but as a youthful figure; and in his attitude is the ecstasy of youth in the presence of what it worships. It may be that this change was primarily due to the habit of the Florentine painters of grouping their saints round the Madonna or the Crucifixion; but in the case of St. Anthony there was held to be a particular justification for representing him in ecstatic devotion before the Divine Child and His Mother.

It is recorded in his history that on one occasion a friend went to visit him, and, peering into the saint's cell, beheld him talking to the Divine Infant. Later on this particular incident finds frequent representation in art; but in the fifteenth century the painter took it as indicative of the general attitude of the saint's piety and depicted him accordingly. He is now the Saint of the Holy Child. In keeping with this conception, he is represented as an embodiment of virginal youth; hence, the custom arose of placing in his hand the lily, symbolical of virginity. Occasionally, however, especially in the Marches of Ancona, where the tradition of Anthony's wonders abided with peculiar vividness, we find him represented as bearing in his hand a flaming heart, symbolical of his fervent love of God and men.

It will be seen that our modern symbolism of the saint is mainly drawn from the Florentine school of art, and indicates the persistence of the fifteenth-century devotion to him. We still, however, retain a memory of the earlier form of devotion in the theologian's book upon which the Divine Child is still usually depicted as standing. And to-day we are adding to the symbolism the loaf of St. Anthony's Bread.

Thus it is that St. Anthony continues to live in popular devotion, a favorite companion and guide to men in their

varying needs; at one time the preacher admonishing men to turn their thoughts from earth to heaven; at another time a figure of virginal, childlike purity to a world which needed to be warned against carnal depravity; and, again, as a friend of the poor when men's thoughts were in rebellion against the selfishness of a commercial age.

A Rift in the Rockies.

BY MRS. HUGH FRASER.

XVI.



TERENCE was obediently exploring the eastern shore of the lake when Romey Johnson's shout reached him, and made him spring a few yards up the bank to see whence it came. Far out across the dazzle of snow and ice, his keen sight perceived the low black line; and then he saw rise from it a figure waving its arms wildly; and the shouts were repeated in ever more piercing shrillness till the air was ringing with the echoes they aroused.

Terence drew a long breath into his lungs and yelled in answer; then he put his head down and raced for the spot where the sheriff and his companions were now standing, waving their hands to Romey, while they put their heads together in evident consultation.

Terence dashed breathlessly into the group.

"Come on!" he cried. "He's found the girl! Come on and get them to land!"

"What in thunder is it all about?" one of the men inquired, catching at the lad's arm.

"You ain't telling *me*," drawled the sheriff, "that there's a girl out there! That ice is all splintered up now—"

"He's gone over it to her," said Terence, angrily. "I guess if it held him it'll hold other people. Come along! What you waitin' for?" And he broke from them in a dash for the bank.

"Come back this minute, Terence Molloy!" called the sheriff, making after him. "I'm in charge here, and I'll put you in irons if you start any fool shines of that sort."

He had his man by the arm now, and led him back to where the others were watching the scene. The sheriff's grip was always something to remember, and Terence rubbed his arm ruefully when it relaxed. He was a strongly built boy, but he could not fight six-foot-two of whipcord and steel.

"Now, boys," said the officer, "we've got to get out to those two young loonies there as sharp as we can; but 'tisin't going to be the easiest or softest kind of a job. Guess we'll have to rig up some sort of a raft that'll slide over the ice and hold us up when she breaks. There's plenty of lumber lying round.—Terence, go and find a hammer and nails, and don't you dare to come back without 'em. I want a bucksaw, too. Now, boys, slick!"

"And you never seen such an outfit in your life," Terence afterward confided to his friends and compeers in Trenton. "One whole blamed hour that chap made us work puttin' together his crazy old raft, as he called it! Dunno how it stuck together, anyway. Wouldn't have, by gosh, but for a dozen yards of rope I'd got with me, thinking to use it on somethin' that didn't need no tyin' down when time come! And off we goes, pushin' the thing down off the edge like them life-savin' fellers in oilskins the Bank had on its calendars last year. 'Course the minute we got that forty horse-power automobile on the crust, with half a dozen fellers on top of her, through she goes, and them all skippin' off sideways, cussin' like Siwashes 'cos nobody had thought of warmin' the water 'fore they splashed in. Sheriff worse'n all of 'em. He don't swear habitual, but he's got some dandy ones, come to business. He's on agin next minute; and, 'Git out, young ladies!' says he, real mean. 'Me and the

boy is all the crew as is needed. Maybe you'll 'blige the meetin' by gettin' that bob-sleigh of Johnson's round to his place up there, so's somebody can take the weddin' party down to Trenton comfortable. They're a heap nearer Johnson's side than this one.'

"And after that we got along fine, sheriff and me, with two fence posts for poles, and comes 'longside the elegant Liner all right. Romey was sittin' in the bottom, boys—nary thing on him but his shirt and overalls,—holdin' the girl on his knees and cryin' like a baby. *Romey!* Seems he couldn't wake her up! Must ha' gone a bit queer in the head, old Romey. Hadn't tumbled to it that he warn't more'n three hundred yards from his own shore, and the ice as black and solid in the shadow there as the top of mother's new range. I gets my coat on him, and sheriff he picks up Miss Marie and jist runs for the shore, me draggin' Romey after him. And next thing we know sheriff's skipped round and found a trail, and got us up to the cabin. We didn't hustle any to light the fire then! Oh, no! Ten minutes after we got in, you bet that girl was rolled up in one hot blanket, and Romey in another, and sheriff was feedin' 'em hot whiskey in little teeny spoonfuls; and Miss Marie openin' her mouth and beginnin' to cry, real reasonable, 'cos he wouldn't give her the tumbler. Guess he knew what he was about.

"He kept us there that night; said the meetin' had had fresh air enough for one day; and after that—well, we got somethin' to eat. And I jist remember findin' a good warm corner on the floor by the stove—and what happened till next mornin' I couldn't exactly say. I suddenly woke up then, and the others was havin' breakfast; Miss Marie skippin' round as peart as anything, with her cheeks pink and her eyes shinin', and Romey lookin' at her kind of scared, but awful pleased same time. Seems he told her her pa was all right; anyhow, she

looked tickled to death. And when we started out to come home, nothin' would do but she must sit 'side Romey on the drivin' seat and hold the leathers. And—don't you tell, boys,—but I seen her lean down and kiss his hand that was all tied up 'cos he'd bruised it. Honest, I did!"

To which narration a free fight ensued on the hotel porch, and Mrs. Molloy sent her husband out to stop it.

For upstairs, in one of the bright rooms, Marie was sitting beside her father, who was resting comfortably enough, propped up on many pillows, his head scientifically bandaged still, but a good, healthy color showing in his face. It was a fine face, marked with lines of sorrow, and still somewhat haggard from his recent experiences, of which, however, the doctor had forbidden that he should be encouraged to talk as yet. Ten days had passed since old Mrs. Laurensen, very proud of her case, had accompanied Molloy when he brought Le Breton down to town the day after Marie's arrival there. As the sleigh drew up before the door, the girl broke away from Mrs. Molloy, who was purposely trying to detain her in the kitchen, and flew to the entrance, where, on seeing an inert form lifted out on a mattress, the very face covered with rugs, she swayed and would have fallen but for a pair of strong arms that caught her, while a cracked voice cried: "Ton't take on! De papa's all rigd. He's fine. Me cure 'im. Ony want sleebe and ead now."

Yes, the queer old woman had set the broken bones and mended the broken head; and, for sheer love of healing, had made so fine a job of it that the doctor said he was glad she did not live in town: he would have to take down his shingle if she did. And he added that the sick man would be well in a week or two; and then—well, he hoped Miss Marie would overlook the fact that there had been nothing for him to do at all, and would not leave him out when she and that extremely lucky chap, Johnson, sent out invitations to their wedding. And Marie

turned very pink, and told him not to talk nonsense; but the chirrupy doctor replied that Trenton had no idea of being cheated of the last chapter of so thrilling a romance as seldom came its way in these dull times, and it would never forgive her if she went back on its expectations.

But as Marie sat by her father's bedside in the bright upper room, silent as a mouse for fear of disturbing his sleep, her sweet face was very grave, and her Rosary slipped more and more slowly through her fingers, till at last they ceased to move altogether. It was hard to keep her mind on the dear old prayers to-day, though of all days they were needed on this one. God had given her back her dear father; and, though the terrors and shocks of the past few weeks must lie like a scar on her memory forever, he and she could take up their life together in all affection and safety wherever he thought best. But some one else had come into her own existence, with a dear-ness and power that could not be overlooked; that asked what she was longing to give, yet could not give—unless faith were to go hand in hand with love. She would live unwed to her dying day rather than plight her troth to one who regarded it as no sacrament, one to whom the Holy Names meant nothing, whose hopes and fears were bounded by the chances and changes of this mortal life. Like St. Teresa, this simple girl told herself that she would be, first and last and always, a child of the Church; and unless the most beloved of men became one too, he must look elsewhere for his mate,—she would not be Marie le Breton.

Romey's eyes had flashed angrily and his face set in cold, obstinate lines when she spoke to him about it. The prejudices of his old surroundings were not to be dislodged at a word.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" he asked. "'Tisn't fair to spring it on me now—now—after—"

He could not trust himself to say the

rest. The remembrance of a moment when they two had stood together under the pines in the early sun, before starting down to Trenton,—it all swept over him in a flood of bitter sweetness. Heart to heart, cheek to cheek, love-whispers mingling with the murmurs of the branches overhead,—was all that to be forgotten, wiped out, because he would not make vows to an alien Deity, of whose very existence he was unconvinced?

"O Romey, how could I stop to—to ask you questions then?" Marie had cried, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes suffused. "You didn't give me time to think of anything but you. And now you reproach me with it! It's not—yes, I will say it—it's not generous of you."

"Perhaps not," Romey said gloomily. "I guess you are right, Marie. But there's something worse than not being generous, and that is, being false. You know I think the world of you, but there's one thing I won't do even for you: I won't give away my liberty and 'go down on my knees to a priest—just a *man* like myself,—and do what he tells me. If that's what you're asking me to do, we'll say good-bye right here; for I *won't*,—that's all there is to it!"

He had gone away without waiting for an answer; and now it was some days since he had been to town, and Marie's heart was very heavy, more with pity for him than for herself. It caused her a pang to think of him alone among the desolate hills, with only sorrow and bitterness to keep him company through the cold days. She would have given so much to hear his ringing laugh, to see the warm light come to his eyes when they turned to her, to know that hope and joy rose up and lay down with him in the lonely cabin by the lake.

A tear or two fell on the hands that clasped the Rosary. Then the door opened gently, and Father Mortier looked in and beckoned to her. She rose from her place and went out to him in the passage, silently closing the door behind her.

"I have just seen your young man, my child," said the Father. "He gave me a lift as I was coming into town, and I would not let him put me down till I had found out what was making him look so miserable. No, he was not coming here, but he will come very soon. It's the same silly old story one has heard a thousand times. Upon my word, if we poor priests undertook to dominate our parishioners' lives as those outsiders credit us with doing, we should have precious little time for anything else. I took some of that nonsense out of him to-day,—talked straight, as a man can talk to a man. Don't fret, my dear! Give him time, and go on praying. He will call to see me the next time he comes down,—proposed it himself. Things will all come right in the end, be sure of that."

Marie, womanlike, fixed on the one point of this discourse that had no connection with the important subject of it.

"He was in town and he never came to see me!" she exclaimed angrily. "Why, it was just *mean* of him! I—I don't believe he cares a bit! I'll never speak to him again!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" Father Mortier replied, nodding his head. "It is because he cares so much, and is afraid that if he sees you he may be tempted to perjure his obstinate soul for your sake. He's a mighty straight boy, is Romey, and he will make a solid Catholic one of these days when he knows more than he knows now. I won't lose sight of him. He feels he can trust me. We made friends before ever he saw you, you know. Now run out and get a good walk. I can sit with Mr. le Breton till you come back."

The winter was a thing of the past; and June, the glorious June of the North, rioted free over the land that had lain cold and white when Romey first saw his Marie. The acres he had ploughed in April, with lagging feet and troubled heart; were bursting forth in the first richness of young green: here the wheat,

delicate emerald blades all shimmering in the light; there, where the mountain stream had been coaxed to irrigate the furrows, burying earth from sight in billows of verdant alfalfa crowned with a haze of pale lilac blossom. The choke-cherry flung out white tassels on the air, and every little coppice was a tangle of ivory-petalled syringa, shedding its nard-like perfume on the breeze which danced down from the peaks and ruffled the lake to ripples of azure. Who can describe the sweetness and glory of full summer in the snow-nourished North? It sweeps all before it, and one thanks God for the dumb white months that were its nursery and its source.

And it was in the blown-rose glory of a June morning that Romey brought Marie home. The good Father had been right: the young man's crystal honesty of intention had enabled him to cast out the phantom fears that prejudice had instilled, and ignorance had fed. When he yielded, he yielded nobly to a noble advisory, whom from that hour he took to his heart, never to depart from him. The Truth he had never known till then became a guide he was glad to follow, proud to serve; and when he and Marie plighted their troth, it was at the foot of the altar, with hearts given into God's keeping.

"O Romey, boy!" she cried as he led her to the door of the cottage. "How did you do it all? Why, it's a *house*! I never saw anything so wonderful!"

"Hold on, girlie!" he said, lifting her in his arms. "I'm going to carry you in. Now" (setting her down, laughing and protesting, within the threshold), "what do you think of *this*, Mrs. Romey Johnson?"

She gave one look round at the large, fair room, bright with flowery chintzes, rich in white pine furniture, matted gaily underfoot, and decked in her honor with fragrant posies brought in from the glamour of green and sunshine outside. Open doors showed airy bedrooms, where

the breeze was blowing white curtains inward, and the sun shone on polished floors in dazzling tracks of light.

"It's—it's too beautiful! I can't bear it!" she said, hiding her face on his shoulder and trembling all over. "O Romey, I'm going to be so good to you! If ever I get mean after this, you may just pitch me into the lake. I'll deserve it."

"I got you out of it once, I believe," he said, kissing her hair, "and I'm surely not going to put you back there. Now, Marie, this is our room on the right, and the one over there is for father,—you've got to share him with me now, you know. And the big one is for sister Alice when she comes. You're going to just love Alice, and she'll be a help to you. She's the handiest, kindest little thing! And there's another room I haven't fixed the furniture for yet—what are you crying for, sweetheart? Did I say anything wrong?"

"You're the dearest old goose that ever lived!" said Mrs. Romey Johnson, burying her face once more on her husband's shoulder. Then she lifted it, all wet and lovely and radiant, and kissed him softly.

When she passed into her room, she found the little picture of the Mother of Fair Love hanging above the bed, in a carved frame. Falling on her knees, she clasped her hands and gazed at it rapturously.

"It's thy house, Blessed Mother!" she murmured. "Please stay with us always!"

And the Blessed Mother did.

(The End.)

A GOOD subject of meditation, if we were wise, would be to consider by how many little and great obstacles, and little and great lights, God has taken the trouble to restrain our rebel wills and mad search for happiness outside of Himself. Let us rejoice for everything that is a restraint and a burden; this is our provision for a life that will never end; on this we shall live forever.

—Louis Venillot.

Janua Cœli, Ora pro Nobis!

BY N. R.

ACANT their places, but their footsteps echo
In Memory's vast hall;
And in the rooms by them so long deserted,
We hear their voices call.
What do they say to us, those soft, low voices,
Heard only yesterday?
They whisper: "Think of us at God's high altar,
And meekly for us pray!

"Pray as God's Mother prayed when standing
mutely
Beside her dying Son;
Pray as the martyrs prayed when crown and
guerdon
Were sighted—almost won!
Remember us where we would be remembered
When rings the *Sanctus* bell;
Ask Him to take us where His saints adore Him,
With Him and them to dwell."

Thus do they plead to us, those sheep of Jesus,
Those watchers for the Light;
The purged with hyssop, so content to suffer
Until their fleece be white;
The mariners who have escaped the shipwreck,
The wild waves' crash and din,
Who near the port, shout to the harbor Master:
"Good Master, let us in!"

And so we come to thee, O Mother Mary,
Star of the lost at sea!
Where tapers burn before thy shrine we gather,
Like children round thy knee.
Hear now our plea, O clement Mother Mary,
Spouse of the Sacred Dove!
Regard our anguish, hark to our petitions
For holy souls we love.

And those we know not, stranger souls and
lonely,
Who meekly, sadly wait
For their release,—by all but Christ forgotten,
And thee, Immaculate.
Turn thou thine eyes upon them, gentle Mother,
And shorten thou the years;
O lead them homeward in thy loving-kindness,
And wipe away their tears!

The Red Star burns before Him on the altar
Where God with us is found;
Can we do less than ask His hand to loosen
The chains of those sore bound?
Then let us join and whisper, "King and Master,
Thou knowest what is best:
Open the doors. In Paradise the golden,
Give them eternal rest!"

Leaves from an Old Priest's Diary.

BY W. P. M. KENNEDY.

THE following story from the manuscript left to me by my venerated friend, Father O'Connell, belongs to a period when he was widely known as a spiritual director on the clerical staff of one of the largest churches in a fashionable quarter of one of the best-known English cities. In this capacity he became (at the time to which I refer the story) famous, if I may use such a word in connection with him. Round his confessional gathered men and women and children drawn from that pregnant homeland of temptation, society life; and I have heard many a witness to his devotion, his patience, and his love. I give the MS. exactly as it exists, except that all names and places have been carefully suppressed.

I had spent several hours in the confessional. It was a Saturday night, when our parishioners are least taken up with the amusements of their life, and I was usually kept busy till even a late hour. This particular Saturday I was more than ordinarily busy, as the following Sunday was a special Communion of Our Lady's League, an organization in which we tried to unite our women in regular Catholic duties amid scenes so very distracting, and in which the world-spirit, however innocent it may be in itself, so quickly tends to crush out the practices of religion. How little "innocent" it is, alas! my own heart knows; for I've found it always uphill work here to bring

the dearest claims of the Blessed Sacrament home to hearts often jaded with enjoyment, and to men and women—aye, even to boys and girls—worn out with round after round of amusement. The lonely Tabernacle and the Blessed Mother are too far away from such lives,—with nothing to do, nothing to worry about,—nothing but pleasure after pleasure. Still, there is much for which to thank God, and I have had many consolations here.

It was seven in the evening; and, full of such thoughts as these, I was crossing the large church square. The city cars were packed; the big electric lights looked down on throngs of men and women idle and lonely, away from God. Carriages (even to-night) rolled away to the fashionable squares. It was a typical summer-night scene in our district. The poorer and middle classes taking the air; the wealthier mostly bent on enjoyment; and high above all rose the cross on the church, type of the highest joy—the joy of sacrifice.

I stood for a moment on the presbytery steps with my keys in my hand, and the thought came to my mind from my morning's meditation, "Seeing the city, He wept over it." I was just turning to open the door when a lady came in through the street gate and hurriedly approached me.

"Father O'Connell, I believe?"

"Yes, Madam. Do you wish to see me?"

"I want you to come at once," she replied, "to Sir John M——, at 36 Z—— Square. He is dying and wishes the last rites of the Church."

I noticed her particularly under the large electric lamp outside the presbytery door. I did not know her, and she did not seem much moved by the melancholy announcement which she brought. Nor did I know Sir John M——. We have a custom here of dividing the parish up, for administrative purposes, among the staff, and Z—— Square was in the district assigned to Father R——. So I asked:

"Would you like to see Father R——?"

I think he has returned from church, and more than likely he knows Sir John M——, as Z—— Square is in his district."

She seemed rather to resent the suggestion. Indeed, among these people parochial administration is somewhat difficult. Of course, we are bound by no hard and fast law in such cases; but I knew nothing, as I said, of the illness in question.

"No, no," she answered. "Sir John has sent me specially for you. He has asked for you several times, and I have been sent to bring you to him. I wish you to come at once if you can, as I don't think he will live through the night."

She spoke with emphasis and eagerness. I judged that it was not a case to argue about; and—God forgive me!—I ought not to have suggested Father R——; but I was weary and somewhat distracted.

"I will come at once," I said. "It will take only a few minutes to get ready. Tell him I shall be with him immediately."

"Father, I wish to accompany you on the way as an act of devotion. I shall wait for you here. Won't you let me follow?"

Well, I thought, here I have been thinking how little faith there is in the wild rush of this city, and now God brings me an example of devotion just to check my harsh judgments. Shall I ever learn that His ways are wonderful and that He alone knows all hearts?

"As you will, Madam," I said.

"I shall show you the house and the nearest way; and then I shall leave you a moment, as I wish to summon a friend who is rather old, and a personal summons from me will be easier."

I could not have been absent more than five or six minutes. I found her standing in the little porch of the presbytery, as I had left her. She made an act of profound reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, and we set out, of course in silence.

Is there ever a mission like this? To bear amid the noise and bustle of the thoughtless city the Eternal God! What

thoughts rushed to my mind! "They knew Him not." Here was a mission of faith; and from the Sacrament on my breast to this living devotion, a great throb of understanding love seemed to pass and repass in ever-increasing force. I was lost in wonder. I did not seem to mark my steps or way; and yet this correspondence between the Sacred Host and this woman's faith guided me instinctively. Here was "the living way."

My meditations, or rather confused and formless thoughts, the broken verses of psalms and hymns, were interrupted by the lady's speaking.

"This is Sir John's house. I shall return in a minute or so." She made another act of reverence and left me.

I found myself at the foot of a large flight of marble steps leading to one of the characteristic mansions of the district. I mounted them and rang the bell as quietly as possible. A servant in livery opened the door.

"I am sorry Sir John is ill," I said. "Will you kindly inform him that Father O'Connell has come?"

A slight smile, characteristic at times of higher servants, gathered round the man's face.

"Ill, sir? Sir John is just now finishing dinner!"

I felt rather confused. Had I made some mistake? Was the message not clear? Was my guide laboring under some delusion?

"I beg pardon!" I replied.

"Sir, Sir John is quite well. Perhaps you've come to the wrong house."

"Perhaps," I said, "I am sorry for troubling you."

I was just preparing to add some more definite excuse, when a gentleman in evening dress came into the hall from a door on the left. He glanced at me, seemed somewhat startled, but came down the hall to the door and said:

"Father O'Connell, of St. F——'s, I think?"

The servant retired to the foot of the large staircase.

"Yes," I answered.

I was about to add my reason for calling when a rather kindly look came over the sharp, clean-shaven, aristocratic face, and he said in a pleasant voice:

"Come in, Father. I've heard of you often. I'm a Catholic, too, you know."

He took me into a small room that contained numerous books and papers, a huge safe, guns, fishing-rods, and so forth,—what is called, I believe, "a den." By this time I had recovered my self-possession, and I said guardedly:

"Sir John, I have come here through a mistaken message that you were dying. I have the Blessed Sacrament with me."

"Indeed! But I never felt better in my life. I'm off to Scotland for the shooting, on Sunday night's Express. You must have mistaken the phone."

As "message" in the city usually means a telephonic communication, I thought it best to leave the matter as it was for the present; so I replied:

"Yes, we're often mistaken. But I won't delay you longer. I am extremely sorry for putting you to such inconvenience."

I prepared to go.

"Oh, no inconvenience, Father! But, if you could take the Blessed Sacrament back to the church and then return here and come up to the smoking-room, I'd be glad to have a chat. Indeed, I've not seen a priest for some time, and my shooting is far beyond churches. Come back if you can, and I'll make you at home, and we'll have a good talk!"

Strange thoughts came into my mind, but I suddenly decided to return; and when I did so Sir John conducted me upstairs to a room which I can describe only as a second edition of the "den" downstairs, except that the walls were lined with books. He rang the bell, and a footman answered.

"Bring cigars and port," he said; and, pointing to a large armchair, he addressed me: "Now, Father, be seated."

I seated myself, and watched him as he pushed back a large table to make

room for a smaller round one. He was a man, I thought, of about forty or forty-five years,—a typical Englishman of his class,—broad-shouldered, eminently refined, good-natured, and cheerful. I wondered if he were a practical Catholic, or if, like too many others, he were a Catholic only in name. I seemed to know his face; I seemed to have seen it, or one like it, quite recently. This rather puzzled me; for, as a rule, I remember faces where I often forget names. I could not place him among those I knew or had seen at St. F——'s; and, from his manner, it was clear that I was known to him only by name. One thing struck me during these moments. He turned three times deliberately and gazed at me with a sort of questioning look, and then at once dropped his eyes as they met mine, and as though he was surprised that I was watching him.

The footman entered with a silver cigar box, and a decanter of port on a silver tray. Sir John drew his chair up opposite to mine, with the small round table between us.

"Help yourself to port and have a smoke," he said in calm tones,—calmer and less loudly than he had previously spoken.

I poured out a little wine, lighted a cigar, and he did the same.

"Well, Father, it's strange to be sitting here talking to a priest. Why—let me see! I haven't had a chat with a *padre* since I resigned the army, and that was, I think—yes, in Poona, twenty years ago. I'm just gone fifty, and I returned when I came into the title. Those years in India played hob with me."

"A trying climate for service," I said. "I've often been told so by army men. Was your friend a chaplain?"

"Oh, I don't know what he was really, but we all knew him! He was one of those *padres* whom we never resented having round our quarters,—a thorough man, good sport, good friend, good foe. He and I were companions up to a point."

"Ah, that's often the way!" I replied. "It's hard to find a friend acceptable in every detail."

"Oh, it wasn't any real difference between us!" He lifted his wine glass, sipped the wine, and, watching the spirit glide down the glass as he held it toward the light, he added: "What vintage and song and sunny fields are in a glass of wine!"

"The romantic side of it, isn't it?" I said.

"Perhaps, but Padre John and I often wished for this 'romantic side of it,' when we got bad stuff out East."

I saw that he wanted to talk of this priest. Indeed, I began to realize that there lay something behind the mention of his name.

"You still hear from him, I suppose?"

"No, no: he's dead. Came home to England, went down to my mother's place, and he was with her when she died suddenly. He himself died the following Christmas. I was fishing in Norway and missed him. Yes, he was the last *padre* I've talked to as I'm doing to you."

"So he came to see you by yourself often?" I ventured.

"Often. Why, sir, many a night we used to sit and talk and smoke till the day broke. It was the 'difference' that made us talk."

"Ah! I suppose it was one of those differences that really make friends?"

"Well, perhaps. I can see him now in his loose linen suit, standing up against the rotten light, his arms folded like the officer of a tramp steamer, and then he'd let fly."

"A good talker?"

"Talker? He never talked: he just poured vitriol on you if you needed it. We called it 'preaching.'"

"Oh, now he didn't preach *at* you, I'm sure!"

"No, sir: *into* you, and I couldn't turn and kick him out. He was one of those persons who got hold of you and held you fast. He hurt, but you liked it."

"Well, if you liked it, why did you differ? Those must have been happy evenings, after all," I added, with a laugh. I didn't know what to make of everything yet; but it was clear that he wanted to talk of those Indian days from a motive of no mere gossip, so I thought it better to lead him on.

"Well, it's just this way. That man really liked me, and I went to confession to him at last. That's what was wrong. He had told me I was going to hell and all that, and at last one Good Friday I went. I'd been away since I landed in India two years before."

"Splendid!" I said, — "splendid! You can never regret that. I see clearly now, Sir John, why you liked this *padre*."

"Ah, not so clearly yet, perhaps! I went off to another station, got out of touch with him, and then I began to drop off again. There were few Catholics, and pretty slack, too, they were; and before long I was worse than ever. Finally I gave up going to Mass except as an official duty. So when I told you of him, your sitting there *tête-à-tête* with me brought back his memory and those Poona days."

"Oh, well, you've recovered since, by the mercy of God!"

"Why, no. I told you I haven't had a *chat* with a *padre* since,—no, not spoken to one even in the confessional. I have given up everything."

"Mass?"

"Mass—everything! I've just lived my life as I began it in India; and, as he used to say, I suppose I'm going—indeed, I know I'm going—to hell now."

Things were fairly clear to me. It was the old, old story which I had so often met of late in my work here. Gradually dropping off, broken efforts, and then the end—Mass abandoned. I could not but pity him. To look at, he showed few signs of vice or dissipation. He was a fine, manly-looking fellow; his own words merely hinted at the canker within. But God knows each heart has its burden, each soul its darker side. I

knew I must act. I knew I must make every effort to bring him once more into vital touch with grace. But how to act? Had he the 'seared conscience' of Scripture? No, or he would hardly have spoken of these things. Was he indifferent? Hardly, or the *padre's* memory would not have been so pleasant to him. These were the thoughts of a moment. I lifted my own poor heart to God, and then continued the conversation:

"Sir John, I must protest against such words. Only God can finally decide who is in hell, and that beyond this life."

"Well, Father, there it is! It's long years now since I was at Communion or Mass, and longer still since I was at confession. I've been honestly afraid to go. You know what I mean?"

I knew it well. How many souls are afraid to come to cast their sins behind them! How many a time have I told my penitents to "pray for poor souls afraid to come to confession," because that is to me one of the greatest insults to the Sacred Heart!

"Afraid? Are you afraid to pray?"

"Oh, no, it's not that! I'd not be afraid to pray. But there I've made fun of other fellows about it—taken the wrong side, as you'd say in the 'club and elsewhere,—and now they'd turn on me. A few times of late I went into the cathedral to think things out; but there were two old friends there; and when they chaffed me, I said I came just to hear Dr. J——'s choir, as he had been so successful with it, and the music was as good as any in England. I often look back to that last confession to old Padre John. But there it is, as I have said: I'm right down now."

Yes, I knew every word that he told me. I could have filled in for him every detail of the picture. I could have told him that he had not lost his faith, but that he was excusing his sin by trying to pour scorn on the means of grace. I knew perhaps friends of his own who had been through the same fierce soul stress and

had come out of it strong men. Oh, why will men distrust the Saviour? Experience teaches me more and more that this distrust is one of the devil's subtlest weapons.

"Right down!" I repeated. "Why, my good man, you never were nearer up than you are now! You don't fear God, but you fear man. Surely that's a cowardly thing for an old soldier. Would Padre John know you if you said you were afraid of chaff in a club or among your friends? You don't mean it, Sir John!"

I hit hard. With such men sometimes it is best to hit hard. I saw I had touched him, and struck home.

"Come now," I said. "You hold fast to the Catholic Faith."

"Yes," he added slowly and firmly, "I believe it all; but, as I tell you, I've given up all practice of it."

I took no notice of his last remark, and I said very tenderly, and looking him square in the face:

"Go to your room and pray, and come back to see me when you wish. I'll wait for you here as long as you like. I can say my Office meantime."

He looked at me. Tears came into his eyes, and he left the room. Once again there came to me the thought that I had seen the man's face before; but I was soon on my knees praying that the Sacred Heart would give him grace to be true to his Faith. Strange thoughts still came to me. I thought of the messenger, and I decided it was a case of a mistaken address and name, and I felt sure that some other priest would have been sent for. Indeed, I had had a similar experience a few weeks before. One of the maids in a house in my district confused a message from the butler and took me out on quite an objectless mission. I saw, however, in all this the hand of God, and I prayed that His grace would now triumph.

After the course of an hour or so Sir John returned. He walked straight up to my chair, knelt down and said:

"I wish to go to confession, Father."

There once again, as I have seen it so often, was God the Saviour and man the sinner in their happiest relationship; and once again out of the infinite ocean of His Precious Blood there flowed the sacred cleansing of His mercy; once again "a door opened in heaven."

I arranged with Sir John to be present at my Mass in one of the quiet chapels at seven o'clock the next morning, and that he should receive Holy Communion and come to breakfast in my study. He was, as it were, a new man.

On the way home, quiet was settling over the parish. A few penitents still remained in church as I knelt down before the altar for a while, and then went to the presbytery and retired for the night.

Next morning I said Mass at seven, and as I turned round with the Blessed Sacrament for Communion and said, "*Domine, non sum dignus!*" I knew that from one soul those words would ring out with newer meaning. I passed from communicant to communicant in the dim morning light that crept through the heavy stained-glass window behind the altar, and gave them the Light which is the fulness of the splendor of God. But Sir John was not there!

I was sore puzzled. As I unvested I determined to see him at once, as I was confident of his sincerity, and also of his purpose to be present. On second thought, however, I decided to wait in the church, as perhaps he might come later. I waited till each Low Mass was over, but he did not appear. I went quickly to the presbytery, drank a cup of coffee, and started for his house. The same servant opened the door.

"Is Sir John in? He expects me, I think,"—I added these words, knowing they were excusable.

"Step in, sir," he answered; and in the hall he added: "I went up this morning, called him at six as he had told me, pulled up his blind, said his bath was ready, and, sir, he was quite dead. I

summoned a doctor, but the doctor said he'd been dead some time."

All this was spoken with a calm characteristic of such servants before strangers; but the man's voice was broken, and he was almost in a state of collapse.

"How sad, — how sad!" I answered. "May I visit his room?"

"Certainly, sir, as we're quite alone. I telegraphed for his brother in Yorkshire."

I went upstairs, past the door of the room where we had sat last night. It stood open. I entered the death chamber. I thanked the Sacred Heart for the splendor of His wisdom, and I prayed for mercy on a soul so lately swept into the stream of grace. When I came downstairs, the same servant met me.

"You'll let me know at St. F——'s about the funeral, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir! But of course Colonel M—— will decide."

"Would you mind my asking you?—I noticed a beautiful painting of a lady hanging in your late master's room. I thought I knew the face, but I can't recall it. Who is she?"

"Oh, the large painting just over the bed?"

"Yes," I answered.

"That is Sir John's mother. She died three years ago."

"Ah, yes!" I observed. "Thank you! And don't forget to let me hear all arrangements."

"No, sir; and thank you, sir, very much!"

He opened the door, recovering his wonted calm.

As I went down the steps, I said to myself, "So that is his mother!" Now I understood the difficulty I had about Sir John's face, which I thought I had seen. The portrait was that of the lady who had summoned me the previous evening.

A Girl's Trial.

BY MARY CROSS.

KATHLEEN was wild with excitement. She had not many social pleasures, and chief among them were the "At Homes" to which Mrs. Armstrong, her distant kinswoman, invited her. The consequent escaping, though only for a few hours, from the atmosphere of lotions and potions, and the discussion of how to keep down household expenses, was in itself pleasure; but it became delight when, from the secluded corner to which her shyness compelled her to retreat, she could gaze at the personages whose names were household words—authors, artists, and composers,—and dream of a day when she might be one of them, one with them.

Now she was offered an opportunity of seeing in the flesh a chief of "the easily victorious few of high renown," Arthur Rylton, the famous critic of the famous literary review, the *Athena*, whom she had long regarded with wondering awe.

Kathleen was an orphan. She had been cast penniless in childhood on the care of a maiden aunt, who kept up appearances on a limited income, and gave a home to her niece in return for personal attentions of which she, as an invalid, required many. With Kathleen's literary aspirations she had no sympathy whatsoever, and regarded the girl's hope of gaining independence by her writings as the most foolish of delusions. She declined Mrs. Armstrong's invitations, ostensibly on the ground of ill health, really because she found herself out of touch with that lion-hunting lady and her distinguished friends; but she allowed Kathleen to attend Margaret's "book-ridden parties," as she called them.

In her limited spare time, Kathleen worked with a feverish energy that would have destroyed the health of a weaker girl. The publication of several short

TO-DAY well lived makes every yesterday a dream of happiness, and every to-morrow a vision of hope.—*Anon.*

stories was followed by the acceptance of a long novel, at which she had toiled late and early; and her heart beat high at that stroke of success, with its suggestion of splendid possibilities—"honor, troops of friends,"—editors and publishers competing for her work; and a fuller, freer life, without the restrictions imposed by compulsory economy.

She confided the good news to Margaret Armstrong, who had outlived enthusiasm for budding authors, and preferred the more mature. Still, she displayed a friendly interest in Kathleen's prospects.

"Come on Thursday evening," she said, "and you will have an opportunity of meeting Arthur Rylton. He has made the fortune of not a few writers: he may do as much for you."

Whether he did that or not, it was worth a great deal to see him, perhaps to hear him speak. Thursday night came slowly, but it came surely; and the star of Mrs. Armstrong's gathering rose on the horizon,—a tall, handsome man, conscious of his ability, his good looks, young enough fully to enjoy his success in the world of letters, rich enough to be independent of it. To him at least Fortune had come with both hands full.

His bright, careless glance travelled over many familiar faces, to pause at that of a stranger, guileless, sensitive, lovely; something in its wistful, rapt expression touched him; it paid him tribute with a faint blush, and there came to him a breath of fragrance from forgotten meadows of youth.

"Who is that pretty girl?" he asked his hostess.

"Kathleen O'Hara, a forty-second cousin of mine. May I introduce you, or will you cry 'Enough!' when I tell you she has contributed some amateurish stories to the *St. James'*, and has a novel in the press?"

"The fact of her being related to you covers even those indiscretions," he replied; and Mrs. Armstrong laughed, and effected the introduction.

Speedily Kathleen was carried away by his wonderful charm of manner, and the new, entrancing experience of discussing her aims and efforts with one who understood and sympathized. Others wondered why Rylton bored himself with "that unsophisticated little Irish girl," to the neglect of intellectual men and women prepared to exchange opinions with him, and to give back ray for ray of sparkling discourse.

Mrs. Armstrong discerned a romance; and, after that first meeting, arranged that Kathleen should be at her house when there was any probability of Mr. Rylton's being there too. And so they met frequently, Kathleen adding to her stock of mental treasures the kindly, encouraging words without which he never parted from her.

In truth, she was in his thoughts much. He found himself haunted by her soft, pathetic eyes. Her struggles toward a goal which he knew she never would reach, and her isolated existence with its best years consumed in attendance on a fanciful, fretful invalid, appealed to him as neither beauty nor brilliance in woman ever had done. Possibly her simplicity, her absolute innocence, were the most potent charms of all to a man so thoroughly of the world as he.

At length her novel was published, and she eagerly awaited the verdict of the reviewers. She was an unknown writer, and her work lacked strength and individuality, so that in the majority of cases all the mention made of the volume consisted of its title being included in the list of "Books received." But, after all, it was what "he" said that mattered (there was only one "he" on earth for Kathleen); and the thought that her work might find favor in his eyes and merit his praise enabled her to bear its being ignored by others.

Eagerly she bought the *Athena*, tremulously she turned its pages until her own name caught her eye. She read the lines first with incredulity, then with wrath

and shame and misery. "'Shaun's Vow,' by Kathleen O'Hara, may be recommended to readers in search of a soporific." That was all. In that cruel, mocking sentence, written in a minute, the work of weary months was tried, condemned, and executed. Oh, the pain, the humiliation of it! A fair criticism, however unfavorable, she could have borne; but not a cheap sneer from him, her prince of chivalry, her ideal of all that was fine and high and brave. Her very insignificance might have shielded her from that expression of his contempt.

The book went down like a stone in a pond, and the chill waters of inappreciative silence closed over it. No one read it; no one wanted to read it. Its forlorn author declined Mrs. Armstrong's invitations, unable to face society with the brand of "his" ridicule upon her, and the sense of failure aching in heart and brain. About this time Aunt Agnes announced her intention of going to Harrogate to try if "the waters" and "treatment" would do her any good, and Kathleen welcomed the prospect of getting away from the scene of disaster and the danger of meeting "him."

And yet she did meet him ere the day of departure, as she came out of the Brompton Oratory, whither she had gone to weep and to pray unobserved. He returned her distant bow smilingly.

"Why, Miss O'Hara, I thought you had flown back to fairyland! May I walk a little way with you?"

"Thank you, I am driving home!" she replied; and added a conventional "Good-morning!"

He raised his eyebrows over the stiff little speech, and the new, unpleasant consciousness of being snubbed; and, without another word, he bowed and retired.

The smart of tears in her eyes, Kathleen reproached herself for being hard and unforgiving. She was unnerved by the encounter, and by what she deemed his desire to probe the wound he had inflicted, but she had to bear all in silence. To

confide her failure and the *Athena's* pronouncement to Aunt Agnes was only to bring upon herself an irritating "I told you so!" She tried to submit meekly and in patience; and the weeks dragged by, darkened by fresh disappointments and the rain of many bitter tears until the time came for leaving London for gay Harrogate.

The town was radiant with the wealth of flowers that makes it one huge garden; and the usual bevy of fashionable invalids with real or imaginary complaints had gathered at the Hydropathic, where Aunt Agnes soon found congenial companionship, thoroughly enjoying an exchange of opinions and experiences as to doctors, diseases, and remedies, and the virtues of the Harrogate waters. But Kathleen had never before been at such an establishment, and was completely out of her element. She ailed in nowise, therefore had nothing in common with one section of the guests; and she had no more with the other, being unable to enter into the amusement that girls of her own age derived from tennis and dancing and flirting, and the discussing of dress and admirers. Her heart was in her literary work, and that heart was beginning to fail, so many disappointments had she met with of late. The armor to which she had trusted was falling to pieces around her.

The great house blazed with light; strains of music floated through the corridors, blending with the sound of laughter, merry voices, and gliding feet,—signs and tokens that dancing had begun. Aunt Agnes was playing bridge with a sedate trio; and Kathleen, left as usual to her own resources, took refuge in the reading-room. There she sat, unappropriated, unsought, and forgotten, her eyes fixed on a book, not a page of which she turned.

The door opened, and a man entered with the air of serene supremacy peculiar to him. Kathleen almost cried out when she saw him, but managed to control herself, biting her quivering lip into

stillness, and affecting a profound interest in "A Roman Singer." Arthur Rylton, however, did not choose to be ignored by the girl who had caught his wayward fancy, at sight of whom he felt his heart leap. He crossed the room and addressed her, seeing her color come and go with secret exultation.

"I did not know that Harrogate was one of your playgrounds, Miss O'Hara."

"Are you staying here,—in this house, I mean?" she asked, with a nervous dread of meeting him daily.

"No: at the Hotel Majestic. I came here to see a friend—who has not yet arrived, it appears."

She bowed slightly, and took up her book again to indicate that the interview was over. But Arthur was not in a mood to accept rebuffs: he would find out why she had raised a barrier of ice against him, and what lay beyond it.

"I know not why, but you seem to have taken a tremendous dislike to me, Miss O'Hara. What have I done to deserve it?"

She sat silent, thinking of "Shaun's Vow" lying unasked-for on the publisher's shelves, its ultimate fate to be sold as "remainders," the alias for waste paper; of subsequent rejections scattering dust and ashes on her path; of the extinction both of hope and of faith in her own ability since his cruel words had cut like a knife into her heart.

"Tell me what I have done," he persisted,—“tell me, . . . Kathleen!"

"Have you so soon forgotten your criticism of my book in the *Athena*?" she asked, trembling at his gentle, persuasive murmur of her name. "It was sport for you, perhaps: it was death to me. I am not so vain, so childish, as to expect you to praise where conscientiously you must blame; but was it necessary to—to—"

Her voice failed; tears dragged down her long lashes. He stared at her for a moment or two without speaking, until light broke on him.

"Is it possible that you don't know

that, before your book was published, I had retired from my post on the *Athena*, thanks to a disagreement with the new proprietor? I have not reviewed your book at all."

The almost overwhelming sense of relief that the unworthy gibe had not been his was tempered by the knowledge that it expressed an utter stranger's estimate of her work.

"I have misjudged you," she admitted humbly. "I am very sorry indeed."

"And I am sorry that you should have had so poor an opinion of me, Miss O'Hara. I don't think I quite deserved it."

"I was grieved—" she began, then found that she could not continue.

"Don't be distressed," he said soothingly. "Let us talk this over somewhere away from prying ears and eyes."

And he led her forth to the garden, along a path that wound amidst dewy clusters of mignonette, pouring fragrance upon every breeze.

"Was it what was written or the thinking that I had written it that grieved you?" he asked.

"Oh, that you had written it!" she replied, not knowing how much she was revealing. "I wanted you to like my book. It has been a failure, and I fear that I am a failure too. I shall never make a name."

"What if you do not? Take mine, Kathleen. You dear, gentle, little thing, I loved you at first sight, and I want to take care of you forever!"

Kathleen was speechless in an ecstasy of amazement and rapture. That this "splendid prince" should love her!

"Say that you will be my own sweet wife," he pleaded; and she returned the only possible answer. The betrothal was sealed in the garden that at least to her seemed of Eden.

"I am obliged to go to Ilkley with my friends to-morrow," he said, when the time for parting came; "but I shall see you in the evening, and don't forget that you belong to me."

That was the one fact that Kathleen did remember. Everything else receded in a haze of forgetfulness. All night she dreamed of him, and all day kind fairy Imagination set him at her side. She marvelled why so much pure and perfect happiness had been given to her, unworthy.

Her tender conscience charged her with the sin of rash judgment. What bitter and uncharitable thoughts of him had she not allowed to remain in her mind! What unkind, unjust feelings against one who had done her no wrong! Recognizing the disease, she resolved to apply the remedy without loss of time; and when evening came, she stole away from the mirthful, careless throng, and went across the Stray—that expanse of grass and trees that is to Harrogate what the sands are to a seaside resort—to St. Robert's, there to seek and certainly to find pardon, consolation, and peace. She had not long to wait; only a few penitents were lingering near the confessional; and, soothed and blessed, she was soon able to return to the Hydro. Mr. Rylton was standing at the gates, looking from side to side with a slight frown. He had expected that she would be watching for him.

"Where have you been, Kathie?" he asked. "Your aunt said you were 'somewhere about,' but even that explicit direction did not enable me to find you."

"I was at church," she answered.

"Do they really have service at this hour?"

"No: I was at confession. I had thought so unjustly and uncharitably of you that I had to make amends," she replied, as simply and straightforwardly as a child.

"Confession! Upon my word, I had rather you had thought infinitely worse things of me than that you had so abased yourself!" he exclaimed, with emphasis almost harsh. "All religions are the same to me, but I consider the practice of confession to be absolutely degrading. It is monstrous, horrible, revolting."

"Didn't you know that I am a Catholic?" she asked, startled by his vehemence.

"Of course. Mrs. Armstrong told me. I don't object to your being a Catholic, but I do object to another man's knowing your very thoughts; and when you are my wife I shall not permit it. Don't misunderstand me, dearest! You shall be perfectly free, except that I draw the line at the confessional. You will have to give up that, nothing more."

"If I do, I shall cease to be a Catholic," she replied appealingly.

"And how much worse will you be then, sweetheart?" he laughed. "You will come to think as I do,—to regard such things as creeds as outworn superstitions; shackles dropping from the human intellect, eaten away by their own rust. Let us leave the subject. Tell me how often you thought of me to-day."

In lover-like strain he continued, and Kathleen lived her enchanted hour. When at length he left her, she sought her room, still thrilling with wondering delight. What a future was before her of love and tenderness, of leisure and luxury and ease, of time and opportunity to cultivate her one talent, to enjoy fully intellectual pleasures and pursuits, with a home where all things would be beautiful and refined! No more sordid cares and worries; no more grinding, distasteful drudgery!

The question of religion was a difficult one, certainly. But she would win Arthur to the Faith: she would conquer his objections and prejudices. Failing that, she would approach the Sacraments secretly, and pray always for his conversion. Thus subtly and sweetly the tempter whispered.

The chiming of a clock reminded her that she had not yet performed the penance enjoined on her by her confessor—the reading of some verses of the Passion according to St. Matthew. She put earthly thoughts away, and slowly and reverently read the solemn pages.

"And whilst they were eating, He said:

Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me. And they, being very much troubled, began everyone to say: Is it I, Lord?"

Kathleen paused, her throat dry. She crushed down a sudden, terrible suggestion, and finished the reading, holding thought at bay. Then, kneeling with Rosary in hand, through the sweet, familiar invocation of "Mary, Mother of God," she heard that tremulous, searching question, "Is it I, Lord?" with a growing identification of herself with it.

She faced facts: she recognized her own intense affection for Arthur Rylton, his strong influence over her, and the probability that she would not be able to resist it. She would never dare to make him angry, she knew; she could never brave his resentment. She was honest with herself, and admitted that marriage with him would involve the giving up of her religion. "One of you is about to betray Me. . . . Is it I, Lord?" The sentences beat upon her brain until the anguish of her heart found vent in the cry:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a sinner, now—yes, *now*, dear Mother! Oh, pray for me now!"

Her face, white and quivering, fell upon her clasped hands.

"No, Lord, it is not I! Help me, save me! I have wounded Thee too often by my sins, my discontent and murmuring; but let me not betray Thee! No, dear Master, it is not I,—it shall not be!"

Arthur Rylton was sauntering to and fro in the sumptuous lounge of the Hotel Majestic, smoking and reading the morning papers, when a note was brought to him by an obsequious waiter. He opened it leisurely, and, reading it, a flush of amazement, anger, and mortification darkened his face.

Kathleen refused him. She could not marry one who would not permit her to exercise her religion freely and entirely. That was the bald interpretation of the pitiful letter she had sent him.

"She prefers the priests to me? Well, she shall abide by her choice," he said in angry disdain.

His vanity was wounded to the quick. That she, poor, obscure, an Irish Catholic, should reject him who had stooped from his high estate to woo her,—him, for whom so many mothers of fair daughters set matrimonial traps without end, was insufferable.

DEAR MISS O'HARA:—Of course I accept your decision. I assure you I shall never try to alter it.

ARTHUR RYLTON.

In that curt epistle he dismissed Kathleen from his thoughts and from his life. She received an indignant letter from Margaret Armstrong, to whom he had told his tale. Margaret expressed the opinion that Kathleen must be mad, and inquired if she knew that half the girls in London were trying to catch Mr. Rylton, that he was enormously wealthy, that she would never have such a chance again.

"You are a failure in everything," wrote that candid friend. "Your refusing Arthur Rylton through sheer bigotry convinces me that you Romanists are impossible."

To those reproaches Kathleen returned no reply. Margaret would not understand, for the Cross had no part in her life; her doors would no longer be open to her young kinswoman; that break in the dull monotony of the girl's existence would be hers no more.

Much else was over, too. Her power to write, a feeble plant at best, withered away entirely, and in the grave of love was buried ambition also. There remained the lonely path of duty,—and yet not lonely to one who believed in the Communion of Saints; who daily made her soul a sanctuary for her Sacramental King, until her quiet, hidden, patient life "ceased upon the midnight with no pain," her dying lips breathing for the last time on earth her constant prayer that he whom she still loved might see

the Light, and be granted grace and strength to follow it.

Age found Arthur Rylton a solitary, disappointed man, weary of all things. He had outlived his fame, his friends, and flatterers; newer planets had extinguished his lustre, and the world had passed the contemptuous verdict of "out-of-date" upon his best achievements. "All is vanity," was his own summing up of his career. Happily there was not much more of it to come, he told himself in cynical bitterness.

One day, destroying old letters, he chanced upon the first, last, and only one that Kathleen had ever written him. It wounded him no longer. It roused neither wrath nor resentment, but rather wonder at the strength of principle in the shy, fragile girl, to whom he had offered all the good things of this world if only she would renounce—what? Ah, what was it that she had held dearer than all else, prized more than all he had to give, preferred before him, his homage and his possessions? What was this oldtime Faith, which in a weak girl had proved stronger than he with all his strength? Was there something better worth having than what he had valued most, something which was the source alike of her sweetness and her power? Could it be true that she, who was indeed as a little child, with a child's innocence, purity, and trustfulness, had possessed a kingdom to which neither his fame nor his wealth could admit him?

Her love, sacrificed for a higher, holier Love, became a memory to bless and save him. In the old letter, faded now and indistinct, there originated his final quest,—a quest which led him at once to the valley of humiliation and the sunlit heights of Faith. For at last, contrite, humble, sincere, appealing from his own unbelief and the doubts of a lifetime to One who hath the words of Eternal Life, he touched the hem of the Redeemer's garment and straightway was made whole.

Prayers for the Dead.

IT is the month of the Poor Souls,—the holy and helpless souls in Purgatory. Friends of God they are, who can not approach Him except through us. Our suffrages are the only key of Purgatory. By our prayers and good works offered for the dead we not only loosen their bonds, we also speed the satisfaction of God's justice and advance the completion of His work of love. Purgatory, writes Father Elliott in the *Missionary*, is the "novitiate of heaven"; and he goes on to say: "When you pray for the dead you are the novice master of a beatific soul, and you are earning his first suffrage when he enters into his eternal bliss. In many cases, you are paying your share of a joint debt; for you have been an accomplice in his guilt. But your contribution is meed of loving remembrance, whilst his share is a blood offering. In all cases, you do a cumulative work of brotherly love. You feed the hungry with the bread of hope; you give drink to a soul thirsting for the living God; you clothe a naked soul with a robe of peace; you harbor the harborless soul in an oasis of refreshment; you visit a sick spirit and lay his fevered head on the cool pillow of your affection; you ransom the captive of God's righteous anger; you bury the dead and sinful past out of a memory tortured by remorse. Add to this that you place to your credit a rich deposit against the sad day of your own detention."

The doctrine of prayers for the dead is no longer the stumbling-block it was so generally made to be in other times among those outside the Fold. Rightly-directed reason now finds it as acceptable to the intellect as it is consoling to the heart. Mr. W. H. Mallock forcibly writes of it:

As to this doctrine of Purgatory—which has so long been a stumbling-block to the whole Protestant world,—time goes on, and the view men take of it is changing. It is becoming fast

recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into anything like accordance with our notions of what is just and reasonable. So far from its being a superfluous superstition, it is seen to be just what is demanded at once, by reason and morality; and a belief in it to be not only an intellectual assent but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral ideal.

Far from being a "stone of stumbling," it has been in some cases a veritable landmark pointing the way into God's own country, the Holy Church. A convert Chief Justice of England declared that it was the doctrine of Purgatory which first led him to investigate the Catholic claims. "Purgatory to me," he said, "embodies the idea of reform which runs through the whole system of human jurisprudence. The offender against the law is given an opportunity to make reparation for his offence, and Divine Justice like human justice is thus fully satisfied."

But whatever may be the view of Purgatory held by outsiders, the faithful—those who are truly faithful—know that no doctrine of the Church is more consoling and no exercise more fraught with grace to the living than the practice of prayer for the dead. It puts in our debt souls who have forever lost the power to be ungrateful. They who plead for remembrance, can they forget us who heed their petitions? Whether it is that their prayers are so availing for us, or whether it is that God takes it upon Himself in a special manner to reward those who are mindful of the dead, certain it is that the faithful who are greatly devoted to the souls departed are greatly favored by grace. Here, then, is an opportunity not to be ignored. "It is a form of charity, in which we can be engaged at every moment of the day, and which has the advantage of keeping constantly before our eyes the gravity of even those deliberate and venial offences which entail such serious penalties at the hands of Him into whose presence nothing undefiled can enter."

Notes and Remarks.

In his proclamation designating Thursday, the 26th inst., as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, President Wilson mentions "a great moral stimulation" among the blessings and mercies vouchsafed to our nation during the year now drawing to a close; and refers to 'the earnest pity and disinterested sympathy for those who are suffering, and the readiness to help and think of the needs of others, which have revealed our people to themselves and to the world.'

We are not aware that this pity and sympathy have been extended to the sorely afflicted Catholics of Mexico, or that there has been much mindfulness of their distress, or that any great readiness to relieve it has been shown either by the nation or its chief executive. One thing, however, of which no intelligent citizen can be unaware is that for the cruel sufferings endured in Mexico, the atrocities committed there, and the anarchy that still exists, our government is in some measure responsible.

If the people of this country have been "quickened by a great moral stimulation," it was well for President Wilson to congratulate them upon the fact. We can not help regretting, however, that he did not also see fit to warn his fellow-citizens against organized religious prejudice, which is a positive peril to American ideals and institutions, and to denounce the methods now resorted to by political conspirators all over the country to deprive Catholic citizens of the rights and privileges to which the Constitution entitles them. President Wilson missed a golden opportunity of rendering the country a very important and very timely service. We do not assert that either the will or the moral courage for it was lacking.

To have lived well is better than to have lived long. He does much who does well what he does. If "The Imitation of

Christ" were as familiar a book as it used to be, thoughts like these would have occurred to all who wrote obituary notices of the late Monsignor Benson. How well he lived his life! He not only did a great deal, but it was all well done. Had he spared himself more and labored less energetically, he might have lived longer; but he worked so unremittingly and accomplished so much in a short time that he deserves to be ranked among those who have borne "the burden of the day and the heats."

Better a thousand times to do something and die young than to live to a great age and spend most of one's time taking care of one's health. To rest and prolong existence, not to lead an active life to the end, is the modern's ambition. His hope is to "live to be a hundred," though in all probability he will be dead a long time before he is within a decade of being so old as that.

When our fleet in the course of its famous cruise around the world stayed over Sunday at Sydney, New South Wales, four thousand officers and men received shore liberty. On the basis of proportionate representation—Catholics forming one-sixth or one-seventh of this country's population,—our fair share of those sailors would have been about six hundred. As a matter of fact, double that number—1200 of the 4000—were Catholics. A similar instance of Catholic loyalty is reported from Australasia itself. The Dunedin *Evening Star* says: "An extraordinary feature of the personnel of the advance guard of the Expeditionary Force which sailed on Saturday morning at dawn, was referred to in the Roman Catholic churches yesterday. It was the fact that out of 1300 men there are as many as 500 Catholics." Upon which the New Zealand *Tablet* remarks, with an appropriateness not confined to its own geographical field:

Catholics are about 14 per cent of the population, yet they have contributed nearly 40

per cent of the New Zealand fighting force. This is a splendid illustration of the genuineness and practical character of Catholic loyalty. Lip loyalty is cheap and easy, but the real thing is a matter of deeds rather than words; and when the time for facing the music of bullet and shrapnel comes, the noisy lip loyalist is usually found wanting. Invincible in times of peace, he is all too often invisible in time of war.

In the event (which God forbid!) of another American war, it is tolerably certain that the most sterile field for a recruiting sergeant to cultivate would be the rank and file of the Guardians of Liberty and their congeners, the readers of scurrilous anti-Catholic books and newspapers.

Another passage in Mr. Seumas MacManus' new book, "Yourself and the Neighbors," which we had marked for quotation tells us how the religious festivals are observed in Ireland,—how, for instance, on All Souls' Night, when the souls of dead kith and kin are supposed to visit the homes and haunts and the dear ones they loved, the household at bedtime recite the "Long Rosary" for the relief of their suffering. "And when the children went to bed, Molly cleaned and swept and tidied the house, as she would against the coming of any honored visitor,—brushing up the hearth, and piling high a bright blazing fire, and setting chairs and stools in circle around it, for them who would come at midnight, and be gladdened to see that the living were still lovingly mindful of them."

Reading a passage like this, one understands better the poetic temperament of the Irish people, and more thoroughly appreciates their love of home and country, as well as their lively faith in the "things that are unseen." And these, the Apostle declares, are eternal.

Any recognition on the part of non-Catholics of the fact that the public school, excellent as far as it goes though it may be, is yet insufficient to give American boys and girls the moral training

which it behooves our future men and women to acquire, is welcome to us, and we doubt not to our readers as well. Hence we are interested in reading that at Gary, Indiana, several sectarian denominations have opened "church schools," in which their children, attending the public schools, may receive religious instruction. A significant sentence in the report of the matter is this: "These church schools are recognized by the superintendent of the Gary public schools to the extent that the public school hours have been modified to allow those who wish to attend the church schools to do so."

This, we submit, is gratifying news; and we trust the example set at Gary may be very generally imitated throughout the country.

There are some things connected with the civil polity of this or that foreign land which bid fair to remain insoluble mysteries to the American man in the street. Why it is that a people so preponderantly Catholic as the French are known to be should be governed by an elected body of violently anti-Catholic rulers, is one of them. Another is the actual persecution and barbarity down in Mexico. Speaking of the infamous action going on there, the editor of the *San Francisco Monitor* says:

If it really proceeded from the will of the people, frightful as it still would be, there would, at any rate, be some plausible ground for terming it the action of the Mexican nation. But this terrible persecution does not spring from the will of the people. The great majority of the Mexicans are Catholics. They are for the Church, and not against it. But they are mastered and held helpless by a band of criminal revolutionists, who have gathered the worst and not the best of Mexico beneath their banners, and who are led on by the thirst and hunger of their evil instincts of pride, vanity, avarice, lust, and desire of conquest. And the one note common to all these leaders is hatred of the Church, the principles and influence of which oppose their evil courses.

The one thing certain is that it behooves the man with no first-hand

knowledge of conditions in Mexico to be chary of denouncing Mexican Catholics as being primarily responsible for the present disastrous upheaval in that distracted land. It is easy to say with flippant self-satisfaction: "If the people are Catholics, why haven't they Catholic rulers?" It is not so easy to trace out the involved questions that best explain the situation.

The American Prison Association held its annual meeting the other day in St. Paul, Minn. Its president, Dr. Samuel Smith, in the course of his address made some statements so consonant with views frequently expressed in these columns that our readers will be interested to read a summary from the *Catholic Bulletin*:

"Untempered mercy is no kindness. . . . We shall never get rid of the idea of retribution. If there were no such thing as wrath there would be no recognition of righteousness. . . . We have had too much of the alienist in prison reform. A criminal is either responsible or he is not. If he had control of himself and violated his own moral sense, he should be punished with the hope that a new set of circumstances may assist him to permanent self-control in the future. If he had no such control, he should not be shut up in an asylum for a little while and then turned loose to prey upon society again in some unfortunate moment, but he should be incarcerated for life. . . . Our children need old-fashioned parents and old-fashioned justice.

And, be it added, if parents were to pay more attention to Solomon's advice about sparing the rod and spoiling the child, there would be far fewer adult criminals on whom to execute justice, old or new.

Recalling the sight of the procession of Cardinals as it entered the Sala Ducale for the coronation of Benedict XV., the Danish convert, Johannes Jørgensen, writes: "A collection of the strangest faces,—some coarse, some meek, others solemn and learned, others sarcastically superior." The distinguished Dane is one of the best of men, but we fear his

digestion is not always so perfect as it might be. But let him take heart again. As Pius X. enacted new laws for the election of Popes, it is not improbable that his successor may improve the legislation for the choice of Cardinals. The Princes of the Church will then all be thin, ascetic-looking personages, with clear-cut features, pinky-white complexions, and tall pale brows. And Mr. Jørgensen will be perfectly happy.

He refers to Leo XIII. as a "politician," and to Pius X. as a "mystic." Such characterizations, to say the least of them, are inadequate. Leo XIII. was a statesman among statesmen, and much more besides. To call Pius X. a "mystic" would be high praise, provided he were called all else that he was.

We can not encourage Mr. Jørgensen in the hope that layfolk with an aversion for soap, or clerics that are not close-shaven—the worldly, the witless, the vulgar, and the vain—will ever be excluded from even the most solemn of religious functions.

The death of the Most Rev. Dr. Howley, first Archbishop of Newfoundland, and its first native Bishop, has occasioned genuine and deep regret far beyond the confines of England's "most ancient colony." A churchman of exemplary devotedness and zeal, a scholar of note, and an author whose historical work is generally accepted as authoritative, he had been for two decades the most conspicuously outstanding figure in the ecclesiastical history of the island, and was, moreover, a force to be reckoned with in its civic and political life as well. All who knew him will recall with keenest admiration his unvarying sympathy and kindness, his continuous thoughtfulness for the comfort and the well-being of the poor and sorrow-stricken. "The manner in which he guided and watched over his flock and his solicitude for their progress," says one of the secular journals of Newfoundland, "gave him the name that

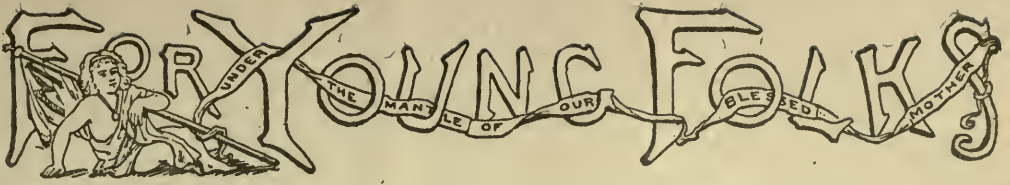
he richly deserved,—a true and holy priest, ready to shoulder the Cross as did his predecessors." *R. I. P.*

There is exceptional timeliness in the general intention which the Sovereign Pontiff has recommended to the League of the Sacred Heart for November—"The Dying." Apart from the appropriateness of such an intention in so many transatlantic countries at the present time, the Month of the Holy Souls is an especially fitting season for prayers in behalf of those particularly exposed to the danger of death. As is well said in the leaflet announcing the intention:

The world is so large, and we are so scattered, that we do not appreciate the fact that we are losing so many every day. We read the death notices in the paper. Sometimes the list is long enough to impress us, and sometimes we see the name of one whom we saw but a few days before, apparently in good health. These facts strike us, but we forget them as soon as we have laid the paper down. We shrink from the thought of death; but it ought to be familiar to us, both for our own care in preparing to meet it and to excite our charity for the poor sinners who may be suddenly summoned to their last reckoning. Through this dread of death it sometimes happens that Catholics are allowed to pass away without receiving the last Sacraments. The priest is called too late.

There can be no question that the more frequently and seriously we reflect on death, the less terrible will be our meeting with it.

Many Catholics in this country who remember Father Conrardy, "the lepers' friend," will be sorry to learn of his death, the news of which was received last week from Canton by the director of the Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America. Father Conrardy began his apostolate for the lepers at Molokai, Hawaii; but it was at Shek-ling, China, that it ended. His piety and zeal and spirit of faith and self-sacrifice were admirable. St. Paul would have loved him. Peace to his soul!



Bennie's Feast.

BY UNCLE ALFRED.

THEY are not the only saints

Whose dear names we see

Written by the Holy Church

In her litany.

They are not God's only friends

Whom the artists paint

With a halo round their heads,

To tell it is a saint.

Every soul that leaves the earth

Free from stain of sin,

Goes to God on wings of love,

Soon a crown to win.

Father Paul; he told us so

Sunday, I remember;

'Twas the Feast of All Saints' Day,—

First day of November.

I'm going to try to be a saint—

Who knows? Perhaps I may;

And when I'm up in heaven,

All Saints' 'll be my day.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXIII.

OUTSIDE the wall, below the apple tree, the haystack and the barn, the boy tried to peel an orange while he sat the pony. The result was that he dropped the fruit. He had to dismount and go after it, holding a loop of the reins; and in picking up the first orange, he dropped another one out of his pocket. He was now holding the pony at the opposite side of the road; and, looking up, he saw that he was watched, from a square opening in the gable of the barn, by a small girl with

a round, sunburned face, black hair, and soiled cotton frock.

He gave the pony a lump of sugar on his hand held flat; and then, glancing up at the child, he said:

"Would you like an orange?"

"Yes," she said frankly,— "please!" She looked hot, and perhaps was thirsty.

"Catch!" the boy called out, and sent up the sound orange with such generous speed that it banged past her head into the loft. "Butter-fingers!" he cried with the superiority of a schoolboy and a cricketer! "Have you got it?"

"Yes, thank you!" said the little girl, coming back from the darkness of the loft with the orange in her hand. Her manners and her prettily pronounced words were surprising.

She sat on the floor of the loft, where a high black board went across below that unglazed window; and she peeled her orange, and divided it by pulling it apart into small sections. The boy was sucking his out of the peel, in a manner that would have been strongly condemned by his uncle at Beechwood. The little maiden in the soiled pink frock was much more dainty; yet her face and hands sadly needed washing, and she looked as if no one ever brushed her hair.

"I wish I had another orange for you, you poor little thing!" the boy said; for the fruit soon disappeared except a very small piece, which she put on the ledge of the window to keep a while.

"One is quite enough, thank you!"

Lolo answered with dignity.

She reminded him of the young lady of ten at the Christmas party last year who would not have any more jelly, though he asked her several times because he could not go on eating it all by himself and looking greedy. This time the smallness of a girl's appetite had no drawbacks.

"How did you get up there?" he asked.

"A ladder!"

"Have you no one to play with?"

"I have Snip and Snap and all the animals. I put crumbs here for the dear little mice."

"You funny girl!" he thought. But he only said: "I like animals, too. I have had my pony, Punch, for years and years."

"Have you? He hasn't grown much."

"Oh, no!" said the boy. "He was that size when I first had him."

"But you were not," said Lolo,— "not years and years ago?"

"No, of course not!"

Lolo looked critically at the pony on the road.

"Why doesn't he grow up?"

"He *is* grown up," said the boy.

It was impossible to enlighten such a girl. He remembered that it was a long ride to Beechwood, and he should not be late for lunch.

"Good-bye!"

He sprang into the saddle, and started Punch.

Lolo waved her hand from the loft, and pushed the last bit of orange between her lips with a small brown finger. It was all gone, and so was the boy.

She had forgotten his visit to the camp. It belonged to that remote past when she was only four. As for him, thousands of things had happened since. The prayer at night had become a settled habit. But he thought of Lolo still as a very small gypsy child who had been taken to the Continent by a musician. He had seen hundreds of poor country children on his rides, and there had been no medal to startle him into recognition. There was, indeed, a thread-like chain, but on such a little rustic it was very likely to be attached to a penny watch.

Lolo looked out for a long time from the loft when he was gone. A motor swept by with a haze of dust; horses plodded along with their loads. Then she noticed that the reapers were under the hedge;

most of them were in the shade of that crooked tree opposite,— the tree that looked such an easy one for climbing. She ran to the farmhouse—late for dinner! Soon she was back again at her place in the loft. Now there were no more boys and ponies and oranges to distract her thoughts, so she remembered the wonderful thing Farmer Strawson had told her that morning, and gazed and gazed at the sunny world. Her arms were resting on the black wooden ledge of the window. She looked more than ever like one of the angels from the foreground of the *Madonna di San Sisto*; but this time she was a very brown angel, with large and solemn eyes. She was trying to think out this fascinating mystery for her own little self, and getting lost in its depths.

"The Lord God Almighty . . . He made the stars to shine, and everything to grow." Was He far up in the blue? Or was He, as she had thought before, somehow quite near, close behind everything, unseen, peeping through the veil of His own beautiful world? Oh, to see Him, to speak to Him, to love Him—if she might! Did He know her? Yes: 'He had made the daisies as well as the stars. She was quite sure He knew her, no matter how small she was.

It was then that she stood up and took her violin from its case, and, after softly tuning, wandered toward the farther end of the loft, where there was a warm darkness crossed by beams of dusty light,— slant rays from sunny chinks in the wall. Here she began to play on her lowest string, making up the melody as she went along. It was all played *con amore*, as musicians say, or "with love." The trembling tone swelled out like a great 'cello, or like the long notes of an organ; and the last sounds sounded so pleading that they were almost human words. She put her violin away, and her heart was full of a great hunger.

She descended the ladder from the loft, and walked with a fixed purpose through the farm and along the road.

She would go all by herself to the church where the Strawson girls went on Sundays. She would kneel down and worship, and be very quiet, as were the flowers that stood so still in their places.

The grey church, with its square tower, was on higher ground than the road, surrounded by a green graveyard with a low wall. The child went up the steps, and through the gateway, which had a little roof of its own. She crossed the churchyard by a flagged path. The parish must have been a nice place long ago, she thought, when all these very good people were alive. On the upright stones she read: "Adorned with all virtues," "The best of fathers," "After a perfect life." The naughty people seemed to be buried elsewhere. But why were all these *late*?

She had an uneasy feeling of her own badness,—the worst child Mrs. Strawson had ever known. This did not seem to be quite the place for her. The Misses Strawson, who came here on Sundays, were always described as angels and ornaments. So Lolo very timidly went into the porch under the square tower. There was a stone seat at each side. On one was a tin dustpan, such as Betsy at the flat used when she swept the floor. There was a bucket half full of tea-leaves on the other; those also were associated with Betsy and sweeping. And there was a broom leaning against the wall.

Lolo stepped in with bare feet, and looked about. A cold, earthy smell met her. This great pillared and arched place seemed to be empty. It was chill and damp. There was a slight odor of cushions and carpets, reminding one of Mrs. Strawson's best parlor, which was never used.

An elderly woman in black, with a somewhat forbidding face, was putting the kneeling cushions, or "hassocks," up on the seats, out of the way of the sweeping. The seats were all in separate oblong compartments, or "pews," with a sort of little door, or gate, to each, so

that the people inside could keep other people out.

Lolo went very near the old lady with the serious face, and said out loud:

"Is it spring cleaning?"

"No, my dear. We cleans it reg'lar every Monday, and then the keys are at the rectory; and we just give it a little dust of a Saturday, and it's all nice for Sunday."

"Oh!" said Lolo.

She saw that she had come to pray on the wrong day. After a while she added:

"Yes, of course, it couldn't be 'spring' cleaning. It is summer now, isn't it? Where we lived in London, Betsy sprung the house clean in May."

"Did she?" said the old lady sharply. "And how is it they put no shoes on *you*?" She had begun to slap the dust out of the hassocks.

"I don't like shoes," replied Lolo, meekly.

"Don't you? P'raps you haven't got any."

"Oh, yes, I have! But I put them away. And I have a white frock."

"Shouldn't ha' thought it!" muttered the old woman, tartly. "You ought to get somebody to brush your hair. It's all standin' on end, same as the savages."

Lolo put up a small sunburned hand to smooth it.

"It does always stand up," she said. "When I went to the party, they curled it for me."

Now, Lolo thought this was an interesting fact about her hair. It was so very straight, and she had looked so different in the glass that day of the party. Other people might like to know that such a thing could be done with her ugly straight hair.

"Well, did I ever see the like!" said the old lady, looking deeply shocked. "Sinful vanity I call it. I'd knock it out o' you, if you was my dorter."

She redoubled her efforts to bang the dust out of the cushions, as if she was knocking the vanity out of Lolo.

"They *are* dusty," said Lolo, and sneezed.

"You wouldn't say that, miss, if you came here at the proper time," answered the cleaner very crossly. "What sort of a day is Monday to come into a church? Sunday is the right day. Don't talk to me like that. Dusty, indeed! You should come to church at the proper time, like a Christian, with your hair brushed and your shoes and stockings on, and then you'd find it kept cleaner than any places the likes of you was ever in."

After this speech the old lady gave a grunt, and slapped the hassocks hard.

"Go along now!" she said.

So Lolo went along.

At the farthest end of the church there were two broad steps. A wooden table was beyond, with a white cloth on it, and large brass plates standing at the back. Lolo wandered down the church again, looking at the marble tablets on the walls. There was a weeping figure at each side of one, and something on the top like Mrs. Strawson's tea-caddy, and the rhyme said something about shedding a tear because somebody was too good for earth and could not linger here.

"I think I had better get out of this," said Lolo to herself. "It's all for good people, and I have no shoes on, and it's not Sunday. Sunday seems to be the day to pray—not Monday. I must wait—Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. And it's not a bit like what I thought it was."

Lolo was glad to get out into the sunshine.

"I shall not have a gravestone," she thought, going across the churchyard again. "Good people with all virtues have stones standing up. I shall have a little rounded grassy place on top of me—like that."

Lolo was closing the gate after her, admiring the green mounds of the poor, when a car stopped on the road, and a rough voice called to her:

"Halloa! Is that you? What a dis-

grace you look! Run as fast as you can! Get ready to see me quick now. Don't you dare to keep me waiting long!"

The guardian did not think the bare-footed child fit to be seen by his side; so the car went on, and disappeared down the road; and she ran after it, quaking at having to appear before him. Hot and breathless, she reached Strawson's Farm, and slipped in by the back door.

(To be continued.)

The Grateful Circus Pony.

BY GEORGE S. GREEN.



HAT Barnum's circus used to be to this country Darly's circus was to France,—famous from one end of the land to the other. With its numerous troupes of performers, its always attractive novelties, the imposing splendor of its parade of gilded chariots and wonderful wild animals, it was hailed with popular acclaim wherever it made its appearance. Mr. Darly, grown wealthy, was justly proud of its success.

When his twin sons, George and John, whom he tenderly loved, attained their tenth year, he presented each with a little Irish pony. George's, called Coco, was white, with patches of red here and there; John's, named Cadet, was a bay with occasional white spots.

"Boys," said their father, "the time has come when you must set about learning in your turn the trade of your fathers: each of you has his horse. You must watch me when I am exercising my own horses, and take note of what I do. I give you full liberty as to the manner in which you are to break and train your ponies; but in six months they must be ready to appear in the ring before the public. So, get busy."

George and John, delighted at this mark of confidence, set to work. George was a little fellow of a kindly disposition, who liked all animals, and before long he and Coco were the best of friends. John,

on the other hand, without being a bad boy, was of harder stuff, somewhat more selfish and domineering. As for animals, if they did not do what was required of them, his only remedy was the whip.

Every afternoon, at the conclusion of the public performance, George and John put their ponies through their exercises, under the supervision of one of the ring-masters. George patted Coco affectionately, called him pet names, and, when especially pleased, gave him lumps of sugar. John treated Cadet much more roughly,—always had his whip in hand, and did not spare its use if Cadet did not understand or obey his orders.

At the end of three months, Mr. Darly caused these quadruped pupils of his sons to undergo an examination. He took a seat on the benches and was present, as an ordinary spectator, at the rehearsal. At the conclusion of the performance, he said:

"Well, boys, I'm satisfied with the progress you have made. In three more months, I think your ponies will be ready for public display. It appears to me, however, that your method, George (which is my own), is better than yours, John. Coco is more docile than Cadet and gives George less trouble in driving him. I fear, John, that you use your whip too much."

"Pshaw!" rejoined the young rider. "Cadet doesn't understand any other language! You can't get anything out of horses unless you beat them."

A few days later, as George, who had finished his morning's work, left the track for his brother's use, he heard an unusual sound from the stable; and, going there, found John beating Cadet unmercifully with a heavy whipstock.

"Oh, don't, John! That's a shame!"

"Leave me alone! The brute has just bitten my arm, and he's getting only what he richly deserves."

When his anger spent itself, he turned up his shirt sleeve, and, sure enough, George saw the marks of Cadet's teeth.

"You'd better take care, John. Your

pony doesn't like you: you give him too hard a time. One of these days he may give you a worse injury.

John, however, would not listen to any such advice. He proceeded to put Cadet through his paces, and used the whip as freely as had been his custom.

The six months having elapsed, Mr. Darly had another examination of the ponies, and decided that they were competent enough to appear in public. A tailor made each of the twins a splendid riding suit of red velvet with gold lace embroidery. And, like all small boys with new suits, they were overjoyed. Arrayed in his gorgeous costume, which was set off with a dainty hat of glazed leather, yellow riding-boots, and white gloves, George paid a visit to the stable tent to see to the saddling of Coco, whom he patted and spoke to caressingly. John visited his pony, too, but rather teased Cadet, who was just a little afraid of the new string of bells that had been placed around his neck. At last the time for the twins' act arrived.

The great circus tent was crowded all the way up to the topmost benches. It was an evening performance; and as the brothers rode in to the ring between a double file of mounted squires, they looked fairly radiant under the great clusters of light. The beginning of their exercises succeeded perfectly, and the applause was general and hearty. Coco and Cadet changed their pace from a walk to a canter, trotted in perfect time with the music of the band, waltzed as they galloped, and finally simulated death, while each young master proudly placed his foot on their backs. When it came to jumping, however, Cadet overturned one of the hurdles; John instantly whipped him severely, and thenceforth Cadet did not do so well. In a word, George and Coco carried off the honors.

After the performance, their father congratulated them warmly, but remarked to John:

"You must have seen, my boy, that,

as I told you, more can be got from animals by gentleness than by blows. Cadet is evidently afraid of you, while Coco is only anxious to obey George's wishes. Don't run away with the idea that animals have no intelligence at all. They have a better memory and are more capable of affection or of rancor than is generally supposed. You will do well, John, to change your training methods."

Mr. Darly's wise words were verified all too soon. About an hour after midnight, fire broke out in one of the tents, and in a moment or two was communicated to a dozen others. The stable tents in which were kept all the horses were soon ablaze, and the shrieks of the terrified animals were appalling. Twelve chariots, or great cars, were lined up against a wall back of the stable tents, and in the last of these was the bedroom of George and John. Caught between the brick wall behind them and the flaming wall of fire in front, the actors whose quarters were in these cars rushed out pellmell and sought safety in distracted flight. Only the car of the twins remained closed and silent.

Mr. Darly arrived on the scene in terrified distress.

"My boys!" he shouted. "Has any one seen my boys?"

There was no reply. George and John had not appeared. The poor father was in despair. The fire was raging furiously between him and the cars; neither he nor two of the men who attempted to rush through the flames could succeed in doing so, and the boys' car was momentarily becoming more doomed to destruction.

In the meantime the two boys, pale and trembling, stood on the car steps, cut off from flight, and watching the awful flames drawing nearer and nearer.

"We are lost!" said John, crying bitterly.

"If," said George, who noticed some of the horses that had broken loose racing by them,—“if we could catch a horse, he might carry us through that blazing wall.”

But it did not seem possible to catch any of the terrified animals that no longer answered call or order.

"Cadet! Cadet!" shouted John, as he saw his pony passing. "Ah, the nasty brute!" he continued, as Cadet, heedless of his call, disappeared.

Only a few yards distant was the advancing fire now. All hope of rescue for the twins seemed gone, when suddenly George stooped down and looked intently at a white form that was apparently hesitating about plunging into the furnace of flames. He cried out:

"Coco!"

The pony turned his head toward his young master.

"Here, Coco! Come!" called George.

And Coco trotted directly to the two boys. In one instant George had seized him by the mane and mounted, and John had sprung up behind his brother; in the next, urged on by George, the brave little horse faced the advancing wall of flame and sprang through it at full gallop.

And that is why the despairing father and his friends a moment later gave a rousing cheer as the little white pony, his mane and tail singed and burned, his hoofs bleeding, but his head up and eyes flashing, dashed up to them, stood trembling an instant as the boys were caught in eager arms, and then collapsed, utterly done out.

Did he die? No. George was soon lying down alongside of him, clasping him around the neck. And Coco liked the treatment so well that, as soon as he got his wind, he rose to his feet, shook himself and whinnied with joy.

John, it is gratifying to add, learned the fine lesson taught by his rescue; and Cadet, who turned up the next day, hardly knew his master, so kind and gentle had he suddenly become.

A WISE man once said that only those children who have no parents or other relatives, or any friends to blush for them, should misbehave themselves.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have issued a second edition of "The Crucifix: Pious Meditations," translated from the French by Frances M. Grafton.

—Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new book, "The Wisdom of Father Brown," is a series of detective stories in the same vein as "The Innocence of Father Brown."

—We have received Part II. of "Meditations on the Passion," by G. R. Roche, S. J. It is a pamphlet of 24 pages, one of the "Irish Messenger" series, and contains two dozen one-page practical meditations for Lent.

—New publications of Messrs. Burns & Oates include a cheap edition of "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress," by B. Anstice Baker; and "How to Help the Dead," a translation from St. Augustine, by Mary H. Allies.

—The last service of Monsignor Benson was a book of devotions and intercessions on behalf of all those affected by the present war. It is entitled "Vexilla Regis," and will be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

—"What Think You of Christ?" by Francis H. E. Cahusac, M. A. (Benziger Brothers), a slender 16mo of 103 pages, is an interesting and well-advised reply to the inquiry: "Is the Christ of the Catholic Church the Christ of the Gospels?" Two of its five chapters discuss Ritual and Ceremonial, and the Invocation of Saints.

—Notwithstanding the numerous spiritual works now being written by English and American authors, we still notice a number of such works translated, as of old, from the French. Among them is "Simplicity According to the Gospel," by Monseigneur De Gibergues. The translator's name is not given. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—From the prolific Mission Press of the Society of the Divine Word, Techny, Ill., comes a novelty in Catholic text-books, "The World Missions of the Catholic Church," by the Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D. It is an octavo brochure of 117 pages, intended for teachers rather than their pupils; and is an attempt at carrying out the suggestion made by Archbishop Quigley at the last Missionary Congress in Boston—namely, that the study of the foreign missions, their necessity, their history, and their present condition, should be made part and parcel of the regular curriculum of our schools. This

Book I. treats of "The Missions in Religious Instruction"; Book II., in preparation, will deal with "The Missions in History and Geography." We cordially recommend the brochure to our Catholic teachers everywhere.

—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons inform us that they have "no desire to be known as opponents of the Catholic Church." The fact remains, however, that among their recent publications is a book by a Protestant minister whose very title, as we have already pointed out, is insultingly anti-Catholic.

—"America's Tribute to Pope Pius X.," a pamphlet of some seventy-eight pages, compiled by the Rev. John J. Burke, C. S. P., is made up of clippings from the secular press, all bearing testimony to the spiritual appeal of the late Holy Father's personality. While these extracts represent a fairly wide section of American newspapers, those from New York State predominate. The quotations do not seem to be grouped according to any plan.

—A nicely printed volume is "Truth and Other Poems," by Paul Carus; but there is no truth in its title. There are no poems in the book. Five metrified but unrhymed metaphysical disquisitions on "Truth," "Time," "Love," "De Rerum Natura," and "Death," with appropriate texts in Greek script for each, constitute the author's claim to the poet's laurel. We do not know of any court of letters that would allow the claim. But the Open Court Publishing Company issue this *opus*.

—The International Catholic Truth Society (No. 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.) is now prepared to supply all the pamphlets of other Catholic Truth Societies, and has issued a catalogue of them. It would be a surprise, we think, to most of our people to see how many really valuable publications are contained in this list. They are grouped under these titles: Biography, Controversy, Sacred Scripture and Doctrinal, Philosophical and Theological; Educational, Historical, Devotional, Social Questions, Fiction, and Miscellaneous.

—The home of the two poets who wrote under the name of Michael Field was a beautiful spot in Staffordshire, England. The Dominican Priory of Hawkesyard is not far distant. Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P., who attended the elder Michael Field (Katharine Harris Bradley) in her last illness, relates that the immediate cause of her death was the effort she made—

too much for her stricken body—to get ready for Mass. “She died as saints choose to die, upon the floor.” Miss Bradley’s niece and fellow-poet, Edith Emma Cooper, who was received into the Church with her, was no less distinguished for faith and piety, and also died a beautiful death.

—Under one cover there have come to our table two penny pamphlets of present interest. The first, “Just for a Scrap of Paper,” by A. Hassall, M. A., is from the Oxford Press, and consists of ten pages devoted to a comment on the historic phrase of the Imperial Chancellor of Germany. The second, an octavo of 130 closely printed pages, is a British Government publication—“Great Britain and the European Crisis,”—and will be welcomed by all students of the present war, irrespective of their sympathies or prejudices. It contains “correspondence, and statements in Parliament, together with an introductory narrative of events.” The narrative begins with the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, and succinctly leads up to the inception of the war. The correspondence includes 161 telegrams, notes, and letters; and in addition there are given five parliamentary speeches,—two by Sir Edward Grey and three by Mr. Asquith.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

“What Think You of Christ?” Francis Catusac, M. A. 35 cts.

“Simplicity According to the Gospel.” Mgr. De Giberques. 60 cts.

“The World Missions of the Catholic Church.” Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D. 25 cts.

“The Century of Columbus.” Dr. James J. Walsh. \$3.50.

“Trees and Other Poems.” Joyce Kilmer. \$1.

“An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen.” Martin Haile. \$6.

“The Poet.” Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30, net.

“Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim.” Rev. S. M. Giraud. \$1.50.

“A Layman’s Retreat.” Henry Owen-Lewis. \$1.25.

“The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola.” Fr. Elder Mullan, S. J. 65 cts.

“The Conversion of Caesare Putti.” W. Hall-Patch. 35 cts.

“The Little Florentine.” H. de Charlieu. \$1.

“The Story of St. Dominic.” Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cts.

“Meditations on the Rosary.” A Brother of the Little Oratory. 35 cts.

“Our Failings.” Fr. S. Von Oer, O. S. B. \$1.10.

“The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages.” Vols. IV.-X. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.

“The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795.” Vol. I. Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.

“Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph.” Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C. SS. R. \$1.75.

“The Life of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani.” Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, Passionist. \$1.80.

“Yourself and the Neighbors.” Seumas MacManus. \$1.40.

“Life of St. Ignatius Loyola.” F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.

“My Book.” Rev. P. A. Petit, S. J. 60 cts.

“Private First Communion Instructions.” Rev. James Nist, Rev. Fr. Girardey, C. SS. R. 60 cts.

Obituary

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. Michael Barry, of the diocese of Syracuse; and Rev. Prosper Goepfert, C. SS. P. Sister M. Vincent, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. William A. King, Mr. John Gordon, Hon. Edward B. Amend, Mrs. Elizabeth Kavanaugh, Mr. Aloysius Peters, Mr. James Brady, Mr. David Heneler, Mr. Martin Flynn, Mr. John Curtis, Mr. Joseph Hurley, Mrs. Alice Jackson, Mrs. Mary Canavan, Mr. Jacob Barnes, Mrs. Margaret Keefe, Miss Jennie Wilson, Mr. James A. Killoran, Mr. William Berkley, Mr. Joseph Colenbrander, Mr. William Garretty, Mr. Edward De Baker, Mr. Partick Bartley, Mr. F. H. Feldhake, Mr. William Herman, Mrs. Johanna Dunne, Mrs. Patrick Brennan, Mr. John Swain, Mr. George Wolf, and Mr. William Winkler.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Train.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHIÉ, S. J.

SWIFTLY before the window pane
The hills and meadows pass,
The rivers of, the golden grain
Flow gleaming by the glass.
How brief the lovely pageants go!
Truly it is a passing show.

I count the passing years, and they
As swiftly fleet and die,—
Like yonder scene that wheels away
Beneath the tranquil sky.
Thy life is fleeting as the train
That thunders by the fields of grain.

The Catacombs of Grottaferrata.

BY WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN, PH. D.



HE foundations of the Church start with the Catacombs, where for three centuries her dead saints found a peaceful resting-place, and her living children liberty to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience. At a depth varying from twenty to seventy feet below the Roman Campagna, these vast subterranean galleries stretch, tier below tier; and it has been calculated that their total length is over four hundred miles. Two million bodies once slept in peace in these dark underground corridors; many generations worshipped in them; and oftentimes the

Eucharistic Sacrifice, or Christian Agapè, was but a preparation for the martyrdom of those participating.

The best authorities* divide the checkered history of the Catacombs into six periods. At first they were the private property of wealthy families, who, on their conversion to Christianity, received among their own dead the dead of their humbler neighbors and of their slaves. As the faithful increased, the Church, using its privilege as a corporate body, acquired certain properties to be employed in the interment of its dead: thus the Cemetery of Pope St. Calixtus. From Constantine to Alaric (313-410), the Catacombs became places of pilgrimage, over which basilicas were erected, and wherein all were anxious that their bones should be laid to mingle with the bones of the martyrs. From the fifth to the eighth century, the Catacombs were treated as shrines, in which no further interments were made, and pious pilgrims from all Christendom went to visit them. They frequently scratched sentences on the walls, and these *graffiti* are of priceless value to the historian and archæologist.

The many invasions of Italy during the eighth and ninth centuries compelled the Sovereign Pontiffs to remove the relics of the martyrs from the Catacombs and distribute them throughout the churches of Rome. Pope Paul I. in A. D. 756, removed more than a hundred bodies, which he placed in the church

* Marucchi, "Elements d'Arch.," p. 113 seqq. Armellini, "Cimiteri Cristiani," p. 117 seqq.



of Saints Silvester and Stephen; while Pascal I., in 817, removed 2300 bodies. The Catacombs thus deprived of their treasures were quickly forgotten, and remained unknown till their accidental rediscovery in 1578. The sixth period extends from that date up to the present time. Antonio Bosio, called *il Colombo della Roma sotterranea*, began a systematic study of the Catacombs in 1593. In the following century, Father Paolo Aringhi distinguished himself in the same department. Other workers, such as Bottari, Foggini, made interesting discoveries also. But their achievements were thrown entirely into the shade by the epoch-making studies of De Rossi (1822-1894), the veritable creator of Christian archæology, who devoted forty years to the most painstaking researches, and whose spirit still lives on in his illustrious pupils, Wilpert, Allard, and Marucchi.

There are few subjects, whether sacred or profane, more interesting than the study of the old Christian cemeteries and their contents. To the *savant* they reveal further lights on ancient civilization. The linguist sees in their inscriptions curious forms and popular corruptions of the classical dialects. The artist judges, from frescoes well-nigh obliterated by time, what artistic canons, what methods of technique and perspective were current in those distant centuries. And the Catholic sees in them another link in the long chain of Christian evidence; he hears a new choir of voices proclaim, "I believe in One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church!" A thrill of excitement, then, vibrated through many different circles when the discovery of hitherto unknown Catacombs at Grottaferrata was announced in October, 1912.

In the lower slopes of the Alban Hills, about ten miles from Rome and two from the town of Frascati, rises the picturesque Greek monastery of Grottaferrata. Founded in the tenth century by the Calabrian monk, St. Nilus, the abbey has had an eventful history. In the stormy

days of the Middle Ages it was frequently turned into a fortress; and the rival factions of Guelf and Ghibelline, of Colonna and Orsini, contended for its possession. Cardinal Giulio della Rovere, afterward Pope Julius II., was one of its commendatory abbots; and he gratified his taste for building by erecting the castello and some other portions of the present imposing pile.

Almost at the gates of this famous monastery—or, more exactly, in a vineyard adjoining its lands—chance revealed the existence of new Catacombs in 1905. The learned Professor Lanciani was the fortunate discoverer. He found a staircase leading underneath the vineyard, but was unable to penetrate into the Catacombs themselves, as their entrance was blocked by earth and water. He picked up, however, two interesting inscriptions. From the first he inferred that a village called the Republic of the Tenth (Milestone) once existed on the spot. The second inscription stated that a certain *Lorentius Atticus* had restored, at the public expense, a temple dedicated to the Emperors in the *Vicus Angusculanus*, seemingly another village of the vicinity. It was not until 1912 that the monks of Grottaferrata succeeded in purchasing the precious vineyard, and they immediately set to work to excavate it thoroughly. The most interesting feature about the new Catacombs was that they were absolutely virgin: no hand whether pious or profane had ever touched them; unknown to all, they had remained absolutely sealed from the fourth to the twentieth century. In October, 1912, the excavations began; on May 22, 1913, Professor Marucchi formally opened the Catacombs, of which eight galleries were exposed. In *L'Osservatore Romano* of May 28, 1913, he published an article giving a résumé of his discoveries.

A flight of twenty-seven steps, covered originally with marble, led down to the Catacombs. At the foot of these steps was found a large vault containing many

loculi, or horizontal niches to receive corpses; and also *arcosolia*, more elaborate tombs, surmounted by an arch, where the more important personages of the community were buried. Farther on was unearthed another vault, covered with frescoes, and containing a tomb which bore the inscription "Presbyter" and the monogram of Our Lord. On the ceiling of this apartment is a fresco of the Good Shepherd bearing a lamb on His shoulders, while four sheep are at His feet,—two on either side. Facing the same tomb is another fresco representing seven persons in the act of judging. The central figure is, of course, our Saviour; the assistants probably mean the Apostles. Before them stands an *orante*, or draped female figure, a symbol frequently used in the Catacombs to typify the soul of the person buried in that place. The drapery of the *orante* is of the fourth century.

Still more interesting relics have been found in a gallery which branches off rather more than midway down the flight of steps. Here one *arcosolium* is supported by a beautiful column in the shape of a candlestick exquisitely carved with acanthus leaves, laurels, and eagles. Another *arcosolium* is supported by a marble column. Opposite this latter opens a new gallery, where a most remarkable fresco has been brought to light. In the middle of the picture Christ stands on a mountain, while below on either side stand St. Peter and St. Paul. Our Lord is handing to St. Peter a volume bearing the words, *Dominus legem Dat*. The Prince of the Apostles carries a cross on his shoulders, and near St. Paul are painted a palm and a phoenix. The fresco is bordered by a margin of little birds and animals, and the superiority of its execution points to a very early date; for it is a recognized canon of Christian archæology that the more artistic the fresco or sculpture, the older it must be.

Several interesting inscriptions also have been found; but it will take some

time for them all to be restored and pieced together, so that they may be studied with ease, and correctly interpreted. The oldest inscription would appear to be of the third century, the epitaph of a little girl: "Timothy and Onesime to Felicitas, their darling daughter." Neither the child's age nor the date of her death is given,—strong indication that the tomb is anterior to the middle of the third century. Another inscription that may be quoted gives the commonest form found in the Catacombs: "Faustus the Exorcist. In peace,"—

FAVSTUS EXORC
IN P.

It is worthy of remark, however, that the abbreviation *P* for *pax* is rather rare.

One or two epitaphs are precious in the eyes of *savants* because they exhibit peculiarities not hitherto found in the Catacombs. Thus a certain inscription employs the word *costa* for "wife." Although this word was commonly used in the East, it is only the second time it has been found in Western epigraphy. The inscription reads: "Janurius, the deacon, while still living erected [this monument] to himself, his wife Lupercilla, and his darling daughter Martyria, who lived three years, six months, five days. In peace."

In another epitaph occurs the word *colliberti* (fellow-slaves), the only example known up to the present of this word on Christian tombs, although it occurs frequently on pagan ones. The Christians preferred the word *conservus*; and once the word *cumlaborona* is found in the same sense. The inscription is as follows: "To the excellent Sperantius, who lived worthily some fifty years, more or less, his fellow-slaves erected this monument. In peace,"—

SPERANTIO BENEMERENTI
SUI COLLIBERTI
FECERUNT QVI BIXIT [sic] A NIS
PLVS NINUS L BENEMERENTI IN PACE

Bixit is vulgar Latin for *vixit*. Similar faults of spelling or grammar are often noticed in Christian epigraphy.

Inscriptions on the tombs of women, for the most part, give only the name of the deceased followed by the words, "In peace." For instance, *Hilarosa in pace*. One inscription in Greek is longer, and runs: "I, Aurelia Prima, believe in the name of the Lord Christ."

Interesting though these discoveries are to the scholar, how much more dear and precious they are to the Catholic! We feel that we are entering into possession of some highly-prized heirloom that has long lain hidden. These poor bodies that fell to dust sixteen centuries ago are our own flesh and blood, our own brothers and sisters. They are children of the same Father, they belong to the same household of faith. Their voices, wafted across the gulf of years, proclaim the same Creed that we repeat to-day; their souls are in God's keeping, awaiting patiently the final restoration of all things. Their meagre funeral records tell not their sorrows or their joys; but no doubt they were much the same as our own. Sickness and death, disappointment and ill success, fond hopes blighted, dear ones quickly summoned away,—such was the lot of man in the fourth century as it is in the twentieth. And to aid us in those trials and sufferings, we have the same faith and hope as they; we look up to the same Master, who is Alpha and Omega, who was dead and is alive, who holds in His hands the keys of life and death.

HAPPY those who can make up their mind. The decided are always calm; even in the midst of trouble they know their path, and their way is clear before them. They who generously choose the higher and austerer life enter into a great peace. At first they shrink, perhaps, from natural infirmity, and the will fears what the light of faith dictates and what its own choice decides; but the Holy Ghost never calls the soul to higher paths without elevating the will freely and generously to choose them.—*Anon.*

The Mossy Garden.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

I.

THE grey motor car turned from the highroad down a hedged lane, and came to a standstill in a crooked street of cottages—an English village, with red tiled roofs.

"Where is the Grange?" the chauffeur asked.

The small shopkeepers and fair-haired children stood and gazed.

"This is near enough," said the occupant of the car, and stepped out—a grey-bearded man, wearing the soft hat that is called "Colonial" and a big motoring coat. He looked round at the white cottages. Appleworth seemed to have dwindled: it was shrunken and poor.

He found at once the grassy lane leading like a passage between two houses away up to the gates of the Grange. Here was the same iron bell handle hanging straight down at the gate post. Long ago he thought it like a cow's tail. What trifles had remained in his memory! In those old days it was a noisy bell; now it rattled like an old kettle. Everything was small. Well, he had been over the wide world since he rang that bell last. And thirty years is a long time.

A workingman came from an ivied hut,—it was once called "the Lodge."

Yes, sir, he said, the name was Duke,—Mr. Oliver Duke. He was out; so was "the missis." They were all gone up to London. No, there was no old gentleman,— "not in my time, sir. Mr. Tom?" (He shook his head.) "Mr. Roger? Dunno, sir. There's nobody but the master and his lady and Miss Priscilla."

At the mention of Miss Priscilla, a vision rose to the stranger's memory,—a vision of a slight dark-haired child of about six years old, swinging under an apple tree, with stray flecks of the pink

bloom falling over her. Roger and Tom were boys in those days. And Oliver? He might have been twelve years old,—so good-natured, so fat and curly, and never in a hurry. Twelve years and thirty years? Could it be possible that Oliver was now a man of forty-two?

Some one else was there long ago. He did not ask for her; he knew how many years had passed since she was gone,—Sibyl! The whole air, the whole place, was full of the memory of Sibyl. It was impossible to realize it, but had she lived she would now have been a woman of nearly fifty. That was beyond imagination. How could she ever have been anything but young,—she who was so radiantly beautiful? In his remembrance she had become idealized,—the nearest thing he knew to a spirit. That garden beyond the gates,—that mossy garden where the broad paths were green—was the place where he had known her when they both were young.

A bird with speckled breast hopped away to shelter under the evergreens. A thrush called from the orchard. One caught a glimpse of the old white house far back to the left.

"I knew this place many years ago," the stranger said. "I should like to go in and look at the grounds."

The grey motor car had now come in sight at the end of the lane. The man glanced at it.

"Certainly, sir!"

The stranger went in. Yes, here was the old Grange; and everything for him was changed. What an awful, what a relentless fact, was the passing of time, the passing of life! All the wealth of the New World could not bring back one single day.

He saw across a lawn, luxuriant as a meadow, the long, white house, looking small and not the mansion it used to be,—the irregular red roof mossy and low, the French windows opening like doors to the ground. To the right of the broad drive where he stood, a grass-

grown alley led between box hedges away to the orchard; and halfway along, the green walls spread so as to leave a circular space. Here there were blush roses on bushes hugely grown, a seat at one side under a yew tree, and in the middle a sundial with mossy stones about it. The peacock that once strutted there was gone, but the place was the same as of old. A bird was singing in the orchard beyond. Everything else was still. One could see quite easily the motto in quaint lettering round the edge of the sundial. How lightly they all had read it long ago. How much it meant now!—"So—Flys—Lyfe—Away!"

When the stranger went down to the gate again, the gardener thought he looked tired and old.

"Beg pardon, sir!" he said. "But if you want a hotel, the Pig and Harrow is the best place for lunch,—down at the Green. Good wine too, sir."

The visitor put some silver in his hand.

"There my friend," he answered. "You mean it kindly, but the good wine of the Pig and Harrow can not make you and me young again. All the best things of life are beyond the buying power of money. Money has no more to do with them than—than the Pig and Harrow has with the stars."

"Sorry to hear it, sir!" said the man. "Who shall I say called?"

"Say nothing. I shall come again."

The stranger strode away down the grassy lane. And the motor car, after some shunting about, managed to turn in the little street and carried him off triumphantly, while the village of Appleworth wondered and admired.

In the summer twilight, a shaky open carriage came down the street,—the one "fly" from the country railway station two miles off. The slim horse trotted gaily. Curious eyes looked out from cottage doorways, and over white window

screens and geranium pots. The family from the Grange had been to London, shopping (so the village said), and here they were, with the young lady and cardboard boxes bigger than ever. There was the Duchess,—Oliver Duke's wife was generally called "the Duchess." And there was Mr. Oliver, with the white hat that the village had known for years. He sat with his back to the horse,—he and Miss Molly on the little front seat. Miss Molly was laughing, and trying to keep two immense handboxes from rolling out into the road. Her aunt, Miss Priscilla, sat with the Duchess, and leaned back in state. Miss Priscilla did not look sad to-night, she was laughing so much about the handboxes. It was supposed that each of these pieces of light luggage contained one hat of peerless magnificence, the latest of Paris fashions. The square basket up beside the driver held, of course, the young lady's belongings, and was of no interest; as for her hats, they were never worth looking at.

But next Sunday there would be a sight to be seen at the parish church where the Duchess went,—the old church with the low square tower and the respectable tombstones. Also there would be a stir in the zinc "Tabernacle," where Miss Priscilla was always at two Sunday services. She never missed going there, with her red-edged books, at the call of the tin bell. The lady of the Grange went seldom to her church—only on such great occasions as Easter and Harvest Festival, and new millinery. Oliver Duke never went at all. The vicar's new stables had interfered with two beds of vegetable marrows at the end of his kitchen garden. He might have had a lawsuit, but he contented himself with remarking over the *Times*, which he read at the Pig and Harrow, that he had been married in church, and he would go there next to be buried.

That summer evening the "fly" drove up the narrow lane; the gates closed behind "the family," and the handboxes

were unloaded in decorous privacy at the house door.

Appleworth knew too much. It knew for a fact that the people at the Grange were as badly off as they could be. So the shopping raid twice a year was a wonder and a puzzle.

The Grange was, indeed, a worn and threadbare home. Scaggs, the gardener, could not have been there if he asked for wages. He took his chance to work the little orchard and the kitchen garden, for a commission on the produce and his own home at the Lodge. Mrs. Scaggs was laundress, and gave willing service in the house, helped in secret by the Duchess and Priscilla. Poor Miss Priscilla, who would have been "like a picture," the people said, if she did not look so sad,—poor Miss Priscilla paid Mrs. Scaggs good wages out of her own money; but there was a strong suspicion that the money came in some mysterious way in exchange for all the embroidery the thin, worn fingers were busy with in every spare moment. The lady who had been so lovely, and indeed was lovely yet, made endless fancywork in silk of gorgeous colors, and there was none of it at the Grange.

The good management of Oliver's wife kept everything in perfect order. There was the hall, with panels painted creamy white, and brightened by china plates of brilliant reds and blues,—some of a grand imitation Worcester, some cheap and splendid Japanese, and others with Devonshire mottoes. No one knew of the holes in the floor covering, so well were they hidden by that faded Oriental rug. The tall "grandfather" clock was kept polished, as Molly said, "within an inch of its life." There was a salver on the side table for the visiting cards that never came; and on the other table at the foot of the broad flat stairs, the silver bedroom candlesticks were set glistening every night.

Push open the door on the left of the square hall, and there was a faded

drawing-room, with one sweet-faced portrait, a polished floor, and a few rugs more than mellowed. The grand piano was generations old. The candle brackets, in clusters on the wall, were kept bright but never filled. A round mirror reflected the room in miniature, with a shining window and a fairy garden. The innumerable bits of china were solemnly dusted once a week by Priscilla; and the flowered chintz covers of the chairs and window seats were removed, washed, and replaced, once a year by the Duchess herself, during that fearful season of domestic storm which is known to all good English housekeepers as the "spring cleaning."

The carpet out of this room had gone to finish its days, patched and joined, in the dining-room at the other side of the hall. There on the long, low-backed side-board (the Duchess said it was an "Adams") valuable silver had once shone; but it had all disappeared in years of struggle, and was now replaced by Priscilla's brown cream jugs full of flowers. The Duchess allowed this bit of "farm-house taste," because Priscilla was an indispensable member of the household, doing a hundred useful things all the morning, and working her fingers for very life with needle and silk all the afternoon and evening. Priscilla was hardly so dignified as the Duchess could have wished. She had been known to carry a basket through the village. Nor was her connection with the zinc chapel quite so desirable as attendance at the parish church, where all the respectable tombstones were.

One can imagine breakfast laid for four in that worn dining-room a few days after the visit to town. The Duchess sat rigidly straight, her gold glasses on, her ashen-brown hair brushed to perfection, the diamond rings that belonged to her "own family" always on her large white hands, and wearing her morning dress of white cambric, stiff and fresh, of the most elegant make of two years before. Her full round eyes looked as if they could

cry too easily; but there was a masterful air about the set of the double chin, and the way she brought the gold glasses to bear on her surroundings in life. She was some years older than Oliver, and her face bore little lines of lifelong fretfulness. "Dear Oliver" was so difficult to manage, and the Grange with its worries was not the sphere to which she was born.

Oliver Duke was there this morning, stout and smiling, with black curly hair untouched by a thread of grey. He was spooning away at his porridge like a jolly schoolboy. The Duchess ordered that economical first course, but always passed it over. Priscilla sat opposite him,—a small slender woman, with work-worn hands. If she had not looked so sad, she might have been as pretty as a little lady of Dresden china. Her head was perfectly posed; and, with her dark eyebrows, her silver puffs and curls, she reminded one of the powdered hair of an eighteenth-century *marquise*. But it was no wonder the face was thin, and the truthful grey eyes somewhat weary. Priscilla was more than midway between thirty and forty; and life with the Duchess had always been difficult. The little woman's patience was the most pathetic thing about her; she never broke down; she refused to quarrel; her gentle nature took fault-finding as part of the day's work. After all, there was Oliver to talk to,—the good-natured brother. And every week Sunday came round, when the old hymns were sung in the chapel, and she prayed amid a twilight of unsatisfied longings.

Oliver Duke thought himself a busy man. His pockets were always bulging with papers. He had promised the Duchess that she should live at Tunbridge Wells when his "ship" came home. He had long ago indulged a weakness for the law, to his cost; in fact, he had lived for years between lawsuits and possible fortunes. Lawsuits failed, and the speculations never got beyond letter-writing. Hope deferred was so bad for Georgina's nerves that she made an occasional visit

to Tunbridge Wells, where she found the "county families," whom she spoke of proudly, and her uncle the baronet. It was not only the rest cure, but the aristocracy cure. "Dear Oliver" bore up during her absence, and had a little rest, too. He smoked every evening in the village doctor's parlor; and read the London papers every day at the Pig and Harrow, breaking bread (and cheese) with some humble friend. He rose sometimes before day (which was a vast effort to Oliver) to have the treat of driving on the cart of vegetables, with poor Scaggs, all the way to town to see Covent Garden fruit market, at London's heart, all busy in the dawn. There was a sense of peace about the Grange when one knew that Georgina was enjoying herself. Honest Oliver sorted his papers, and gave his attention to the garden by smoking in every part of it.

After the holidays they met again with due ceremony. Oliver Duke put on his old drab dust-coat and the white hat that looked as if it had begun life at the races. He walked two miles to the railway station to meet his lady's train, and brought her home in state in the "fly," as a gentleman should.

There was a fourth place laid this morning at the breakfast table; but the niece was absent, making omelettes. The freshly-ground coffee was already steaming on the table. The Duchess poured hot milk into her cup from a china jug, and wished it was silver.

"They should keep that kitchen door shut," she said. "Scaggs is actually laughing!"

"Poor Mrs. Scaggs!" said Oliver. "I thought she couldn't laugh since her boy died last year. Why, Georgina, here is the postman!"

A letter was rare enough to be exciting. Here was one, in unknown handwriting, for Mrs. Oliver Duke herself.

"By Jove!" said Oliver, "you are a grand business woman!" when he heard she had advertised for and almost secured

"a paying guest." The possible guest was Dr. Fritz Eberfeld, a man of science and letters; for he wrote from the Royal Society's Club. He offered terms above all expectation, and said he had often been at the Grange years ago, and he had motored down the other day, but found no one at home.

"How fortunate that we were out!" exclaimed the Duchess, fervently. "We might have been making jam, or you might have had no collar on."

"He offers too much money," said Priscilla. "I am afraid he is an impostor. He only knows the name since he came the other day."

"You take things too seriously, Priss," laughed Oliver. "I remember Eberfeld now. He was often here when I was a lad of eleven or twelve. Very bookish he was: wrote poems and gave the book to Sibyl. Don't you remember him, Priss? He made a swing for you under an apple tree."

Priscilla slowly shook her head.

"Roger and Tom would remember him. He used to practise them in batting and bowling on the lawn, when I was too hot to stir; one could do nothing that summer but roll on the grass. By Jove! I shall be glad to see Eberfeld again. He is a handsome fellow, Priss, — fair hair all curls, like an Apollo."

"My dear Oliver," remarked his wife, with the letter in her hand, "he was that when you were a boy."

"Great Scott, how one forgets!" said Oliver. "I don't feel a bit older 'pon my word now."

"I believe you do not," replied the Duchess, "nor have you any more sense."

Just then in came Molly, followed by the servant with the omelettes. If Molly had carried the dish, the Duchess might have resented such unconventional ways and taken no breakfast.

"Your porridge is cold," said Priscilla, kindly.

"It is all right, auntie," answered the girl. Her voice was soft, with a hint of

joy in it. The whole party was conscious of a solemn movement of her hand to her forehead and about the front of her white blouse.

Priscilla slightly shuddered. "We have to take our nearest and dearest as they are," she thought. "There is much we could wish otherwise."

Then Molly heard about the "paying guest," while the Duchess ate omelette and lamented the poverty of the house. There was nothing at the Grange,—“not even a sheet of paper with a printed address. I can not write to him.”

Molly remembered some in the card table. It was there yesterday, when she was dusting the drawing-room with Priscilla.

"What a place for note paper! It must be soiled," grumbled the Duchess. "Nothing is right in this house."

"It was wrapped in white tissue paper," said Molly's sweet voice. "The Grange, Appleworth, is in blue at the top."

"Thank Heaven!" said the Duchess. "Then I can write to him like a gentlewoman. But you shouldn't have put it in that card table, Oliver. *You* must have done it. You would have written to Dr. Fritz Eberfeld on tobacconist's paper from the village, and he would never have come to us. Now we have to get the silver replated, and must buy table linen, and a new carpet, and new chintz covers for the drawing-room. What are you laughing at, Oliver? You are *so* irritating!"

"My dear," said Oliver, "I am as grave as a judge." His countenance had lengthened with the effort.

"I must have something new to wear at dinner," the lady went on. "And your own dress suit is—"

"We are not going to dress for dinner?" asked the affrighted master of the house.

"Not usually, but there may be occasions. It may be desirable to ask the vicar and his wife."

Oliver's face became blank. Then there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Where is Eberfeld's motor car to be put?" he said. "Should not we build a garage? What about Scaggs, too? He would look well in livery,—plum color with silver buttons."

Priscilla's lips were trying not to smile. Molly's face was slightly flushed. She would not have risked offending Aunt Georgina by laughing,—not if it had been suggested to carry the whole house down to the end of the orchard and turn it the opposite way.

"We must have a parlor maid," said the Duchess; "and the stair carpets must come off at once."

"All right, my dear,—all right!" answered Oliver Duke. "Give me a list of things,—cooks and carpets, motor cars and mousetraps. I'll send them all in. The guest will pay for them all. But if I build him the garage, he must pay a thousand a year, or I'll have a suit against him—and not a plum color one either!"

The Duchess answered with incoherent words and rising tears.

"I am only joking, my dear!" pleaded Oliver, clapping both hands to his forehead.

"Then, dear Oliver, don't joke," the Duchess commanded, "but take off the stair carpets."

"Dear Oliver" obeyed orders, and the boards of the stairs were uncovered, as a preparation for thoroughly putting everything out of place and setting the Grange to rights. Meanwhile the Duchess, still on the verge of tears, wrote the letter in a masterful hand, and Molly took it to the post.

Some hours passed, while all the lower floor was in confusion. The drawing-room furniture was in the square hall, with the exception of the grand piano, which was draped in a sheet, and covered with a vast assemblage of bits of china. Scaggs, the gardener, came with a load of flowers; and, finding no one to give directions, laid them in the middle of the polished floor.

Priscilla went about with old white gloves on, her lingering beauty brightened by excitement. She had even an arch look, as if she might smile. The lady of the house was above on the landing, with her head and shoulders plunged into the linen cupboard.

This was the state of things when, they heard the noise of a motor car—an opulent noise—panting up to the house. The gates had been found open, and the enemy was upon them. The car was fidgeting at the open door; and a splendid car it was, all shining grey, with nickel mountings, looking the very symbol of wealth, on the weedy gravel close up against the poor old Grange.

“Oh, what a charming man!” thought Aunt Priscilla, coming out from her retreat behind the grandfather clock. “He must take us as we are. He is just like the picture of Longfellow.”

(To be continued.)

Upon ye Death of Thomas Knowles, Chorister of Westminster Abbey.

*By H. Oliver, circa 1640. From MS. Misc. Eng.
e. 13, in Bodley.*

WHO heard thy voyce, sweet Tom—if voyce
it were,

And not ye eccho of a blessed sphaere,—
Scarce cod of winter dreame, much lesse of
death,

While gentle ayres play'd in thy bloomy breath.
For Time seem'd young when thou beganst to
sing,

And all things smil'd as in a smooth-brow'd
spring.

Nightingale nested in thy dainty throte,
And pour'd her arte in each untrembling note.
O starre-bright eyes (ye milky way thy skin),
O golden lockes, and yet more fayre within!

Sinne never knew thee, nothing spoke thee clay:
Thy soule was musicke,—musicke snatcht away.
Heaven heard some wonderer at thy straines
soe choyce

Crye all too lowd how Heavenslie was that voyce!

The New Blessedness.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

IT was a warm evening in early spring, sweet and peaceful and very still. No birds sang; the voice of the wind, during the day loud among the olive and fig trees, had sunk to a gentle whisper, then died into silence. The discordant, routine noises of the village did not reach the ears of David and Miriam, sitting on a low wooden bench before the door of their tiny house; for it stood apart from all others, close to the mountain-side. Mechanically, they watched the glowing sunlit west as its gorgeous colors softened into pale gold and pink, and slowly, slowly, into gray; but their thoughts took no note of its beauty. Miriam was too tired to think connectedly of anything. What little energy remained to her was devoted to keeping hold of her heart that it might not repine, to watching over her lips that they might not complain. It was easier for her than for David, she reminded herself, as she always did when her courage wavered under the strain of hard work, unrelieved by any of the pleasures loved and needed by the young.

David, gazing at the sunset, thought first of his wife's pale face, rosy and fair but a year before; next, of the little garden beside their cottage, once his pride, now suffering greatly for lack of attention. The fig trees, needing little care, were in good condition, but the vegetables were small and unpromising; the flowers he loved were dying. Miriam had neither time nor strength to spare for them. To cook, care for the house, and weave cloth for a nearby merchant was all she could possibly accomplish. And David—a year and a half before he had been crippled by a fall; he would never walk again, except with the aid of crutches; and, even so, slowly and painfully.

Presently he glanced toward Miriam;

and, touched and grieved by the weariness visible in every line of her face, tenderly laid his hand over hers, resting on her lap. She smiled up at him, pleased by the caress.

"Dear David!" she said brightly; but it would not do. She was so tired that further effort was impossible. Her lips quivered and tears filled her eyes. She knew that he saw, but still refused to admit, her sadness and discouragement.

"I am babyish, David!" she whispered. "Pay no heed to my foolishness."

"Dear little Miriam!" he murmured; and after a pause: "Thou art my comfort, dear!"

She said nothing—she dared not,—and for some minutes both were silent, so completely absorbed by their thoughts that they did not see a woman who came swiftly toward them from the direction of the village,—a stout, happy-looking woman, past middle age, dressed even more plainly than Miriam or the other poor women of the place.

"Miriam! David! Are you both asleep?" she called merrily before she reached them. "I have good news for you,—oh, such good news!"

Miriam sprang to her feet, her face alight with joy, all weariness and sadness forgotten.

"Esther! Esther!" she cried. "It is good to see thee! When didst thou return?"

David could not rise without assistance, but he held out both hands and smiled delightedly.

"Welcome home, Esther! Thou didst remain long—*too* long—in Capharnaum. What detained thee? Thy sister, is she better?"

Esther laughed.

"So many questions! I shall answer them all by and by. But first I have much to tell you,—such joyous tidings! I shall sit here between you on the bench, Miriam,—do not get a stool."

"Ah, thy sister is well!" David exclaimed. "That is not hard to guess."

"David, thou art impatient! I have

a story to tell and she is part of it. I see I must begin at once. It is the only way to satisfy thee."

She laughed again, but paused to collect her thoughts before she went on, much more seriously:

"It is a wonderful story you are to hear. You knew of my sister's illness, and that it was to help nurse her that I went to Capharnaum. I found her burning with fever and in great pain. We watched beside her day and night, Rachel and I, with little hope of saving her. Rachel's husband was away. He was, and is still, with One whom he and Andrew believe to be the Messiah. I laughed when Rachel first told me of Him,—a poor Man, the Son of a carpenter of Nazareth! Rachel had seen Him once, and talked of Him repeatedly as we sat together beside her mother's bed. And—listen attentively, David and Miriam,—listen to every word! My sister grew worse and worse,—her fever higher and her strength less. Then, very early one Sabbath morning, Peter came home. He was eager to see Rachel and to get news of his mother-in-law, but was in a hurry and stayed only a few minutes, because he was going with his Master to the synagogue. About noon he came back, bringing the Prophet with him. I wish I could tell you all about Him. I—I can't,—I can't explain! He came very simply. He took my sister's hand and said a few words to her, and she arose well,—so well that she helped us to prepare the midday meal. And He—Miriam, all the world is different to me since! I can not explain except by telling thee that He is truly the Messiah, not stern and severe and awe-inspiring, as I had imagined the promised One would be, but gentle and pitiful and kind, and, oh, so loving!

"As soon as the sun set and the Sabbath rest was at an end, people came in crowds to our house, bringing their sick with them. Some carried afflicted children in their arms, some led the

blind, others supported the lame, others bore invalids on pallets. He cured them all,—the blind, the deaf, the lame, the diseased!"

"O David!" Miriam cried, her whole heart in the word, and her face radiant with a hope so new and sweet she hardly dared cherish it.

David was trembling.

"Esther, could He,—dost thou think He could—"

"Cure thee, David? Certainly. He can cure any one—everyone! I was detained in Bethsaida on my way home; and there, as in Capharnaum, day after day I heard stories of His power and goodness. And each time I thought of thee, David. I have longed to tell thee. Thou must go to Him. I talked to Jesse an hour ago. He intends to start to-morrow morning to Jerusalem, and is willing to take thee with him as far as Capharnaum, and to care well for thee. There, or thereabouts, thou wilt find the Master."

David was deeply moved. His eyes shone and his face quivered with emotion. When he spoke, his full heart expressed itself in a series of disjointed exclamations.

"To-morrow! He will take me to-morrow! Thou art kind, Esther! And, O Miriam, I am glad! Thou art weary, and so young! I—and I want to be strong. I shall soon be able once more to care for thee, Miriam. To-morrow,—to-morrow! In a few days I shall see Him. And I shall come home alone. Esther, I shall not need Jesse coming back."

"O David, it's almost too good to be true! Thou hast been very patient, but it has been hard for thee; and I—have tried, but I am tired and discouraged!"

A silence, unearthly sweet, fell over the little group. A bird began to sing, but they did not hear it; the twilight deepened, but they did not notice. It was David who spoke at last, and the thought he voiced had already found place in his wife's mind.

"Miriam, we must be very good afterward," he said.

She assented joyously.

"It will not be hard for thee, David. Thou wilt have seen Him," Esther, interposed; then, suddenly realizing that darkness was coming fast and she must go home alone, she rose hastily. "I shall take good care of Miriam while thou art in Capharnaum, David. Jesse will come for thee at daybreak. No need to bid thee be ready!"

"No need, indeed!" he answered happily; and as she hurried away he called after her: "But I shall come home alone!"

A week passed and David had not yet returned. Miriam had expected him on the preceding day, and was beginning to feel anxious. A hundred times during the day she had laid aside her work, gone to the door and looked down the dusty road leading to Capharnaum. It was almost evening now, and vague fears took possession of her heart. It was in vain that she tried to reassure herself by thinking of Jesse's kindness to everyone, and of all Esther had told, on her first evening at home and since, of the power and sweetness of the Christ.

At sunset, her day's work being done, she went outside and sat where she could watch the road. Surely he would come soon, she thought. He knew how eager she would be, and would not delay unnecessarily.

She had been there but a few minutes when, far down the road, she saw a figure outlined against the glowing sky,—a figure that moved slowly and uncertainly. Great fear was in her heart as she watched, afraid to go nearer lest he should prove to be David. Soon she saw another man accost the first, and after a few seconds judged the strange, unwieldy shape that moved nearer and nearer to be the stronger of the two bearing the other on his back. On he came, close and closer; but she had hidden her face in her hands. One of them was David, she felt certain; but which?

She looked up at length when they were

so near that she heard footsteps and a low, unfamiliar voice. A very tall man was before her, walking easily under the burden which he carried; and that burden was David.

In obedience to a gesture of hers—she could not speak,—the stranger carried him into the house, and laid him on a bed of rushes spread on the floor. He went away then; and Miriam quietly and gently gave David a little wine to drink and some wheaten cakes to eat,—all the food she had in the house. She saw that he was weary to the point of exhaustion; she knew from the way he devoured the food that he had eaten nothing for many hours; she guessed from the evidence of the worn places under the arms of his tunic that, painful as it was for him to walk a step, he had hobbled on his crutches all or most of the way from Capharnaum.

After he had eaten she sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. At last she spoke.

"I hope, David, thou art not disappointed," she said,—not one word of her own disappointment.

"I want to tell thee all, Miriam; though I fear it will be difficult for thee to understand, not having been with me. How I wish thou hadst been!"

Forgetting her, he fell into a reverie, and soon her eagerness overcame her patience.

"He could not?" she asked.

"I shall try to tell thee all. I hope thou wilt understand. All the way home I prayed that thou wouldst. I saw Him, heard Him. I would describe Him to thee if I could."

A smile passed over his worn face, so sweet, so joyous and so peaceful that within her heart Miriam knew that no words, however eloquent, could have told so much.

"He was not at Capharnaum, but near there, on Kourn Hattin," David went on, forgetting his fatigue. "A great multitude had gathered about Him and He was teaching them. Jesse took me up

the mountain, and found a place on the outskirts of the throng where I could sit on a rock. I heard perfectly, but there were so many people before me that only occasionally did I get a glimpse of His face. But somehow He knew that I was there,—I, among all those thousands. He knew and was glad; for presently, when I had grown weary and begun to find the stone seat hard, a man named John—one of His close friends, as I learned afterward,—came, bringing me a cloak. Miriam, the Master had sent it for me to sit upon! It was His own. He knew my seat was uncomfortable, John said."

After a pause, David added very solemnly:

"If thou hadst seen and heard Him, Miriam, thou wouldst understand."

Awestruck by his tone and manner, she asked earnestly:

"David, is He truly the Messiah?"

"He is," he answered simply; and as simply she believed.

"I talked to some men near me," David continued. "Jesus of Nazareth had cured one of them of leprosy,—of *leprosy*, Miriam! Another had seen Him heal many. He can cure any one, Miriam,—do not doubt that. But I—I heard Him speak. He said that the poor in spirit are blessed; that they who mourn are blessed, for they shall be comforted. He told us not to be solicitous for our life, what we shall eat and what we shall put on; we are to seek first Him and His love; we are to trust to His care for us. He said many other things,—beautiful things that I should spoil if I tried to repeat them. And He taught us a prayer. Shall I say it for thee, Miriam?"

"Yes," she whispered.

And in the solemn twilight, alone with one who had seen Christ, she heard the "Our Father," yet fresh from the lips of God.

There was a long, long silence when David had finished,—so long that Miriam, coming out of her reverie at last, thought

David had fallen asleep; and, believing that he would not hear, she repeated aloud, very softly:

"Our Father,—*Our* Father! Oh, how wonderful!"

David was not asleep. He stirred a little, turning his face toward her; and in the dim light she saw again how pale and worn he looked, far more so than when he left home a week before. And at the sight her mood changed suddenly, and very sadly she murmured:

"But not thee, David. He did not cure thee!"

"Miriam, I hope thou wilt not blame me. I have been trying to tell thee. It was not that I forgot thee while I was away,—forgot how tired thou dost become, how hard it is for thee to care for us both. But He was weary, too, Miriam,—utterly weary. He suffered the intense heat of the sun at midday, and the chill of evening, there on the mountain. His face was sad,—the saddest I have ever seen. And—and I loved Him. Somehow, I saw that suffering is happiness, because—because of Him. So—I *did not ask Him to cure me*. I listened, and then I slipped away,—and I am home at last!"

Miriam could not look into his eager, pleading eyes. She turned her head and stared through the doorway at the placid, starlit sky, seeing before her years of toil, of poverty; before her husband, years of suffering and helplessness. It was long before she turned to him, very white but smiling.

"Thou didst well, my David!" she said.

MADAME DE MARBEUF, writing to M. de Talleyrand near the close of his career, slipped a medal of Our Lady into the letter, and he wore it for the rest of his life. On finding this medal the day after his death, one who had followed his return to God with the keenest anxiety could not help exclaiming, "It is certain that ever after he put on that medal his thoughts turned toward God!"

Our Lady of France.

BY JOSEPH MAY.

THE childlike devotion to the Mother of God, which has always been characteristic of the French people, was never more evident than it is at the present moment, when the entire population may be said to invoke her, as if with one voice, as "*Notre Dame de France*." Nor is there any exaggeration in the term; for the number of apparitions with which our Blessed Lady has favored France, and the innumerable miracles worked through her intercession at Lourdes alone—Lourdes where she may almost be said to have established her earthly home,—fully justify the French people in so addressing her. When, forty years before the last Franco-German war, the Blessed Virgin foretold the disasters of 1870-71, she appeared standing upon a globe, which, she said, represented the world in general and France in particular; and not France only but its each individual inhabitant as well. The medal struck, at Mary's own request, in commemoration of that apparition, is being distributed in thousands amongst the French soldiers, now once more confronted with a German foe,—the men, in nearly every instance, having, I believe, asked for it themselves. I myself, during a recent visit to the chapel of the apparition, procured a supply of the medals for a soldier who wished to distribute them among his comrades.

In the prayers said in all the Paris churches for the success of the French arms, for the wounded and for the dead, the Blessed Virgin is also frequently invoked as "*Notre Dame de Pontmain*," the little village above which she appeared when, by her presence alone, she saved France from Germany in 1871. Of this famous apparition I shall speak more fully presently, but shall first say something of the vision of the *Médaille Miraculeuse*; for both apparitions, notwith-

standing the forty years' interval that separates them, are connected, and the history of the one bears upon that of the other. To begin with the earlier apparition.

In 1830 Sister Catherine Labouré entered the novitiate of the mother house of the Sisters of Charity at 140 Rue du Bac, Paris,—a step which, her biographers tell us, she was led to take by St. Vincent de Paul himself, who had appeared to her in various visions. She arrived at the Rue du Bac on the 21st of April, three days before the translation of the relics of St. Vincent from the episcopal palace to the chapel of the Lazarists,—a ceremony at which she assisted. Upon her return to the convent, she went into the chapel and knelt in prayer before the little shrine, in which now, as then, a relic of the same saint is preserved; and, while she prayed, his heart appeared to her, raised somewhat above the shrine on which her eyes were fixed. During three days the vision was repeated; the color of the heart, however, changing. It was sometimes flesh-color, sometimes crimson, and on the third day was of a very dark red. When it had assumed this latter shade, an interior voice said to the kneeling nun: "The heart of St. Vincent is profoundly afflicted at the thought of the great misfortunes about to fall upon France."

On the last day of the octave of the translation of the relics of St. Vincent, the heart, this time vermilion, appeared once more to Sister Labouré, while the same interior voice she had already heard told her that St. Vincent was somewhat consoled, because, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, he had obtained the assurance that his two foundations, the Lazarists and the Sisters of Charity, should survive the threatened disasters and be used to reanimate the faith.

But the lifelong wish of Sister Labouré was to see the Mother of Our Lord; and she frequently implored this favor of Mary, with whom she begged her Angel

Guardian and St. Vincent to intercede for her. At length her prayers were granted. She had retired to rest as usual on the 18th of July, 1830, when she was awakened by hearing her name called three times. She slept in a large dormitory with several other nuns; and, probably supposing that it was one of them who had called her, drew the curtain of her bed and looked in the direction of the voice. What must have been her surprise to see a beautiful boy of about five years of age, from whose dazzling white robe and long golden hair light radiated!

"Come to the chapel," said the child's melodious voice. "The Blessed Virgin is waiting for you."

"But I shall be overheard."

"Have no fear of that," was the reassuring answer. "It is half-past eleven now, and everyone is fast asleep."

The Sister hesitated no longer. Dressing herself hastily, she followed the angelic child, whom she now knew to be her Angel Guardian. She found, to her astonishment, that lights were lit in every corridor, and on every staircase she passed. The door of the convent chapel was always locked at night, but it opened at the Angel's touch; and here, too, everything was lit "as if for Midnight Mass." The luminous guide then led his charge to the Communion rail, where she knelt down, while he entered the sanctuary, to the left of which he remained standing. A silence followed. Then, just upon the stroke of twelve, he exclaimed: "The Blessed Virgin is coming!" And a moment later: "There she is!"

A sound like the rustling of silk was heard, in the direction of the Epistle side of the altar, as a Lady of extraordinary beauty came forward and seated herself in a low armchair to the left of the sanctuary,—that is to say, in the very chair that is still preserved in the convent chapel. It has been re-covered, however, in peacock blue; but the framework has never been altered, and it is a pious custom with visitors to the chapel to

touch their beads and medals against it. For one fleeting moment Sister Labouré allowed herself to question the reality of the vision; and then for the first time the Angel spoke harshly to her, the words of reproach he uttered being spoken with a man's deep voice, although he continued to wear the appearance of a child.

Convinced at last that she labored under no delusion, the delighted nun flung herself at Our Lady's feet, laying her hands upon her lap as she might have done had the celestial visitor been her earthly mother. And the Blessed Virgin spoke to her kneeling client as a mother might have spoken, urging her to have trust and confidence, and to bring all her troubles to the feet of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. She then warned her of the evils that should fall upon France when blood would flow in the streets of Paris, and the innocent become the victims of injustice and cruelty; and indicated forty years later as the period when the evils would occur—that is to say, during 1870-71, the epoch of the Franco-German war.

The second apparition of Our Lady was of an altogether different character. It took place toward the end of the same year—on the 27th of November, 1830, when Sister Labouré was making her evening meditation in the convent chapel. The Immaculate Mother appeared all in white, and standing on a globe, while her feet crushed a yellow-spotted green serpent. She held in her hands a smaller globe surmounted by a little cross, and offered it with raised eyes to her Divine Son. Suddenly her fingers became covered with beautiful rings, from the precious stones of which, as she lowered her hands, rays of such blinding light were darted as to make the entire figure one blaze of splendor, in the midst of which the radiant, shining face alone could be clearly distinguished. The jewels varied both in size and brilliancy, some of them seeming dull and lifeless.

Presently the Blessed Virgin looked at

Sister Labouré and told her that the globe on which she stood typified the world in general, and France in particular, as well as its each individual inhabitant; and that the light radiating from the precious stones was symbolic of the graces showered on those who sought them, whilst the dull and rayless jewels signified the graces that were never asked for. Then a gold-lettered oval formed itself around the celestial figure, and on it the nun read the words: *O Marie, conçue sans péché, priez pour nous qui avons recours à vous.* Our Blessed Lady then enjoined Sister Labouré to have a medal struck on the model she saw before her, promising great graces to those who carried one about them, and especially to those who wore it round the neck. Then the figure turned its back, showing the letter M surmounted by a cross, beneath it the hearts of Jesus and Mary, and, encircling all, twelve glorious stars. The vision was repeated in December, the Immaculate Mother appearing above the tabernacle of the high altar where her statue is to-day, and again ordering that the medal should be struck. It was not, however, till two years later that Mgr. de Quélen, then Archbishop of Paris, gave the necessary authorization.

The "Miraculous Medal," as it has always been called, was received with pious enthusiasm, its popularity soon spreading from France to every part of the world. One of its first effects was to develop devotion to the Immaculate Conception; and, toward the close of 1836, the *curé* of Notre Dame des Victoires, Paris, established the confraternity of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In 1847 Pius IX. sanctioned the establishment of the confraternity of the Children of Mary, the institution of which had been recommended to Sister Labouré by Our Lady in the course of one of the apparitions with which she favored her; and the miraculous medal became the badge of the association.

One of the most remarkable conversions

connected with the wearing of the medal occurred in Rome some years earlier—in 1842,—when a Jew, Alphonsus Ratisbonne, consented to wear one in order to please a Catholic friend, who, meanwhile, had prayers said for him. Ratisbonne hated the Catholic religion, and when, at about noon one day, he entered the church of S. Andre della Fratte, we may presume he did so only from curiosity. All at once the church grew dark, while the side chapel of St. Michael became as suddenly filled with light, toward which the wondering Jew turned his eyes in search of some explanation of the phenomenon. And then he saw the Blessed Virgin, as Sister Labouré had seen her twelve years before, with a countenance full of sweetness, and in the pose represented on the medal he was wearing at that very moment. Conscience-stricken and touched to the heart, the Jew burst into tears and asked God's pardon for his sins. He was soon after received into the Church, and eventually became a priest, and passed the remainder of his life in preaching the Gospel he had once despised.

In January, 1871, two-thirds of France was occupied by the Germans, the capital itself being besieged and on the verge of famine. The triumphant entry of the foreign troops into Mayenne seemed to make the taking of Mans inevitable. Schmidt, the German general, had been ordered to seize Laval; and so sure was he of succeeding in the attempt that he fixed three millions as the sum to be levied on that town when it was conquered. The march to Laval continued bravely till half-past five on the evening of the 17th of January, when, without any apparent cause, the invaders came to an abrupt stand just as they arrived in sight of the seemingly doomed town. The very next morning General Schmidt gave the order to retreat. When asked for an explanation, he only shook his head and answered that all was over and they could go no farther; for "down there,

on the Brittany side, an invisible Madonna barred the way." It must be borne in mind that not only were prayers being offered up all over Brittany for the deliverance of France just then, but that at the very moment in which the enemy stopped short in their march upon Laval, the inhabitants of St. Brieuc were assembled in their parish church, where they were making a vow to Notre Dame d'Espérance for the same intention.

It was then also that, at half-past five in the evening, the Blessed Virgin deigned to appear to four little children in the village of Pontmain, on the frontier of Brittany. They did not at first realize that *la belle dame*, raised about a hundred yards above the houses, was God's Holy and Immaculate Mother. "Oh, how beautiful she is!" they frequently exclaimed. Of the four children—two boys and two girls,—the former, Joseph and Eugène Barbedette, when grown to manhood, joined the priesthood. In his "*Récit d'un Voyant*," Joseph declared that the Blessed Virgin smiled upon them like a mother seemingly more pleased to see her children than even they were to see her.

The evening was intensely cold and the ground was covered with snow, whilst the deep blue sky that arched above the heavenly visitor was studded with stars. Though only the children beheld the vision, there were present some grown-up people who saw that the little ones held no communication together either by word of mouth or by the touch. Among these were the village *curé*, the Abbé Guérin, and two nuns. As in the case of the miraculous medal of the Rue du Bac, forty years before, an oval presently formed itself round the smiling figure; and on this, whilst the elders recited the Rosary or sang hymns, the following words appeared in letters of gold: *Mais priez, mes enfants, Dieu vous exaucera en peu de temps, mon fils se laisse toucher*. Then the children, reading the words *mon fils*, realized for the first time that *la*

belle dame was Mary herself, the Virgin Mother of Our Lord. Whereupon a joyful shout of "*C'est la Sainte Vierge!*" ("Tis the Blessed Virgin!") rang through the frosty stillness, mingled with cries of "*C'est fini, — c'est fini!*" ("The war is over and we are going to have peace!")

Then, as the luminous words melted away, the little crowd sang alternate verses of *Mon Doux Jésus* and *Parce Domine*. With the penitential strains the vision altered, the smile fading on the Virgin Mother's lips and giving place to an expression of deep sorrow, as a blood-red crucifix, about fifty centimetres high, appeared in front of her. Stooping, she lifted it and held it before her, seeming, while the words, "Lord, spare thy people!" were being sung, to join in the prayer. The *Ave Maris Stella* was sung next, the crucifix disappearing from view, and the heavenly smile returning to the lips of Our Lady, who, assuming the pose in which she is represented on the miraculous medal, gazed affectionately at the children. Then what looked like a white sheet unrolled from beneath the figure's feet, and, going slowly upward, gradually hid the vision from the little ones' longing gaze. It was then about nine o'clock; and, having said their night prayers together, the crowd reverently dispersed.

Nearly half a century has passed since that memorable night, but the message sent by the Blessed Virgin to the French people echoes still in every heart, and is as applicable to the present hour as it was when she first gave it: "But pray, my children. In a short time God will hear you, and my Son will allow Himself to be moved." And truly France is praying. I question if at any period of her history so many prayers went up to Heaven as are ascending now, their incense mingling with the smoke of battle and the generous tide of glorious blood flowing from the veins of her heroic sons, who are—thank God!—still, and in spite of everything, also the children of

Mary. From the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same, and often—as at the *Sacré Cœur*—all night as well, prayers are being said throughout France for the salvation of the country. The Rosary is the most popular prayer of all, and may be said to go on unceasingly, one crowd of worshippers relieving the other; so that fresh roses are never wanting in the wreath which filial love perennially lays at the feet of *Notre Dame de France*.

Mohammedanism in Africa.

THE entrance of Turkey into the conflict of the European Powers, and the probable results to that country when the final reckoning comes at the end of the great war, invest with additional timeliness a very interesting paper which we find in the current issue of the *African Missionary*, published at Blackrock Road, Cork. The paper has for caption "An Inquiry as to the Relations of Mohammedanism to Christianity on the West Coast of Africa," and consists of the answers sent by six heads of important missions to these questions proposed to them by the *Missionary's* editor: "Do you consider Mohammedanism as a real danger to the future of your mission field? If so, what, in your opinion, are the best means of lessening or destroying this danger? Do you think Mohammedanism beneficial to the native? Do you think it a step toward Christianity, or does it rather remove the native from the Gospel teaching?"

The first question is answered in the affirmative by all those consulted. From Southern Nigeria, from Dahomey, from the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, the Upper Ivory Coast, and the Nile Delta, comes the same reply—that the religion of Mohammed is a real and a grave danger to Christianity. As explanatory thereof, Bishop Terrien, Vicar Apostolic of Benin, writes: "The free-and-easy morality

which is preached and practised by the sons of the Prophet falls in with the inclinations of the Blacks. The public prayers recited several times a day also form an attraction for the native, who loves public demonstrations. The Mohammedans always go to the Mosque in groups of from fifteen to twenty, and the gesticulations of those who remain outside draw the interest and attention of the passers-by."

As for the best means of lessening or destroying this danger, the answers vary. In some of the mission fields, apparently, the Mohammedan is especially favored by the Government; and, as "the native Mussulman is essentially an apostle, every true son of the Prophet being a missionary," such favor is a serious obstacle to the work of our Christian missionaries. Bishop Steinmetz, Vicar Apostolic of Dahomey, says: "The pagans must be made Christians. This is still possible, though in a few years, if they are allowed to become Mohammedans, we can have no hope of winning them. The natives are well-disposed to Catholicism; but to make them members of our fold it is necessary to found, and to found at once, catechists' stations — I would say *schools*, but here in Dahomey the Government does not allow us to open any." Bishop Hummel, of the Gold Coast, writes in a similar strain: "Be first in the field. Instruct the natives. These have no great sympathy with Mohammedans, not so much on account of their religion as on account of the absorbing powers of the Moslem, who always tries to rule wherever he succeeds in settling in any number."

Bishop Moury, of the Ivory Coast, suggests two means of averting the danger: the Government (French) should show less favor to Islamism, and there should be a more active dissemination of Christian ideas, attainable only by more means and men. Father Kernivinen, Prefect Apostolic of Koroho, declares that "the only way to avoid this danger

(if indeed it be not already too late) is by legislation." And, finally, Father M. Slattery, Irish Provincial of the Society of African Missions, writes: "I would say, in answer to your second question, pray for the conversion of Mohammedans, and send them holy, fervent missionaries to preach the doctrine of our holy religion."

That Mohammedanism does not benefit the native, even in a worldly sense, is the conviction of all the writers to the *Missionary*. Says one: "I fail to see what benefits Mohammedanism has conferred on the native so far. One decent pagan is worth ten Mohammedans such as one sees in these parts. He is less of a thief and hypocrite than the follower of the Prophet. But I speak, remember, of those who live in Dahomey and the Soudan."

Another Prefect Apostolic declares: "No, Mohammedanism in no way benefits the native. With regard to morality, it puts no restraints on the passions of the Black. Far from it. The converted (?) Negro thinks himself superior to his former fetich-worshippers; supported by the marabout, he exercises a sort of authority over those about him, takes all the wives he wants, and is waited on like a slave-driver. The Koran laws forbidding intoxicating liquor are suspended in his favor, so that, quite naturally, he sees only in Islamism a freedom for all his lower instincts."

Father Slattery incidentally replies to a possible objection in this wise: "The religion of the Prophet affords the people a means of expression for their religious feelings or sentiments, which, in reality, are developed by God working through the influence of a most beautiful climate. I mean to say that any good apparently springing from Mohammedanism is due to religiosity; for, properly speaking, there is really no religion in Mussulman countries."

In fine, the experience of the missionaries in Africa is similar to that of their fellow-laborers in the East Indies

as regards Mohammedanism's being an additional obstacle to, rather than a step toward, Christianity. "For every thousand pagans converted to Christianity," we are told, "there is not more than one Mohammedan." The reason therefor, if one is concerned as to the rationale of such disparity, may be found in these paragraphs:

The religion of the Prophet alienates the native from Christianity; of this there can be no doubt. One has only to look at the countries entirely Mohammedan, in which a conversion seldom or never takes place. How can we compete with a religion which allows its followers to do as they please, and promises them in the next world a life of sensual pleasure, whilst we preach a severe code of morals and forbid theft, polygamy, lust, etc.!

Mohammedanism does not bring the native nearer to Christianity: it removes him farther from it. Its proselytes have hatred of Christianity instilled into them. If one such be sick, he may not have a priest come near him; should one of them wish to be converted, he is threatened with death.

To this system I think we must attribute the paucity of conversions from Islam to Christianity. It needs heroism, even a desire for martyrdom,—a spirit in which neophytes are, of course, generally wanting.

On the whole, it is clear that the problem of offsetting or opposing Mohammedanism in Africa as in the far Eastern missions is a difficult one, and will continue to be so even with the most generous contributions of men and money from European and American Catholics. The moral for our readers is that, as our coreligionists in Europe are necessarily debarred at present from aiding the missions, our own assistance should be prompter and greater than ever before; our prayers should be continuous, and our almsgiving regular and frequent. The present month is a propitious season for such almsgiving, which can be offered for the benefit of the Holy Souls.

THE eternal verities of love and faith and reverence must be behind human relationships to give them strength and value.—*Christian Reid.*

For the Benefit of the Public.

LET us hope that it was zeal for the public good, rather than a selfish desire to exploit in the interest of increased circulation one of humanity's strongest sentiments, which inspired the following statement in a recent issue of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*:

Interest in religion was never greater than now in Pittsburgh. Consequently, there is also great interest in religions. There is a large mass of people who have never given much thought to denominational religion, and have little idea of the varying points of doctrine in the many churches; and even church members are hazy on the religious movements that brought their organization into being and made of it a force in modern civilization. For the general enlightenment along these lines, the *Dispatch* has requested leading ministerial exponents of the various faiths represented in Pittsburgh each to prepare articles for publication, giving the history of the birth of his denomination, tracing its course through the centuries or years, and, finally bringing the history down to what the particular church is doing, its ideals, its peculiar tenets of belief, and the position it occupies in the world to-day.

An obvious comment on the foregoing is that the Catholic exponent, as having a history of nineteen hundred years to summarize, should be allowed considerably more space than the exponent of, say, Christian Science, with a history scarcely one-hundredth part as long. The Rev. T. F. Coakley has given to the *Dispatch* a paper in which he amplifies these six points: The Catholic Church stands for the Bible; it stands for authority in religion; it stands for absolute certainty in religion; it stands for the entirety of Christianity; it stands for the sanctity of the family and for religious education in the school.

The Pittsburgh paper has set an example which we sincerely hope will be followed by all the great dailies of the country. A large number of people who can not be induced to read a religious book would thus be afforded an opportunity of learning the claims of the Church upon their allegiance.

Notes and Remarks.

Almost every convert to the Church is called upon more or less frequently to deny the assertion that he ever repented of his choice. How vehemently and how often this was done by Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, and our own Dr. Brownson, is known to everyone. The late Monsignor Benson had the same experience, and was accustomed to reply to any such insinuation: "Every single day of my life I thank God more and more that I am a Catholic." A collection of such declarations would be a powerful apologetic argument, which might be put to good purpose.

Dr. Brownson never wrote anything more effective than his last profession of Faith; and, being made when it was, at the conclusion of his life work, it forever silenced the reports of his "wavering allegiance to Rome." Fellow-Catholics were no less edified at the great publicist's humility and increased appreciation of the Faith, which he had so long and so ably defended, than non-Catholics were impressed by his whole-hearted submission to the Old Church. How often during the last forty years we have had occasion to quote these eloquent words! "I have, and I desire to have, no home out of the Catholic Church, with which I am more than satisfied, and which I love as the dearest, tenderest, and most affectionate mother. My only ambition is to live and die in her communion."

The threatened famine in Belgium is a crisis of humanity. Thousands upon thousands of her people have been rendered homeless, and are now suffering for lack of food and clothing. The approaching cold weather will of course intensify the distress. The associations for its relief formed in this country are under able and energetic management, and it is hoped that by united effort Christmas may be rendered less agonizing and less sad for the unfortunate

Belgians. No question of nationality or creed, no opinion as to the causes of the great war should lessen the sympathy of any heart among us for a people whose need is so appalling. Nor should the magnificent Rockefeller benefaction serve otherwise than as an example and stimulus to those who count themselves poor, though in need of nothing.

Discussion of Germany's obligation to alleviate the suffering she has caused, or condemnation of England's action in forbidding the exportation of food, or lamentation over Denmark's inability to furnish further aid, is to no purpose. The plain facts to be borne in mind are that thousands of homes in Belgium have been destroyed, and that, as a result of the suspension of business and the ruin of the crops, the vast majority of the people there are deprived of the means of sustenance. These facts should not be without their effect upon a country in full enjoyment of the blessings of peace and preparing to return public thanks for national prosperity.

Speaking at the dedication of a new school for St. Mary's parish, Baltimore, Mayor Preston expressed the hope that the various religious bodies would agree on some method whereby morality might be inculcated in the public schools. Here are his words:

An agreement along these lines, it seems to me, can not do any harm, but rather can accomplish a great amount of good. By the inauguration of such a system in our public schools, we shall help to mold the hearts of the young; we shall help to make them better citizens by showing them that religious principles constitute the chief asset of man's success in life; that without these principles there is something lacking; that without these principles we can not attain the highest form of education which will make the pupil receive full value for his or her time spent in study.

I believe that the Catholic Church has set us a good example in pointing out the necessity of such teaching. The results of such education can not be rightly denied by any one, and all broad-minded citizens will give that Church her meed of praise. That is why I

believe that a system can be adopted in our public schools of inculcating the highest principles of morality without hurting the religious sensibilities of the members of any creed. This would seem to me a good way to start that unity of which I have spoken.

As yet comparatively few non-Catholics who share the views expressed by Mayor Preston are willing to have the fact publicly known; but it may be safely predicted that, before very long, citizens in general and aspirants for political office in particular will be unanimous in declaring that religion ought to be taught in the public schools of the land. The politicians will then be ready to denounce the contrary minded in every mood and tense, and to assert that they themselves have always been strong advocates of religious education.

Those good-natured, optimistic persons who are firmly persuaded and fond of declaring that this country has outgrown religious intolerance had their eyes opened by the elections. So general were the manifestations of bigotry during the campaign, and so unscrupulous the methods employed by political conspirators to defeat Catholic candidates, that even the President himself felt called upon to declare publicly that "an American citizen should never vote as a sectarian but as a citizen." Other repudiations of the infamous movement were more emphatic than this,—decidedly so. But there is no accounting for temperaments any more than for tastes. President Wilson must be exceptionally academic, and his mild deprecation of the interjection of religion into politics is perhaps a product of his accustomed style of comment. As a rule men show more or less warmth when expressing indignation.

One of the most excellent, and perhaps also one of the least common, qualities of present-day writers and public speakers is the judicial temperament, the habitual disposition to weigh well both sides of any given question, and then write or

speak with sane moderation instead of intemperate partisanship. The quality is, of course, naturally to be looked for in those who are judges by profession; so it is not surprising to find it well exemplified in an address recently delivered to the Ambrose Woman's Club of Chicago by Judge M. A. Kavanagh. Here is a typical paragraph:

You women are appointed to the high office of guardians and rulers of the homes of men. If a woman can not find happiness in the home, let her not look for it elsewhere. For her, happiness does not exist in all this earth. Pleasure may be found in a thousand places, but happiness for the women in only one. Pleasure without happiness is only etherized pain. It is a splendid thing to see you women in these clubs,—to note the thousand vibrant efforts with which you are carrying your influence into new channels. The world is growing brighter and men are growing better under your new realizations. But towering mountains-high in importance above all these new energies stands yet your world-old mission—the guardianship of the home. However useful a woman may be in other directions, if she has a home and neglects it, she loses something of her womanhood, and as surely as the sun rises will she pay the penalty in remorseful sorrow.

This, we submit, is excellent philosophy and sociology, and theology as well. The Judge's recognition of the good points in the Club idea emphasizes, rather than detracts from, his eulogy of the home and its maker.

Correspondents in Italy to whom Benedict XV. is no stranger inform us that, though very different from his lamented predecessor in many respects, he is exactly like him in devotedness to the poor, whose necessities he never misses an opportunity of relieving. Lack of consideration for them on the part of others always causes him pain, and has often drawn stern rebukes from him. Being a sufferer himself—his health is far from robust,—he knows how to sympathize with all forms of distress. It is related that while Archbishop of Bologna, where he is no less beloved than venerated, he forbade elaborate dinners in his honor on such occa-

sions as his Confirmation tour, declaring that a simple repast was all he cared for or was accustomed to. "Have you no poor in your parish?" he once demanded of a priest, who, disregarding his injunction, had prepared a sumptuous feast. On being told there were many such, the future Pope finished his dinner at the second course, remarking that superfluities were for the needy, and dainty dishes for the sick.

Being asked for an expression of opinion regarding a proposed cemetery ordinance, one effect of which would be the removal of the interred bodies from Calvary Cemetery in San Francisco, Archbishop Riordan declares himself opposed to the contemplated action. "The city of San Francisco," he writes, "is not so overcrowded—as the yet unbuilt portions of the devastated regions show—that in order to get a place for the living the dead should be removed. The ordinance, too, works a hardship upon the Catholic people of this city." It appears, indeed, that the burden of removing the dead would fall entirely upon the Catholic people. To the commercial argument that, as a matter of business, the Church would profit by the removal, the Archbishop laconically replies: "The Church is not, and has never been, in the real-estate market for profit. According to the canons of the Church, any moneys accruing from cemeteries must be spent in charitable purposes."

Catholics everywhere who felt as if they had lost a relative on hearing the sad news of Monsignor Benson's death—so thoroughly identified had he become with the great family of the Church—will be grateful to Canon Sharrock, of Salford, for the account which he has furnished to the *London Tablet* of his beloved friend's last hours and passing. To quote:

He received the last rites with great devotion; and, all unbidden, made his profession of faith with marked strength and vivacity. Sunday morning saw a change, after a restless night,

which had tried the endurance of both doctor and nurse. He was never delirious, but his restlessness was acute. On Sunday morning I gave him Holy Viaticum. His piety and devotion were most touching. He made all the responses, even correcting me when my emotion caused me to stumble at the *Misereatur*. . . . His mental faculties were as keenly active as ever, and no tendency to mental exhaustion was observable. His strength appeared good, but it was only too evident that the terrible strain on the heart from the pneumonia was beginning to tell. Later on, in the evening, for the first time, I abandoned hope. He spoke continuously to me of his friends, and gave me many messages.

At one o'clock on Monday morning, having left him for a short time, I was hastily summoned by the nurse, at his request. Entering the sick room, I saw that the last call had come. He told me so himself, with the words, "God's will be done!" He bade me summon his brother [Mr. A. C. Benson], who was in the adjoining apartment. The prayers for the dying were recited, and again he joined in the responses, clearly and distinctly. Once, when I paused, he bade me in God's name to go on. He stopped the prayers twice or thrice to give some instructions to his brother. He asked once for guidance as to the right attitude toward death. Once, as I paused, he uttered the prayer, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give you my heart and my soul," and joined with us in its completion. Conscious almost to the last moment, seemingly without pain, he breathed forth his soul without struggle at 1.30 on Monday morning. With his eyes fixed on the priest he died; it was just as if he had gone to sleep.

Walt Mason, known to many newspaper readers as a humoristic poet of the common life, has too much sense to be influenced by the slanderers and calumniators of the Church who are prosecuting their nefarious business in Kansas. Addressing his fellow-Protestants of Emporia, he writes:

At present, a lot of noisy people who should be attending to their own business are howling that the Catholic Church is a menace. Newspapers are published for the sole purpose of carrying on this insane crusade, and they are read by hundreds of thousands of foolish people, who actually believe the stuff they find in them. Now be reasonable. There are many Catholics in Emporia. Has any one the effrontery to say that the Emporia Catholics are a menace to anybody or anything? Can any one deny that they are excellent citizens? Do they ever

bother anybody, or try to force their creed on others? An answer might appropriately come from some of the poor people who have received generous treatment at St. Mary's Hospital.

Mr. Mason's point is well taken. One thing that the average Guardian of Liberty needs to have impressed upon him in season and out of season is that Catholics in the mass are just such people as the individual Catholics whom he meets in his business and social life.

An article on "All Saints," from the pen of the Rev. James J. Daly, S. J., in *America*, is poignantly beautiful and deeply consoling. Both in thought and expression, it reaches those higher levels where the feet of prose give place to the wings of poetry. Indeed, at one point the writer takes the empyrean in these fine lines:

My window opens on the autumn night,
In vain I watch for sleep to visit me:
How should sleep dull mine ears and dim my sight,
Who saw the stars and listened to the sea?
Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If, without sea, and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there,
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

And what genuine solace there is in these words!—

This hope is also laid up in our bosom, that we shall meet again those who are dear to us and are here no longer. Kind, beautiful eyes, that in a distant past kindled into a rare light at our approach and filled with tears at our going forth, closed now these many years and withdrawn behind the veil of death, will light again with the joy of meeting, nevermore to know the need of tears. How they loved and believed in us! To think that God will make us so worthy of their love that for eternity it will never find cause to weary, to falter, to doubt!

This matter is more germane to singing than to speech (unless it were prayer). Fr. Daly quotes a paragraph of Coventry Patmore on the bliss of that reunion, but Patmore said the same thing still more beautifully in verse:

With tears of recognition never dry.

What is loosely referred to in this country as our war tax merits that name

only in an indirect fashion. It is a tax to offset certain losses occasioned by the great conflict in Europe; but it might just as well be called a neutrality tax, or a peace tax, since we are, happily, not at war, and have no desire to enter that condition. The rationale, or reason for being, of a genuine war tax is thus succinctly expressed in a recent issue of the *London Catholic Times*:

If war is the defence of property and wealth in all their forms, as it is, then no man who possesses will object to insure his possessions by a proportionate allocation from them to the war tax. And once men begin to realize the burden of war by means of a direct tax to support it, there may come a great and sudden desire for peace. But these be things for the future days, when this war is done, and when men of business mind and common-sense begin earnestly to find out some better system of international relations than that which has just broken down. Meanwhile we must all of us do our duty by the soldier and his dependents. No man must be mulcted for his patriotism. No parent or widow or orphan must be allowed to suffer for the noble sacrifice shown in the service of his country by son or husband or father.

This is sound economics and good sense, as applicable in Germany and Austria as in England and France. The wives and mothers and sisters and daughters of the men on the battlefield have an undeniable right to support (if necessary) by the country for whose sake their dear ones are fighting.

The pessimists are recklessly predicting all sorts of evils as a result of the great European war; the optimists declare positively that it will, without a doubt, check the spread of Socialism, promote the cause of religion, etc. At least three good effects may be confidently expected: the blessing of peace will be more thoroughly appreciated by the nations of the world, the clutch of Freemasonry will be weakened, and the superstition of print extirpated. Even now the most credulous of mortals are beginning to realize that words are but words, even though they be printed in great dailies.



A Prediction that Came True.

BY AUSTIN BAILLY.

IT was a feast-day, in the year 1328, in the great hall of Motte-Broons manor. The lord of the manor had invited his friends to the banquet. On the richly decorated table the most sumptuous viands were successively served. The children clapped their hands and shouted with joy. And the lady of the Knight of Motte-Broons, the gentle Jeanne Malemains, sitting in the midst of the little ones, was obliged to restrain their exuberant spirits.

The good lady had recently been seriously ill. In order to nurse her, a young widow of Dinan, Pierrette Raguene, had been sent for. She was as amiable as skilful, and her presence had brought joy to the manor; while Tiphaine, her pretty little five-year-old daughter, had made herself the pet of the whole household.

Jeanne Malemains had been restored to life; and now, convalescent, if still a little weak, she had come downstairs to enhance by her presence the prestige of the banquet. Lord Motte-Broons, however, wore an anxious countenance, and from time to time turned impatiently toward the door.

"How is it," he asked at last, "that Bertrand is not here with his brothers?"

"Why ask?" sorrowfully answered his wife. "Don't you know, my lord, that the boy obeys no one? I find it impossible to keep him near me. Without doubt, he has gone off with the gamekeepers or the poachers."

"I'll have him put in the dungeon!" growled the knight. "It is time he made up his mind to live the life of a gentle-

man instead of spending his time with rowdies and rascals. I'll—but here he is!"

The door had just been violently flung open, and Bertrand came into the hall without saluting any one. He was covered with mud and dust, his face was swollen, and there was a long scar across his forehead. He did not appear to mind what he looked like, either. Throwing a proud glance around him, and seeing his two brothers, Guillaume and Olivier, sitting at the head of the table, he cried out:

"What's the meaning of this? Ain't I the eldest? That place belongs to me."

Shoving his brothers aside, he sat down, and pulled a dish of venison toward him so rudely that a portion of its contents was spilled, soiling the clothes of those near him.

"Alas!" said Jeanne Malemains, "would any one ever think him the son of a knight? Look at his appearance and notice his rough manners! Bertrand, you may retire. This banquet is not for you. You will take your dinner with the servants."

The boy got up hurriedly, and, seizing the table with a strength really wonderful in a young lad, lifted one end of it about a foot and then dropped it, upsetting of course a number of dishes. The Knight of Motte-Broons could not restrain his fury.

"Here, Pierre and Léon," he called to his attendants, "seize him and see to it that he gets a sound flogging."

"Oh, no, sire, don't flog him, let me beg you!" put in a gentle voice.

It was Pierrette Raguene who spoke. The knight at once grew calm.

"I accord you this favor," he said. "I owe you too much to permit my refusing any request of yours. But you know very little of this boy, thus to undertake his defence. He will always be the disgrace of his family. Although only ten years old, his character is so intractable that

neither persuasion nor punishment avails with him."

While the knight was speaking Pierrette Ragueneau was examining the boy.

"Patience and gentleness will finally succeed," she replied; "for I believe he has a generous and appreciative soul. The disgrace of his family! No, my lord: his glory, I feel sure, will surpass that of his most illustrious ancestors. Who knows but his very name may one day put the enemies of France to rout?"

The Knight of Motte-Broons was silent, stupefied. But Bertrand was beside himself with joy. He bowed low to the young mother; then, taking her by the hand, he led her to the table (which the servants had meanwhile set in order), and proceeded to wait on her himself.

Throughout Pierrette's sojourn at the manor Bertrand was her inseparable companion. He that had been so rude and proud became suddenly as gentle and submissive as a model little page. When, finally, she left the manor, carrying with her rich presents, Bertrand went part way to Dinan with her, leading little Tiphanie by the hand.

"I'm only a little boy now," he said at parting; "but when I'm grown up, remember that if you ever need a knight, my sword will be at your service."

Pierrette smiled good-naturedly at the boyish speech, but did not think she would ever need a defender. Who would wish to do evil to one that soothed all misfortunes? And in her isolated little house, what had she to fear?

In those troublous times, however, no one was quite sure of what the morrow might bring. Great bands of adventurers were devastating France, pillaging cities, burning villages, and killing all who resisted them. There was no fortress secure from some sudden attack; and so one day, a score of years after the scene we have just described, Dinan was invested by a band of revolutionists, under the leadership of James de Pipe.

Once installed in the town, the bandits

decided that the best plan by which to terrorize its citizens was to execute a few of them; and they soon determined to burn Pierrette Ragueneau alive, she being the favorite of everybody,—and, moreover, the very life and soul of the opposition to the invaders. Warned in time, she fled, with her daughter and a few old women, to an abandoned farm at the entrance of a wood not far from Bernay. There they lived in misery and terror.

One winter's evening they were gathered around the hearth, on which blazed a few fagots. They were working,—some knitting, others at the spinning-wheel. Outside it was snowing and the wind was whistling fiercely.

"Hark to the tempest!" said one. "What a winter we're having! Steady snowing for twenty days!"

"What misery France is enduring, anyway! Everywhere there is theft and pillage and murder."

"Alas, yes! And who will protect us, who have no fortified walls and no men-at-arms?"

At that very moment the door was shaken by several violent blows.

"Open the door!" said Pierrette to one of the women. "What do you fear? Our poverty is our best safeguard."

The door was opened and several men-at-arms entered. They were not marauding soldiers, but knights clad in rich armor. One alone of their number had a disturbed appearance, with his swarthy complexion, his flashing green eyes, his huge fists, and his great battle-axe slung over his shoulder. A black surtout covered his armor. He started on seeing Pierrette, and drew to one side, letting one of his companions do the talking.

"Madame," said the latter, "I am Olivier de Meuney, knight in the service of the King of France. My companions and I are going to rejoin the army of Sir Robert de Viennes. But we have been overtaken by darkness and the storm, so we are obliged to seek your hospitality."

"You are very welcome, Sir Knights!"

said Pierrette. "But you will find small comfort here. You must excuse our poverty, which prevents our receiving you more fittingly."

The knight in the black surtout interrupted her:

"Didn't you live at Dinan? And were you not accustomed to tend the sick?"

"Yes, sir, that is quite true."

"Why are you not there now? What are you doing in this miserable hut?"

"They drove us out. A leader of a company, James de Pipe, took possession of our town. I know not whether we shall ever return to it."

"Yes, you *shall* return to it!" exclaimed the knight, indignantly. "Before three weeks go by, James de Pipe will surrender Dinan, even if I and my companions have to give our lives to bring the surrender about."

"But, sir, how is that possible? You are only ten in number: De Pipe has more than a hundred with him."

"No odds about that. Give me something to write with,—or, rather, please write yourself; for I confess that a sword stroke bothers me less than the writing of two lines. Just write what I dictate:

"SIR JAMES DE PIPE:—Having heard that you have taken possession of the humble city of Dinan, and have expelled its residents, I summon you to surrender it to me and to quit the place at once. In default of which, know that I will hang yourself and put all your followers to the sword. And, as I do not want to have any parley with you, I make known my will once for all by these presents, signed with my seal."

"That will do," said the knight, as Pierrette wrote the last word.

"With what name shall I sign it?" she asked.

"Since you desire to know, and since you have forgotten your little friend of auld lang syne, and the splendid future you predicted for him, I'll tell you I am Bertrand of Motte-Broons, captain-general of Pontorson. But my true name, fairly

well known to the enemies of France, is Bertrand Duguesclin."

That was a night of hope and rejoicing in the old farmhouse. And things turned out as Duguesclin had foretold. James de Pipe grew white with rage when he read the letter; but he knew his terrible adversary too well to stand on the order of his going from Dinan, so he went at once.

All Pierrette's predictions about the ten-year-old young scamp, Bertrand of Motte-Broons, were verified. When, a few years later, Duguesclin visited her at Dinan, everyone bowed before the great captain, who was Lord of Roche-Tisson, Count of Longueville, of Soria, and of Transtamore, Duke of Molina, Constable of Castile and Leon, Councillor of the King, and Grand Constable of France.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXIV.

THE guardian was waiting impatiently, smoking a cigar, in the best parlor. Such a thing had never once happened there since the house was built,—certainly not since Mrs. Strawson had a best parlor.

Ten minutes after Lolo's arrival at the yard door a little girl was led into the front room by the "missis,"—a very clean little girl, in a fresh pink dress and white pinafore, with neat shoes and stockings. Her black hair was brushed straight back in a short Dutch crop, and her round face looked a picture of health.

The room was cold—but not so vault-like as the parish church. Wax flowers were under glass shades on the mantelpiece; books, never opened, lay at even distances on the round table in the middle; everywhere were photographs of the Strawsons, with all their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; and black and silver cards were framed in corners,—cards commemorating dead Strawsons,

whose funeral cake and wine had been handed round in this best parlor years ago. The room seemed to be used only for weddings and funerals, and such very special visits as this from a gentleman speculating in London and talking about hundreds and thousands. The curtains to the two windows were of white muslin stiff with starch; and all the chairs had frilled calico covers, like pinafores.

The "missis" coughed a good deal when she came in with Lolo. The man took the hint, and threw his cigar into the fireplace.

"Ah, now she looks better!" he said. "How kind of Mrs. Strawson to make you presentable!"

"Thank you, sir!" observed Mrs. Strawson.

"Yes, indeed," he went on. "I wouldn't be seen talking to that dirty little ragamuffin I met on the road. Now you look quite strong. And you have been here two months and a half. Do you ever practise?"

"I play, sir," replied Lolo timidly. "I did not know I was to practise."

"No—quite right! You were not to do much till the cure is finished. Then we shall get through some work. How is the arm?"

"It is quite well, thank you!"

"How long do you continue playing?"

"Oh, I can play for half an hour! I make up things for myself."

"What! You improvise,—you try to compose?"

"Yes, I try," said Lolo, humbly,— "just little things. I make them up as I go along."

"And you don't feel the pain in the arm?"

"No, sir."

"What sort of things do you make up?" asked the guardian, quite excited.

To him, this was further proof of her genius. The promise of fortune was coming strongly. But, he thought, they should keep her to themselves. Nobody else should discover Lolo de Selvas.

"What sort of things do you make up music about?" he went on.

It was surprising that "fahzer" was so pleased. He had put a hand on her sunburned arm, and drawn her to stand close to the easy-chair where he sat. This gave her courage to explain.

"I have one piece about the poppies, only I don't quite remember it, so it is a little different every time. The poppies close at night,—they all, do. And I thought how the fairies might put little, little lights inside them,—light them up, you know, like the Japanese red paper lamps we saw at the garden party in Germany. They would hold them up on the stems, like lanterns on poles. Then I played, thinking how the fairies danced. So 'Poppies' is a dance with little red lamps at night."

"Go on,—go on! Listen to the imagination of the child!" said the speculator. "What else did you think of?"

She took courage again, and raised her eyes from his white waistcoat to his bearded face, and opened her lips, trying to find the right words.

"The fairy dance is only sham, but to-day I played something real. It was because Mr. Strawson told me about the Lord God Almighty, and how He made all the stars and the flowers and everything that grows. So I played for the Lord God that made them,—for Him to listen,—at least I tried."

"You are a queer child!" said the guardian, letting go her hand. "Well, I must be off. Make the most of your time in the country. Practice will begin in another fortnight. Then it will be the business of the whole day,—you understand? You will do wonders; we shall have grand times. No, Mrs. Strawson, thank you! Nothing to eat. The trap is waiting out there, and I'm off."

He hurried away, climbed to his seat, and the horse and car rattled out at the gateway. If he chanced to meet any recent London acquaintance, he would bow, wave his hands, shrug his shoulders,

and be Pedro de Selvas, with a foreign accent. Down here in the country, he took no trouble. He was only the cousin's husband, Woods, with two names of musicians prefixed to his own.

And so Lolo was left eagerly looking forward to her violin practice. Ever since she could remember, she had been told she was to be a prodigy; she had heard the word hundreds of times, though she still pronounced it in a way of her own. Now that the guardian was pleased, her triumph seemed nearer. When he was gone, the encouragement remained. She was to do wonders; there would be great times yet. The vision of future success took possession of her morning, noon, and night. She would play before crowds in concert rooms, perhaps in palaces before kings and queens; she would win the praise of all the world. There was no room for wondering about things invisible. That visit to the parish church had been a failure, and she gave up puzzling over mysteries. Rain had come, and she spent her days in the loft, amusing herself with her fiddle, and dreaming of nothing but the child-violinist, Lolo de Selvas, who was to be so famous.

After a rainy week, a bright day came, when the sun shone again, and Lolo gave a "violin recital" in the loft over the barn. She came from a corner, and bowed. She was in an imaginary white dress, covered with silver embroidery and with diamonds—in fact, with anything she liked to think of. A broad sunbeam full of specks of dust shone across the darkness of the loft. Lolo, with her eyes closed, stood in the middle of the sunbeam, playing away, rapturously happy. This place was the Queen's Hall, London; and she was playing—not the Hungarian dances, for she hated those for evermore,—but all she could remember of the elfin revel that she had always loved,—the last movement of the Mendelssohn Concerto. Her violin bow did what she would, and her fingers were swift and sure. The audience was vast,

enthusiastic. Of course she took care to keep her eyes shut, or they would all have vanished, and left black walls and straw.

Very soon she forgot about the finery, she had imagined herself wearing,—pretty things suggested by her childish fancy: the fairy frock of white and silver, and the glittering diamonds. Music was the one thought now. Oh, she was happy with everyone listening—listening to her—to Lolo! At the end she waited till the applause was over, and then thought of her next piece. This was to be a nocturn, such music as one might hear at night when the stars were shining.

It was too soon to begin yet. The first chords were coming softly from the grand piano over there. The piano stood in the corner where the mice had their crumbs. But of course there were no crumbs here. This was the stage of the Queen's Hall with the dazzling clusters of electric lights hanging high up, and the great organ at the back, and the orchestra places. Why should she not play this next piece with an orchestra? Of course! The orchestra was there in a moment, all fiddling away, and the 'cellos and double basses beginning a mighty chorus of sound.

Now was the moment when her music was to come in clearest and strongest of all. Up went the violin to her neck, and her impromptu melody began. Glorious depths of tone rang through the loft, and set the wooden walls vibrating. The little figure stood half in the sunbeam and half in darkness, with closed eyes and enraptured face, and with bare feet resting on the dusty floor. Then the song of the violin went upward with tremulous pleading. She had begun to think as well as to play. The longing had come back again. The fancied orchestra and the sham audience were gone. There was nothing now but reality. The music had swept her up on its wings. There was something better than all this,—something she hungered for—beyond—beyond! The notes went up and up, as if they were wandering to the dark sky and the stars;

and the last sound—oh, so high!—trembled away into silence. Then she touched the strings with her finger twice, and each time they answered with a sigh.

She brought her fiddle to the window and laid it down on the straw, to look at the sunny day. Suddenly a burst of clapping—real clapping—came from outside, with shouts of:

"Bravo! Bravo!"

There was no one on the road.

"That was rattling good!" a boy's voice called.

Ah, there he was, perched on a branch of the tree opposite!

"Rattling good," he said, "it really was! It was enough to make a fellow tumble down."

The little girl smiled.

"Have you been listening all the time?"

"I don't know how long you were at it before I climbed up," responded the boy. "Punch is over there. You can't see him: he is close under the wall, munching grass. I liked the first thing best. It ended up in a fine row. There's a jolly branch here to sit on, but I nearly danced off it. I could see quite well in there. I saw you bowing to somebody at the other side. Who is with you?"

"No one," said Lolo, blushing to think her acting had been watched.

"Oh, I thought there was! Well, I did like that slow stuff, but not so much as the jolly thing. I say—what is on that chain?"

"This?" said Lolo, with the medal in her hand.

The boy spoke not a word, but he scurried down the tree like a monkey, making many a smear on his white suit.

"Lolo!" he called to her. "You are Lolo! I am coming."

How could he know her name? Presently his head appeared above the wall beneath her; and, scrambling up by the apple tree, he came sliding and slipping across the haystack, and sprang into the loft.

"You *are* Lolo," he repeated. "You were a gypsy once."

The child's face flushed hotly. It always came back to this! Everyone looked down on her for being a gypsy.

"Yes," she said, with a desperate sense of telling the painful truth. "But I don't want to know any one grand. I'd like to live in the fields and woods. I don't mind being only a gypsy."

"Oh, I *am* sorry! I didn't mean to say anything horrid," rejoined the boy. "I am always making mistakes. Uncle Jerome is always being cross with me, I do such stupid things."

"Never mind!" observed the dark little girl. "Farmer Strawson says I can't help being a gypsy any more than the chickens can help what eggshells they come out of."

"But you are half a Spaniard. Don't you know that?" said the boy. "It is very grand to be a Spaniard."

Dick knew Lolo's early history from Uncle Jerome. They sat down on the straw in the loft and talked. Lolo was quite as much a Spaniard as a gypsy.

"I can tell you all about it," said Dick. "Your father was a Spanish musician, and he married a beautiful gypsy girl; and they both died when you were quite little; and then your granny had you at the gypsy camp. Uncle Jerome wanted to bring you away and have you at Beechwood."

"When?"

"Oh, it was years and years ago,—when you were four and I was six!"

There was a pause in this wonderful conversation on the straw. Lolo was thinking.

"I am ten now," she said. "I have been ten a long time."

(To be continued.)

God's Voice.

When conscience tells you not to do
The deed that you may have in view,
That is the voice of God for you.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A volume of poems by Monsignor Benson is announced for early publication. Some of the pieces have already appeared in print.

—We welcome a second edition, revised and enlarged, of "The Shadow of Peter," by Herbert E. Hall. A preface by Cardinal Gasquet is included.

—A new edition of Cardinal Manning's translation of the "Little Flowers of St. Francis," with eight illustrations in color, and other embellishments, is announced.

—From the International Catholic Truth Society, come two five-cent pamphlets of timely interest: "The Guardians of Liberty and Roman Catholics," and "Why Catholics Have Parochial Schools." Both are by the Rev. T. F. Coakley, D. D.

—"Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico," by Ruth Gaines, with pictures by Maginel Wright Enright (Rand McNally & Co.), is an interesting tale of a Mexico that seems pretty far away at present. Young folks will like both the text and the pictures which are in vividly bright colors. No price is given.

—We note with pleasure the establishing of a Literature Bureau by the Social Service Commission of the American Federation of Catholic Societies. The object of this bureau is to supply information regarding pamphlets and books for apologetical and sociological purposes,—an excellent object, and an extremely timely one. Next to the possession of knowledge itself is the knowing where to get it; and Catholic writers, debaters, lecturers, etc., will doubtless avail themselves of the bureau's services. Its address is No. 43-44 University Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

—No collection of Catholic books, whether public or private, deserves to be called a library that is not supplied with the works of our great American publicist, Dr. O. A. Brownson. They constitute a veritable mine of learning, as varied as it is solid; and a carefully prepared index renders this wealth of information easily accessible. We are informed that only a limited number of complete sets of Dr. Brownson's writings (which were ably edited by his son, the late Major Henry F. Brownson) now remain. There are twenty volumes in all. Any one desirous of securing a set of them should lose no time in applying to Mr. O. A. Brownson, No. 243 E. Larned St., Detroit.

He can also supply "The Spirit-Rapper," one of Dr. Brownson's best-known books, in a separate volume; the "Life of Orestes A. Brownson," three volumes; and Tarducci's "Life of Christopher Columbus," translated by H. F. Brownson. The interest and value of these books are everywhere recognized.

—Messrs. Benziger Brothers have brought out a new edition of the Bible, with Challoner's notes, newly compiled indices, useful tables, and verified references; also Pope Leo XIII.'s encyclical on the study of the Holy Scriptures, and a number of good maps. There is a preface by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The print is clear and sufficiently large, the paper of superior quality, and the binding durable and flexible. We like the size of the book, too, and consider the price of it (\$1) very reasonable.

—In "The Red Ascent" Esther W. Neill tells in a charming manner a story well worth narrating. The chief situation of the novel is unusual: a seminarian, who is a convert, is forced to leave his studies and go to the assistance of an improvident (and unconverted) father, who is a Southern colonel of the old school. At home, the hero's life is an uphill grind, a "red ascent" like the road to Jerusalem; but finally he reaches the serene heights. The author depicts character well, and manages conversation admirably. A certain thinness is the only defect of this otherwise excellent story. It is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—"Venerable Pierre Julien Eymard," by the Rev. E. Tenaillon, S. S. S. (the Sentinel Press), is a biography especially interesting and timely in this era of frequent and daily Communion. Known as the priest of the Eucharist, the founder of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament can scarcely fail to appeal to such Catholics as are heeding the pressing invitation of our late Holy Father to partake as often as possible of the Eucharistic banquet. His Life is full of interest, all the more vivid because it was almost a contemporary life (1811-1868); and, as related in these pages, it will prove admirable material for spiritual reading in religious communities, or the lay home-circle.

—"The Prophet's Wife," by Anna C. Browne, (Benziger Brothers) is a Catholic novel that may be recommended to our readers as interesting and wholesome. The plot is unsteretyped, the characterization good, the action sufficiently

swift, and the *dénouement* satisfactory. Psychologists may cavil at the radical transformation effected so swiftly in the character of Arthur; but there are more things in everyday Catholic life than are dreamt of by most psychologists, and the reader will applaud Arthur's change without examining very closely its artistic truth or falsehood. The "Prophet" of the title is an American lawyer, and the scene of the story is laid in this country.

—Mr. Harold Binns has undertaken a considerable task in "Outlines of the World's Literature." (B. Herder.) An octavo of fewer than five hundred pages, which aims to give not a sketchy but fairly complete view of so broad a subject, puts quite a burden on its author. Besides general knowledge, a nice balance of judgment and a concise and clear style are required for presenting the matter faithfully. These qualities, we are happy to note, distinguish the work in hand. Only in the latest periods of literary development do we find, here and there, matter for question. Thus, a list which includes the Life of Francis Thompson as an "excellent monograph," should not omit that writer's name from its roll of poets. Also, in Polish literature the work of Henryk Sienkiewicz receives all too scant notice. Likewise, a bare eight pages, hardly does justice to "North American Literature." The volume has a splendid mechanical make-up.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Prophet's Wife." Anna C. Browne. \$1.25.
- "Outlines of the World's Literature." Harold Binns. \$2.25.
- "Venerable Pierre Eymard." Rev. E. Tenaillon, S. S. S. 75 cts.
- "The Red Ascent." Esther W. Neill. \$1.
- "Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico." Ruth Gaines.
- "What Think You of Christ?" Francis Cahusac, M. A. 35 cts.
- "Trees and Other Poems." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.

- "Simplicity According to the Gospel." Mgr. De Gibergues. 60 cts.
- "The World Missions of the Catholic Church." Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D. 25 cts.
- "The Century of Columbus." Dr. James J. Walsh. \$3.50.
- "An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen." Martin Haile. \$6.
- "The Poet." Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30, net.
- "Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim." Rev. S. M. Giraud. \$1.50.
- "A Layman's Retreat." Henry Owen-Lewis. \$1.25.
- "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola." Fr. Elder Mullan, S. J. 65 cts.
- "The Conversion of Caesare Putti." W. Hall-Patch. 35 cts.
- "The Little Florentine." H. de Charlieu. \$1.25.
- "The Story of St. Dominic." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cts.
- "Meditations on the Rosary." A Brother of the Little Oratory. 35 cts.
- "Our Failings." Fr. S. Von Oer, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. IV.-X. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.
- "The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795." Vol. I. Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.
- "Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph." Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C. SS. R. \$1.75.
- "The Life of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani." Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, Passionist. \$1.80.
- "Yourself and the Neighbors." Seumas MacManus. \$1.40.
- "Life of St. Ignatius Loyola." F. A. Forbes. 30 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Martin Crawgh, of the diocese of Rochester.

Sister M. Louisa, of the Order of St. Benedict.

Mr. Thomas Hill, Mrs. Mary Broening, Mr. John Frawley, Mr. R. L. Weber, Mr. Joseph Totsch, Mrs. J. K. Nolan, Mrs. Bridget Schwartz, Mr. John Armstrong, Mr. Joseph Shindler, Miss Anna Cooney, Mr. Paul Olszewski, Mr. John Cox, Mr. F. H. Helmer, and Mr. William Korte.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 21, 1914.

NO. 21

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From a Convent.

BY STARK YOUNG.

GREY with a silver sadness half forlorn;
 And then a rose upon the hills afar;
 And, like a dream that treads where angels are,
 The domes of Florence rise, and it is morn.
 The dying twilight, and a bugle horn;
 The sound of bells; the rumbling of a car;
 In myriad echoes of the first bright star,
 The lamps of Florence break, and Night is born.
 O foolish, far-off world of din and roar,
 O market-place of gaudy merchant lights,
 And men that traffic still from morn till even!
 The moon lies here upon the shadowy floor;
 And through the peaceful days and quiet nights
 The solemn cypress pointeth unto heaven.

Mary, Queen of Purgatory.

HORACE called Death "the going away into the eternal exile,"—
in æternum exsilium. Madame Swetchine remarks that it is rather "the return of the Christian to his everlasting fatherland." But our faith teaches that before reaching that everlasting fatherland, before enjoying the effulgence of the eternal light, the great majority of Christians have to pass through a region that is dark and full of distress, and a suffering so intense as to surpass all earthly pains. They must go upward, "through all the circuits of that sacred mount" so graphically described by Dante,—that mountain of

purification, called purgatory. In that country lying out beyond the gates of death, with its brown, brown air and under the shades perpetual—

That never rays of the sun lighten nor of the moon,—

the souls that lie in bondage for the sins and imperfections, omissions and delinquencies, of earth cast a longing eye toward that Queen who has been aptly represented over altars for the dead as "Our Lady of Deliverance."

It is a pious belief that on certain of her feasts, and notably that of the Assumption, countless souls are released by Mary's intercession. There is a beautiful old legend of Our Lord's appearance to His Mother after the Resurrection. When the body of her Son had been entombed, Mary retired to her chamber, with a volume of prophecies laid open before her. Praying earnestly, she reminded her Son that He had promised to rise again on the third day. She begged Him to tarry not, but come after the darkness and bitterness of the previous days. "And while thus as she prayed, lo, a bright company of angels surrounded her, kneeling and singing the triumphant Easter hymn, *Regina Cæli Lætare, Alleluia*. And then came Christ, partly clothed in a white garment, having in His left hand the standard of the Cross, just returned from the nether world and victorious over the powers of sin and death. And with Him came the patriarchs and prophets, whose long imprisoned spirits He had released from Limbo. All these knelt before the Holy Virgin and

saluted her and blessed her and thanked her, because through her had come their deliverance."

So, as faith permits us to believe, shall it be with many a ransomed soul escaping from the gloom of purgatory into the eternal radiance, casting themselves, as in that joyous old Mediæval legend, in thanksgiving before the Queen of Purgatory, now by the grace of God sovereign of the realms of joy. "Thy face and form, dear Mother," says Newman, "speak to us of the Eternal; . . . like the morning star, which is thy emblem, bright and musical, telling of heaven, breathing purity, infusing peace. O harbinger of day! O hope of the pilgrim! lead us still, as thou hast led us in the dark night, across the bleak wilderness. Guide us to our dear Lord Jesus; guide us home."

Father Faber, when urging upon Catholics that duty, so pressing at all times, but forced as it were upon their attention especially during the Month of the Dead, of praying for the suffering souls, says: "The devotion to our dearest Mother is equally comprehended in this devotion to the Holy Souls, whether we look at her as the Mother of Jesus, and so sharing the honors of His Sacred Humanity; or as Mother of Mercy, and so specially honored by works of mercy; or, lastly, as, in a particular sense, the Queen of Purgatory, and so having all manner of dear interests to be promoted in the welfare and deliverance of those suffering souls." And again he bids the devout to "look at that vast kingdom of purgatory, with its Empress Mother Mary. All those countless throngs," he cries, "are the dear and faithful spouses of Jesus. Yet in what a strange abandonment of supernatural suffering has His love left them! He longs for their deliverance; He yearns for them to be transferred from that land perpetually overclouded with pain, to the bright sunshine of their heavenly home. Yet He has tied His own hands, or nearly so. He gives them no more grace; He allows them no more time for

penance; He prevents them from meriting,—nay, some have thought they could not pray. . . . They depend upon Him upon whom all depend, and without whom there is no dependence."

He goes on to indicate the means of coming to their assistance,—the Masses heard, the Communion received, the oblations of the Precious Blood to the Eternal Father, the penances, the prayers, the indulgences gained, the alms doled out. And he says: "If they be offered for the intention of these dear prisoners, the interests of Jesus are hourly forwarded in Mary's Kingdom of Purgatory. . . . There is no fear of overworking the glorious secretary of that wide realm,—the Blessed Michael, Mary's subject. . . . See how men work at the pumps on shipboard when they are fighting for their lives with an ugly leak! Oh, that we had the charity so to work with the sweet instrumentality of indulgences for the holy souls in purgatory! The infinite satisfactions of Jesus are at our command, and Mary's sorrows, and the martyrs' pangs, and the confessors' perseverance in well doing!"

St. Gertrude, in her prayers for the suffering souls, asks the Most High "by the prayers of the glorious Mother of God" to supply for the needs of those souls. Blessed Grignon de Montfort, in his "Treatise on True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin," urges Christians to place all their satisfactions in Mary's hands,— "to give her all the satisfactory and impetratory value of all our good works, without excepting the least good thought or the least little suffering, to be employed at our Blessed Lady's will, either for the conversion of sinners or for the deliverance of the souls in purgatory. . . . It would be no wonder if at the hour of death it should be found that a person faithful to this practice shall have delivered, by means of it, many souls from purgatory and converted many sinners, though he shall have done nothing more than the ordinary actions of his state of

life. What joy at the judgment! What glory in his eternity!"

Of course the Blessed de Montfort both sets forth at length the advantages that must accrue to the Catholic who thus places his good works and the whole current of his life, even his fate after death, in the hands of Mary the Queen; and proves at great length how the souls of the departed may be efficaciously assisted by this practice, and which serves also to fix the attention upon the good offices which Mary the Help of Christians may perform for those who have passed from the Church militant to the Church suffering.

The late Brother Azarias has given us, after his beautiful and forceful fashion, an article, published many years ago in the pages of *THE AVE MARIA*, dealing with Mary and purgatory. It is full of consoling thoughts and profound reflections. He reminds his readers how Mary, "from her nearness to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, has imbibed many of Its traits, and in a pre-eminent degree Its divine compassion for sorrow and suffering. Where He loves and pities, she also loves and pities. Nay, may we not well say that all who endure anguish of soul and writhe under the pangs of a lacerated heart are especially dear to both Jesus and Mary? Was not Jesus the Man of Sorrows, and did He not constitute Mary the Mother of sorrowing and suffering humanity? And even as His Divine Heart knew keenest sorrow, did not a sword of sorrow pierce her soul? She participated in the agony of Jesus only as such a Mother can share in the agony of such a Son. In the tenderest manner, therefore, does she commiserate sorrow and suffering wherever found. Though far beyond all touch of pain and misery, still, as the devout Mother of a pain-stricken race, she continues to watch, to shield, to aid and to strengthen her children in their wrestlings with these mysterious visitants.

"Nor does Mary's interest cease upon this side of the grave: it accompanies

souls beyond. And when she beholds those souls undergoing their final purgation before entering upon the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, she pities them with a pity all the more heartfelt because their suffering is so much greater than they could have endured in this life. . . . Of the nature and intensity of the sufferings of souls undergoing this purgation, we on earth can form but the faintest conception. Not so Mary: she sees things as they are. She sees the great love animating those holy souls. She sees their eager desire to be united to God, the sole centre and object of their being. She sees and appreciates, on the one hand, the struggle going on in them between that intense desire, that great yearning, that groping after perfect union, that unfulfilled and unsatiated vagueness arising from their privation of the only fulness that could replenish them; and, on the other hand, the sense of their unfitness, keen, strong, deep, intense, overwhelming them and driving them back to the flames of pain and soul-hunger and soul-thirst, until they shall have satisfied God's justice to the last farthing, and even the slightest stain has been cleansed, and they stand forth in the light of God's sanctity whole and spotless. She sees the terrible struggle; and her mother's heart goes out in tender pity to these her children, washed and ransomed by the Blood of her Divine Son, and she is well disposed to extend to them the aid of her powerful intercession. She is fitly called the Mother of Mercy. Her merciful heart goes out to these the favored ones of her Son; all the more lovingly and tenderly because they are unable to help themselves.

"But while Mary looks upon those souls with an eye of tender mercy and sweet compassion, and whilst Jesus is prepared to admit them to the Beatific Vision as soon as they become thoroughly purified, still the assuaging of their pains and the abridging of their time of purgation depend in a great measure upon

the graces and merits that are applied to them by their brethren upon earth. According to the earnestness of the prayers we say for them and the measure of the good works we do for them will the intercession of Mary and all the saints be efficacious with Jesus in their behalf. . . . The sacred duty of prayer for the dead runs through all the relations of life. From all comes the cry begging for our prayers. We can not in justice ignore it; we can not be true to ourselves and unmindful of our suffering brethren. . . . The poor souls in purgatory are grateful souls. The friends that aid them, they in turn will aid. . . . They will watch over us lovingly and tenderly; they will guard our steps; they will warn us against evil; they will shield us in moments of pain and danger; and when our day of purgatorial suffering comes, they will use their influence in our behalf to assuage our pains and shorten the period of our separation from the God-head. And so may we in constant prayer and supplication, begging in a special manner the intercession of Mary the Mother of Mercy, say to our Lord and Saviour: 'Deliver them from gloom and darkness, and snatch them from sorrow and grief. Enter not into judgment with them, nor severely examine their past life; but, whether in word or in deed they have sinned as men clothed with flesh, forgive and do away with their transgressions.'*"

In that most beautiful portion of Dante's trilogy on the life beyond the grave, the *Purgatorio*, the name of Our Lady is introduced in almost every canto. With the sublime faith of those ages mis-called "dark," where the vision of things spiritual forever dominated the atmosphere, the poet saw in Mary the hope of those who dwelt in the purifying fires, their powerful intercessor and ever-compassionate Mother. Thus in the seventh canto of the *Purgatorio* occurs that exquisite description of the valley

where the souls of the just await their admission to the mountain of purification. And the song that was sung by those exiles from heaven who awaited serenely their entrance to the realm of purgation was the *Salve Regina*. Presently upon his sight shone forth two angels, "green as the little leaflets newborn," who, as it was explained by one of the sojourners in that peaceful spot, had "come hither from Mary's bosom as guardians of that valley."

When, with his companion, Dante had "mounted upward through a rifted rock" to that circle were the souls of the proud were purged from their sins, once more the gracious thought of Mary lightens the gloom and assuages the pain. There was the Angel who had brought to earth the tidings of the Incarnation,—the Angel of the Annunciation:

There sculptured in a gracious attitude,
He did not seem an image that was silent:
One would have sworn that he was saying an
Ave.

And, as the poet hastens to explain—
For, she was there in effigy portrayed
Who turned the key to ope the exalted love;
And in her mien this language had impressed,
Ecce ancilla Dei, as distinctly
As any figure stamps itself in wax.

Still higher up, where the sins of the envious are punished by grievous torments, occurs, as in one flash of thought, the remembrance of the most charitable kindness of the Queen of Mercy. *Vinum non habent!* ("They have no wine!") So cried "the first voice that passed onward in its flight, and went reiterating it behind us." Before the travellers reached the "Pass of Pardon," they heard a throng of suppliant souls, clad in their stone-colored mantles, wailing out the cry: "Mary, pray for us!" As the poet, his master and himself, "passed along, athwart the twilight peering, against the lucent sunbeams," to where the souls of the violent, the un-charitable, the persecutors, recite instances of the contrary virtue, crying loud, "Blessed are the merciful!"—

* From the Syriac Litany for the Suffering Souls.

There it appeared to me that in a vision
Ecstatic on a sudden I was rapt,
And in a temple many persons saw,
And at the door a woman with the sweet
Behavior of a mother, saying, "Son,
Why in this manner hast Thou dealt with us?
Lo, sorrowing, Thy father and myself
Were seeking for Thee."

It is as if the Divine Motherhood were thus impressed upon those suffering ones, bidding them hope that that Mother's intercession, and her charitable compassion as shown for the woes of earth, would aid them along the thorny path of torment to the perfect day.

Again, in that circle where is scourged Avarice, the shades, weeping and bemoaning, call upon "sweet Mary"; and they remind her how poor she was, and how lowly the stable where her Son was laid upon the straw.

Finally, the praises of Mary are celebrated in the forest of the terrestrial Paradise, whose beauties the poet exhausts himself in describing,—where the water of Lethe flows between "the verdant rivage"; where the birds welcome the hour of prime with jocund lays; where the ground is strewn with "yellow and vermilion flowers"; where the rustling sound of forest leaves adds to the gathering melody "when Æolus has released the dripping south"; where rippling onward goes that mysterious stream, with which in clearness no stream of earth, however clean, could hold comparison, as "darkly on it rolls,—darkly beneath perpetual gloom, which ne'er admits or sun or moonlight there to shine."

A lustre ran through all the forest, "sweet melody ran through the luminous air," as the poet passed on through that "wilderness of primy sweets," surveying as he went—

The tender May bloom, flushed through many
a hue,
In prodigal variety.

He, now bereft of his mentor, Virgil, beholds that wondrous vision of the triumphal car of the Church, to which is harnessed the gryphon, a bird half the

color of flame, half white,—image of Christ. He sees the golden candlesticks, representing the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost; the four Evangelists; virgins scattering "the unwithering lilies of Paradise," or wreathed with "roses and vermeil flowers"; and the four cardinal virtues, "that band quaternion, each in purple clad"; and other symbolical figures, their raiment living flame, mystic, beautiful; and amongst them the four and twenty ancients, crowned with flower-de-luce, singing as they go:

Blessed be thou amongst the daughters of Adam,
And thy loveliness blessed forever!

So, like a golden vein, runs through all that region of suffering the thought of Mary the Queen, whose prayers alleviate the pain, as the gracious memory of her life upon earth appears like the whiteness of the dawn through all the darkness.

In quoting so largely from the Tuscan poet, to whom the mysteries of the world beyond the grave seem as real as the actualities of his daily existence in the troubled political atmosphere of his time, it is because, as has been truly said, in all save his politics Dante reflects the spirit of the Ages of Faith. He teaches what the Church teaches, what the faith of the people held as vital realities. In common with all his contemporaries, he believed with an intense and living faith that Mary, who had been raised to the august dignity of Mother of God, was "to mortal men a spring of hope."

So mighty art thou, Lady, and so great,
That he who grace desireth and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings.

Overpast the valley of death, he clearly shows that Mary, who has been the succor, the light, the hope of Christians along the pathway of life, will likewise, by her intercessory power, help her clients, during their time of probation after death, to reach unending bliss.

To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often.—*Newman*.

The Mossy Garden.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

II.

HOW the Grange settled down that day was a marvel. The lady of the house with great dignity remained where she was,—not exactly in the linen cupboard, but in the upper regions. Oliver Duke welcomed his boyhood's friend. Priscilla showed him round the garden. During their absence, the Grange shook itself back into order, with the speed of scene-shifting. The Duchess looked as if she had come from the hands of a French maid; Molly had been there.

Mrs. Oliver, with quick contrivance, had sent Scaggs down to the Pig and Harrow to order lunch for two; and the husband did his part of inviting his old friend to see an English timbered inn with oak panelling. This manœuvre left plenty of time for providing an evening meal at the Grange. Molly was about like a bird on the wing. The shopkeepers were obliging. They scented the money of a millionaire relative, as rumors spread from the Pig and Harrow; so the dinner at the Grange was a feast such as the old house had not seen for years. Priscilla and Molly would have been saved some work if they had known Dr. Fritz Eberfeld. He had all the courtesy of the knights of old; and the unworldliness of a learned man. He would have been quite pleased with a cutlet and an apple. But perhaps the Duchess would not.

When they had talked a little over the fruit, the hostess inclined her head in a stately manner to the tired Priscilla; and the guest opened the door for the procession of ladies, who crossed the hall to the opposite room. The Duchess enjoyed these shadows of ceremony. She sat bolt upright, with her large gold glasses and jewelled hands, in the faded drawing-room, wearing Molly's present of lace upon the

shoulders of her shabby gown, and looking with anxiety up to the little mirror where the group was reflected in miniature. Her whole nature chafed against the shabbiness of poverty, against the Grange, against Appleworth. Priscilla was looking charming in a pearl-grey dress, chosen according to Molly's fancy. But as for Molly herself, she had been unable to spend any time before her looking-glass.

"You have not made yourself look nice to-night," the Duchess said with severe candor.

"I am sorry, Aunt Georgina," the girl answered quietly. "We had such a struggle in the kitchen! We were trying not to let it sound like the noise of a battle."

Priscilla laughed merrily at the remembrance of the turmoil in the Grange kitchen. The Duchess, who had seen only the victory, was forced to smile.

Poor Molly did not look badly, after all. She had pink roses at the open neck of her black dress; and her soft brown hair was fastened with little glossy clasps about her head. True, it was not so fashionably done as when she came from town: all the pretty wave was gone.

Soon the men came across the hall, and the guest sank into an easy-chair by the open window.

"This is what I call luxury," he said; "this is home. My doctor prescribes rest and country air. And here I have home with old friends. After all, the Club is a lonely place; the wide world is a lonely place, too. The Grange is home."

The Duchess fanned herself impatiently.

"The romance would wear off if you were at the Grange as long as I have been here," she said. "I want my husband" (this with a grand air) "to give up this place. All my friends are at Tunbridge Wells."

"But you would miss your Old-World garden," said the enthusiastic guest. "It is so luxuriant. Nothing Dutch about this. Nothing early Victorian. And you have roses. No garden is complete

without roses. Don't you think so, Miss Duke?"—looking at Molly.

"Ours are only blush roses, almost growing wild," said Molly, touching her cluster. "They make one's fingers scented when one gathers them; but they die so soon."

"This is not my daughter," the hostess put in abruptly. "Her mother was my husband's sister, Sibyl."

A flush of feeling spread over the face of Dr. Fritz, and passed away again. He stood up and advanced toward the girl.

"I had no idea," he said. "I knew your mother. May I kiss your hand?"

She stood up gratefully to meet him, and put both her hands in his.

"Was my mother a child when you knew her?"

"More than a child," he answered.

The girl felt his hands tremble. He stooped and kissed hers—first the right and then the left,—and let them go with a sigh.

"Ah, well! Time flies."

"Some other day you will tell me," said the girl, with quick sympathy. "So you like roses. Aunt Priscilla sings such a quaint little song about 'Phyllis plucking roses in the dawn and dew.'"

It was a sudden change of subject. It was a surprise amounting to a shock for Aunt Priscilla, when the guest asked her to sing.

"Why, what are you talking about, child?" she said,—and yet she was aglow with pleasure. "I never sing except over my needlework, and in chapel. Molly can't know that I sing there," she added.

"I did not know Priscilla could sing," said the Duchess,—turning the gold glasses loftily upon her.

"We don't know everything, you see," remarked the stranger, pleasantly.

And soon Aunt Priscilla was coaxed to open the old piano. She touched the keys timidly, where the notes were least out of tune, and sang about Phyllis and the roses. The guest had hardly thanked her when Mrs. Oliver Duke went straight

back to the subject from which Molly had led the talk away.

"How old was Sibyl," she asked, "when you were last here?" The fan fluttered carelessly, and the diamonds flashed. The questioner had no thought of memories sore to the touch. "About twenty was she? Ah, yes! Then it must have been ten years after that when she married. He was a Frenchman. He died in France."

She stopped to reflect what *bourgeois* people they were. It always irritated her to have a niece of the common name of Delville.

"What are you looking for, Dr. Eberfeld?"

He was turning over a heap of time-worn music on the narrow end of the old "grand."

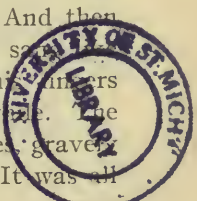
"We might find another song," he said. "It is your turn now,"—with a smile to Molly.

"I can't sing," said the girl, with the sweetest gaiety,— "not real songs, you know,—not properly. No, there is no use in looking at me. I can't play either. I have no—what do they call them?—no accomplishments."

She said it with such a funny frankness that everybody laughed, to the great relief of the man whose memory had been too roughly touched.

"Aunt Priscilla," said Molly, coaxingly, "I heard Dr. Eberfeld humming the tune of a song over there. As you have sung for him, perhaps you could get him to sing for us."

He told them he knew only German songs from his student days; but the request became general, and sad memories were at an end. Presently they saw he was twanging an imaginary guitar as he walked about, sounding the notes of his prelude behind closed lips. And then the bearded lips parted and he sang like a boy at Heidelberg, moving his fingers across invisible strings all the while. The guitar came in between the verses; graverly mimicked with unmoving lips. It was all



play, but somehow the play of an artist. At the end he bowed, with a little wave of his hands; the guitar had vanished into space.

Then he sang "*O stille Nacht*," Aunt Priscilla accompanying, and joining in with a recollection of the words from schoolroom days. The Duchess sat, fluttering her diamonds and fan. Oliver stood listening outside the open window, with the pipe that was his inseparable companion. Night was falling, indeed, over the mossy garden and the old house. The servant woman brought in a taper, and lighted the clusters of candles. Then the guest went over to admire the family portrait above the piano. He remembered it, and saw it now in fuller light.

Oliver Duke stepped in from the garden, saying:

"Our mother, when she was a girl. It is by Maclise."

"There is a likeness to your sister," Dr. Eberfeld replied. "One sees it for a moment, and then it is gone. Family likeness is a wonderful thing. Your sister here reminds me also of another face. The resemblance was most marked when I met her first this morning, and yet the coloring is all different. Sibyl's eyes were the darkest of dark blue."

"She was very beautiful, I have always heard," remarked Priscilla. "I am afraid there is but little likeness. Molly's hair is more the color of hers."

"So far as I remember," said Dr. Eberfeld, "her hair was very bright. It shone in the sun like gold."

Somehow, he could speak to Sibyl's sister of the memory his heart held so tenderly, and words seemed no profanation. The little lady, with the sweet worn face, seemed sometimes like an older Sibyl; though he missed the dark blue eyes like jewels, and he could not imagine the young love of his youth with silver hair.

Oliver Duke was beginning to say something about having sold all his other pictures; but the Duchess stopped him

with a threatening shake of her fan, while the guest was looking up toward the wall.

"Of course you value this beyond price," said Dr. Eberfeld. "The mother is enthroned in the remembrance of her son—or ought to be. Has she a throne or a niche? What should one say? Some place apart, above the level of the rest of the world."

"I wish I could remember more of her!" said Priscilla, with a liquid brightness in her eyes. "I remember her kisses, and how we ran to her in every trouble."

"It has been a lifelong regret to me," the stranger said, "that I never knew mine. I was brought up by an uncle, an old philosopher at Heidelberg. No, I had no mother; all my boy friends had. Well, well! The universal voice of mankind has told me what I missed. I'll tell you a nice thing now: it shows there is the same feeling East and West. I remember the Rajah of Ballankore, years ago, when I was out in India. I had a young Englishman with me; he spoke some of the languages and got on very well with the Rajah. There was the dark-bearded fellow on his gorgeous cushions; he had on his head a turban woven of red and gold, with a great blazing diamond in front. He asked about our relations, and was surprised we were not married. My young Englishman from the embassy said he had no wife, but his mother was at home in England. Then the Rajah lifted off his turban, diamond and all, and handed it to my friend. 'There,' he said (the young fellow was amazed, I can tell you),—'there! When you send gifts to your lady mother, send that from the Prince of Ballankore.' Magnificent, wasn't it? Well, there you have the honor of the mother in the East."

As he finished the story, he happened to look toward Molly. Her face had become beautiful with sheer joy. Her cheeks were glowing; her eyes dilated, sparkling.

"I like that story, Dr. Eberfeld," she said. "I shall always remember it."

The girl sat apart by the open window in the air of the summer night. When they talked of other things, she was a good listener. Her silence had no self-consciousness. At last she said a word to the Duchess, and wished good-night to the guest. It was as if a light had been put out when the sweet presence was gone.

Dr. Fritz Eberfeld settled that he was to bring his books from London, with a few other things, which he called classically his "household gods." When the hostess and her sister retired, the two men went out to smoke and talk of the whole world's affairs on the gravel near the lawn.

Priscilla, candlestick in hand, went up to the large room that she shared with Molly—a low-ceiled room, with flowered chintz curtains to the windows, and two little beds separated by a broad expanse of cleanly scrubbed boards. Molly was kneeling in her corner by her own bed, where the moonlight came in at the window. She wore a pale blue dressing gown; her soft brown hair was plaited for the night, and hung as far as her waist. The opening of the door had been unnoticed, and there was the kneeling girl in blue, with her face in shadow and the moonlight about her hair. A recollection of some picture in a foreign gallery came to Priscilla's mind. She shaded the candle and stood still. Then she put the thought away,—or, as she would have said, "put it aside." She stepped in, treading rather noisily on the boards. The kneeling girl raised her right hand to forehead and shoulders, and stood up.

"O Aunt Priscilla, how prettily you sang!" she said. "And isn't Dr. Eberfeld delightful?"

Aunt Priscilla beamed with pleasure. Molly always made her feel younger. And yet she tried to look reproachful.

"What a funny girl you are,—one moment praying to the Lord, and the next deep in earthly things!"

Molly smiled.

"I had been thinking of you."

"What, child! At your prayers?"

"Yes," replied Molly, innocently. "Why not?"

"Ah, I see what you mean, my dear!" said Priscilla; "you were thinking of me before the Lord, and of the stranger beneath our roof. To-morrow is the Sabbath. I love the Sabbath."

Priscilla put down her flat candlestick on the dressing table, and caught sight of the reflection of her face in the old-fashioned oblong looking-glass. She gave a sigh and turned away from the mirror.

"Molly, how happy you are!"

"Why?"

"You are young: When one is young, life has so many possibilities."

Molly thought truly that she would never look so nice as Aunt Priscilla, but all she said was:

"Some day,—some day, I hope you will have everything that makes me happy now."

"But I can't be young again," observed the elder woman, with another sigh.

"Your heart is as young as mine," said Molly, with her arms round her. "Do you know, I would so love to call you 'Priscilla,' without any 'auntie' to it, as if we were sisters?"

"What an odd idea, darling!"

Under the black eyebrows and dark lashes the grey eyes turned to Molly with a thankfulness almost tearful.

"You see," said the girl, "my mother was grown up when you were a baby of five or six, and yet you were sisters."

"I was nearly seven when Dr. Eberfeld was here," said Priscilla, with scrupulous truth.

"Then why should not you and I be sisters now—Priscilla?"

A tear dropped in answer.

"What will people think when you begin to call me by my name?"

"That need not matter to you and me," said Molly, sweetly.

The hard-worked little woman thought

to draw the girl's face down and kiss it. But Molly was too quick. She folded Priscilla in loving arms, and kissed both her cheeks.

"Good-night!" she said. "Now I know you want to read, and I am off to bed. And mind, Priscilla, to-morrow is Sunday; and you must wear your new hat, and take at least five minutes to put it on nicely."

Priscilla laughed, while she wiped a tear away.

"I am going very early to Barford," Molly went on; "but I shall be back in time to see you."

Priscilla asked, with hesitation:

"You are going to early service?"

"Yes," replied Molly. There was a silence. Then she explained, with down-cast eyes, almost talking to herself: "I have a tryst in the morning."

For a long time Priscilla sat by the dressing table and read her Testament. At last she stood up, and went, candlestick in hand, slowly and noiselessly over to the bed near the moonlit window. The blue dressing gown was thrown across its foot, and Molly was lying with closed eyes. One hand rested on the coverlet, with a string of white beads about it. Priscilla held her breath, and gazed at the closed eyes and almost smiling lips. How mysterious this girl's worship seemed! How happy, how intimate! Surely, she thought, that dear heart would not be always left in error. The candlelight flickered on the sleeping face. She had surely fallen asleep in peace,—a peace so perfect that it seemed to be something holy. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you," came into Priscilla's mind out of the Bible she had just been reading. And what had Molly meant when she looked like a girl in love and said, "I have a tryst in the morning"?

(To be continued.)

SINCE things do not turn out as we wish, let us wish them to turn out as they do.—*St. Basil.*

Count Albert de Mun.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

THE name of Count Albert de Mun, who died at Bordeaux on October 6, 1914, is a household word throughout France, and indeed throughout the Catholic world. If the great patriot who has left us was an orator and a writer of remarkable talent, he was above all things a great servant of the Church. His Catholicity was part of himself. The noble qualities that made him so universally admired and beloved were the outcome of his fervent religious habits, and of the close union with God that inspired all his actions. One of his most eminent colleagues at the French Academy, M. René Bazin, expressed this in a remarkable article: "His courage and generosity never failed, because he was a man of prayer and a frequent communicant,—because he always kept close to God."

Much of Count Albert de Mun's spirituality doubtless came to him from his mother, Eugénie de la Ferronays. There are many among us who still remember the success which a book, called in French "*Récit d'une Sœur*," in English "*A Sister's Story*," achieved in Europe and in America some forty-eight years ago. In its pages, Mrs. Augustus Craven, a La Ferronays by birth, gave to the world the history of her gifted family, their letters and diaries. It was one of the first books of the kind to appear. Since then many private letters and diaries of less value have been printed; and we are sometimes inclined to murmur at their number, and also at their occasional insignificance. It was different with "*A Sister's Story*." Not only were the La Ferronays singularly clever and holy: besides this, their social position and world-wide connections in the sphere of literature and politics, their cosmopolitan tastes and habits at a time when travelling was less easy than it is at

present, give their memoirs an interest greatly superior to that attached to merely "good people."

Count Auguste de la Ferronays, Count Albert de Mun's grandfather, after fighting in the Royalist army during the Emigration, became, when the Bourbons returned to France, French Ambassador at St. Petersburg (or Petrograd, to give the Russian capital its new name). His death in Rome in 1841 was connected with the conversion of Father Ratisbonne, and with the apparition of Our Lady in the church of S. Andrea.

His widow, whose childhood and youth had been spent among the vicissitudes of the French Revolution, was the central figure of her family group. Loving and lovable, she seems to have exercised a strong and happy influence over her seven children. Of these children, Eugénie Marquise de Mun was the second daughter. Beautiful, artistic, and wholly charming, she was filled from her girlhood with an overwhelming love of God that stamped her as a mystic; but at the same time she possessed the thoroughly human qualities of a perfect wife, daughter, and sister.

When the "*Récit d'une Sœur*" was published in 1866, Eugénie's character and writings roused the enthusiasm of M. de Montégut in the by no means clerical *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was delighted with her "radiant piety," and noticed that it sprang to God "with natural joy, as the lark in rising sings to the sky." The charm of her deep, sublime and cheerful devotion at once laid a strong hold on the imagination of French readers.

Eugénie de la Ferronays, Marquise de Mun, died at Palermo, of consumption, in 1841, when only thirty years of age, leaving two little boys—Robert and Albert. The second, who was to become the distinguished Catholic leader, was born on February 28, 1841, at the home of the De Mun family, Lumigny, near Fontainebleau. His elder brother, Robert, the devoted sympathizer and helper of

years before Albert. The latter chose the army as his profession; and when the war of 1870-71 broke out, he was captain in a regiment of cuirassiers, the very flower of French cavalry. He was every inch a soldier, and was at that time strikingly good-looking, with a chivalrous bearing that he retained to the end. He distinguished himself during the campaign by several daring feats, and received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

After this brilliant start, it might have been expected that a successful military career lay before the young cavalry officer, all the more so that he possessed the qualities that make a leader of men. His personal fascination was great, and it was founded on a solid basis of sterling virtues. Moreover, Count Albert de Mun passionately loved his profession; and if eventually he was led to leave the army, it was solely because he believed that God called him to do other work and to serve his country in another sphere.

Social work was, in 1871, almost an "unknown land," and M. de Mun was one of the first educated Frenchmen to realize its necessity. It gradually dawned upon him that a social evolution was taking place; that it could be neither ignored nor crushed, but that the advancing tide of democracy might be enlightened and Christianized, and its tremendous forces directed into safe channels. He made a careful study of the different social problems of the day; he weighed in the scales of justice and charity the rival claims of employers and workmen; and came to the conclusion that, to avoid a bloody conflict between the classes, it was absolutely necessary to find a standpoint of mutual understanding, under the control of religion. Imbued with this idea, he founded—with the aid of Count Robert de Mun, the elder of the two brothers, and of the Count Latour du Pin, a friend of both—the Catholic clubs for workmen, with the distinct object of reconciling the apparently opposite interests of laborers

and capitalists on the common ground of religious faith.

During the first years that followed the war, the Government was less intolerant than it became some years later, and Count Albert de Mun presided at the first workmen's meetings in his military uniform. His aunt, Mrs. Craven, gives, in January, 1873, a description of one of these gatherings at Vaugirard, in Paris. She writes to an intimate friend: "Albert de Mun made a brilliant speech. . . . I had never before heard him speak in public; and I was amazed at his eloquence, moved by his deep conviction, and pleased at his wonderfully beautiful and fluent language. It was certainly most singular to see this good-looking young man in his uniform, holding forth, I assure you, as if he had been preaching from the pulpit, with the name of our Saviour and of Catholicism on his lips. . . . The audience was a most edifying congregation,—workmen, soldiers, ladies and gentlemen, looking equally devout."

And, her thoughts going back to the speaker's young mother, her favorite sister, she writes during the same year: "My nephew has lately been speaking very well indeed at a meeting of workmen; and it is delightful to me to hear him, and to hear people around me say: 'He is the son of Eugénie.'" "A Sister's Story" had come out only seven years before, in 1866. It had been enthusiastically welcomed in literary circles, and there were many persons whose sympathy for the founder of the *Cercles Catholiques* was increased by his family traditions.

After some years, M. de Mun found that he must leave the army if he wished to give sufficient time and attention to his social work. He continued, on other ground, to fight his country's battles, and entered Parliament in 1875 as deputy for Morbihan. He kept his seat in the Chambers to the day of his death; and at the last elections, that were generally unfavorable to Conservatives, he scored 9665 votes against his adversary's 7132.

The eloquence that had delighted the Catholic workmen now revealed itself more fully. Count Albert de Mun was, apart from his high moral standing, a wonderful orator. His speech has been compared to the sword that he wielded during the campaign of 1870: it had the elegance, the elasticity, the strength of the finest steel. He never used it but for noble causes. God and his country were the objects of his constant thoughts, and throughout a long and well-filled life he remained faithful to his ideal.

Twelve years ago, a sacrifice, the cost of which can be fully estimated by those who knew him best, was demanded of Count Albert de Mun. He was still in the prime of manhood, and retained much of the knightly charm that had distinguished his youth; but a grave heart disease made every effort a danger, and he was informed by his medical advisers that each time he spoke in public he risked his life. The trial was a considerable one. It was asking a general to sheathe his sword during the battle; it was demanding of an orator to relinquish the golden key that opened men's minds and hearts. Count Albert de Mun accepted the ordeal bravely. He prided himself on being God's liegeman, and he obeyed, as a soldier should, without murmur. Only once during those years of renunciation did he speak in Parliament. He knew that he thereby risked his life, but the peril was such that his sense of duty bade him to throw himself into the breach without counting the cost.

On a memorable day early in December, 1911, he ascended the tribune and protested against the treaty concluded between France and Germany, that sacrificed to the German Government a portion of Congo. More far-sighted than his colleagues, absolutely disinterested, and passionately devoted to his country, he believed in the "German peril," and events proved him to be right. Never was his eloquence more striking; and the well-known circumstance that every word

he uttered might be the last seemed to give a tragic significance to his speech. Those who were present can never forget his noble bearing or his wonderful voice,—how the literary beauty and purity of his eloquence were combined with an aristocratic chivalry and courtesy that no longer exist in the French Chambers. Above all, his religious convictions gave to his arguments a meaning and a depth that mere talent, however great, can never bestow. His success was complete. The Chamber was carried away by his enthusiasm, and friends and foes joined in the applause that followed what might have been Albert de Mun's dying speech.

He was not only a successful political orator: in 1897 he was elected to be a member of the French Academy. His solemn reception took place on March 10, 1898; and on this occasion he proved that he had inherited the best traditions of literary eloquence. His speech was that of a gentleman and a man of letters; yet it had, even then, a soldierly ring that revealed the man's character. His friend and colleague, M. Denys Cochin, says: "The Academy will never forget the tone in which he reminded his hearers that he had been a captain of cuirassiers."

He kept a very tender place in his heart for his old profession, and to his dying day the interests of the French army were in his thoughts. At Bordeaux, during the last weeks of his life, he divided his time between his writing, which he considered a sacred duty, and his visits to the wounded soldiers, whom he assisted and encouraged, and whose patience and patriotism delighted him.

M. de Mun exercised a considerable influence over the Catholic youth of his day. When he founded the *Cercles Catholiques*, after the Franco-German war, he broke new ground, and was something of a pioneer. Thousands of young Frenchmen now recognize him as the man who first taught them that, being better educated and more enlightened than many of their countrymen, they were bound to face

certain problems which, if neglected, might be a cause of danger to the Church and the country. Charity has always been practised among Catholics, but its aspects vary with centuries; and there is no doubt that at the present day mere almsgiving plays a less important part than mutual help and moral assistance dominated by Catholicity.

The Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française, a powerful organization that has contributed to the religious revival of the last few years, was founded under M. de Mun's patronage. His personality appealed to his young disciples. His eloquence, his enthusiasm, his noble ideals, his absolute disinterestedness made him a chief that "we were proud and happy to obey," writes one of these followers. "We felt for him deep veneration, unbounded devotion, and irresistible affection. . . . He opened wider horizons before us. He was at once a conqueror of souls and an awakener of new ideas." To the last he kept in touch with the young men, who gladly recognized his leadership; and, though he was over seventy when he died, there was something youthful in his ardor, his activity, and above all in his invincible optimism.

This brings us to what was M. de Mun's last work,—the one to which he devoted his supreme efforts, and which, even more than his brilliant Parliamentary triumphs, enshrined him in the hearts of his countrymen. When the war broke out in August, 1914, his three sons went to the front. He yearned to follow them, but his age and the mortal disease from which he suffered made this impossible. His desire to serve his country was satisfied, nevertheless. On the very day when war was declared he wrote to M. de Valence, the secretary of the French Red Cross: "You once promised to employ me in case of war. Here I am! I have only two drawbacks: I can not walk much or go upstairs. Otherwise, sitting, driving, to be sent on missions, I am your man. Tell me what I can do." He was appointed

to organize the service of the military chaplains whom the Government, yielding to the desire of the people, now authorized to go to the front with the troops. And the day before he died he wrote joyfully to inform a colleague how he had brought it about that the number of chaplains should be increased.

In addition to this work, which satisfied his desire to provide for the spiritual well-being of the soldiers, Count Albert de Mun undertook, at the outset of the war, to write a daily article for the *Echo de Paris*, now the most popular of French newspapers. He fulfilled this self-imposed mission in a spirit that transformed it into an act of apostleship. He knew that, given the impressionable French temperament, the first weeks of the war, during which the German army seemed to be making straight for Paris, were hard to bear; and that, in spite of their confidence in General Joffre's masterly tactics, many readers chafed under the knowledge that the Allies were retreating. The victory of the Marne fully justified M. de Mun's invincible conviction that all would be well; and when the great conflict is over, the value of his constant call for patience, endurance, hope and confidence will be still more keenly realized.

From early August to the 5th of October, when he signed his last article, only a few hours before his death, he filled his task punctually, bravely, in spite of days of fatigue and nights of pain. During those two months he won for himself a place apart in the hearts of the French people. He was already known to them as a zealous Catholic, an eloquent speaker, a great patriot, but his daily articles in the *Echo* brought him closer to their homes. These articles were meant for the average readers, who form the mass of the nation. They supplemented the conciseness of the military "Bulletins"; they encouraged and enlightened the middle-class people, who, in France perhaps more than elsewhere, are influenced by the press.

Albert de Mun's talents fitted him to shine in a more brilliant sphere than journalism, but even his great Parliamentary triumphs were not more valuable to his country than the papers written in the *Echo* during a period of extreme tension. He steered his way tactfully between unwise optimism and dangerous depression; and, being an old soldier who had never ceased to study military matters, he was qualified to treat the only subject that, during these strenuous months, appeals to the French people.

Over and over again, from the 3d of August to the 5th of October, we were led to realize that M. de Mun had become the oracle of thousands of humble folk, who every morning hung upon his words, weighed every sentence, and moulded their judgment upon his. To these unknown friends his death was a personal sorrow. "What shall we do without him?" is a cry that we heard more than once from Parisians, whose patriotism responded to his call, and whose Latin sense of beauty was satisfied by the purity and eloquence of his writing; for the middle-class Parisian is keenly appreciative of spoken and written eloquence,—a characteristic that explains how easily he is led astray by false theories clothed in fine language.

M. de Mun's faithful efforts to cheer, encourage and brighten the anxious hearts that in desolate homes trembled for their absent ones were appreciated by the soldiers. When his funeral went by at Bordeaux, a wounded soldier was heard to say: "That man kept up our mothers' courage. Who will take his place?"

The fascination that he exercised upon his hearers when he spoke in public was felt in an equal degree by those who read his articles in the *Echo*. "He had the gift in an extraordinary degree of exercising upon his readers the same magnetic influence that he once exercised upon his audiences.... This was the result of his sincerity and of his great faith." This appreciative remark of M. Hanotaux,

a historian and a politician of note, is strictly true. M. de Mun's absolute sincerity won for him the attention, the respect and the admiration of all his colleagues, however widely they differed from him upon the subjects that lay nearest his heart.

His articles in the *Echo* were "a warlike hymn and a prayer," said M. Deschanel, who, in the name of the French Government, spoke at Count Albert de Mun's funeral. "They rose to Heaven with his invincible hope." He used to say that, since the beginning of the war, he had taken upon himself to be the "minister of national confidence." This was no sinecure during the period of tension that succeeded the irruption of the German armies in Belgium; and if the impressionable French people kept their self-control, it was in great measure owing to his attitude. He lived long enough to see the allied powers assume the offensive and win the battle of the Marne.

Count Albert de Mun died like a soldier at his post. He knew that the strenuous life adopted from a sense of the duty he owed his country must hasten his end, but day after day he continued to work at his self-imposed task. The end came suddenly, only a few hours after he had signed his daily contribution to the *Echo*, in which he, as usual, wrote of hope, confidence, and courage. His nights had for some time been disturbed by fits of suffocation, which, though very painful, generally yielded to certain remedies. One of these came on before midnight on October 5, and for once the usual remedies had no effect. A priest was sent for. Supported by his wife and one of his sons, and soothed by the prayers of the Church which he had loved and served with unflinching devotion, Count Albert de Mun calmly breathed his last.

He was mourned by men of every shade of opinion. From the Pope and the Cardinals downward to the Socialists of the French Parliament, rose expressions of admiration that pointed to the dead

man's personal charm, and also to the tremendous influence exercised by his lofty disinterestedness,—a quality by no means common in the political world in which he lived. His courtesy and generosity toward his opponents were also commented upon in the articles written on his life and labors. These gifts have a certain originality in a matter-of-fact age, when the softer aspects of existence are sometimes lost sight of in the "struggle for life."

Count Albert de Mun's noble figure—noble in soul as in appearance—will be much missed by French Catholics. He happily combined traits that are rarely found among men of his class: a keen interest in the social questions of the day (indeed in these matters he was something of a pioneer), an appreciation of modern methods that kept him in touch with the younger generations; and, with these characteristics, a loyal and implicit obedience to the Church that controlled every action. Added to this was a chivalrous charm, inherited perchance from some Crusading ancestor of the long ago.

To a Parish Church.

BY PAUL R. MARTIN.

ST. PAUL'S! How oft my memory turns to thee,

O little church in which God's grace divine
Was poured upon my soul, and made all mine
That legacy of faith Christ left to me!

And now again, in retrospect, I see

Thy altar, with its flickering lamp—the sign
That here indeed the Saviour dwells,—a shrine
Made holy by the Blood of Calvary.

I hear the sweet chime of the Sanctus ring

Its thrice-blest message; He who lived and died—

The Lord of Hosts, the Saving Victim, King—
Offers Himself,—once more is crucified.

Truly, a place of miracles thou art,
Left here on earth, and yet of heaven a part.

God's Acre by the Sea.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

IN the sunniest part of England, surrounded by hop fields and cherry orchards, stands an Old-World seaport much loved of many. A little maid, with brown curls falling from under a shady hat, has walked up and down its streets when England was a younger England; and he who gave us such diverse characters as "Little Nell" and "Sarah Gamp" has done the same. Dickens often came to it when he was writing "Bleak House," at Fort House, Broadstairs. And the young Princess Victoria, too, used to visit Ramsgate, with her mother, the widowed Duchess of Kent.

You can stand on its white chalk cliffs and look over the English Channel. Over there is France; and there where the star of the lightship gleams are the famous Goodwin Sands, which have swallowed up treasure of men's lives and gold for ages. Now and again a treasure-seeker has gone hunting for lost wealth upon them at low tide; but the shifting sand, like a miser, has kept its secrets well. Tradition says that these quicksands were once the property of Earl Godwin, that Saxon thane, or earl, who was a little king subject to an overlord, even as the kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg are at present to the powerful Kaiser.

Only, be it borne in mind, this overlord was a servant and friend of God, a saint whose tomb in the Abbey of Westminster has been kissed by hundreds of lips—namely, Edward the Confessor. Legend says that as Godwin sat at supper he spake falsely; and, to "back it up" (as the man in the street would call it), he took a piece of bread, and hoped that it might choke him if he had not spoken truth. And the old chronicler tells us that the bread stayed in his throat, and there he died. And the waters rushed

over the lands of which he was lord,—hence the Goodwin Sands. Godwin's son was Harold the Saxon, who fought against William the Conqueror; his daughter, Edith, the virgin queen of Edward the Confessor. So did the sour grapes produce sweet wine.

In a quiet side-street near the sea, in an Old-World house, lived a lady,—E. C., as we shall call her. Dickens, when he was "Cheerful Charlie," often sat in her wainscoted parlor,—silent often, very often, but full of cheery talk when his mind was at ease and his work was going right. "A man of moods," she would say,—"a man of moods, as so many of them are."

At the period of which I am writing there was no Seaman's Hotel or shelter; and when there were wrecks on the sands, those whose circumstances enabled them to do so, opened their doors to the shipwrecked. E. C. threw hers open, lit a fire in the guest chamber, and got all in readiness. In due course there came a knock on the door; and when it was opened, the stars looked down on a group of lifeboat men carrying a sailor on a stretcher.

"The capt'n, ma'am—Russian ship—almost dead, ma'am, been in the riggin' for hours and hours."

"Bring him in, my men!" said the Good Samaritan.

And he was borne up the broad oak stairway, into the Prophet's Chamber, and placed on the bed, with the portraits of the Little Corporal as First Consul, and Josephine in a high-waisted dress as Madame la Consulesse, looking down on him.

Presently the doctor came, and shook his head.

"Going fast!" he said. "If he regains consciousness, he may send a message to his friends."

"He is a foreigner and I can not speak his tongue, but a priest at St. Augustine's may. I would send up to the monastery."

So E. C. kept watch beside the shipwrecked stranger. And when he opened his eyes, looked round the room, and murmured something in an unknown tongue, she sent for the good Fathers; and one of them came without delay to the cream stone house, and knelt by the lone captain and prayed for him long and fervently in his own language, and he died in peace.

Up on the cliff stands the monastery from which the Benedictine priest came. It adjoins the college, and faces the square-towered church, with its many shrines, one of which, Our Lady Star of the Sea, has a lamp, in the shape of a silver boat, burning before it. In the beautiful painted windows is depicted the coming of St. Augustine, the Apostle of England. The church is rare in its exquisite loveliness. It was designed by the elder Pugin, and he is said to have esteemed it his ideal church. On the top of the cliff is the Catholic God's Acre,—a peaceful spot.

This graveyard, where the sea sings a perpetual *Requiem*, is like unto a lovely garden. All flowers in their season deck the last sleeping places of mariners and of members of the congregation. These rosebuds bloom over a young girl who was a Child of Mary; these pansies mark the resting-place of a seaman who perished long ago on the Goodwins. On some Sunday afternoons the Blessed Sacrament is borne round, and prayers for the Holy Souls rise like incense to the throne of Almighty God.

Once, not so very long ago, a little pilgrim came to this church, and knelt at Mother Mary's shrine and asked that good Mother to guard her dear ones, who had been received into the Fold there. And this little pilgrim, whose golden-brown locks were already sprinkled with snow (brought by sorrow, not by time), rose from her knees refreshed and fortified, and quitted the beautiful temple, and God's Acre by the sea, still praising and blessing Him.

Many changes have come to England since John Willy Pugin designed this architectural gem, and the Benedictine college has sent out missionaries all over the world; but St. Augustine's remains the same. It is as if Time paused when he came to the square tower and the monastery. The black-robed Fathers still pass up and down the long cloisters; the white-robed choir boys still come from the college and chant the grand old Psalms. Not for nothing have the sons of St. Benedict *Pax* for their watchword: sometimes it is as if He who spake as never man spake still speaks to them who come to this hallowed spot to pray and to adore. "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth do I give unto you."

A Letter from Paris.

THE AVE MARIA is privileged to publish the following passages of a letter addressed to an American correspondent by a lady who has been detained in Paris since the beginning of the great European war. She writes of what she has seen, and of suffering in which she shares, two of her own sons being officers in the French army. Her husband, too old to bear arms, though not less patriotic, is prominent in Red Cross work. As will be seen, the writer enlarges upon certain features of the terrible conflict which newspaper correspondents have merely touched upon or wholly ignored. Even war clouds have their silver lining, and the horrors of carnage and desolation and ruin are relieved by the beauties of faith and piety and resignation:

When these lines reach you, more than three months shall have elapsed since the bursting of the war cloud, whose mysterious presence was felt on the closing day of the Congress of Lourdes. After the "Feast of Peace," where Germans, English, French, Austrians, and Slavs seemed united under the mantle of their common Mother, came, without a minute's

delay or transition, the most gigantic war that the world has ever known. It has been fraught with pain and suffering that words can not express; but certain features of the terrific struggle are illumined with the awful and solemn beauty that sacrifice generously accepted never fails to bring in its train. It is good to dwell on this side of the picture when we hear so continuously of homesteads laid waste, of young lives sacrificed by thousands, of other lives forever shadowed by sorrow and by deprivation.

As one who since the declaration of war has not left Paris, I may be qualified to tell how the "City of Pleasure" has faced the ordeal. In the history of the last three months certain dates stand out before me, when the intimate feelings of Paris and its people revealed themselves under the pressure of strong emotion. During the first days of August, when the mobilization called all the men between twenty and forty-five to take up active service, there were in the air a breath of heroism, some excitement, but no empty boasting; and this last feature of the crisis favorably impressed the grey-haired citizens who remembered 1870. The Parisians, so excitable by nature, were curiously reticent and self-possessed. They realized the magnitude of the coming struggle too keenly to indulge in vainglorious demonstrations; and in this respect their attitude contrasted favorably with that of their fathers forty-four years ago.

The men who hurried to the front were generally accompanied to the stations by their wives, mothers, and children. Few tears were shed; and the courage of the men was clearly upheld by the brave endurance of those who were left behind. Yet to the latter the departure of their bread-winners meant a pressure of privation and poverty that is already making itself sorely felt in the Paris suburbs. Fortunately, the harvest was saved throughout France, owing to the efforts of the women, old people, and children, who replaced the absent laborers. In some villages, the children of the lord of the manor worked with the peasants. The political and religious divisions that during years past have hampered the action of the Catholics of France melted like snow in the sunshine in face of a deadly peril. The anti-clerical mayors in certain small towns joined hands with the *curés* for the purpose of organizing ways and means for assisting needy families. Universal suffering suggested universal brotherhood. The military law that obliges every French citizen, be he a duke or a pauper, to serve in the ranks, creates, in times like these, a close bond of union between the *châtelaine* in her Old-World manor-house or

stately Paris mansion, and the woman of the people in her lowly tenement. Such bonds are not easily severed.

Another still more striking feature of the present crisis is the religious revival that is perceptible throughout the country. It has been going on for some time past, and during the last ten years there has been a steady increase of religious practice among the young men of France; but since the declaration of war the movement has become universal. During the busy days of the mobilization the churches were filled, and the confessionals besieged by soldiers and officers in uniform. In the Paris underground railways and tramways medals were distributed to the soldiers by nuns, whose supplies soon ran short, so great was the demand made upon them. Human respect no longer existed; and we know of more than one soldier-priest who, when acting as sentinel, was called upon to hear the confession of a recruit starting for the front.

This brings me to speak of the soldier-priests, of whom fifteen thousand at least are now serving in the ranks of our fighting men. The law that obliges them to serve as soldiers like other citizens is one of the laws upon which the atheistical Government counted to weaken the Church by discouraging ecclesiastical vocations. It was drawn up in a distinctly hostile spirit; but, while recognizing this, many French Catholics, even then, thought that the enemies of the Church would defeat their own object,—that only imperfect and undesirable vocations would be lost. They believed, too, that vocations whose roots were deeper might, on the contrary, be steadied by the ordeal. But even these optimists little dreamed of the heroic apostleship that the soldier-priests of France were destined to exercise in the year of grace 1914.

They have closely followed the advice given to them by their bishops when, in August, they started for the front. They were told that, being dispensed from the censures which were once attached to the act of ecclesiastics who shed human blood, they were obliged in duty to be first-rate soldiers. They were to replace their Breviary by the Rosary; but, first and foremost, they were to give an example of discipline, courage, devotedness; of helpfulness toward their comrades, and implicit obedience toward their chiefs.

From a frontier town, where an important French force is keeping at bay the army of the German heir-apparent, a captain of hussars gives a spirited description of the soldier-priests. His letter lies before me as I write these lines. "They fight magnificently," he says; "and their attitude under fire gives them enormous

influence over the men. On Sunday I was at Mass. The church was filled to overflowing. The Mass was said by an artilleryman, and the sermon preached by a lieutenant of an infantry regiment, in uniform. It was wonderfully impressive, and many of the men present shed tears." Let me add that the officers and men of this particular post are almost continually under fire; and that, at the present moment, the eastward movement of the German army, while it increases the importance of the position, also increases the peril of its brave defenders.

Among these defenders, the soldier-priests of whom our young captain speaks are peculiarly fitted by their vocation to meet, with a steady determination upheld by faith, whatever the future holds in store for them. They, in a certain sense, sacrificed their lives when they crossed the threshold of the seminary or novitiate, and this fact gives them a singular influence over their surroundings. It confers upon them, even when they are younger than their comrades, an authority which the latter are prompt to recognize.

In the history of the war as it now stands—a history short if we measure it by weeks, but filled with emotion and tragedy enough to last a lifetime—certain dates stand out in my memory with peculiar clearness. The invasion of Belgium and of Northern France brought the horrors of the deadly struggle very close to us. It was known that the Germans were at Chantilly, only forty kilometres from Paris, and a general exodus from the threatened city was in progress. On one of those never-to-be-forgotten days, when an attack seemed probable, we made our way to the church of St. Étienne du Mont, where a solemn triduum was being made in honor of St. Genevieve, the patroness of the city, who arrested Attila and his Huns in the distant past. The *place* outside was black with people; within the church there was barely room to stand, and the saint's shrine was a blaze of light. Inside and outside of the sacred edifice rose a mighty voice of imploring prayer. The effect was deeply impressive. It carried one back to the times when Attila's wild hosts trampled down fair France and when a woman stood between them and their prey. Once more the invader's iron heel is crushing the French soil; and from the courts of heaven St. Genevieve, more loving and more powerful than of yore, will surely lend a pitiful ear to her people's fervent and persevering prayers.

As we returned home, leaving behind us the multitude that poured from the church down the Montagne Ste. Geneviève, the distant sound of big guns far away struck us. The

people in the street heard it, stopped and listened. Was it the beginning of the storming of the city that was daily expected? To the pilgrims of Ste. Geneviève it evidently brought no alarm; they had put their cause into powerful hands, and the strange calmness that descended upon them seemed a message from the patroness of Paris to her clients. Next day came the news of the Germans' move eastward,—a move that may be explained by strategical reasons no doubt, perhaps also by a nearer view of the entrenched camp of Paris; but the fact that the move took place on a feast of the Blessed Virgin and during St. Genevieve's triduum was gratefully noticed by the people.

Another day, the 14th of September, must also be mentioned. The Cardinal Archbishop presided over a ceremony at Notre Dame; and again there were more people kneeling and praying outside on the *place* and in the adjoining streets than within the glorious church, so closely connected with the history of the country. The prayers and supplications that echoed under the arched roof of the great basilica were responded to by the eager multitude that had to remain outside. With passionate fervor, the saints of France were invoked: "St. Michael, our protector; St. Genevieve, mother of the country; St. Maurice, patron of our soldiers; St. Denis, apostle of Paris; St. Louis, brave in battle and righteous in peace; Blessed Joan of Arc, our liberator, pray for us, save us!" And while the wave of prayer was carried along through the autumn air, we seemed to see the saints of France, compassionate and helpful, joining in the call for assistance.

Now, after so many weeks of intense tension, Paris and the people who remain within its walls are still resolute, patient, and calm. There is sorrow in many homes; anxiety for loved ones at the front tortures even those who have, so far, been spared actual loss; but there is no murmuring, no discouragement. At the *ouvroirs* where the unemployed women work for the wounded, in the hospitals where the latter are cared for, in poor homes where life is a hand-to-hand fight with poverty, reigns the same spirit of endurance. In most cases it is supported by strong religious faith, and often it is brightened by a characteristic touch of Latin gaiety. There are cases when to smile may be an act of heroism, and among the wives and mothers of our soldiers such acts are frequent. One can not help admiring these true-hearted women. Every morning comes the official news,—a carefully worded bulletin. With what anxiety it is awaited, and with what eagerness it is read, may be imagined.

Admonishments to Methodists.

NOW that the political campaign for senators, congressmen, etc., is over, and those Protestant clergymen who took such an eager and active part in it are enjoying a much-needed rest, we suggest that some time be devoted to spiritual reading. To ministers of the Methodist persuasion we earnestly recommend John Wesley's "Plain Accounts of Christian Perfection." Our fear is that there is sad neglect of this little treatise, which, in the words of the Book of Common Prayer, all Methodists, ministers in particular, should "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." It was written to guard the Methodists from "every occasion of stumbling," and among the admonitions we find these: "Beware of judging people to be either right or wrong, by your own feelings. This is no Scriptural way of judging. Beware of bigotry! Let not your love or beneficence be confined to Methodists only, much less to that very small part of them who seem to be renewed in love, or to those who believe yours and their report. O make not this your shibboleth!"

It is a great pity that the mothers of all Methodist ministers are not more like the mother of Wesley. She was a Spartan, or there never was one. The strenuous John relates in his journal, of which five volumes have just been published, that, in her home, training began shortly after birth. The children "when turned a year old (and some before) were taught to fear the rod and to cry softly; by which means they escaped the abundance of correction they might otherwise have had; and that most odious noise of the crying of children was rarely heard in the house." When each child attained the age of five years it was taught to read. Mrs. Wesley and her pupil abode in a room alone together until the task was completed.

Alas! there is little likelihood that Methodism will ever produce another woman like Susannah Wesley, or another man like her son John.

Notes and Remarks.

For humanity's sake we are glad to see, in some of the very newspapers which published it, an unqualified denial of the report that a British war nurse, after being subjected to horrible cruelties, was put to death in a field hospital near Brussels, on September 6, by German soldiers, who afterward set fire to the hospital, presumably to conceal their atrocious crime. The story was cabled to England and widely published, with a letter said to have been written by the murdered nurse, when dying, to her sister in Dumfries. In every detail the story turns out to be utterly without foundation. The nurse in question is still living and has never even been in Belgium, though she had volunteered for the front.

This exposure should serve as a further warning against putting full faith in everything about the war that appears even in respectable newspapers. Editors are sometimes imposed upon like other people, and they expect that their readers will exercise ordinary discretion in regard to flying rumors of any kind. To all persons of sound judgment, a preposterous story is none the less preposterous on account of emanating from a source seemingly respectable.

That the social problem in Europe generally, and in England particularly, will take on unusual acuteness at the close of the war, and that Governments will be made to understand that their first care must be the condition of the people,—these are some of the quasi-obvious reflections of an accredited organ of the Church of England, the *Guardian*. A venerable archdeacon of that church, he of Ely, writes, in the same connection, his views on Socialism. He holds that a man may be a Socialist and a Christian, if by Socialism is understood merely the proposal to put the means of production under public control and leave them no

longer in private hands. But some Socialists go much further than economics, and express disbelief in, and contempt for, Christian doctrines and ethics. With these he can permit of no alliance. But he does not see why any Christian should shrink from urging and supporting an increased action by the State in the direction of safeguarding the interests of the multitude from exploitation by capitalists. And he urges individual Christians to work for social improvement. His conclusion is worth reproducing: "The Social Revolution seems to be imminent in many lands. It is likely to come sooner or later as an experiment in living, and perhaps it may come to stay; but it will result only in a grinding tyranny, which forces each unit into a fixed place in a stereotyped system, unless it affords scope for working on individuals, so as to bring about the social regeneration at which Christianity aims."

The archdeacon, whether consciously or otherwise, has been stating principles that are the commonplaces of Catholic economics—or, better, of Catholic economists.

Although every reader of "My Lady of the Chimney-Corner" may not share Mr. Clement Shorter's opinion that in this pathetic story Mr. Alexander Irvine has produced "an undying classic," all will agree that his portrait of his mother (the Anna of the narrative) is in some respects wondrously beautiful. Nor will they soon forget how she consoled the poor widow who had lost her only son, or the words she addressed to a son of her own when he began to grow away from the corner which was her little world. We reproduce both passages:

Anna wiped her spectacles, and took Eliza over close to the window while she read a text of the Bible. "Listen, dear," Anna said: "God's arm is not shortened."

"Did ye think that an arm could be stretched from beyont th' clouds t' Pogue's Entry?"

"No, dear; but God takes a han' wherever He can find it, and jist diz what He likes wi' it.

Sometimes He takes a bishop's and lays it on a child's head in benediction; then He takes the han' of a dochter t' relieve pain; th' han' of a mother t' guide her chile; an' sometimes He takes th' han' of an aul craither like me t' give a bit comfort to a neighbor. But they're all han's touch't be His Spirit, an' His Spirit is everywhere lukin' fur han's to use.

"Listen, dear! Ye've put yer han' t' th' plow: ye must niver, niver take it away. All through life ye'll haave thim plow handles in yer han's an' ye'll be goin' down th' furrow. Ye'll crack a stone here and there, th' plow'll stick often an' things'll be out of gear, but ye're in th' furrow all the time. Ye'll change horses, ye'll change clothes, ye'll change yerself, but ye'll always be in the furrow, plowin', plowin', plowin'! I'll go a bit of th' way, Jamie'll go a bit, yer brothers an' sisters a bit, but we'll dhrap out wan b' wan. Ye're God's plowman.... A plowman who skims th' surface of th' sod strikes no stones, dear, but it's because he isn't plowin' *deepl*!"

The question as to whether Catholics should co-operate in their social relief work with charity organizations is one much mooted, but the words of Mr. Mulry on the subject surely have great weight. This leader of the St. Vincent de Paul Society states that "we should co-operate systematically with charity organizations, because if they are favorable to the Church, such co-operation will secure further assistance; and if they are unfavorable to the Church, co-operation will prevent them from doing us harm." Father Edwin V. O'Hara, from whose lucid paper on "Co-operation with Charity Organizations," in the *Ecclesiastical Review*, this quotation is made, urges further the need of special training for Catholic relief workers. He says:

The very best type of co-operation will consist in having trained Catholic social workers who can take their place by merit in every form of public and quasi-public charitable work. Social work is a profession, and Catholic young men and women should be encouraged to enter training for it. There are in this country two schools of civics and philanthropy,—one in New York and the other in Chicago. Whatever be their deficiencies, these schools are succeeding in imparting a professional training which will enable their graduates to supersede

untrained social workers in all forms of charitable organization. The graduates of these institutions are being eagerly sought for in every section of our country. A few Catholics have taken training in these schools, and are occupying high positions in this new profession; but the disadvantages of Catholics attending these schools are not altogether lacking. In Chicago an effort is being made this fall to open, in connection with Loyola University, a school where this professional training may be had under Catholic auspices. The need of such schools where thorough professional training may be had, together with the inculcation of Catholic principles, is imperative if we are to co-operate efficiently with the various charitable agencies outside the Church.

It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when we shall see realized the plan suggested in the conclusion of Father O'Hara's article—namely, in every large city a Catholic "Associated Charities," working along the most efficient lines for social betterment; leading while it co-operates with others, and not losing sight of the motives that should animate all charity.

It is to be hoped that President Wilson's attention has been called to the following point, extremely well taken by the *Catholic Universe* (Cleveland, Ohio):

General Miles is on the payroll of the United States. While in the city he was asked by a reporter for an expression of views on the European war. He refused to make a statement, because, he said, the President had requested all army and navy officials to remain silent on that subject. One might readily feel that the President could just as easily put a gag in his mouth when it comes to discussing the question of the political and religious rights of millions of his fellow-citizens.

As a leader of the Guardians of Liberty, General Miles is a reproach not only to the American Army but to American citizenship.

Very human documents are the Journals of Emerson, just completed by the issue of the ninth and tenth volumes. They disclose an interesting personality, and are crowded with matter which will doubtless be new to the majority of

readers. Some of them will be surprised to learn that Emerson was concerned with life quite as much as with books. Nor, contrary to the general impression, was he lacking in the sense of humor; for he preserves a witty comment by Mrs. Helen Bell, daughter of Rufus Choate, who, on being asked, What do you think the Sphinx said to Mr. Emerson? replied: "Why, the Sphinx probably said to him, 'You're another.'" Nor does the Sage of Concord omit to record the opinion of George R—— (of Madison, Wis.), "who seems to be drunk," and "writes me that 'the secret of drunkenness is that it insulates us in thought, whilst it unites us in feeling.'" Emerson would have enjoyed, declare the editors of the Journals, Lincoln's saying: "The Lord likes common people. That's the reason He makes so many of them."

Readers of Father O'Connor's, O. P., article, "At the Sign of the Cross," in the current *Rosary*, will be willing to concede, we think, that the Holy Name Mission, with which the paper deals, is in truth "the hope of the Bowery." Its purpose and *modus operandi* are alike unique, as witness this statement:

The primary purpose of the Holy Name Mission is to restore to the practice of their religion these men to whom the world refers in its expressive slang as "down and out." It is not a "free lunch" institution for the encouragement of vagrancy and vagabondage; nor yet a depot for dispensing the charity that destroys self-respect and pauperizes the recipient. It is primarily a religious institution, consecrated to the work of furnishing the consolations of religion to those who prefer to receive them there. Secondly, it is a place where honest, if unfortunate, men anxious to help themselves, are assisted to obtain that end without detriment to their manhood and self-respect.

Father O'Connor's impressions were gathered at a mission which he gave at the institution; and surely they are not to be forgotten:

It was left for the Holy Name Mission to discover that the Bowery was not necessarily associated with the underworld; that all who

frequented it were not the sordid, sodden scum of humanity that the amateur sociologist and magazine writer would have the world believe; that poverty is not synonymous with crime. On many a fine face in the motley congregations that followed the exercises of the mission was to be seen indelibly written the long record of sorrow and suffering. The man who went out from the chapel into the bitter cold of a winter's night, clutching the collar of his shabby coat to keep the driving wind from reaching his body, and reappeared at the five o'clock Mass in the morning in the same way, after spending the night—God alone knows where; the man who fell at the missionary's feet clutching the crucifix of his Rosary, and, lifting his hunger-pinched face, begged him in God's name to pray that he might get work; the man who sat up all night that he might not miss Communion in the morning,—these men were neither criminal, degenerate nor sodden. The receding tide of prosperity had simply left them stranded.

It will be seen, therefore, that the Holy Name Mission is devoted chiefly to the highest of all charities, while it does not neglect the lesser accessories thereto. Incidentally, our compliments and our thanks to Father O'Connor for one of the sanest, strongest, most Christian papers we have met with in the literature of social service. It well deserves the widest reading that can possibly be secured for it.

An act of charity, conspicuous and yet not too colossal for imitation, is that recorded of Mr. C. H. F. Smith, of St. Paul, Minn., who recently contributed to the St. Vincent de Paul Society of that city one thousand dollars, to be the nucleus of a fund whose income should be spent in safeguarding the spiritual and material welfare of the children of the poor. The generous donor is, we learn from the *Catholic Bulletin*, a constant, though generally secret, benefactor of religious charities. It is to be hoped that his present laudable appearance in the light will be an incentive to others whose means will permit of like munificence in giving, and to all others to give according to their means. The specific object of this present charity is one particularly

deserving of support. The children of the poor in many of our large cities are sadly neglected.

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A truly remarkable woman and a noble religious was the late Mother General of the Sisters of the Society of the Sacred Heart, who departed this life at Southampton, England, on the 21st ult. A convert to the Church at the age of twenty-two, Mother Stuart entered, three years later, the Society of the Sacred Heart, and for nearly thirty years was the companion and assistant of Mother Digby, whom she succeeded in office. As a superior she proved in exterior matters a wise administrator, and within the cloister a kind and sympathetic mother to all her religious. As an educator, she will be most definitely remembered by her able work, "The Education of Catholic Girls," which it was our pleasure to commend on its appearance three years ago. But, best of all, Mother Stuart left an example of genuine personal holiness to be an inspiration and a solace to her bereaved community. R. I. P.

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Several persons have taken the pains to call our attention to what they consider a very serious mistake in a recent issue of THE AVE MARIA. So it is, if very seriously considered. In the short article entitled "Prayers for the Dead" these words occur: "nothing *undefiled* can enter the presence of God." We should think that an error so obvious hardly needed correction; but since it has been characterized as "rankly heretical," we hasten to asseverate that the very contrary is the orthodox teaching, and to abjure and detest the monstrous heresy of which we have been fully convicted. At the same time let us express sincerest regret that all of our errors are not as easily corrected as the present one, and furthermore declare that whenever we are at fault we are perfectly willing to be forgiven and to have our delinquencies entirely forgotten.



Little Sunshine.

BY ANGELIQUE DE LANDE.

I KNOW a tiny maiden—
Perhaps you know her too,—
With pretty, glossy ringlets
And shining eyes of blue.
She smiles and sings and dances
The livelong happy day;
Dear grandma drops her knitting
With Baby Lou to play.
Dark clouds and gloomy shadows
Fly far away from Lou.
They call her "Little Sunshine";
I wonder why, don't you?
Ah, now I've guessed the reason!
She's like the sun, you see,—
So bright and kind and cheerful,
She makes the shadows flee.
The sunshine makes us happy,
And so does little Lou;
I'd like to scatter sunbeams,—
I mean to try, don't you?

Toric and the Wolves.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

SEATED before a big fire which he fed continually with spruce deal ends, Grandfather Nychol puffed away contentedly at his red clay pipe. Near him, his grandson Toric, a sturdy little fellow twelve years old, was listening with lively interest to the stories which the old man was telling between puffs.

Night-watchman at the sawmill of Ahlefeld, a village in Sweden, Nychol had, a few weeks before, lost his son, a stout workman whom a gangsaw had accidentally killed; and, still more recently, his

daughter-in-law had died of grief. The old man had now no other connection on earth than little Toric, whom he loved most tenderly. On his nights on duty he took Toric with him to the mill, where he had fixed up for the boy in the watchman's room a bed of sawdust and leaves. But Nychol had so many good stories to tell that it was always pretty late when Toric went to bed, his imagination full of adventures with bandits and wild beasts.

When the hour for making his rounds had arrived, Grandfather Nychol got up, threw on his long cloak, pulled his fur cap down over his ears, lit his lantern, and emptied his pipe.

"In half an hour, little one, I'll be back," he said.

As he opened the door, there entered a blast of icy wind, sending before it a flurry of snow.

Left alone, little Toric began to think of all his grandfather had told him. He was a brave boy, as I shall show, but of one thing he was really afraid—wolves. There was no imagination about them; for he had seen their tracks in the fresh snow; and, moreover, Grandpa Nychol had once caught a wolf in a trap.

Getting up to stretch his legs, Toric went over to the window and raised the meal sack which served as its curtain. The night was black as ink, but in a moment or two he could distinguish the white patches of snow; and the boy recognized, since he knew it by heart, the winter landscape of the sleeping country. In the distance, to the left, wound the road which plunged into the sombre spruce woods of Alsen, came out and passed in front of the mill, and then struck off to the right toward Offerdal, whose pointed spires could be seen on a clear day even from Ahlefeld.

Suddenly, Toric saw a luminous point

moving in the dark. It was so seldom that sleighs were out at so late an hour that at first he did not know what to make of the light. But he soon saw that the light followed the well-known curves of the road, and it seemed to be approaching very fast. Toric's curiosity got the better of his prudence; he pulled on his overcoat and stepped outside.

The wind was blowing a veritable gale, and there was a deep carpet of snow on the ground. The tinkling of sleigh bells came to the boy's ears more and more distinctly. The sleigh must be coming at an astonishing rate; for in only four or five minutes it had covered the two miles between the wood and the mill.

Toric now heard the dull thud of the horses' gallop, and the voice of the driver shouting: "Hi, there, Shellbark! Geddup, you, Maud!"—as he cracked his whip above the flying animals' heads.

Seeing the light in the watchman's room, the driver reined in his horses, which first reared up on their hind legs, and then came down on all four feet, remaining motionless though panting and smoking from their exertions.

From a pile of furs there emerged a face with a great black beard and flashing eyes.

"The Ahlefeld Mill!" said the driver.

"You know well enough we can't stop," replied the bearded passenger,—
"that my son is dying at Offerdal."

"But the wolves are almost upon us, your Excellency, and my horses are exhausted. We'd better stop here."

"Go on,—go on!" rejoined the traveller.
"We are a mile and a half or two ahead of the wolves; they are still fighting over the body of my dog Yan that I threw out to them."

The driver cracked his whip; the three horses sprang forward, and were off like so many arrows, amid a very riot of jingling sleigh bells. In a few minutes the driver's lantern was a mere point of light far on the road to Offerdal.

Of the whole scene, Toric retained only

these words: "The wolves are almost upon us." At the same time he had recognized the man with the black beard, having seen him some months before coming out of a castle in Offerdal, clothed in a gorgeous uniform. It was Prince Ordener, the eldest son of the King.

"The wolves are almost upon us." And what if the howling pack, following the scent of the horses, took up the pursuit again, and, with their almost incredible swiftness, gained upon and caught up with the tired animals. Toric pictured to himself the famished brutes attacking the horses and then the Prince,—the poor Prince who was speeding toward his son dangerously ill.

Would he go to Grandpa Nychol? Where *was* his grandfather? In what corner of the big sawmill? And, anyway, would there be time? What should he do? Blessed Mother, what *could* he do to save the Prince? Little Toric shivered as much from anguish at his inability to avert the danger as from the bitter cold.

All at once there was a prolonged howl, then another, then a whole concert of sinister noises. Toric was just going to go inside and barricade the door when he remembered that in an old wooden shed across the road in the middle of a field—a long, low shed that served as a tar shop—the son of the mill-owner had that morning placed, in the farthest corner, the carcass of a deer recently shot.

Toric had heard enough wolf stories to know that it was hunger that drove the pack in pursuit of the travellers, and that it was possible to stop their course as long as one had anything eatable to throw to them. He knew, too, that their scent would infallibly lead them to any food.

A luminous idea occurred to him. Running as hard as he could to the shed, he pulled the door wide open; then hurried back to the mill. Closing the door of his grandfather's room, he went to the window, and, trembling with fear, looked out to see what would happen.

The howls came nearer; then there was a pattering of feet on the snow; and next he saw a number of dark bodies with sparkling eyes coming swiftly along the road. Then the pattering ceased, the whole band stopped abruptly for a moment, swerved aside and rushed to the open door of the shed.

Toric understood that, so far, his plan had succeeded. But could he complete the good work? Perhaps the memory of Prince Ordener, looking so handsome in his gold uniform, had something to do with the heroic resolution he took. In any case, he went outside, ran to the shed, shut the door on the wolves, and snapped its padlock tight; for inside, the fierce brutes were snarling and fighting over the deer meat. Then Toric went back to his grandfather's room, took a small pailful of liquid tar and a lighted pine torch, returned to the shed, poured the tar on some of its lower boards, and set fire to it.

In a half minute the flames rolled up in the midst of thick smoke. Grandfather Nychol, who had finished his rounds, came hurrying over as fast as his old legs could carry him.

"Toric," he cried, "what's all this?"

The boy did not answer, but, taking the old man's hand, hurried with him to the mill.

"Grandpa," he cried, when they were safely within doors, "is there any danger of the mill's catching?"

"I think not; it is too far away. The shed is low, and besides the wind is from the north. But what has happened?"

And in two words Toric told him of Prince Ordener's passing, and of his being followed by the wolves.

At first old Nychol did not believe him.

"You've had the nightmare, my boy," he said.

"No, no, grandpa! I tell you the wolves are burning. Listen and you'll believe."

Out in the field the tar shed was now burning with a sharp crackling, and tongues of flame flashed through the thick

black smoke. And all at once the howls, that had ceased while the wolves were satisfying their hunger, were renewed with a fierceness and an intensity that made the old man and his grandson shiver. They were furious yells, horrible cries, and they lasted till the roof of the shed fell inside. For a long time still the tar burned in little streams that ran here and there on the field; and when at last the fire burned out, old Nychol took his lantern and went over to explore the ashes. He found the bones of at least seven or eight wolves. Having assured himself that no sparks were flying in the direction of the mill, he lay down beside Toric and was soon asleep.

The next morning the mill hands who lived over toward Offerdal brought word that Prince Ordener's horses had given out about two miles and a half from the mill, and that the Prince and his driver on reaching the village of Munkolm had declared they did not know how they escaped a pack of wolves that had followed them from the Alsen woods.

But news travels fast even in Swedish country districts, and that same afternoon a handsome sleigh drove up to the Ahlefeld mill. Prince Ordener and an officer got out of it and sent for Toric. The Prince lifted the boy up and patted him on both cheeks.

"To-day," he said, "is for me one of double joy. My son is saved, and you have saved my own life."

Then the Prince, the mill-owner, and old Nychol had a long talk.

When Grandfather Nychol, almost a centenarian, died five years ago, in a pretty little cottage in Munkolm, Toric was Captain of the Guards and chief officer of Prince Ordener.

THE well-known tale of the monkey seizing hold of the cat's paw to draw the chestnuts from the hot embers gave rise to the proverb, "To make a cat's-paw of one,"—or to make another subservient to one's difficult purposes.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXV.

"I HAVE been ten a long time," said Lolo. "I don't think they know when my birthday is."

"I am thirteen," replied Dick. "I am going to college after these holidays. I have been at a school first. My birthday is the 1st of February. I am thirteen and a half. Listen, Lolo! If you were four when I was six, what must you be when I am thirteen and a half?"

"Oh, I can't do sums!" said Lolo. "I suppose I haven't had half the birthdays I ought to have had. I only remember having two. People came to tea, and I played; there were cakes with sugar on top. I don't think fahzer and muzzer want me to have any more birthdays. I was ten on both those."

"Well, if you were four when I was six," repeated Dick, "you must be more than ten now, when I am thirteen—and a half."

"Tell me!" said Lolo. "I can't do sums. Am I very old? Am I fifteen?"

"No: you are eleven."

"I must not grow up quickly," said Lolo. "I've got to be a prodgidy first."

"A—how much? What did you say?"

"A prodgidy," repeated the young lady of eleven. "I played at one party—at Lady Dalchester's,—but I forgot. Were you there?"

"Oh, I know what you mean now!" said the boy. "You mean a prodigy. No, I was not there. I do wish I had been there, and we should have found you sooner."

"Why?"

"We have always wanted to find you. I knew you by your medal. I say, Lolo, I am glad you are with Catholics, and that you wear it still."

For six years now that "Hail Mary" had been said at the end of his night prayers. And here was Lolo with her medal safely on! But how surprised she looked? Why did her eyes grow large in wonder?

"What is this?" she asked.

"Don't you know? O Lolo, don't you know what a medal of Our Lady is?"

"Our lady! What lady?"

"Why, the Blessed Virgin, of course!"

Still the dark eyes stared in wonder and ignorance.

"Well, this is a queer start!" said the boy bluntly. "You are a Catholic and you don't know the Blessed Virgin! You must be with funny people."

"Tell me," said Lolo, "what is 'Catholic'?"

It was a deep disappointment to the boy. He soon saw that Lolo had not been taught anything of religion. It would have gladdened his heart to hear that she had been saying, "Show thyself a mother," every night for months; but somehow she was too shy to tell him. She remembered, however, the happy home of Mike the policeman, and the dear children kneeling in the light of the waxen candles; she vaguely understood that she was of their religion, only she knew nothing about it.

"Where are the people you live with?" was the next question. "They are not your father and mother."

She told him she had always known that, but she called them "fahzer and muzzer." They were in London, and she was soon going back to study again. She had been staying in the country, at Farmer Strawson's, and she was quite well now.

"And, my stars, *can't* you play!" said the boy.

Lolo smiled at his admiration.

"Uncle Jerome will want to see you. He has been wanting you for years. I wish I could bring you to Beechwood,—that's where we live. But perhaps we ought to come and see you instead."

He looked at her bare feet, and wondered if the guardians of the musical prodigy were very poor.

Lolo was quick to observe.

"I have shoes and stockings," she told him, "and a white dress, and a hat."

"What a stunner you must look!" said the boy, standing opposite her now, with his hands in his pockets. "Could you come to-morrow and see Uncle Jerome? Shall I ask Farmer Strawson if you may? I would bring my pony for you."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Lolo. "Do ask Farmer Strawson,—ask him, please! If you ride your pony, I could go on the donkey."

Dick laughed at the idea of any donkey keeping pace with Punch. But he had a grand plan of his own. Lolo, all in white, with her hat on, and her shoes and stockings, was to be carried safely on the pony. Dick would lead him, and run with her when she wanted a trot. So he slid down the haystack, and climbed by the apple tree to the wall, and disappeared over it; and presently he went riding along the lane on Punch, round to the front of the farmyard; while Lolo had gone down the ladder, and made her way through the orchard and the kitchen garden.

When next she caught sight of the bright-haired boy he was standing by the pony, and talking to Farmer Strawson, who had come out of the cart shed.

"We knew each other—when we were young," Dick said, as if they both were fifty. "My uncle is Mr. Winston at Beechwood."

"A fine place he has there," answered the farmer. "And is that your pony, sir? A New Forest pony, eh? And isn't he in fine condition, too!"

"Yes, Punch is a nice pony," Dick said. "I have had him, since—since I was quite young."

"I see, sir,—since you was a boy, sir," said Farmer Strawson, with flattering seriousness, but with signs of a laugh twitching his lips.

"I want to have Uncle Jerome see Lolo," Dick went on very earnestly. "Do you think I might bring her to Beechwood to-morrow on the pony? I shall take good care of her. I would lead him all the way."

"That's quite a gentlemanly offer, sir, and handsomely made," replied the

farmer. "But I don't know what Mr. Woods will say to it."

"Who is Mr. Woods?"

"The little gel's guardian. He is up in London."

Lolo, standing by, began to look disappointed.

"Then, perhaps," said Dick, "Uncle Jerome had better run over in the motor."

Lolo's face brightened again with wonder and surprise.

"I shall put on my white frock," she said to Dick, "and shoes."

And then they said good-bye until to-morrow, and waved to each other from the gate.

"He is a fine lad," remarked the farmer. "How long is it since you met, eh, Lolo? Twenty years? How old are you, lassie?"

"He was six and I was four."

"He is a fine young man, and may neither of you ever grow older! If I had the settling of things, Lolo, you should both go off to Beechwood to-morrow with that fat pony, like the Babes in the Wood that you are. But I am not sure what the gentleman from town will say. Why, bless my life, here he is,—the very man to ask! See that trap away down the road? Doesn't it raise a dust! That's your 'father' coming."

Dick had a grand ride home,—mostly a gallop. Before another hour Punch went charging up the broad walk from the gates at Beechwood. Dick turned the pony loose, flew up the steps, slid across the polished floor of the hall, and burst into his uncle's library.

Uncle Jerome was stretched in the lounge chair, reading a new book, when the boy fairly pounced upon him,—a boy with wild bright hair, and a suit all soiled from tree-climbing.

"How dare you, sir!" said Uncle Jerome. "No, don't speak to me! Hands off directly! Why, you are smeared as if you had been thrown off the pony and rolled on the road! What sort of a rider are you? Punch surely did not throw you?"

"Oh, no, but I—"

"Well, then, don't speak to *me*!" Uncle Jerome was sitting bolt upright now, and very irate.

"But, Uncle, I *must* tell you!" panted Dick.

"Not a word!" said the old gentleman, waving him away with an outstretched white hand. "You came into the room like a young bear. Whatever you want to tell me can wait till after dinner this evening."

"Oh, no, Uncle, please! I *must* tell you now."

"I forbid you to speak," said the uncle. "Imagine my feelings at my time of life, just settled here comfortably reading a new book, and positively jumped upon by a young kangaroo like you! You jumped into the middle of my waistcoat, sir,—all dirty too, and hot! Shocking manners,—shocking!"

Then Dick fell on his knees beside the chair, and caught his uncle's arm and pulled it with both hands. Kind Uncle Jerome looked at the boy's face and saw that it was full of entreaty and deeply disappointed. Dick held up four fingers, counted them with a finger-tip of the other hand, and pointed to his own lips.

Uncle Jerome smiled.

"We must have law and order here, you know. I must teach you not to come into the house like a jumping kangaroo. Well, what does this performance mean? Do you want to speak four words? All right! Only four."

Like a shot the words came:

"I have found Lolo!"

"O my dear boy,—my dear boy!" said Uncle Jerome. And when he heard the story of the afternoon, he admitted that it was quite justification enough for galloping all the way, and bursting into the house, "and pounding the breath out of an old buffer like me. And so she has kept her medal, Dick; and she plays 'mag-nif-i-cent-ly,' does she?" Dick had made five long syllables of it, to express unspeakable admiration. "And she

looked poor? Bare feet! Had she really? O my boy, you have brought me the best news I have heard for many a day! So we have found Lolo! I shall go to Strawson's this very evening. Her soul is 'above rubies'!"

And yet when they motored over to Strawson's Farm that very evening, the child was gone.

"I can't give you the address of Woods, sir," said the farmer, with honest regret. "I haven't got it, nor has the 'missis.' He's the sort that don't stop long in one place. 'Twas only an hour ago he took her, sir. He came to see the little gel. And I told him there was some talk of wanting her over to Beechwood to-morrow. 'She's going to town to-night with me,' says he. — 'But it would be a pleasure for the little gel to-morrow,' I says, and did all I could to persuade him to leave her; and so did the 'missis,' for she had no frock clean and ready to send her home in. And the little gel began to cry; she was full of going on the pony to the young gentleman's house; and we all thought she was to be with us a week longer. Even my daughters wanted her to stop at the last, though they didn't get on well with her at first — for she's a taking little thing, — and we meant to have her the other week. 'I'm sure the gentleman at Beechwood would like to hear her play,' I told him. But when he heard that he was all the more in a hurry. 'They can all hear her play,' he says, 'if they pay a guinea each for the front seats; but they have got to wait a year or two.'

"So he's gone, sir, and the little gel with him. London, sir; but where? Dunno! You might as well look for a needle in a stack of hay. Has he money? I can't tell you that either, sir. We took her for a compliment from my 'missis' to his wife, they being cousins. And he is to pay us by and by, when he makes his fortune. But that's a long time coming with Woods. He used to play the fiddle in the 'band,' sir, — but not now. 'Osses I should think, sir. He may have a game

at bridge in the evenings. He's sharp enough to win the coat off your back. But I think it's mostly 'osses, sir, and you can't depend on 'osses!"

Uncle Jerome and the boy drove back to Beechwood. The disappointment was intense. Dick's blue eyes had a hint of redness about them; tears of sheer vexation were welling up, unshed. He had seen Lolo; he had spoken to her; he had planned the victory; and yet she was gone. Uncle Jerome knew that the speculator had snatched the child-musician away lest any stranger might find her. Dick relieved his feelings by the strongest words in his schoolboy vocabulary. It was "a rotten shame," and Woods was "a mean sneak," and "ought to be kicked."

"Let us keep our temper, my boy, and go on asking," said Uncle Jerome. "We have been given a glimpse of Lolo, *with her medal on*, after six years."

"But she knows nothing about the medal," Dick put in.

"All the same," said Uncle Jerome, "we are thankful that it is there. Never mind! As they say in Italy, 'He laughs best who laughs last.'"

"What does that mean, Uncle?"

"It means that this man Woods has got his own way now, — perhaps he is laughing at us to-night. But our time will come. We shall have the best of it yet. We must not give up. We must go on asking—if it be for six years more."

"Or sixty!" said the valiant Dick. His attention at thirteen (and a half) was easily diverted. "I say, Uncle, how nicely the man twisted the car in at the gateway! Will you let me drive the motor some day?"

"Certainly not! I have made my will, but I am in no hurry. So you are going to persevere with that one 'Hail Mary' even for sixty years? Well done, lad!"

"Why not, Uncle? I shall be only seventy-three."

"That's all!" said Uncle Jerome.

Next day Dick went back to his father and mother; and too soon the holidays

came to an end, and his trunk was packed for school. School or college? It seemed all very much the same when the trunk was packed. His dear mother put in the usual cake with her own hands. In doing so, she discovered half a pot of jam among the shirts and books.

"O my dear boy!"—with a reproachful smile.

"Well, take it out, mother, if it isn't safe. But I do feel such a sinking! I think this school is going to be worse than the other. I feel—you *know*—like a ball with the stuffing half out of it."

(To be continued.)

An Absent-Minded Philosopher.

One day Sir Isaac Newton, finding the room rather cold, drew his chair close to the grate. The fire soon began to burn furiously, and the philosopher found himself growing uncomfortable; but, being engrossed in some speculative problem, he endured the heat until there was grave danger of setting fire to his dressing-gown. Then he rang the bell, and his servant appeared.

"I'm roasting!" he exclaimed. "Remove this grate, James, at once."

"But, my dear master," answered the man, "wouldn't it be easier for you, to draw back your chair?"

"Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, with a bland smile, "I never thought of that!"

The philosopher had a favorite cat, for which he had a large hole cut in his study door, so that she might pass in and out as she pleased. When, however, the family circle was enlarged by a number of kittens, the good man was dismayed.

"I want the kittens to run in and out just as their mother does," he said to his servant; "and the hole in the door is quite too large for them to go through. So make a small hole, James, that will just fit the kittens."

And James, smiling to himself, did as he was told.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A Life of Archbishop Croke is promised "before very long."

—The latest volume in the Angelus Series is "The Wit and Wisdom of John Ayscough."

—"The Graves of Kilmorna," by the late Canon Sheehan, is among Longmans, Green & Co.'s latest publications.

—"What Faith Really Means" is the title of a new book by the Rev. H. G. Graham, to be published by Messrs. Washbourne.

—The noticeable absence of John Ayscough's name from the magazines of the last few months is explained by its presence in dispatches from the front, where, as chaplain in the army of the Allies, Mgr. Bickerstaffe-Drew has been rendering distinguished services.

—The *Trimmed Lamp* tells of a money-making editor who began his career thirty years ago with only 55 cents, and is now worth \$10,000. His accumulation of wealth is due to his frugality, good habits, strict attention to business, and the fact that an uncle died and left him \$9999.

—"The Guardians of Liberty and Roman Catholics," by T. F. Coakley, D. D., is a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet of 15 pages, devoted to furnishing the conspirators mentioned in the title with a few facts concerning Italians. While the setting is imaginative, the facts are real—and striking.

—It seems in a manner appropriate that Mgr. Benson's publishing should not end with his life. We are not surprised to learn that this apparently exhaustless genius was, so to speak, a novel ahead, and that this really last work will be published next year. Furthermore, his mystery play, "The Upper Room," will shortly appear.

—It would be difficult to suggest where improvement might be made upon "Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France," by Elise Whitlock Rose, with illustrations from original photographs by Vida Hunt Francis. The work contains four photogravures and as many as 225 other illustrations. Binding, letter-press, and illustrations aim at and attain a high degree of excellence. One lingers the more willingly over the external quality of these volumes, because the text hardly seems to go deep enough. Miss Rose's work can not be called superficial, however; she has written no mere guide-book; there is shown throughout

her study a keen, fresh, intellectual personality. Perhaps in one word we can indicate what seems to us the deficiency: we do not find in her "list of works consulted" the name of Huysmans. These two volumes would make a handsome gift at holiday time. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$5.

—The statutes of the third synod of the Diocese of Rochester are printed in a handsome volume of 168 pages. They reflect the life and activities of the diocese, and are commendable especially for sane moderation, thorough understanding of present conditions, and deep respect for the traditions of the Church. In every respect this work is a model.

—"An American Crusoe," by A. Hyatt Verrill (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is "a record of remarkable adventures on a desert island with only a jackknife and brains." The author is a scientist thoroughly familiar with just such an island as the one in the story; and, accordingly, the plants, animals, fish, etc., described are real, not imaginary, as is the case, so he says, in most castaway stories, from Robinson Crusoe on. An interesting tale for boys, but not a dangerous rival to Defoe's classic.

—"Catholic Studies in Social Reform" is the general title of a series of manuals edited by the Catholic Social Guild, and published by P. S. King & Son, London; in this country, by B. Herder, St. Louis. Nos. VI. and VII. of the series are: "Christian Citizenship," by the Rev. T. Thight, with an Introduction by the Rt. Rev. Bishop McIntyre, D. D.; and "The Drink Question," by the Rev. Joseph Keating, S. J. They are octavo brochures, of 80 and 101 pages respectively, well printed, and thoroughly worth while. Price, 20 cents each.

—Of the making of text-books in English literature there would seem to be no end. A new and revised edition of Prof. Halleck's "English Literature" comes from the press of the American Book Co. Considering its remarkable scope, from the earliest beginnings of our literature down to the present hour, there are relatively few errors in the text. Almost every writer's name is to be found therein, and, in too many cases, nothing more. A general impression of "scrappiness" is given. In his appreciations, the author is not markedly original, following for the most part the beaten path of critical judgment. Naturally, his views will be most questioned in the modern field.

From the same firm also come: "Sources of Interest in High School English," by C. Edward Jones, Ph. D., an investigation of the reading done in the schools of seven New York cities; "Study of the Paragraph," by Helen Thomas, A. M., a supplementary volume for the rhetoric class, and one that shows considerable understanding of the problem of teaching English composition; also "The Art of Writing English," by R. W. Brown and N. W. Barnes, a text-book for freshman college work.

—Pamphlet literature about the war shows as few signs of decreasing in bulk as does the war itself of speedily ending. The latest brochures to reach our table are: "Militarismus" (a reprint from the *Month*), by the Rev. J. Keating, S. J.; "The Facts about Belgium," issued by the Belgian Legation, Washington; "The War: Its Causes and Issues," by H. A. L. Fisher (Longmans, Green & Co.); and two Oxford pamphlets, "Nietzsche and Treitschke: The Worship of Power in Modern Germany," by Ernest Barker, M. A.; and "The Value of Small States," by the author of the Longmans pamphlet, "The War, etc." All are interesting, and will be thought convincing by—those who are in sympathy with their writers.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "An American Crusoe." A. Hyatt Verrill. \$1.25.
- "The Prophet's Wife." Anna C. Browne. \$1.25.
- "Outlines of the World's Literature." Harold Binns. \$2.25.
- "Venerable Pierre Eymard." Rev. E. Tenaillon. S. S. S. 75 cts.
- "The Red Ascent." Esther W. Neill. \$1.
- "Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico." Ruth Gaines.
- "What Think You of Christ?" Francis Cahusac, M. A. 35 cts.
- "Simplicity According to the Gospel." Mgr. De Giberques. 60 cts.
- "The World Missions of the Catholic Church." Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D. 25 cts.

- "Trees and Other Poems." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.
- "The Century of Columbus." Dr. James J. Walsh. \$3.50.
- "An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen." Martin Haile. \$6.
- "The Poet." Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30, net.
- "Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim." Rev. S. M. Giraud. \$1.50.
- "A Layman's Retreat." Henry Owen-Lewis. \$1.25.
- "The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola." Fr. Elder Mullan, S. J. 65 cts.
- "The Conversion of Caesare Putti." W. Hall-Patch. 35 cts.
- "The Little Florentine." H. de Charlieu. \$1.25.
- "The Story of St. Dominic." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cts.
- "Meditations on the Rosary." A Brother of the Little Oratory. 35 cts.
- "Our Failings." Fr. S. Von Oer, O. S. B. \$1.10.
- "The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages." Vols. IV.-X. Rev. Horace K. Mann. \$3 per vol.
- "The English Catholic Refugees on the Continent, 1558-1795." Vol. I. Rev. Peter Guilday. \$2.75.
- "Jesus Christ, His Life, His Passion, His Triumph." Very Rev. Augustine Berthe, C. SS. R. \$1.75.
- "The Life of the Servant of God, Gemma Galgani." Father Germanus of St. Stanislaus, Passionist. \$1.80.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. S. A. Leinfelder, D. D., of the diocese of Superior.

Sister Teresa Vincent, of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. Frederick Dickman, Mr. Charles Minelez, Mrs. Elizabeth Meehan, Mrs. Julia Peschges, Mr. Charles Le Blanc, Mr. C. J. Mattingly, Mr. Ernest Lagarde, Mrs. Mary Carney, Miss Frances Carney, Mrs. James Carney, Mr. William Trotter, Mrs. Catherine Davis, Mr. Cornelius Giblin, Mrs. Alice Purcell, Mr. John Campbell, Mr. Charles Fuller, Mr. John McNiff, Mr. Martin Heher, Mr. John Green, Mr. J. C. Driscoll, Mr. Herman Witte, Mr. C. L. Walter, Mrs. Teresa Manning, Mr. Joseph Jacobsmeyer, Mr. Andrew Quinn, Mr. Joseph La Tour, Mr. Martin McHugh, Mr. Otto Kuhn, and Mr. F. W. Linck.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Poor.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

THE poor were out at the cloister gate,
And mutely begged with their patient eyes
An alms for the love of Him who sate
And supped with the poor in human guise.
The gentle monks saw the nail's deep scars
In the shrunken hands that reached for bread;
And they heard a Voice from beyond the stars
In the broken thanks of them they fed.
I, too, at the gates of God each day
Must seek for an alms of strength and grace.
Beggar am I, while I wait and pray
To feast my soul on His beauteous Face.

Our Lady of Italy.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

INTERESTING as it is, the history of Western Europe from the ninth to the twelfth century is one of confusion. Italy itself, the beautiful land which all the great Powers have coveted in turn, is fought over, struggled over, until it is a wonder that any Italian tongue or people should be left. Not only barbaric tribes, outpouring from the North, harass her at intervals from the fourth to the ninth century, but internally she is divided against herself. In 951 Otho of Saxony descends upon her; Henry IV. wars against the Pope; in 1053 the Normans establish themselves in Southern

Italy and Sicily,—they find Arab and Saracen in possession before them; later on, Frederick Barbarossa will harry the Northern provinces until, in despair, they league to break his power.

And all through the ages of struggle, Italy is striving for herself to form her little commonwealths, autonomies or guild-rules into republics. They fight with one another, often with the Holy See; the nobles are arrogant and have military and territorial force; they, too, are often in conflict; there is a shadowy—and sometimes anything but shadowy—supremacy of Imperial Germany holding sway by viceroys. Pope Innocent IV. is compelled to seek refuge in France to escape the outbreak of Frederic II.; Charles of Anjou, brother of St. Louis of France, will ride into Italy and defeat the boyish Conradin, last of the Hohenstaufens, and afterward lose Sicily in the day of Sicilian Vespers. The high power of the Medieval Church is often quoted as a fact in the midst of these turmoils: the exact reverse is true. Modern investigation has shown that the Medieval Church had a hard and bitter struggle to hold her own, and that the divine promise abiding with her alone brought her unscathed through the ordeal.

In the history of art, there is an eleventh-century movement called the First Renaissance, or Medieval revival; and it means that the genius of Italy, asserting itself independently, through its own tremendous vigor of life, is beginning to burst the Byzantine bond. The renewed spirit will appear first in Pisa.

Pisa had been a Roman colony; her port on the Mediterranean made her a maritime and commercial power; she defended her coast against the pirate Saracens, nobly supported the Crusades; and in 1063, her arms having achieved a great victory, she began to erect a cathedral in thanksgiving to God. This Duomo of Pisa, standing yet in the Tuscan plain, and looking from a distance like a toy carving of alabaster laid down between the mountains and the sea, is the first monument of the eleventh-century Renaissance. In style it is Tuscan-Romanesque. Grouped with it are the famous Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, and, a stone's-throw farther, the Campo-Santo, Tuscan-Gothic,—one more important than the other in their memories: Niccolò Pisano's sculptures; his son Giovanni's fair arcade; tomb of the Countess Beatrice; holy earth brought from Jerusalem that the bones of the just might whiten in it beneath the cross and the cypress trees of the quadrangle; frescoes of death and judgment on the walls, names of Gozzoli and his contemporaries. To these will be added in time the remembrance of Galileo; his swinging lamp hangs even where he observed its pendulum motion, and the bend of the tower served to prove his tests in velocity. Less than a quarter-mile would gird the clustering of all these monuments.

The cathedral is dedicated to Our Lady. She has already had eleven centuries of Italy's deepest love. Her artists—Italy's and hers—have used the classic, the Byzantine, the barbaric, the Oriental, and Norman and Lombard for her service; and now this new dream of a new generation, pure structure of white marble from the quarries of the mountains at her back (Pietrasanta and Carrara lie beneath them), finished inside with courses of black and white stone reminiscent of Syria, and touched by the transalpine ogee—yet Italian and Tuscan at heart,—Pisa's first fruit is laid like a trophy at the feet of Mary Virgin.

Passing over later embellishments, the student looks eagerly for memorials of that early day: an archaic mosaic, one antique bronze door. The mosaic savors of Byzance,—Christ enthroned, with strange reptiles under His feet; the inscription in Latin: *Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulavi*. Our Lady standing is no longer stiff, but gracious; and her dark blue mantle is changed to light blue,—a change to serenity and the laughing hue of the Tuscan sky. So Italy begins to assert her own. And the bronze door, so crude and so devout, was not made as hitherto by the skilled artists of Constantinople working metals in the flat: it was made here by Bonamnus of Pisa, who does his figures—Our Lady ascending into heaven and four angels, surrounding her—in sculptural relief.

In painting, the first monument of the new era is the church of St. Francis at Assisi. It is said that the day following the saint's canonization, his monks broke ground to build a church in his honor. Jacopo was the first architect (1228), and afterward Fra Filippo da Campello. Owing to the hilly nature of the spot, the upper and lower churches are entered at different points, each from level ground. In the third lowest church (crypt) lies the saint's body. The lower (middle) church contains the early Italian frescoes. The architecture unites groined vaulting and intersection with the round arch; doors and windows are narrow and of acute arch. The upper church, dedicated to the Assumption of Our Lady, wholly favors the Gothic; yet it is flooded with light, and has series of paintings done in fresco, therefore on plaster. Two names of Pisan artists are on record. Bonamnus, of the cathedral door of Pisa, swung the bronze bell with the inscription: *Christus vincit, Christus regnat, Christus imperat*. Giunta of Pisa was one of the first artists called to decorate the lower church. He must have come from Rome; for one of his frescoes is a curious view of the old city by the Tiber, intensely Medieval in

the aspect of that period; and the Savelli arms—red lions and red and gold bars—show perhaps that the painter was in the employ of the great Roman family. The date is 1280, five years before Cardinal Savelli became Pope Honorius IV. Cimabue likewise painted at Assisi. Unfortunately, the ascriptions at Assisi vary continually with succeeding generations of critics, and Giotto himself is barely able to hold his allegories of the monastic vows and his life of St. Francis. But these seem too well proven to admit of much question.

Meanwhile in Rome the last two great mosaics were being executed in the two principal churches of Our Lady—S. Maria Maggiore and S. Maria in Trastevere. The façade mosaic of S. Maria Maggiore was executed during the pontificate of Nicholas IV.—consequently between 1288–1292. Its authorship has been established of late years in the discovery of a small note in the border: *Philippus Rusuti fecit hoc opus*. In character it is distinctly Medieval and thirteenth century, like an illuminated Missal or Book of Hours. The space is divided into upper and lower zones,—above, the Christ in glory surrounded by the symbols of the Evangelists, while the Blessed Mother stands at His right hand; below, the story of the basilica told in four charming pictures separated from one another by polygonal columns of Cosmati workmanship. The red shield of the House of Colonna appears in the decoration, with a bishop's mitre, in memory of the Colonna Cardinals, Giacomo and Pietro, who ordered the mosaic.

The story mosaics are like miniatures, childlike and admirably naïve. The patrician John sleeps under a gorgeous quilt and hangings; Our Lady and the Holy Child appear to him borne upon clouds of fire and surrounded by angels. Inscription: *Fac mihi ecclesiam in Monte Suburagio* [evidently an old name for the Esquiline], *sicut nix indicat*. Second scene: the Pope sleeps and sees the selfsame

vision. Third scene: John kneels before the Pope; Medieval attendants in parti-colored hose are to be seen at the door, holding his horse. Fourth scene: the procession arrives on the square; Pope Liberius, with a curious little umbrella of red and yellow held above his head, as the *chattah* is held over native princes, in India, is stooping to trace lines in the snow. In the sky above his head, in a circular glory, Christ and His Holy Mother appear; and it is from their hands that the snow pours forth, growing into a thicker downfall as it nears the earth. These mosaics are very bright in color, reds, blues, greens, and a soft pink predominating; and there is a Gothic sharpness in the design, as well as a quaint, archaic air. But they are far from the monumental solemnity of Greek mosaic, and one has a feeling that what the artist really craved was brushes in his hand and fluid color. There is more than a hint of Gothic in the apse of S. Maria in Trastevere. These two churches, which saw the greatest early mosaics, receive the last; as though the art, beginning at Mary Virgin's feet, made there its ending. The powerful feudal family of the Stefaneschi had their palace in the Trastevere, and heard Mass and buried their dead at S. Maria. Their red and gold heraldic bars, with crescent moons between them, set their claim on many an old monument. The arms of the great historic houses, appearing everywhere at this date, show plainly how feudalism was the chief recognized power of the age. The Stefaneschi were patrons of art. Their Cardinal, Giacomo Gaetano, actually brought Giotto to Rome in 1298, "to paint, to make mosaics and miniatures." It is known that Giotto worked with the principal Roman painter, Pietro Cavallini (also employed by the Stefaneschi), upon the mosaic of the ship *Navicella* in the atrium of St. Peter's.

The Florentine artists were famous for their cleverness, their refinement, and their extraordinary skill and taste. The

Romans, ever conservative, prided themselves on dignity and simplicity. Critics see now in Giotto's larger and statelier manner the influence of Rome. He was twenty-two when he came; and, though it is said that the mosaic of S. Maria in Trastevere was executed eight years earlier, the point remains as an interesting question that he may have assisted in its making. The commission was Bertoldo Stefaneschi's, a personage of importance at the Papal Court. This series of mosaics occupies the whole lower zone of the apse (under the ancient mosaic of Our Lady on gold ground), and is divided into seven charming pictures telling the story of her life,—the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, the Epiphany, the Purification, the Death of Our Lady, and a group of the Saviour amid His Apostles. The central subject, the votive mosaic, presents a grave, blue-robed Madonna bearing the Holy Child, with a figure of the donor kneeling before them. His name is inscribed, *Bertoldus filius Petri*, and the arms of the Stefaneschi. The mosaics are worked in soft, rather pale colors, somewhat on the order of fresco color, a delicate water-green being prevalent, the soil made of a darker green, the background gold.

One lovely scene is the Birth of Christ. Our Lady is reclining in a cave beneath a green hill, upon which flocks graze. A shepherd sits under a tree, playing a rustic pipe. The angel appears in the sky. In the background is a small primitive church, with a triangular front; and historians believe we have in it a representation of the first early sanctuary of Our Lady, Fons Olei; for the stream of oil is seen pouring from the threshold and curving down to join a larger stream inscribed ingenuously "Tiber."

The great archæologist De Rossi wrote a valuable monograph on these mosaics, and had the glory of discovering in the votive one a small monogram of a white P on blue ground, surmounted by a cross,—almost certainly the sign of

Pietro Cavallini. Each picture is described by a verse placed beneath it, and the lettering is all Gothic. This is frequently the case with the monuments by the Cosmati, in which sculpture, architecture, and mosaic are used together with supremely artistic results. Indeed, Gothic architecture, which never had any hold on Italy and was not congenial to its temperament, has, nevertheless, set a peculiar flavor and stamp upon the Italian art works of this period. Churches, town-halls, towers, and painting even, bear the Gothic imprint,—an ephemeral one, to be quickly supplanted by a return to the breadth, serenity, and openness of the classic; enhanced by touches of decorative work, and the picturesque additions which we call Renaissance.

We must not forget that technical methods of craft had much to do with the change. Up to that time, apart from monumental mosaic, all the painting was done in tempera. The slant-eyed, stiff-handed Madonnas, awkward and angular, of early panel pictures, are all the art can offer. They are inferior to the mosaic Madonnas, and not much better—frequently worse—than the chant-book miniatures, both of which they resemble. The panel Madonna, mostly, was a fruit of the decadence of the Byzantine style. Cimabue's famous picture, which Florence flocked to see, was of this kind. Tempera meant painting on the board, or on canvas glued to the board, over a preliminary coating of gold-leaf laid and polished. The color, powdered and mixed to a paste with size or egg, or sometimes the milky sap of the fig tree, which is very sticky, was built on, layer by layer, slowly and intermittently, and could be allowed to dry and then be taken up again. It was a deliberate and painstaking way. Fresco had been used occasionally as early as the fifth and sixth centuries—at that time as a legacy of Rome,—and by the Benedictines and Basilians in the tenth century to decorate their churches.

But by the time Giotto came to Rome, the need seemed to be pressing everywhere for a freer, more rapid, less expensive mode of mural decoration in place of mosaic. The Florentines especially, being highly sensitive and discriminating, having brought delicate colorations into mosaic, felt severely the limitations of the media in that respect, as also in nice handling; and the old methods were too slow for their eagerness. In fresco, all that was needed was that the mason should leave the plaster on the wall shaggy (*arriccio*). The painter himself spread the *intonaco* (fine, smooth plaster); and then, while this was still wet, with a few colored earths, brushes, and a jug of water, he could paint, swiftly and largely, as many pictures as he would. Drying with the plaster, the colors became an integral part of the wall.

This was the very thing for so lively, so keen, and so masterful a worker as Giotto. In his hands, fresco became the great representative art of Italy. And one other special glory he has: some divine instinct had taught him in childhood to draw the sheep of his flock as they stood or browsed—namely, to see things as they are. His series of frescoes at Assisi are real “stories” dramatically told, and yet with a simplicity and charm, a certain dignity and statuesqueness in the figures, which he owes no doubt to Rome. His authorship has been contested frequently, but, it would seem, idly in many cases, and he retains almost certainly the Life of St. Francis in the upper church, the Gospel stories in the lower church, the allegories of the Vows, and the story of Mary Magdalen. As a designer and colorist, Giotto could not be surpassed in such pictures as “St. Francis Preaching to the Birds.” Trenchantly against the blue sky, the two brown habits stand out, and the saint’s gold aureola. Two trees set their foliage sharply against the sky, and the birds come composedly over the greensward to the hand outstretched to them. Nothing could illus-

trate better the modern conception of fresco as “a flat composition in line with color added.”

These are anecdotes, probably of Giotto’s maturity. In the lower church he struggled to represent abstract ideas, and did it in a profoundly significant way. Christ presents His own bride to St. Francis. The lady is not lovely: she is in rags and tatters; dogs bark at her, small boys throw stones at her and point the finger of scorn. Yet angels press reverently about the central group. On the right, the angel is bringing forward a young man in the eloquent act of pulling off his tunic, hastily, inside out. On the left, another angel is trying to bring forward a middle-aged man, but the knowing one points his finger at Poverty and smiles derisively—then as to-day.

In the “Chastity,” two angels are washing or baptizing a child in a font,—no doubt a symbol of the soul. Fortitudo and Munditia, a boy-prince and a girl, stand sponsors. Stately warriors, tall and white-bearded, guard the font. They wear full armor, halos on their heads, and carry scourges in their hands. All the assistants at this curious scene turn their backs upon it—whether through modesty or in rejection is not clear. In “Obedience,” a solemn figure of a monk, with the cowl drawn over his head, places a yoke upon the neck of another kneeling monk, who lifts both hands to take hold of it. The superior has wings growing at his shoulders, and lays his left forefinger upon his lips as though imposing silence. The attendants here are angels, and the two figures of Prudentia and Humilitas,—the latter one of the loveliest women Giotto ever painted. The angel on the right brings forward a young man and a young woman, who reverently kneel. The angel on the left (who always gets the unpleasant task) is arguing with a being, part man, part beast, who draws back on his four beast legs and raises his biped hand in horror. Giotto expresses profoundly and succinctly what he means.

With regard to the frescoes of the Lives of Christ and of Mary, they are treated much as in the illuminated Gospel books of that period, only with a greater naturalness and sense of their being real scenes. In the Visitation, for instance, Elizabeth comes out of the porch—a porch on delicate twisted columns,—and bends to embrace her kinswoman. Three attendant women, typical Italians, stand behind Our Lady, where the Greeks used to put angels. There is a peculiar erectness and dignity in the figure of Mary,—a poise in the neck and turn of the head, and a nobility in the fall of the draperies which give her the air of a woman of rank. She is intensely human, as Giotto would naturally make her, and in this fresco has not even an aureola. But, seeing the many times Giotto's brush was busy with her, both here and elsewhere, it is possible to realize his ideal, and to recognize generically the type Madonna of Italian fresco,—a rather long figure, straight and stately, wrapped in a long, light-blue mantle that goes from the head to the feet; and, if the robe shows, it is pink. Giotto's Madonna is really lovely, with a fair, fresh complexion, reddish-brown hair (unless the white wimple covers her forehead), and her pure profile set against a flat gold aureola. This is the beginning of that gracious image, noble and womanly and serene, which will be the constant dream of Italian art.

Siena, in painting, lived apart upon her hills, like a mystic, with her mind full of holy things. Technically, she did not progress fast. Rome and Florence were passing from mosaic and miniature to fresco painting; and Siena, devoutly and slowly, kept on with her wood-panels, Madonnas, and rigid, unanatomical saints, tempera on gold ground. The Medieval captains had placed their town under the direct patronage of the Queen of Heaven,—“City of the Virgin” was its name; their cathedral (1264) was dedicated to her Assumption; the people spoke the purest tongue in existence—the

limpid Sieneſe Tuscan,—and no man painted or carved ſaye for the glory of God. We have ſaid for ſeven centuries that the Sieneſe ſchool held on to the Byzantine and was ever behind clock-time. Now, however, the cultured of all countries and of all beliefs have diſcovered in the painting of Siena, as in the ſculpture of the Gothic cathedrals—that, too, long derided,—a certain indefinable quality and aroma which is, it may be, the ſpirituality of the workers making the work, whatever its human deficiencies, potent to the eyes of the ſoul.

Yet, regarding the pictures of Siena, there is about them alſo a ſubtle art quality, a certain refinement of line, grace of movement, purity and freſhneſs of color, and almoſt a fragrance of perſonal charm. Margaritone, half-Byzantine, one of the oldeſt names in painting, belongs to Siena; Duccio, older than Giotto, heads the Sieneſe ſchool; Martini, the Memmi and Lorenzetti follow; then Vanni, who knew and painted St. Catherine; Sassetta, the great deſigner and tone-artist of ſtrong conſtrasted values; Giovanni di Paolo, with his exquiſite gardens of Paradife, where the bleſſed are ſo beautiful and ſo happy; and Neroccio the ſculptor, a genius with gouge and brush. The Renaiſſance was ſtalking abroad, Florence and Rome, Milan and Mantua, when Neroccio painted his Madonna of the Belle Arti. She is on panel ſtill, gold ground, the old unrelieved method of tempera. Yet he feels his line as though it were alive; her face turns and half ſmiles; the almoſt black blue of the cloak throws into high conſtrast the lightneſs of the brow, tapering white hands, and veil; the fair Child moves and ſmiles; the aureolas are fine and finiſhed as the work of the goldſmith.

Much picturesque Gothic appears in the architecture of Siena. Churches, palaces, towers, fountains, often ſhow the acute arch, ſlender, twisted column,

heraldic devices and wrought-iron detail of the day. This thirteenth-century stamp, however, appears even more notably in Florence. Florence was so alive, so keen for novelty, so intellectually sharp that she was always looking, like the Athenians, for some new thing. So she did much with the Gothic and her own inbred artistry before changing rapidly, soul and body, to the extremes of the Renaissance, into which she was vitally incorporated. Arnolfo del Cambio, one of her great minds (1232-1300), believed in the Gothic. He built Santa Croce and the Cloister, began the Palazzo Vecchio and the cathedral, and many a minor edifice. S. Maria Novella, the Bargello, S. Trinità, the Arte Della Lana, and other buildings, were designed likewise in the Gothic manner before the thirteenth century was half over.

Tadeo Gaddi and Orcagna, in painting, came after Giotto; and then that delightful Gozzoli of the wall-stories, an ideal gossip in pictured anecdote. Fra Angelico, the mystic and colorist, belongs likewise to pre-Renaissance art, to flat composition and Gothic detail; though both he and Gozzoli touch the new era in the finest and most naturalistic examples of their work in fresco,—one at the Riccardi Palace, the other at San Marco. The Madonnas of Fra Angelico are well known,—two of the most famous, *Madonna Della Stella*, on panel, blue-cloaked, gold ground, star on her shoulder; and the other in fresco: the Annunciation of S. Marco, sitting beneath a Gothic canopy, head bowed, leaning devoutly to the Angel's message, and her garments a soft harmony of olive-green and pale rose. These two attach the pious painter equally to the ancient day of tempera and the new day of fluid color and swiftly moving brush.

Orcagna's Tabernacle at Or San Michele seems to be the last monument of the Medieval period in Florence, and it is a monument to Our Lady. An ancient miraculous picture, venerated at

Arnolfo del Cambio's grain market, had had a shrine built about it; and when this was destroyed by fire, the Guild called upon Andrea Orcagna to 'make a new tabernacle, or little house, to contain the image of Our Lady. He put his whole soul into it, and, being architect, sculptor, painter, goldsmith, made the monument quite unique. The little house is of white marble, Gothic style, and covered with reliefs; the altar occupies the front. Statuettes are placed between octagonal recesses; and *pietre dure*, gilt glass and enamel have been used to heighten the decorative effect. It is a gem of design and workmanship, set in the dark church, where it is difficult even to see it.

The relief subjects are taken from the life of Mary, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with her Death and Coronation in heaven. One has a feeling of Giotto done in stone, or of a simpler Ghiberti. The types of Our Lady vary. In the Marriage she is a *trecento* girl, bareheaded, rather shrinking, and the high priest is taking her hand to place it in the hand of Joseph. In the Angel Announcing her Death (quite a rare subject) she is like an elderly nun, heavily cloaked, sitting among her books; but she puts them aside and raises a face almost youthful in gladness to receive the Angel's words. Instead of lilies, the messenger bears palms, — to shield, it is said, the Virgin's body from the eyes of the Jews as it was borne to burial. (Apocryphal Books.) So the *trecento* ends its hymns to Our Lady. She will blossom forth immediately again in the humanistic Madonnas of the Quattrocento; there is absolutely no break or interruption in the singing which choir after choir takes up.

Orcagna finished the Tabernacle of Our Lady in 1348; and is reported, before his death, to have designed the Loggia di Lanzi, which is a monument of the Renaissance; so in his hands, which had proffered her the last gift of the older era, were placed the beginnings of the new.

The Mossy Garden.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

III.

THE village of Appleworth was watching the guest at the Grange.

Opinion was divided. The grocer at the Green circulated the report that the long-lost uncle of the Duchess had come back as a millionaire. A second section of the public held that Miss Molly was going to be married to a German baron. This was the section that sat with their babies at cottage doors on summer nights, and seemed never to put the children to bed. A third, a masculine section dropping in and out of the Pig and Harrow, suspected that the stranger was a swindler on a large scale, lying low from the police. The grey car was in the shed behind the Pig and Harrow; and if the owner of it was not a swindler, why did the chauffeur refuse to speak about his master's affairs?

The village saw everything. It knew how Mrs. Oliver Duke—"the Duchess"—enjoyed her drives in the stranger's car. It had heard of that moment of triumph down at the corner of the Green, when the motor from the Grange met the old-fashioned carriage and pair from the vicarage, and the horses were so much astonished that the coachman had a bad two minutes while the ladies bowed to each other. The village also knew that the butcher's pony had bolted at the mere sight of the Duchess out motoring; and the Duchess had been overheard by Mrs. Scaggs to say that the butcher's pony was a vulgar beast, and that the impression created was almost as good as paying half the bill.

After the first week, the guest was called Dr. Fritz at the Grange. Some discoveries were made. He had a whole library, and he not only read books but wrote them. He had always written, as a pleasure and a hobby, even while he

was making his golden harvest by speculation. A series of monographs of famous women was now appearing in a German periodical. He had written charming pages about Juliet, Rosalind, Jessica, and Cordelia. At the Grange the circle merely knew that such papers had been printed, and that even during his country rest he might, perhaps, enjoy writing another monograph.

Another discovery was made after the first few days. Dr. Fritz let Oliver Duke into his secrets, as they smoked on summer nights in the garden. He had begun life as an agnostic, taught to regard all religion as a myth, beneath the notice of an educated mind. That was why he and Sibyl had parted. It had been a bitter parting—over there near the sundial. He remembered it, even to the call of the thrush in the orchard, all the while, and the pink of the rose petals on the mossy stones. The girl was in white, with dark blue eyes full of love and sorrow, and the sun made a glory of her hair. Dr. Fritz could speak of these things in the night to the friend whom he had known as a boy. He told of that lifelong disappointment: how he had promised her that she might worship as she liked, if only *he* might worship *her*; and how she had drawn away her hands out of his and sighed, "That ends it!" She had a theory that they could never be one if they could not pray together,—that they would be the whole width of the universe apart.

He had come to see, after all these years, that her theory was true. Her religion was the deepest depth of her nature; it was a sanctuary where he could not enter. So they remained apart. He had never forgotten the avowal of love that was in that rain of tears, when she turned away from him and covered her face with her hands, saying in a sobbing, broken way: "O my God, my God, have pity on me—and on him!" That was the only good-bye she said, and he never saw her face again. It had been

his one romance. At the other side of the world he made a fortune; and there he heard that love came again to her, years later. He was told of her marriage and of her death. And it was a comfort to him, when he looked at Molly, to think that there was a child who had put its arms about Sibyl's neck.

Oliver understood that in the days of the parting Fritz Eberfeld had been proud of his unbelief,—boastful. But as the years went on it was clear that he had come down from his pedestal, and looked upon the universe with sadder, humbler eyes.

It must have been soon after the parting (of which the curly boy Oliver knew nothing) that Sibyl Duke was received into the Church by Father Felician, a venerable priest of the neighboring town. Then she went as a governess to France, and there met and married a certain kind and honest Joseph Delville. Mrs. Oliver Duke always called the marriage a *mésalliance*; it was almost as unaccountable as Sibyl's desertion of the highly respectable church with the cushioned pews and the very consoling sermon and organ.

After a few years Joseph Delville was laid in the little graveyard near Lyons. The young wife followed him soon out of this world. Then "poor Sibyl's" child arrived at an English convent school, to grow up under Father Felician's care. She always spent part of her holidays with the old priest and his housekeeper. It was Father Felician, of most beloved memory, that called her "Molly." In Lyons, her mother had worked for two years at millinery to support the dying husband and the little child; while Oliver Duke sent all the help he could from the Grange, without troubling the Duchess for permission.

The girl seemed to inherit her mother's taste, enhanced by something derived from her father's nationality. When she grew up, she went to work in a London shop among the mysteries of hats and

feathers. The Duchess had told her bluntly that she should try to support herself. Molly had taken the transfer, and all the trials it implied, with a simple good-will, that nothing could ruffle. A thousand humiliations had to be borne before she was through her apprenticeship and earning money. But the girls' boarding-house, called "Mary's Gate," was a pleasant place; and she never murmured, though the change must have been hard from convent school and country home to a shopgirl's life. Father Felician was gone to his reward. He had left her one precious gift,—the fly leaves at the end of her mother's prayer-book covered with his handwriting. Perhaps from those notes came the inspiration of Molly's life.

It was more than a pleasure to her to find a way of selling Aunt Priscilla's embroidery in town. That dear aunt had made such a struggle not to let her go away! And there were other pleasures,—compensations that she could not explain to the circle at the Grange; for which of those at home could appreciate them? How could Priscilla Duke, of the zinc Tabernacle, understand what the girl felt in living close to another "Tabernacle" where the red lamp always burned? And even home and the Old-World garden wanted one thing that she found at "Mary's Gate"—the perfect union of soul with those around her.

Molly, as a clever milliner, was soon at the head of a workroom. Before her Christmas and summer holidays, her aunts always came to town, accompanied by the genial Uncle Oliver. They took back with them the presents she had made ready at small cost,—the millinery that excited the wonder of Appleworth.

The will of the Duchess was as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and Molly was told never to mention the shop. So most people thought the girl had other relatives in London. In the village the problem of the fashionable hats was never solved.

The news had spread now from one to

the other at the Grange that the old friend of the house was a man with no belief beyond this world. Priscilla was deeply troubled; as she would have said, she grieved over it before the Lord. Perhaps Molly grieved even more in her own way, but it was the way of silence. She spoke no word to any mortal ears.

Priscilla had gone with her embroidery to the summer-house at the entrance to the orchard. The revelation was sad as death; she wanted to turn her face to the wall and weep. At least she turned it to the lattice-work and shrubs, and her handkerchief became a miserable little wet ball. The silks and embroidery lay in her lap. There was no summer, no tangle of sunshine and green, no bird note from the orchard. All was darkness in poor Priscilla's heart.

A light footstep came near, with the rustle of a dress against the brushwood, and a soft voice singing:

"The bliss untold
Which thine arms enfold,
The Treasure upon thy knee!"

Priscilla turned round to the summer-house door and peeped out. The girl ceased singing, and came to her with infinite compassion:

"Priscilla dear, put that work away. You have one of your bad headaches."

"I have not a headache," said Priscilla, with her scrupulous candor. She had tried to put the miserable ball of a handkerchief out of sight, and it had only fallen on the ground and been picked up by Molly. "I—I—shall be all right now. My poppies begin to look nice, don't they?"

Molly admired, and came into the summer-house, putting her basket of eggs and bunch of lavender on the table. Quietly she sat beside Priscilla, and took possession of the work, silks, needle, and all. Her quick fingers began to stitch, and she did not look at the shy red eyes of the owner of the handkerchief.

"I have been getting some lavender for the linen presses," the girl said.

"And Aunt Georgina has nothing for after dinner, so I thought of making pancakes. How many do you think I should make?"

Priscilla brightened.

"Five or six, I suppose. Who taught you about pancakes and lavender?"

"Father Felician's housekeeper," replied Molly, putting another length of red silk in her needle. "Do you know, Priscilla, I have found out something about Dr. Fritz? He is giving a lot away,—giving to the poor in secret."

Molly had guessed the cause of the tears. But how had she thought of such healing consolation? Perhaps the depth of her compassion gave her instincts unknown to colder hearts. Anyhow, she had said the very best thing to comfort Priscilla.

"Why do you think so?" was the question at once.

Molly answered that she knew it from little things.

"I heard an old man bless him in the street. And I am afraid Mrs. Scaggs always looks at the embossed stamps on the letters he gets; for she told me he heard from the Consumption Hospital and the Cancer Hospital on the same morning; and she didn't know why all his friends were sick, and he must come of an unhealthy family."

As usual, Molly finished by making the listener smile.

"He is in darkness," said Priscilla, becoming sad again,—*"in darkness and in the shadow of death."*

There was a silence. The thrush called from leafy boughs.

"Listen to that bird!" said Molly.

"O child," exclaimed Priscilla, impatiently, "how can you talk of earthly things, when we are grieving over the fall of a soul from righteousness?"

"He didn't fall," said Molly, quaintly. "He is down, but he never was up. Surely" (with her voice full of compassion) "we can not say he has fallen when he was always down. Perhaps he is only a

poor blind man in the beautiful world."

"I never thought of it like that," said Priscilla. "And it is true."

There was many a restful silence in Molly's company. When she was a child in holiday time, dear old Father Felician gave her chocolate to keep her quiet while he said his Office. As she grew up, instead of giving her chocolate, he gave her beautiful thoughts to make the silences of life; teaching her that if one were always (figuratively speaking) either eating sweets or talking, there would be no time for pondering higher things in one's heart.

After a while Priscilla discovered that it would be the anniversary of Oliver's wedding day on Thursday, and she broke the silence to say how it was to be dreaded; for Georgina always fretted and counted up the years; in fact, she almost ordered the tombstone at the most respectable end of the church.

"They have so few joys!" said Molly, waking from her reverie. "I wonder could we ask Dr. Fritz to—"

"Ask Dr. Fritz anything!" his own deep voice was answering, as he arrived outside the summer-house door. There he was, taking off his soft broad hat to bow, and holding his book in the other hand.

Of course they both laughed. Molly was all blushes. Priscilla forgot her tears. The girl had to explain that she was thinking of a plan to make the wedding day happy. If only Uncle Oliver and Aunt Georgina could go up to London!

"Done!" said Dr. Fritz. "You have given me a pleasure."

Oliver Duke and his wife never knew why it happened; but the wedding day was celebrated by an early run to town, lunch at a well-chosen hotel, a *matinée*,—Midsummer Night's Dream; dinner in delightful quarters, and the health of the bridegroom and the bride; flowers from Bond Street for the lady, and a gold-mounted pipe for the happy man (which he did not like half as well as

his shabby old colored ones). During the drive about London in the morning, Dr. Fritz had darted into the National Gallery, and had the car to take him up again in a quarter of an hour; he called that his share of the festivities. Priscilla and Molly had elected to stay at the Grange for one holiday together. The car with shining lights brought the happy party home near midnight. It had been a glorious day.

Next morning the Duchess wept, and was in the depths of despair. Her devoted husband had to console her for the absence of all the good things she had yesterday,—motors, *matinées*, and men-servants.

"If I bring off this little thing with Jones," he said, tapping a pocketful of papers, "you shall have a house wherever you like, and I must open an estate office in Mayfair—Brooke Street or Wigmore Street."

After all, the Duchess had the unfailing sympathy of her good-natured husband; and he was proud of his wife's stately ways and excellent management. He was an optimist and she was a pessimist; they succeeded in resolving discords always into harmonies, and had a deep affection for each other. When he looked round the Grange, Oliver believed there was no woman in the world like the Duchess; and yet there were days when she was so busy pitying herself that the most comfortable place for him was the garden.

Dr. Fritz found him there on the day after the excursion. Oliver Duke was a little downhearted about the effect the glorious day had had upon the lady who enjoyed it so much. One of his own old pipes was in his mouth. His soft hat was on the back of his head. He was counting the wall fruit.

"Who is your favorite heroine?" Dr. Fritz asked abruptly.

Oliver took the short pipe from his mouth, and blew a cloud of smoke away.

"My wife, of course," he responded; "there is no other woman like her. Yesterday she was up like champagne,

and to-day she is down like cold tea."

"Nerves!" said Dr. Fritz, shortly.
"Very well; your vote for a heroine goes to Mrs. Oliver. Now I must ask Priscilla."

He found her in her favorite place, in the summer-house, again embroidering poppies. There was a red-edged book on the table.

"I have come to ask a most important question," he said.

Priscilla looked up. Under the silver hair, the face with the beautiful features changed color just a little. But the question was only:

"Who is your favorite heroine?"

And poor Priscilla's heart beat calmly again, with a sense of relief.

"A real heroine or one out of literature?" she asked prudently, while she smoothed out her needlework.

"A heroine from anywhere you like—poetry, fiction, reality."

She looked at the red-edged book.

"Ruth," she decided. "The Book of Ruth is so touching. If I were an artist I would paint her gleanings."

"Ah," he said, "those are the Christian Scriptures you have there! Now you can tell me what I want to know. The idea came to me yesterday in the National Gallery. There is one woman whose pictures are the treasures of all the galleries of Europe. She has been more painted than any one else that ever trod the earth,—painted by a thousand years of artists. Tell me about the Mother of Christ."

(To be continued.)

HALF the evil in this world comes from people not knowing what they do like, not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance: they don't know *that*,—they rather think they like keeping it; and they *do* keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good, but not one in a hundred finds *this* out.—*Anon.*

Thanksgiving, 1914.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

WE thank Thee, O Thou gracious God,
That Thou hast kept afar
From our dear land the iron rod
And ruthless heel of war!

We thank Thee that around us teems
No rain of shot and shell,
And that we wake not from our dreams
To witness scenes of hell;

That on this mighty land of ours,
Far spread from sea to sea,
No cloud of battle darkly lowers,
No hostile armies be;

But that our children sleep secure
From war and war's alarms,
Within the shelter safe and sure
Of Thy almighty arms.

But while we thank Thee that the drums
Of war are silent here,
Across the shuddering ocean comes
Their thunder fraught with fear;

And men to Thine own image made,
Who know Thy word and will,
Have turned to that inhuman trade
That teaches them to kill.

Destruction sweeps each lovely land
Of industry and art;
In ruins lie on every hand
The minster and the mart.

The hunted peasant sees with groans
His roof-tree wrapped in flame,
While weeping womanhood bemoans
The darker deeds of shame.

And, O Thou great and gracious Lord,
That Europe's peoples may
Put up the dark and dripping sword,
We cry to Thee to-day!

For them our hearts to Thee we raise,
That this their scourge may cease,
And o'er their wrecked and ruined ways
May bend the bow of peace.

We hold them as our brothers all—

Frank, Teuton, Saxon, Slav,—

And so on Thee to-day we call

With all the strength we have.

We pray that they and all mankind

In Thee may learn to live,

And thus that perfect peace may find,

That nothing else can give.

The Fire on the Mountain.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE Mountain village in its earlier days had a common centre of interest,—an object which always excited the attention of the visitor. Even the most casual of tourists were interested; and, if their climbing capacities were equal to a steep ascent, were guided thither by one or other of the villagers, who spoke of it with a curious pride. For this object was a chapel and its accompanying wayside cross, which lent to the Mountain village a peculiar distinction. Away off there, too, in Montreal, that busy metropolis which seemed to the mountaineers of such colossal proportions, that cross near the chapel could be seen shining in the sun of midday, or catching the glow of a Canadian sunset. The ordinary citizen down there observed it with the familiarity of custom, the tourist with eager interest, and the devout Catholic with something of pride as he made the simple explanation: "That object shining on those mountains beyond the river? Why, that is the Cross of St. Hilaire!"

So it is little wonder that, to the children of the Mountain, the chapel and that bright golden cross had special signification. Many a pilgrimage was organized to that simple shrine, particularly when any danger menaced the commonwealth,—when crops were bad, when weather conditions or plagues of any sort threatened the harvests. The pilgrims cheerfully surmounted all the

difficulties of the steep and rugged path which led thereto, but which became to the aged or to those who had passed middle life a forbidden exercise. Many a fervent prayer from believing hearts went up from those pure heights above the fret and turmoil of the world.

It was an evening in late November, wild and blustering. The Mountain was bereft of its summer foliage, and looked dreary and forbidding even to the hearts that loved it. Only the pines, remaining faithful, caught upon their sombre branches the first snow, that punctually at the feast of St. Catherine comes to stay upon the ground. A wind was sweeping down, rustling in all the treetops, agitating the tranquil surface of the Mountain lake, and sending the stream gurgling swiftly down into the valley.

The seigneur came out from the manor house, which was in the lower village upon the river, its façade of Elizabethan brick staring upward at the Mountain. Buttoning his overcoat tightly about him, he crossed the lawn with his brisk step. That evening he had some business to transact with the notary, who lived at a short distance. The moon came out suddenly from a bank of dark clouds, and, as it swept across the sky, revealed the cross standing up there, spectral in the moonlight. Involuntarily, the seigneur touched his hat. Though he himself was not a Catholic his mother had been. Moreover, he had learned reverence from the peasants amongst whom his boyhood had been passed, and he shared their pride in that landmark of his youth. As he looked, he noted something that caused him to stand still.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed; and again, "By Jove!"

It was a spark of fire,—a dull red glow, that, smouldering at first, began to blaze up fiercely against the sky, whence the moon was scattering the clouds. A few rapid strides brought the observer to the notary's house, where he knew he would find some of the principal men of St.

Hilaire. Without even the ceremony of knocking, he burst open the door. The room was occupied by several men. He caught in one hasty glance the comfort of the apartment,—the great double stove, whence came forth the odor of burning maple logs; the immaculate whiteness of the floor, which appeared between the strips of brightly colored rag carpet; the high-backed chairs, the colored prints upon the wall. He noted, besides Monsieur le Notaire himself, with spectacles on his nose and a pipe in his mouth, Monsieur Prefontaine, Hercules Larue, and Mathurin from the sawmill, all magnates from the Mountain, who had come thither to confer with others and with the seigneur himself on the ever vital matter of the mending and otherwise improving of the roads. Through the fumes of the strong village tobacco, those within perceived the new-comer, and, before they had time to take note of the latter's excitement, called out:

"Bon soir, Monsieur le Seigneur!"

The notary, rising, answered hospitably: *"Entrez donc, Monsieur!"*

But the seigneur, taking no notice of their greetings, cried with an expression that convulsed his strong features, and in a tone that found an echo in the breast of all present:

"My friends, there's fire on the Mountain!"

The effect was magical. Every man started to his feet. Some took the pipe from their mouth, others continued to smoke on mechanically. They knew the gravity of such an announcement, especially with the wind which was sweeping all before it, and which they had just been denouncing comfortably beside the double stove. It was characteristic, too, that always the Mountain was mentioned, meaning that tallest one which dominated the upper village, and from whose summit the cross rose to the heavens; though, in point of fact, there was a group of hills that stood guardian around the lake.

"And I'm afraid, my men," said the seigneur, speaking in the same hoarse

accents, "that it is near the chapel."

That was like an electric spark to set the men still more quickly in motion. A fire on the Mountain was bad enough; much damage to property, even to the entire village, might result,—that was at least vague, indefinite. But a fire near the chapel,—a fire which might remove the cross forever from that height! Ah, that was a different matter, and one which must be dealt with as speedily as possible! In that brief instant there was not one heart that did not sink low in remembering the difficulties that would have to be overcome before the summit could be reached, in the uncertain light of a cloud-obscured moon; though that moon, such as it was, proved a real favor of Providence.

Each of the men began to act according to his nature. Thus M. Prefontaine, being the largest owner in the threatened property, which he had acquired by purchase from the seignorial estate, and being also the biggest magnate of the Mountain village, literally swelled with an importance that was only slightly subdued by the presence of the seigneur. His excitement and natural fear of great losses also made him seem ridiculously helpless and absurdly fussy.

"Come on, come on, my brave lads," he cried, "to save the Mountain and to save also the chapel!"

Now, since the men were coming on as fast as they could, literally scrambling over each other to reach their frieze coats and toques, they paid no heed to his exhortation. He waved his long arms so wildly that he all but overturned the notary's lamp, and thus came near adding a fire at the river village to that upon the Mountain.

"Hi, there!" cried the notary, reaching out by a swift gesture, and rescuing the falling lamp just as it had reached the very verge of the table. "See what you are doing!"

M. Prefontaine, moving backward, collided with the seigneur; and, in his eager-

ness to retrieve that mistake, stepped with the whole of his considerable weight on the toes of M. Larue. That fellow-magnate, always calm and imperturbable in presence of disaster, though he could not help giving an anxious thought to his capacious dwelling and his hives (for he was the great honey producer at the Mountain), was thus roused from his anxieties, and exclaimed: "*Diable!* But it is you who are clumsy!"

Mathurin of the sawmill, calm and placid with the tranquillity of a gentle nature, was at the same time practical. He entered at once into conference with the seigneur as to what were the first steps to be taken, while he breathed a prayer that the good God might avert the threatened calamity.

Meanwhile in the few moments that had elapsed the fire had made some headway; and it was clear that the seigneur's worst fears were realized, and that if it were not the chapel which was burning, it was the woods in close proximity to the shrine.

"You, Mathurin," cried the seigneur, giving orders like one trained to command,—“you have your horse and buggy outside there! Drive quickly to rouse the Mountain village. Sound the alarm at every house as you go. You, Larue, divide with the notary the houses hereabouts. I am going to Monsieur le Curé to ask him to have the church bells rung.”

Instinctively, he ignored Prefontaine as he shouted his instructions; though as he sped on toward the presbytery, seeing him still standing there bewildered, he called back:

"You, Prefontaine, get home as quick as you can to look after your house and the rest! Do what you can up there!"

It took but an instant to arouse the priest, who had but just retired, and who was so well accustomed to night calls as to be a light sleeper. In another moment, without waiting to summon the beadle, he had joined the seigneur in a hurried rush for the church.

"We will ring the bell ourselves. It is the quickest way," declared the pastor, as he hastily unlocked the door.

In another moment the bell was pealing out on the startled air. That bell which had been employed chiefly to summon the *habitants* to Holy Mass, or to announce baptisms, marriages or deaths, now took on a portentous character. Rarely in the memory of the living had it sounded an alarm, despite the fact that there was an unwritten code, with which every villager was familiar, to be used only in cases of fire. The Curé, who never under any circumstances lost his head, remembered, and gave out clearly and distinctly the required number of peals.

The effect was magical. The people of the two villages—most of whom, to save the burning of candles, had retired to rest—awoke as if from an enchantment. The animals likewise were roused into animation. Dogs barked, horses neighed, cocks crowed; men and women rubbed their eyes, with the idea at first that the sound which they heard belonged to the land of dreams, or that they had overslept and the church bell was ringing for first Mass. Slowly came the realization that some danger was at hand,—a danger vague but no less menacing; near, and demanding instant action. After listening a moment, many of them knew. "Ah, yes, there is a fire!"

Very soon lights gleamed in the windows of every cottage and farmhouse; and presently the whole landscape was dotted with dark figures, that seemed sinister, terrible,—all hurrying up the slope of the Mountain. A few had harnessed horses to buckboards, hoping to be able to drive part of the way upward and to bring water with them. But the majority went on foot, carrying lanterns. Subdued murmurs were heard everywhere. People asked questions, to which an answer was scarcely needed; for the glare against the sky was plainly visible now; the flames were leaping, and their crackling could be distinctly heard amongst the

pine boughs and in the bare branches of the trees, as the wind caught and urged them forward in their destroying course.

Mathurin, coming after the ringing of the bell, had given his message, together with a few brief instructions from the seigneur, to the inmates of the various dwellings. The men of that Mountain village were mostly a brave, helpful lot; and squads were soon formed to toil up that steep, rugged path, each man taking water as he went from the Mountain stream. It was still rippling down, unchecked by the frost; and, as it had played and laughed all the summer long, it was now to be an instrument for the safety of the village. The women, all save the very old, came forth, forming themselves into a bucket brigade to deal out the water. The minds of all the workers were concentrated on those efforts, which gave a feeble, flickering hope that the chapel and the cross might be saved. They could not bear the thought that those objects, long dear and sacred, should be doomed to destruction.

The village barber was almost the last to hear the news, and hastened to make up for lost time by flitting from group to group, asking useless questions, to which he received no response; or uttering trumpet-like calls — "*En avant, mes braves*, to save the Mountain and the chapel!" No one paid the least attention, since all were pressing on as swiftly as possible, and, after the first excitement had subsided, mostly in silence.

When the summit was reached by the foremost volunteers, headed by the seigneur and Monsieur le Curé, who took command of two separate contingents, it was evident that, so far as the chapel was concerned, their efforts would be useless. The Mountain lay dark and dreary, with a sad, strange aspect, under the pale light of the moon and the red glare of the fire, as though it were mourning for the destruction which it was powerless to prevent. In the clearing that had long ago been made there,

almost in the centre of groups of pines that fringed round the woods of maple, oak, beech, and acacia trees, stood the beloved shrine, now being rapidly consumed. The burning building cast a lurid reflection, like blood stains on the snow; and the sound of the crackling flames mingled with the weird howling of the autumnal wind as it shook the bare branches and whistled amongst the pines. It blew the snow before it in powdery masses, leaving the ground bare, and thus hastening the work of destruction. Already the walls of the little edifice were blistered and blackened by the heat; very soon they would have to collapse. Only the cross still reared its shining surface to the sky. Its gold shone out with a startling distinctness in the light of the fire and the pallid whiteness of the moon.

They scarcely realized as yet that little could be done in regard to the chapel, or that it would soon be imperative to prevent the conflagration from spreading and becoming a serious menace at least to the Mountain village. Even then many of the trees were burning fiercely; for there had been less rain than usual that autumn, and people whispered to each other that, only for the snow that had fallen a day or two before, matters would be serious indeed. But for the moment general attention was concentrated on the chapel and the cross. The detachment under command of the seigneur was only less efficient and businesslike than the other one directed by the Curé, who, with his cassock tucked up, gave the example of steady work. Scarcely a word was spoken except the brief commands from one side or the other as the fire-fighting continued with unabated vigor.

"If we can save the cross, my children," cried the Curé,—"the cross which the holy Bishop Forbin Janson has placed there!" And for some moments, efforts were made entirely in that direction. But the flames were already licking round it,

until it had become twisted and distorted. Presently, with a strange sinking of the heart, and a depression that communicated itself to all their movements and deprived them of vitality, they saw the cross tilt and fall with a dull thud, a shapeless mass upon the ground. An instant later, with a loud crackling and final roar, accompanied by a dense cloud of smoke that hid the workers from one another, the walls of the chapel collapsed. Narrowly did some escape serious injury, especially the foremost of those who had labored unremittingly, and had drawn perilously near in their last vain efforts to save at least the cross.

The seigneur, with a deep-drawn breath that sounded like a sigh, stood still and looked into the face of Monsieur le Curé. It was very pale, and in the eyes were tears that the priest's best efforts were powerless to restrain from rolling down his cheeks. It was but for a moment. Regaining his self-control, his voice rang out clearly,—the only voice to which any one would hearken just then,—the voice of authority, of the minister of God. It echoed through the ranks of the workers, who stood in solemn silence, bareheaded; and it broke the stillness that had succeeded that crash of the falling walls.

"It is the will of the good God, my children!" the priest said. "We must only bow our heads."

But a chorus of groans and half-articulate lamentations burst upon the air from one group after another of those who had been working so heroically. "*Quel malheur!*"

And though the Curé's heart was well-nigh broken, and he felt as if a new and heavy burden had been laid upon his fast aging shoulders, it was he who once again called their attention to the danger that was still urgent.

"But your homes, brave men!" he cried. "But the village!" And he pointed with impressive finger to where the flames were circling amongst the treetops, and

carrying the work of devastation from one group of trees to another. "See—the Mountain! Let the women and children remain here and pray."

Despite their grief and the exhaustion that was beginning to tell upon them, the men thereupon bent all their efforts toward the saving of the forest. Another hour or more of hard work meant at least that the village was safe. The wind had subsided; though the moon, low down in the sky, could no longer sweep aside the clouds that, forming in sullen masses, spread everywhere. Only by the light of the lanterns and the dull glow of the smouldering fires could the work be carried on. Nor did it ever relax until it was practically certain that the village and the forest which adorned the Mountain were safe.

But now the shrine was only a blackened heap of ashes. And the cross? How would it be to-morrow, when they should rise to go about their work, and see no longer, shining in the morning sunshine, the symbol which they had always saluted with reverence and affection? How would it be when that sign of salvation no longer dominated the whole landscape, to turn the thought of the generations heavenward, seeming to shed round it a blessing on the harvests, and orchards, and the cattle? Grief that could not be restrained broke out in various ways amongst the workers, weary with their night of toil. But again the Curé interposed, saying: "My children, we have lost our chapel and our beautiful cross, but we must be resigned. We can replace both, and we will. Let us kneel for a few moments before returning home, and thank the good God for sparing the village. Who knows? Perhaps those prayers have worked a miracle to-night."

MANY of the dead would have remained in Purgatory till the Day of Judgment if they had not been helped by the prayers and good works of the living.

• —Ven. Bede.

How the Dead are Mourned in Russia.

RELIGIOUS belief is woven into every phase of Russian life, and there is perhaps no country in the world so free from atheism. An unfailing note of hope is evident in the most poignant sorrow, as the introduction of white in the deepest mourning garb emphasizes Russian faith in the Resurrection. As elsewhere, garments of dull black are, indeed, customary for those bereaved by recent death; but the regulations for Court etiquette follow popular custom by prescribing one narrow band or frill of white on the most sombre toilet. Suits of mourning unrelieved by this symbol of confidence in a future life are considered "unorthodox,"—that is, to Russian minds, non-Christian. In houses where a death has occurred the mirrors are covered with white cloths, the door handles wrapt in black stuff tied with white ribbon; the bier itself is draped in white, and the coffin generally painted black with a white stripe.

Prayers, in which everybody present joins, are said aloud during the funeral procession; and after the service has been read over the grave the relatives and near friends of the departed meet to partake in silence of a common repast. Within eight days they come together again to assist at a "Memorial Mass" for the repose of the soul of the deceased; and there are also yearly commemorations and periodical blessings of graves, although the Russian Church officially denies the doctrine of purgatory.

This is but one of many discrepancies in practice and teaching going to prove the lack of authoritative inspiration in the great body of Eastern Christendom unhappily separated from the faithful who obey the Vicar of Christ.

OUR grand business undoubtedly is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand.

—*Carlyle.*

Cultured Ignorance.

WE long ago grew accustomed to the utterly extravagant and absurd strain in which the more or less illiterate among sectarian clergymen have railed against the Church, parodied her dogmas, and caricatured her practices. We are amused rather than surprised to learn that a Western preacher a Sunday or two ago solemnly assured his congregation that "Rome's purpose is to make America predominantly Catholic, and then have the Catholics murder off the remaining Protestants"; and we don't mind the assertion of other reverend brothers that the basements of most Catholic churches are really arsenals. What shall be said, however, of such a statement as the following by so cultured a clergyman as the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden!—

For myself, I do not expect that this age-long antagonism will be composed without considerable changes on both sides. I think that Protestants will be obliged to take new views, and that Catholics will have to make some very essential changes, not only in discipline but in doctrine. That Protestants can change is not questioned,—the prevailing notion is that they change too often and too much; but it has been the common idea that the Catholic Church is unchangeable. I am prepared, however, to believe that this conception is likely to be greatly modified; those of you who are alive fifty years from now are liable to see some surprising forward movements in the Roman Catholic Church. I believe that the laity of the Church are ready for such movements; and when the head of the Church discovers their readiness, it is a perfectly simple matter; he has all the power in his own hands, and he can give to the doctrines of the Church an interpretation which will accord with the light of the day in which he lives.

If Dr. Gladden is correctly reported, he has much to learn about the Church and her unchanging dogmas, as about the Pope's having "all the power in his own hands." Meantime, perhaps he may take our word for it, that the Holy Father could not change Catholic doctrine if he would, and would not if he could.

Notes and Remarks.

A notable instance of what clean common-sense, determined will, and organized effort can do is furnished by a report of the activities of the St. Louis Federation of Catholic Societies. This branch of Federation took careful cognizance of the problem of "cleaning up" the city of St. Louis, wisely apportioned the labor to be done, and fearlessly, though not without tact, set to work to do it. The methods were simple but thoroughgoing. Investigation by competent persons was the first step. When a decision was reached, the managers of the offending show, or, in general, those responsible for the objectionable feature in question, were interviewed, and, where possible, matters were thus arranged privately and peacefully. When these means failed, the law was resorted to; and the fact that the Federation invariably got justice speaks well for the representatives of the law in St. Louis. Not often was it necessary to take such summary measures as the following:

In the case of one obstinate merchant who refused on a polite request to remove highly offensive matter from his show-case, we resorted to prosecution. The defendant was arrested, tried, and convicted; and the police department confiscated a wagonload of offensive pictures, etc., from his store. This was a warning to others.

A general idea of the results obtained may be gathered from the statistical synopsis of only one phase of the Federation's activity:

One play suppressed. One sideshow suppressed. Three vaudeville shows modified. Four moving-picture shows suppressed. All white-slave films suppressed, — number unknown. Six moving-picture shows modified by elimination of objectionable parts. Total number of improper picture postcards eliminated, 26,983. Total number of such cards in hands of committee as evidence against jobber and manufacturer, 11,500. Total number of improper pictures and statues of nudities removed from saloons and other stores and show-cases, approximately, 1000. Number of

improper pennants suppressed, 2000. Number of indecent blotters destroyed, 6500. Number of indecent stereopticon views destroyed, 200. Number of indecent books and pamphlets destroyed or delivered up for destruction to date, 1174, and in addition a wagonload of uncounted books.

We see no reason whatever why precisely the same methods, similarly inspired, would not secure the same results in all our cities.

"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain"—or ought always to be—commend us to the politicians rather than to the "heathen Chinese." During the recent political campaign the State of Ohio especially was flooded with a "declaration of principles" by the Guardians of Liberty (so-called—by themselves), one clause of which runs:

We deny the right of any political or ecclesiastical organization to manipulate or control the sovereign citizenship of our people, or to dispose of their civil rights and privileges for political office or power; and we are determined that every citizen shall exercise these rights and privileges unmolested, answerable only to his conscience and his God.

This "took," of course, with the Protestant clergy, many of whom rushed here and there to attend political meetings, taking care to have their churches strung with canvases and provided with bulletin boards urging the claims of that party known as Prohibitionist—which does not, however, prohibit its ministerial members from taking spirituous precautions against pneumonia, provided such remedies are labelled "Doctor's Prescription," or something similar, and are used discreetly. Of course no Republican or Democratic candidate, particularly if he was a Catholic or favorable to Catholics, was credited with being a total-abstainer or even a theoretical opponent of inebriety. "Defeat him!" was the cry.

* * *

"There isn't any question," declared Gov. Cox, in a published interview, "that I lost from fifty to seventy-five thousand votes as a result of this religious frenzy.

Our campaign committee has affidavits showing that, within one week, the Republican candidate for Governor procured at Cleveland the endorsement of the Guardians of Liberty, so-called; and then sent, from Cincinnati to Catholics in Columbus, a telegram which was intended to procure for him, in the primary contest, the support of Republican Catholics. A story was circulated, carefully yet insidiously, misrepresenting my religion. Like most folks," the Governor remarked parenthetically, "I haven't any religion to spare, but I insist on denying to any one else the right to change what religion I have. And there was a second story"—the speaker humorously pointed out the absurdity of it.

* * *

Protestant ministers of various denominations in many parts of the country entered unblushingly into the recent political contest, and repeatedly asserted that "the Catholics are plotting to rule the United States." Yet these pious men, some of them at least, must know as well as we do that Catholic American citizens have no ambition whatever "to manipulate or control the sovereign citizenship of our people"; and that they assert themselves *as Catholics* only when an attempt is made to deprive them of Constitutional rights and privileges, or when, as in the case of Mexico, their coreligionists abroad suffer injury through ill-advised action or inaction on the part of our Government. If we were to reproach the Catholic citizens of the United States, it would be for not doing this more zealously, more unitedly, more tactfully, and more energetically.

In a letter to Cardinal Cassetta, president of the Society of St. Jerome, founded in Rome about twelve years ago for the spreading of the sacred books of the Gospels, Pope Benedict writes: "Experience shows so clearly that it hardly needs pointing out that the errors of society to-day arise from the fact that

the life, works, and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ have fallen into the profoundest oblivion, and that men no longer think of gaining inspiration from them for their daily actions. There can not be the slightest doubt, then, that a work in the highest degree advantageous for the leading of souls toward Christian perfection is being done by those who strive, as you are striving, for the spreading of the Divine Gospels; and we have every reason to congratulate all the members of the Society, and especially you, venerable brother, not only for the undertaking, excellent in itself and most pleasing to us, but also for the zeal with which, as we ourselves have seen, you have striven during these years to spread the Holy Books in greater numbers and more accurate form . . . so that the faithful may accustom themselves to read the Holy Gospels and commentaries thereon every day, learning thus to lead holy lives in every way conformable to the divine will."

And to think that in a recent book by a Protestant minister—a doctor of divinity or something,—issued by one of our leading publishing houses, the assertion is made that the Catholic Church would rather see the Bible burned than read! We have reasons for believing, however, that when this ministerial author has another production ready for publication, he will be under the necessity of seeking a different medium.

There are many indications that a mighty change for the better has come over France since the great war began. Only a few months ago, no officer of the French army could expect promotion if he were known to practise his religion, and the soldiers were prevented from doing so as much as possible. Even when dying they were often deprived of the ministrations of a priest through official anti-clericalism. Now all such opposition is removed. The Minister of War, in an official circular, after declaring that pre-

vious enactments were intended merely to ensure respect for liberty of conscience and State neutrality, rules that in no case should the brave defenders of their country be deprived of the consolations of religion. He sees no objection to services being held in hospitals, etc.; and concludes by telling the commanders that they are expected to carry out the circular "in the spirit of concord, moderation, and tolerance which has dictated it, and which ought in all circumstances to regulate their actions." It is more than probable that when this document was put into correct form, M. Millerand saw nothing ludicrous about it. However, "it is to laugh."

**

The changed attitude of the French Government is unquestionably due to the heroic devotedness of the priests who, as chaplains or under the colors at the front, have won the affection as well as the admiration of the army. Praise of them is heard on all sides. Every newspaper has touching stories to tell of their bravery and self-sacrifice; and the home letters of officers and soldiers make frequent mention of priests who have become distinguished for deeds of valor and devotedness. An affecting incident, illustrating the self-sacrifice of a soldier-priest, which occurred in a railway terminus in Paris, where a number of wounded were waiting to be transferred to a hospital, is related by a correspondent of the *London Daily Chronicle*.

Eight of them were very badly hurt, and some of them were evidently not long for this world. One of them seemed to be very uneasy. A nurse went up to him and offered to rearrange his bandages. His reply was: "I want a confessor very badly."—"Is there a priest here?" asked the nurse. Just then another soldier lying mortally wounded plucked the nurse by the sleeve. "Madame," he said, "I am a priest; I can give him absolution. Carry me to him." The nurse hesitated. The speaker was suffering from the effects of a horrible shell wound, and the least movement caused excruciating pain. But again the feeble voice quietly said: "You are of the faith, and you

know the price of a soul. What is one more hour of life compared with that?" And the soldier raised himself by a supreme effort to go to the side of his comrade. But the effort was in vain: he had to be carried. The confession did not take long, and the strength of the soldier-priest was ebbing rapidly away. When the time came to give the absolution he made a sign to the nurse. "Help me to make the sign," he said. The nurse held up his arm while this was being done. Death followed quickly for the soldier-priest and his penitent. They died hand in hand, while the nurse and the ambulance men fell on their knees on each side of them.

There is a subject for the poet's pen and the brush of the artist!

Those correspondents of various English newspapers, Catholic as well as secular, who have incurred the abuse of the bellicose by protesting against sermons glorifying war, and occasional addresses by ministers of religion breathing the spirit of boastfulness, pride, and uncharitableness, may find consolation, if they are weak enough to need it, in an article published in a recent issue of the official Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, wherein the children of the Church are reminded that they are followers of a law of charity and a religion of peace, and urged, "in these most troubled times," always to speak and write with moderation and in a spirit of brotherly love.

In reference to the clergy, it is said (in part): "Even during the clash of arms and the horrors of war they must never forget the responsibilities that weigh upon them; they must never forget that, even above the legitimate aspirations of patriotic sentiment, the general interests of the Church and of humanity should predominate. . . . And if they must remember all this in their private life, they must not forget it in the exercise of their holy ministry, and in a special manner in their high function of preaching to the people the word of God. Over and above their wishes for the victory of their own countries they must place

those more humanitarian and Christian desires for universal peace; and even toward their enemies they must not adopt a language of contempt and hatred, but words inspired by charity. The holy places destined for divine worship are refuges of peace. Human passions must not cross the threshold. . . .

"It is easy to understand, in fact, that the echo of passionate and violent words uttered by sacerdotal lips crosses the frontiers and reaches rival countries, inciting the hatred of the people against the priesthood, holding the clergy responsible for the words uttered by some of its members, thus damaging the prestige and dignity of the entire class, and hampering the freedom of its mission. Let, therefore, the moderation and charity of the Catholics of every country, and especially of the ministers of the Lord, represent at least a calm oasis while hatred and violence surround humanity with their devastating outbursts; and in this oasis everybody, without renouncing legitimate aspirations, should strive toward unity and peace in the supreme interests of humanity."

We note that Archbishop Glennon has written to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* correcting an error relative to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who, he says, "appear to be marked for special criticism to-day by those who do not know them and their work." It is gratifying to record that among those who *do* know them there is nothing but praise for these excellent, self-sacrificing religious. In Denver, for instance, among the most active workers in a campaign to help the Good Shepherd Home have been Protestant clergymen of various denominations. An illuminating item in this connection is the following, which we find in the *Catholic Register*:

A curious example of the anti-Catholic wave was experienced in the Good Shepherd Home, Denver, last Saturday, when a lawyer came from Trinidad, purporting to represent the

parents of seven inmates of that institution, and demanded their release under threat of Habeas Corpus proceedings, saying that they were mistreated, not properly fed, regarded as prisoners, and forced to work as slaves in the laundry. He called up the Rev. Hugh L. McMennamin to see what could be done about having the girls released, and was told that all he had to do was to visit the Home, when he would be able to secure them as quickly as he desired. He went out to the Home, and, after looking into the actual conditions there, called up the priest and said: "I am going back to Trinidad to advise my clients to leave the girls where they are. They could not be better taken care of."

Similar testimony, it is safe to say, would be given by any impartial Protestant visitor to any institution of the Good Shepherd in any part of the country. It is only those who do not know whereof they speak that malign these devoted Sisters.

It is an age-old truism that most verbal disputes, arguments, polemics, and controversies would be considerably shortened, not to say ended, if the speakers and writers would only define their terms clearly. Cardinal Newman is authority for the statement that inaccuracy in the use of words is one of the worst, as well as one of the most common, faults of youthful writers; and it is not evident that the fault is peculiar to the young. In any case, here is a restatement of the truism by an authoritative writer, Mr. W. H. Mallock. In a critique, contributed to the current number of the *Dublin Review*, of Father Day's "Catholic Democracy, Individualism, and Socialism," the well-known publicist writes:

One of the highest tributes that can be paid to Father Day's book is to say that it is a study of terminology; and one of the most significant reflections which a thoughtful reader may derive from it is that a very large part of the social controversies of to-day would be no longer possible if all those engaged in them would define precisely the more important of the terms which they employ, and would all agree to employ them in a substantially similar sense.

Notable New Books.

The Education of Character. By the Rev. M. S. Gillet, O. P. Translated by Benjamin Green. With a Preface by the Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

While the subject dealt with in this volume has, in one form or another, been treated by philosophers and moralists of practically all ages, no serious reader of Father Gillet's pages will declare that his work is superfluous. Its *raison d'être* is the author's conviction that in books dealing with character-formation, character-building, etc., ingenious psychologists and serious moralists have hitherto erred in their methods. "Psychologists have confined themselves too exclusively to the psycho-physiological side, ignoring the moral aspect of the problem to be solved; whereas the moralists, on the other hand, have overmuch disregarded psychological sources."

The present work is an attempt at a synthesis of the two systems,—a synthesis in which due account is taken of both grace and nature. The chapters on The Relations of Grace to the Passions; Egoism and Altruism; Sensuality; The Laws of Habit; and The Effect on Character of Moral, Intellectual, and Supernatural Habits, are especially noteworthy, and will well repay the studious perusal of the thoughtful reader. While there may be found, here and there in the work, recommendations more suitable perhaps to the specifically French than the widely cosmopolitan student, the great bulk of the volume is universal in its application, and should be productive of great good.

Seven Years on the Pacific Slope. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The publishers' own description of this welcome volume is as good a one as could be given of it,—“an amusing and illuminating account of their sojourn in the extreme northwestern corner of Washington State, a district as little known to dwellers in the Eastern States as it was to the writers when they took up their abode there. The book is a very personal one, full of quaint experiences and quainter stories of the only bit of the continent where true Western spirit still remains.” So very different is this book from the chief author's other works, however, that the reader will marvel at her versatility, and, if he is at all familiar with the region described, will admire how completely she has caught its spirit. To the vast majority even of Americans this volume will have the charm of novelty; it will make them realize that there are remarkably interesting corners

of their own country of which they know next to nothing. For the most part, the book certainly is an amusing one; however, it contains numerous passages well calculated to arrest the attention of the most serious-minded; for instance, this one:

New life in a new country serves as a wonderfully accurate sifter of the real from the false. Mere parlor tricks have no place in the general estimation of the folk who break new trails on this earth. Incidentally, they are perfectly aware that they are sowing where they will probably not reap; that when they have worked hard and long enough, the civilization which pushed them forth will eject them once more, and the railways and factories and the syndicates will throng in and start making money, regardless of the rights of the men who cut the first roads and battled to clear the forest and convert the wilderness into a garden. They believe hazily that their children will profit to a certain degree—that at least good prices will be given for the land they leave them; but that is not the moving force that sent them here and makes them work as they do. There is in it a touch—perhaps more than a touch—of the characteristic restlessness which becomes part of the make-up of our people, native or foreign born; but there is in every one of them a spark of that which may be called the genius of the conqueror, the nameless but imperious instinct to extend the dominion of humanity over its acknowledged birthright,—every habitable spot on the face of the globe.

Beside this simple primal instinct, the ambitions of more sophisticated people look uncomfortably tawdry and unreal. We ourselves have seen, watched, philosophized, in various continents and climes; we have, as we say, studied humanity in all its varying complexions, and we fancy ourselves useful to the world and rather ornamental in the eyes of the Creator. But, O dear, what have we done for the world itself? What is all our culture and thought worth compared to the work of men who add millions of acres to its wheat belt, who turn jungle into pasturage, and water the desert till it blooms into life? I have felt sometimes that the heavy-footed, slow-witted men who dig twenty, thirty, a hundred miles of ditch to force some wild river to gentler uses are of infinitely more value to the general scheme of things than all the philosophers and writers put together. There is something almost sacramental in their work; for they are bringing their bit of earth nearer to its Creator's original intention for it, atoning to it and Him for the ban of thorns and thistles laid on it when its lord and master fell from grace in Eden. How surprised they would be, though, at such a view of their labors!

“Seven Years on the Pacific Slope” is a handsome book of 391 pages, with sixteen well-chosen illustrations. It is uniform in size with the author's other works of travel—“A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands,” “Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife,” etc.,—and deserves a place on the same shelf with those delightful volumes.

Odds-fish! An Historical Novel. By Robert Hugh Benson. P. J. Kenedy & Sons; Dodd, Mead & Co.

This last volume to be published during the author's life is perhaps the most human of all Mgr. Benson's novels. Not even “An Average Man” offers such a sense of reality as this tale of days long vanished. Assuredly it is high tribute to the novelist's power that he has made the past stand forth alive. The period

which he has chosen for this resurrection is the corrupt and desolate day of Charles II.'s notorious reign. The author writes in the first person, in the character of Roger Mallock, and preserves throughout the spirit of diary composition and the flavor of Caroline style as we know both from the pages of Evelyn and Pepys. Roger Mallock, in his anomalous position at court—a sort of non-commissioned officer both of the Pope and of the King,—figures prominently, though not publicly, in two or three famous historical events—the Titus Oates Plot, the Rye House Plot, and the deathbed conversion of Charles. It is through Mallock that the Rye House Plot misses fire.

Besides this historical interest, there is a thread of romance woven through the narrative, and Master Mallock is proven to be a noble lover. The dénouement will not please those who demand that the full measure of poetic justice be awarded this side the grave. If "Initiation" were not our favorite Benson novel, "Oddsfish!" would be the choice. We hope Christmas givers will not forget Mgr. Benson's works.

Round About Home.—By the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. THE AVE MARIA Press.

These Irish scenes and memories are so beautifully done that the laugh and the tear are very close together on every page. The sweetness of Irish life and character perfumes these bright stories of simple parish life; and the heartrending pathos, hardly to be found in any other people or in any other literature, saddens the reader; but so close at hand is the sparkle of Irish humor that the sadness is at once forgotten in the hearty laugh. The stories are delicately told, and the drawing of the various characters is so bold and fine that the reader makes their acquaintance for good and all. When the volume is finished, one feels that he has lived part of his life in the village of Knockfeen, has wept and laughed with its amiable people, and is bound to carry the tender memories of his stay forever. So keen is the drawing of character, so sweet the pathos, so genial the humor, so effective the narrative, that one feels the author should take up the same theme in the more ambitious form of the novel, and exercise his powers on the development of a strong thesis rather than upon the easier episode. A most delightful book, for which a wide welcome may safely be predicted.

William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus.
By Justine Ward. Longmans, Green & Co.

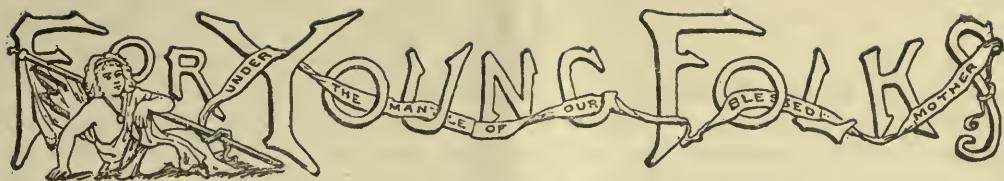
Many persons of various classes will be interested in this elegant volume. It is not

so much a record of what its subject did, as a disclosure of what he was,—a noble soul, a great priest, a true religious. A full account of all that Father Pardow accomplished, of his trials and sufferings, would require large space; and the author evidently had no intention of producing a biography in the usual sense of the word. Her aim has been simply to set forth the principles by which Father Pardow's life was animated. He would not be a fitting subject for what is generally understood as a biography. His life was an uneventful one, and thousands of other priests have done and are doing just what he did,—enduring the same fatigues, experiencing the same trials, encountering the same obstacles. His holiness and dutifulness are what rendered him uncommonplace, and caused his apostolate to be uncommonly fruitful. Half a decade has passed since he was called to his reward, but he still influences thousands through earnest words uttered from the pulpit, and wise counsels whispered in the confessional.

Mrs. Ward has produced an excellent portrait of a holy priest,—one that will be recognized everywhere as a *vera effigies*.

The Ideal of the Monastic Life. By Dom Germain Morin, O. S. B. Translated from the French by C. Gunning. With a Preface by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. Benziger Brothers.

The author of this volume enjoys a European reputation as a savant, and has been honored with the Doctor's degree by the University of Oxford; but the natural connotation of these facts—that the book is one for the erudite and the specialist rather than the simple and unscholarly—is the reverse of the truth. With the exception of a number of brief Latin quotations (which the translator might well have done into English), the volume is readable and understandable by the ordinary lay Brother or Sister. The work consists of twelve chapters, amplified from conferences given during a retreat of Benedictine monks,—the author's purpose being to demonstrate, from the manner of life of the primitive Christians immediately after the descent of the Spirit, the origin and model of the life that should be led by monks. In the course of the demonstration, the solidity of the doctrine is equalled only by the forcibleness of its presentation. As Dom Camm well says in his preface, the book "will be found most useful, not merely to Benedictines, for whom it was first intended, not merely to religious, for whom it has so many precious lessons, but to all who are interested in those eternal verities which were at once the strength and the consolation of our fathers in the faith. . . ."



A Precious Potion.

BY E. BECK.

A MAGICIAN of old, 'tis not known in what
clime,

Once brewed a strange potion to last for all time;
But sages and wise men in all lands have sung
The praise of this potion in many a tongue.

One sip from its waters leaves men brighter far
Than students of Euclid and algebra are;
Metaphysics and history fail to bestow
The wisdom and wit that from this potion flow.

This draught suits the monarch and likewise
the slave;

And, if he would drink it, it well suits the knave;
'Tis good for the young and 'tis good for the old,
For the rich and the poor, for the timid and bold.

Who drinks of it daily will quarrel with few,
And will quickly distinguish false words from
words true.

But this potion's not' purchased by dollars or
pence;

For its name the world over is just Common
Sense.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXVI.



DICK WINSTON'S first term at college was rather a stormy time. He got into more scrapes than usually fall to the lot of the new boy; yet he would not have been his father's child and his mother's—nor Uncle Jerome's favorite—if he had not learned candor; and his way of "owning up" made his school troubles less serious. When the master hoped the boy who was talking would go out of the room, he had not seen poor Dick at all; and the worst offenders remained in, with a trembling

resolution to keep quiet now; but it was Dick who stood up and vanished at the doorway. He afterward increased his troubles by having what he called "a gay old time" playing marbles with the boot boy in the quadrangle; and later on he atoned for his offences by copying Latin wearily. Still, the masters liked Dick better than the four boys who had pretended not to be talking; and his comrades always wanted him, and made a hard struggle to keep him in the cricket eleven when he was nearly put out of it for some holiday freak.

The high spirits of the new boy seemed to survive all his troubles. His companions in the third class thought there was no fun without Dick. The masters decided among themselves that he was "as truthful as the daylight," and only "too lively to be quiet." The climax of his "scrapes" came one day, when high spirits so far got the better of him that in the midst of study time he crowed aloud like a cock—"Uck-kuck-kuck kuck koo-oo-oo!"—for no earthly reason except that he was wildly happy. He had not thought of the consequences at all, and they were fearful; for the whole school-room was in a roar, and it was difficult to silence the laughter or continue the lesson. Our friend Dick was reported to the president, and was so severely rated for his idleness, and heard such terrible threats, that he was near breaking down and collapsing altogether. He struggled very hard, and only wept afterward. He was thirteen, he remembered,—thirteen and a half! At that age Dick thought one ought to be able to bear one's troubles with the self-control of an Indian, even if they hurt acutely.

"Dear Uncle Jerome," he wrote to Beechwood, "I sent last week's letter to the *pater* and *mater*, so this week I can

write to you. I am getting on—" Here the uncle turned the page of the letter hopefully, and his jaw fell. He thought it was going to be, "I am getting on very well," which every boy says in his letter. But it was, "I am getting on very badly. I am going to begin to do better on Monday. There was not much use in beginning again on Friday and Saturday, because that was the end of the week, and the row was on Thursday.

"I am so glad to hear that Tom the gypsy has come to Beechwood! Tell him to keep the stable warm and to be good to Punch,—but I know he will be good to all the horses and the motor cars. I would like Mrs. Bonny to make a large cake, with icing on top, and give it to Tom, and he could give a chunk to Punch. He must take him out every day, for fear of getting too fat. His mane and tail must grow long. When I come at Christmas, I hope you will let him have a hat with a cockade and a red waistcoat and top-boots. Your affec. nephew, Dick.

"P. S.—It is now fifty-four days to the holidays,—that is, one thousand two hundred and ninety-six hours. I forgot to say I like the gym. We have trapezes, and swing like monkeys; and we have boxing and vaulting and climbing. Indian clubs are slow, and so is drill. I was in the Junior cricket eleven, and now I am in the Junior football when it does not rain,—but it always does, so we have free gym instead. D. W."

This was the boy who came back to Beechwood for Christmas, to fling himself into the arms of his happy mother and father, to be embraced by Uncle Jerome, to receive everybody's welcome.

There was a huge wood fire in the oak-panelled room that was called the "Hall." The rugs were spread in front of it, and the carved chairs were placed in a half-circle, and the tea-table with its white cloth and china and silver. Everything was ready; everything was like home.

"I am afraid I did not get on very

well," said Dick, as the faithful Williams took his gloves and cap and overcoat, and the returned schoolboy looked with frank inquiry at the dear faces of his father and his mother. "It was quite different from the other school—the little school, you know. But it's very jolly. Perhaps I'll get into it better next time."

"Into what?" says Uncle Jerome. "Into mischief? You were always a great hand at getting into that. Well, school is not all books, my boy: you are there to get rid of your faults, and to have your ability and your character brought out. *Educare* is 'to draw out.' You'll be all right yet."

"We can only try," said his sweet mother, with an encouraging hand on his shoulder; "and I am sure Dick really tries."

"Do you, honestly, — eh, Dick?" asked his father.

"They say I am very *trying* sometimes," answered Dick, with a twinkle in the blue eyes.

And even the stately Williams was near laughing, though it was his business not to move a muscle of his face.

"If you please, sir," the butler said, "the new stableman is outside and wants so much to see Master Dick."

"Oh, yes!" cried Dick. "It is old Tom! I'm coming. May I go? I'll be back like a shot."

In the stable yard he found a big, strong man hardly to be recognized as the gypsy. He was working in his shirt sleeves, and he received Master Dick with a broad smile and a shout of delight. Dick shook the large, rough hand heartily.

"Good old Tom! I am so glad you have come to us! Isn't it jolly here?"

Of course it was "jolly" for Tom. He had learned during these last roving years that it was better to have work and a roof over his head than to be free in the country and to starve in the winter.

Dick had never forgotten that day of thunder and hail when the gypsy lad came, soaking wet, tapping at the back

door with a message from some one who was dying. So he told his old friend of that chance meeting with Lolo,—how beautifully she played, and how she wore her medal yet. Tom remembered everything, of course,—poor old granny in the tent, and the dear little girl that would get hold of the fiddle whenever its owner was out of sight.

"And so you found her again! Well, I wish I could see her," said Tom. "And I hope they're good to her, wherever she is, or I'd like to tuck up my sleeves—I would—and knock 'em all down."

His black eyes flashed, and there is no doubt if he could have seen Pedro de Selvas and known all about him, he would have dealt very roughly with "fahzer," and galloped off with Lolo just as he did with Dick long ago. But, you see, they knew nothing about the De Selvas family, and Dick had heard only that Lolo was to be a fine lady, and was to play at concerts and make heaps of money.

"She'll be too grand to speak to me, if ever I pay a sixpence for a seat at the back," said Tom.

"No, she won't," replied Dick,—“not Lolo! And she is awfully poor yet. She had no shoes on, and wore a dirty red frock."

"Then I'd like to hammer the folks that took her,—I would," said Tom fervently, thinking of the gentleman who gave five pounds to the gypsies for the "prodigy." "Come and see Punch, sir. There he is, looking out of the stable door. He knows your voice, Master Dick. And thanks you for the cake! Mrs. Bonny made it. She said she couldn't refuse you nothing. I never got such *kushto habben* in my life. I gave Punch some fair and square."

"Tom, will you teach me gypsy language, now you are here?"

"Is it Rommany, sir?"

"Yes; do you call it Rommany?"

"That's what it is, sir. I will, sir; but I forget so much of it. We keep it a secret to ourselves; and I've lived away from

the others a long time now. I was on my own knocking about; and when things got very bad, I remembered the gentleman's kind words and came to his door. Well, here is Punch now, and he is a *gry*. I remember that much. You used to be a *bitti chavo*, but you're growing a big lad now, Master Dick."

Those were the best holidays Dick Winston ever had. Father and mother and Uncle Jerome, Punch and Tom, dear old Mrs. Bonny, and everyone in the house, to be glad at his coming! What a welcome they gave him, and what a splendid time he had! Frost was sparkling on the ground, and a thousand stars were shining and twinkling above, when the house party—cousins and aunts and all—went out in the night across the park to Midnight Mass. Dick was a bit tired, for he and Tom had put up the evergreens all round the hall and across the gallery; but in the evening he had taken a long rest. And now it was Christmas indeed, with frost and stars and Midnight Mass. Nothing was wanting in those holidays at Beechwood. He had his nearest and dearest—his father and mother,—heaps of presents, any amount of riding, and more skating than is usually to be had in an English winter; for at the New Year a hard frost came and the ice was perfect. There were plenty of friends, too. The boys and girls were always coming over from Gorsefield, and the hall rang with fun and laughter, music and merrymaking.

And far away there was a solitary child in a London house who had nothing at all!

Over a music shop in an old-fashioned street, quite in the middle of the town, was a top floor "let furnished"; and for many hours every day during the autumn and winter the sounds of a violin came from that top floor. People, going into the shop below, asked who was playing, and were surprised to hear it was only a little girl,—yes, really, a child in a short frock! Tone like a man! Yes, wonderful! The most marvellous power!

The most brilliant technique! Well, of course, she simply lives with her fiddle in her hand. Oh, but you can't see her! Even her name is not to be given. We can tell you this much: she is Spanish. She has lessons from one of the great men, and he is amazed. They are going abroad soon—to Prague.

"Prague," said a frivolous customer, "where the prodigies come from!"

It was no wonder that Uncle Jerome's inquiries had failed at all the concert agents and at the great schools of music. "Lolo Woods" had never been heard of. This was Dolores de Selvas, and even her name was to be kept a secret for some time to come.

The little player had told no one yet that her arm had begun to ache again. Sometimes she went to the window, to rest a little, looking down into the street below, which was generally wet and rainy. Then she would begin again, called back by a shout from the next room, where "fahzer" was lying smoking on his bed. If she gave up an intricate study in despair, he would come to the door and look in to criticise:

"Go on,—go on! That's too little. It is like a mouse in a cupboard. Now for a fat tone—broad, round! Did the professor tell you to hold up your little finger like that? All right, then. Go on,—all over again!"

One day Lolo's hand fell with the bow, and she began to cry.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I've got a toothache in my arm!"

Poor child! she knew what neuralgic pains were, and what an ache in the arm was; and this was the best way of describing that weary thread of pain, sometimes dull, sometimes acute.

Pedro de Selvas turned from the room, with a growl of vexation.

"Do you think she is pretending?" he said to his wife.

"No," answered the wife. "I have noticed her stopping before. She wants to go on, and she cries because she can't.

I am afraid the child is no good,—no use for professional work."

"A bad job!" said the man. "It looks like it."

The specialist was consulted again, and he told them their doom. It would be impossible for this child to be a professional player—not the star of the first magnitude they meant to make her; and, unless she could be a star of the first magnitude, she was "no good" to Pedro de Selvas. The long hours of persistent work, day after day, month after month, would always break down her health. She would have neuritis, she would be a wreck.

After coming back, they decided that it was all over. The great doctor had been positive. He left them no hope. He had even become angry, and told them they should not ruin their child's health to produce a prodigy. There was something in her that required an open-air life. A "professional" always practising! Nonsense! It could not be done. The sooner that idea was given up, the better.

So Pedro de Selvas said again that it was "a bad job." The speculation was all over,—it was down like a house of cards.

"And what are we to do with her?" asked Madame de Selvas.

She did not notice that Lolo, having put away her hat, was coming in at the door.

"Leave her; she has no claim on us."

"But how shall we get rid of her?"

Lolo had shrunk away. She did not want to hear more; she fled.

They went on talking. They had not noticed her looking in.

"We can leave here, and go to Monte Carlo," the man said. "I know a system that would rake in a fortune." (He was thinking of the gambling tables.) "Just after Christmas would be the time to go."

"But we must have money to travel."

"I shall have plenty of money to-morrow. I shall sell her fiddle."

Lolo had not meant to listen, and by

chance she had heard too much. The shock was bewildering. They were thinking of going away and leaving her.

But the next day they seemed to have forgotten. She was not to practise, but there was work to be done in the house. "Muzzer" gave her good advice first:

"Don't break the cups, and don't spill the coals, and don't leave the broom where I shall tumble over it."

And so Dolores de Selvas changed into Cinderella, and had no fairy godmother.

(To be continued.)

Ennobled through a Turkey.

While it is quite possible that our young readers have sometimes heard the fowl which occupies the place of honor on the dinner table at Thanksgiving time referred to as a "noble bird," it is not probable that they know how appropriately that phrase might have been applied to a turkey gobbler which lived and strutted and — was eaten at Alençon, France, in the days of King Henry IV.

That somewhat democratic, free-and-easy monarch, a few days before the Battle of Ivry (March 14, 1590), arrived in Alençon one evening, incognito, and called at the residence of an officer who was particularly devoted to his King. The officer chanced to be absent; but his wife, who did not know the King, received him as one of the principal officers of the army, and all the more readily as he stated that he was a particular friend of her husband's. As it drew toward twilight, however, the King saw what he believed to be some traces of anxiety on the countenance of his hostess, and he questioned her about it.

"What is there wrong, Madame? Does my presence inconvenience you? I find you less at ease than you appeared an hour ago. Speak frankly, and rest assured that I don't wish to give you any trouble."

"Sir," came the reply, "I will candidly avow my embarrassment. This is

Thursday. If you are at all familiar with our province, you will not be surprised at my difficulty in providing for you such a supper as I should like to prepare. I have had the whole town searched for meat, and there is absolutely none to be had; hence my despair. One of my neighbors, it is true, has a fat turkey that he would willingly let me have; but—he wants to eat his share of it."

"Well, that's natural enough," interrupted the King.

"Your pardon, sir! The neighbor in question is only a common artisan, whom I should not dream of inviting to sit at table with you. Still, he clings to his turkey so strongly that, despite all my offers, he will give it to me only at his own price—his helping to eat it."

"Perhaps this fellow is not too disagreeable a person—"

"Oh, no, sir! He's the jolliest fellow in our quarter of the city. Moreover, he's thoroughly honest, a good Frenchman, a zealously Royalist, and quite well-to-do."

"Why, then, Madame, let him come. My appetite is growing strong; and, even if your neighbor should prove a bore—as, from what you tell me, I feel sure he will not,—still, supper with him is better than no supper at all."

The artisan, Jean Thibeau, was notified, and forthwith appeared with his turkey all ready for roasting. While that operation was taking place, Thibeau fully justified the lady's account of him. He told several good stories, recounted the gossip of the town with considerable humor, displayed not a little wit in his replies to the observations of the King,—in fact, amused the latter so well that, although Henry was all but famishing, he awaited supper without the slightest sign of impatience.

At table Thibeau's gaiety was redoubled. He kept the King laughing heartily; and the more successful were his sallies, the more droll and comical they became. When the meal was finished, however, and Henry was about to arise,

the artisan suddenly threw himself at his feet.

"Pardon, Sire!" he begged. "To-day is surely the proudest day of my life. I recognized your Majesty when you came in here. I was fortunate enough to know you, but I said nothing of it to any one, not even your hostess. Pardon, Sire, for the liberty I have taken! I wished merely to amuse you for a while."

Henry told him to get up, but the shrewd Jean still remained kneeling.

"No, Sire," he replied with an affectedly serious air. "The honor of my sovereign is precious to me. I will never be able to think without sorrow of how that honor has been tarnished if it becomes known that you admitted to your table such a man as me, of so low birth. I see only one way of preventing such a misfortune."

"And what is it?" asked the King.

"It is just to grant me letters of nobility, to make me a gentleman. Although an artisan, I'm a good Frenchman, have a heart as generous as most men, and, on the whole, I really think I'm worthy of such a favor."

"So be it!" said King Henry. "I ask nothing better. But if I make you a noble, what emblem will figure on your coat-of-arms?"

"Why, Sire, my turkey, of course! It has won for me so much honor that I could scarcely make a better choice."

"And, moreover, it must be said that it was decidedly succulent. Very well; have it your own way. You are herewith made a gentleman, and your scutcheon will bear a turkey rampant," said the King.

And, sure enough, up to the time of the great Revolution, Thibeaup's descendants were nobles, and the turkey figured permanently and prominently in their armorial bearings.

THE cat was originally brought from Persia, and was unknown to Pliny and the Roman writers. The term "puss" is thought to be a corruption of *Pers*.

A Favorite Painter.

Murillo, of all the painters, seems the universal favorite. His paintings of *St. Elizabeth* and *The Healing of the Paralytic* are rich in color and of singular beauty. He himself thought *The Charity of St. Thomas* was his best work. His picture of *The Madonna of the Napkin*, though executed hastily, as a present to a cook who begged some memorial of him, shows a face in which thought is happily blended with innocence; and the Divine Child, with His deep, earnest eyes, leans forward in His Mother's arms, struggling, as it were, almost out of the frame, as if to welcome St. Joseph home from his daily toil. The picture is executed with a brilliancy of touch never excelled; it glows with a golden light, as if the sun were also shining on the canvas. Another, *The Guardian Angel*, shows the chief figure in a rich yellow robe and purple mantle, pointing as he goes with the right hand to heaven, and with the other leading a lovely child—the emblem of the soul passing through the pilgrimage of this world. Never was an allegory more sweetly told than in this picture. But Murillo's best-known works are probably his beautiful paintings of the Immaculate Conception, which have been so widely copied that they must be familiar to almost every Catholic in the whole world. In his native Spain he is often called the Painter of the Immaculate Conception.

In his numerous pictures of our Blessed Mother Murillo's celestial attendants are among the loveliest cherubs ever represented on canvas. Hovering in the sunny air, reposing on clouds, or sporting amongst their silvery folds, these ministering shapes add life and movement to the picture. Some of them bear large white lilies, others, roses, sprays of olive, and palm boughs. As a painter of children, Murillo has caught with matchless insight all the nameless ways and graces of the bright-eyed Andalusian boys and girls whom he loved to depict.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The "Catholic Home Annual" for 1915 (Benziger Brothers), besides the useful information proper to year-books, contains a large amount of interesting reading matter and numerous pictures, large and small. This popular annual is now in its 32d year.

—A reproduction in colors of a painting of Benedict XV., by John F. Kaufman, is just ready by Benziger Brothers. It is said to be an exact likeness. The size, without margin, is 18x24 inches. Suitably framed and hung high, this picture will be highly appreciated.

—"The English Parish Church, an Account of the Chief Building Types and of their Materials during Nine Centuries," is the title of a new work by the Rev. Dr. Charles Cox. It is fully illustrated from photographs, including a special series of plans. Messrs. Batsford are the publishers.

—The very interesting series of tributes, by non-Catholics, to Catholic principles and practices which Benjamin Francis Musser contributed, some months ago, to the *New York Freeman's Journal* has been reprinted by B. Herder in the form of a handsome 12mo of 360 pages, with the title, "Outside the Walls." It forms a splendid armory in which may be found very effective weapons against oldtime and present-day attacks on the Church; and a good index facilitates the finding.

—P. J. Kenedy & Sons publish "Why Are You Not A Sodalist?" and "Why I Became a Sodalist," 16mo brochures of 32 and 48 pages respectively. Both little works are by the Rev. E. Hemon, S. J., and the English translation has been edited by the Rev. E. Mullan, S. J. They constitute practical devotional reading. A smaller brochure from the same publishing house is a short but interesting "Life of St. Angela." This story of the foundress of the Ursulines is by a member of that Order.

—New calendars lately received include the "Mission Calendar of the Society of the Divine Word" (dedicated to all its friends and benefactors), each sheet of which presents a small religious picture, with an appropriate quotation from Scripture or some pious author, relating to the salvation of souls; and the "Catholic Calendar," compiled and published by the literature committee of Mt. Carmel Guild, Buffalo, N. Y., and sold (price 60 cts.) for the benefit of the charitable works of the Guild.

There is a thought in prose or verse, selected from a great variety of sources, for each day; and the weekly pages, elegantly printed, are fastened with an ornamental cord and put up in a neat box.

—"The Priest's Daily Manna," a 16mo of almost six hundred pages, resembles, in its thin paper, gilt edges, flexible leather cover, and cardboard casing, a volume of the Breviary; but its contents are short points of meditation for every day in the year by James Canon Schmidt, D. D., translated by Canon Cafferata. While the work is well known in its original Latin to many priests, this English version, considerably abridged and in more convenient form, will be warmly welcomed. Published by B. Herder.

—The Bulletin of the Catholic Educational Association, in its current quarterly issue of over four hundred pages, presents the report of the proceedings and addresses of the eleventh annual meeting of the Association. Several of the more important of the papers here preserved have already appeared in the press and received due comment. In the aggregate they form a valuable contribution to the general literature of education. This volume is a splendid index of the extent, method, and spirit of a work which history will perhaps regard as our chiefest glory—our school system. The Bulletin is a credit to its editor.

—Master Augustine Henry Watts, aged fourteen, at Ushaw, the *Alma Mater* of Francis Thompson, is writing verse that bids fair to couple his name in time with that of his illustrious academic forbear. Master Watts, by the way, as the grandson of Coventry Patmore, should be to the manner born. We have seen much war verse with far less inspiration than these lines by the young collegian:

Mourn them but with sorrow light
Who have fallen in the fight;
They whose crimson gore has sealed
The issue of the battlefield.
Theirs is only fame and glory,—
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!

Set them at no common rate
Who have saved their country's fate;
They whose blood has gained salvation,
Outpoured for the mother nation.
They have recked not: hear their story,—
Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!

Through the days and through the nights
They have fought their children's fights
They have fought for other's gain,

For another's life been slain.
 Theirs is fame and theirs is glory,—
 Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!

Mourn ye, therefore, not the brave
 Who have found a glorious grave;
 Let them sweetly lie at rest
 On the field which they loved best.
 There their graves may tell their story,—
 Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!

—From an interesting article on the literature of typography, contributed to the current number of the *Inland Printer* by Mr. Henry Lewis Bullen, we learn that as many as thirty-eight printing establishments were active in Rome from 1464 to 1500. (In 1461 there were only five in the whole world.) "Ulric Hahn (Rome, 1467-1478) produced in one year 3000 books. In the preface to one of them his editor says: 'Having compassion on the poverty of the poor and considering the scarcity of the rich, Hahn is resolved to make books after a careful revision of their texts by learned men.' John Philip de Lignamine (Rome, 1470-1486) printed forty books, in one of which, 'Cronica Pontificum Imperatorum' (1474), he gives an account of the invention of printing, honoring Gutenberg, Fust and Mentel." In 1501 the "art preservative" was being fostered in seventy-three Italian cities. We owe to Italy the first books in Greek and Hebrew types.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.

"Round About Home." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$4.

"Oddsfish!" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.

"The Education of Character." Rev. M. S. Gillet, O. P. 85 cts.

"The Ideal of the Monastic Life." Dom Germain Morin, O. S. B. \$1.25.

"The Priest's Daily Manna." James Canon Schmidt, D. D. \$1.80.

"Outside the Walls." B. F. Musser. \$1.25.

"An American Crusoe." A. Hyatt Verrill. \$1.25.

"The Prophet's Wife." Anna C. Browne. \$1.25.

"Outlines of the World's Literature." Harold Binns. \$2.25.

"Venerable Pierre Eymard." Rev. E. Tenailon. S. S. S. 75 cts.

"The Red Ascent." Esther W. Neill. \$1.

"Lucita: A Child's Story of Old Mexico." Ruth Gaines.

"What Think You of Christ?" Francis Cahusac, M. A. 35 cts.

"Simplicity According to the Gospel." Mgr. De Gibergues. 60 cts.

"The World Missions of the Catholic Church." Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D. 25 cts.

"Trees and Other Poems." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.

"The Century of Columbus." Dr. James J. Walsh. \$3.50.

"An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen." Martin Haile. \$6.

"The Poet." Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30, net.

"Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim." Rev. S. M. Giraud. \$1.50.

"A Layman's Retreat." Henry Owen-Lewis. \$1.25.

"The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola." Fr. Elder Mullan, S. J. 65 cts.

"The Conversion of Caesare Putti." W. Hall-Patch. 35 cts.

"The Little Florentine." H. de Charlieu. \$1.25.

"The Story of St. Dominic." Marie St. S. Ellerker. 35 cts.

"Meditations on the Rosary." A Brother of the Little Oratory. 35 cts.

"Our Failings." Fr. S. Von Oer, O. S. B. \$1.10.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. Aloysius De Maio, of the diocese of Columbus; Rev. John Maher, C. M.; and Rev. George Jaskulski, O. M. C.

Mr. Joseph Reiter, Mrs. August Adriansen, Mr. William Curran, Mr. Henry C. Filler, Mrs. Maud Hyde, Mr. F. J. Huot, Mr. Francis Barnes, Mr. Patrick Reynolds, Mr. John Bayne, Mrs. Mary B. Murphy, Miss C. V. Ryan, Mrs. Mary Hamilton, Mr. Herman Geers, Mr. Purcell J. O'Connor, Mr. James Husbands, Mrs. M. Manley, Mr. Henry Ludwig, Mrs. Anne Riley, Mr. Philip Roeder, Mr. John F. Murphy; Mrs. Mary Albert, and Mr. Henry Earner.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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For the Immaculate Conception.

BY THE REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

O MARY, fair He maketh things,
The God that fashioned thee!
I saw the white of sea-birds' wings
Above a white-capped sea;
I saw the white leaves of a rose
Fall at the feet of June;
I saw the weaving of the snows,
Wraith-like, beneath the moon.
But whiter white are angels' wings,
And canst thou whiter be?
Who doubts, the God that maketh things
Hath kept His best for thee?

A Memory of Sixty Years.

BY MRS. EDMUND FFOULKES.

ON the 7th of December, 1854, just sixty years ago, I arrived in Rome, for the first time, with my mother and my brother, having posted from Florence. Our visit there had been saddened by the news of the battle of the Alma. My brother, a captain in the Royal Artillery, used to go out daily for news of the killed and wounded. One morning he came back sorrowfully, saying, "I have lost nine friends." He had been quartered at Chester with one of the regiments (the 23d), which had suffered very severely.

Generally, we travelled in Italy by *vetturino*,—that is, a carriage at one of

the large towns to take one to the next point. These carriages were large and comfortable, holding four inside, the luggage going on the roof and at the back. A large hooded seat in front held the courier and the driver. These drivers were as a rule excellent men, and very obliging. One made a compact with them beforehand as to the amount of payment for the journey, and also what they were to receive as a *buona mano*, or present. There were regular halting places on the great roads for lunch, dinner, and sleeping, notice being generally sent on to make preparations. The usual journey was about forty miles a day, beginning often as early as seven o'clock in the morning. The midday halt gave one time, while the horses rested, to see the town or village, with its church and other buildings of interest; to learn something of the people and their ways, and to sketch or collect flowers as fancy might suggest. A good-natured driver would even stop for a few minutes on the road for these purposes.

Then there were exciting episodes, such as crossing torrents that had suddenly filled their rocky beds, when the carriage had to be left, to lighten it while it was dragged over the rough stones, and the passengers had to submit to be carried across by strong men who were in waiting. There came also steep ascents, when extra horses had to be taken or sometimes oxen, whose owners refreshed themselves at the summit, saying, "*Buon viaggio!*"* as they gave their thanks for their payment. It was all very delightful, and

* "A good journey to you!"

gave one some knowledge of Italy, instead of as now, seeing and knowing nothing of many great towns but a railway station.

But time was an object on this particular journey from Florence to Rome. My brother's leave of absence from his quarters at Corfu (then a British possession) was expiring, and we wished him to have as many days as possible in Rome, knowing, as it proved, that the dark cloud of the Crimean war might shorten those days. We were five days getting from Florence to Rome: it might have been four had we not given up half a day to seeing the beautiful Falls of Terni. Now, the journey is made in six or seven hours, the best trains going at night, when one sees nothing of the country.

We slept our first night at Arezzo, and my brother and I went out next morning almost in the dark to the cathedral, and felt a thrill in being for the first time conscious of seeing the tomb of a Pope, that of his Holiness Gregory X. The next night we were dragged up into Perugia by oxen, the moon shining on the grand old town and its fortifications, now destroyed,—a most picturesque remembrance.

On our third night at Terni, we first felt that Rome was a living reality. It was a cold evening, and the wood fire at our inn did not burn well, the people apologizing that the bellows had gone to Rome to be mended! Then there *was* such a place, with a practical life and an ironmonger,—not merely a dream!

The last night, December 6, we passed at Civita Castellana, where Gasparoni, a famous brigand, was imprisoned for life. We heard that travellers sometimes obtained permission to see him; and in these cases he was "advised" to say nothing of his relationship to H. E. Cardinal Antonelli,—probably, if true, his powerful *cugino* had saved him from the penalty of death.

All through our journey there had been some fear of brigands, and we chose the

Perugia route to Rome instead of a shorter one by Siena, as the latter just then was said to be very unsafe. The 7th of December was a "pouring wet" day. As we drove through the Campagna, the mounted shepherds, with their sheepskin trousers, looked quite in keeping with the wild, desolate landscape.

Then came *the* supreme moment of the long journey. The postilions made a sign to my brother, who turned to us from the hooded seat in front, and pointed silently to his right. Through the mist we saw the great dome, the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles, the centre of Christendom. Only one day in one's life could be greater,—that one, if it were granted, when one's feet might stand "within thy courts, O Jerusalem!"

On we went through the rain to the Porta del Popolo, along the Flaminian Way; and soon we were in the Hotel de l'Europe, on the Piazza di Spagna. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and my mother most kindly asked if we two would prefer to go down at once to St. Peter's. But we saw she would not like to be left alone, and we declined. I remember her saying how dreadful it was that one's first *idéas* in Rome should be to have a good fire and a good dinner. But so it was.

After the meal was over, my brother went out to see some friends who were in another hotel. He very soon came back, having heard from them that there was to be a great function at St. Peter's next morning,—that, as it was called by Protestants, the "new" Dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was to be proclaimed by his Holiness Pius IX. We had been travelling for some weeks, often without seeing newspapers, and we had only a vague idea of having read that there was to be a great gathering of bishops in Rome, but when or for what purpose we knew not. My brother told us that our friends, who had been some days in Rome, had heard that one ought to

be in St. Peter's at eight in the morning; that, if we went, he must be in evening dress, and we in black with veils. My mother at once said that she should not attempt to face the crowds that were sure to be there. But what was to be done? All our heavy luggage had gone by sea from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, and had not yet arrived. My brother had only a travelling suit, and I a colored dress. But my mother was, as usual, wearing a black silk, and into that it was settled I should be *sewn* (as her matronly figure made it much too large for me); and a black veil was found. My brother consulted a waiter, and somehow an evening dress suit was procured for him.

I begged that we might be in St. Peter's by seven o'clock next morning, to make sure of places. And here I say most emphatically that *no* tickets were needed. St. Peter's then was free to all. Rome was Rome, with no railroads in the Papal States. On the north there was a bit of iron rail between Siena and Florence; and on the south, another bit from Capua to Naples. Therefore, there was no mob of tourists, no Cook's travellers, and I can not remember hearing of any pilgrimages, such as now add to the population.

Soon after six in the morning on December 8, we drove through Rome, almost in the dark, by a very roundabout route to St. Peter's; for the first thing that I remember noticing was the magnificent Fontana Sisto, which then stood on one's left at the corner of the street leading to the Ponte Sisto. Such a grand volume of water rushing down amongst the dark old houses,—so different from what it is now on the other side of the Tiber, to which it was moved to make room for modern "improvements"! It is said that every stone was moved and replaced as it was; but those stones have been scraped and cleaned, and glare at one from amongst their new surroundings; and there seems to be

much less water. We crossed by the Ponte Sisto; and I believe the reason of our long *détour* was that the Ponte Sant' Angelo, the direct route, was kept clear for the cardinals' and bishops' carriages; the modern bridges and the hideous suspension bridge not, of course, existing.

Then, as in a dream, we were in St. Peter's, dim and mysterious in the light of dawn. As soon as we reached the transept on the right, we were received by a most courteous *cameriere*, one of his Holiness' chamberlains; and he at once put me into an excellent place in a raised tribune. He was in his beautiful state dress of black velvet, large ruff, and gold chain. I was unprepared to see such a personage; and, somehow—I hardly know why,—I thought of Sir Walter Raleigh.

There were very few people already in the great Basilica; but amongst the few in the tribune were some Catholic ladies, devoutly following Low Masses being said below in side chapels that were still nearly dark. And behind me I was soon sadly cognizant of English ladies, Protestant, who discussed a party of a night before, where there had not been "men enough," with further remarks on the Roman social world, marriages, fortunes, etc.

Gradually the space below filled with a wonderful crowd in every sort of costume: prelates in violet; monks in black, grey, brown; religious women; the Swiss Guard of his Holiness in the quaint party-colored dress designed, it is said, by Michael Angelo; diplomats, in various dresses, going to their specially reserved places; English and Scotch officers in their uniforms,—just a moving mass of bright colors and picturesque figures. How I remember noticing the contrast,—the mundane dresses of many side by side with monks!

At last the great procession began to move slowly in, chanting as it came. It seemed very simple,—no grand processional crosses or banners such as we saw

later on in the great procession of Corpus Domini, but a long line of cardinals, archbishops and bishops, all in copes of white and silver tissue, with large white mitres. They walked, having in some cases a book in their hands; in others, the hands were folded finger to finger, with a large ring sparkling on each right hand. Last of all was his Holiness Pope Pius IX., walking under a very plain canopy of white tissue, and wearing a beautiful tiara, which seemed of silver with the three crowns in gold and jewels. This was presented to him for the occasion by the then Queen of Spain, Isabella II. His name and the names of all those prelates are commemorated on marble tablets in St. Peter's; and may they all be resting in Paradise, for I can hardly think that one of them is still living.

Pope Pius took his seat on a white throne. My brother was below me on the floor of St. Peter's, and could move about; thus he was near enough to see the cardinals all come and kiss the Fisherman's ring, while the bishops kissed the foot.

The magnificent and complicated Pontifical High Mass began. I was very ignorant, though longing for wisdom. I had no book and no one to help me, thus I can not tell at what point of the service the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was sung, the congregation joining. I have been asked if it was not very thrilling, but I grieve not to be able to recall it. After that, the Dogma was proclaimed by his Holiness from his throne. "*New*," as it was called, it was not: the Immaculate Conception was everywhere believed by Catholics; and in Spain for centuries that belief formed part of a constant greeting between friends,—one saying, "*Ave Maria, gratia plena*"; the response being, "*Senza peccado concepito*."* The Holy Father's voice was strong and clear; he was much moved, and was seen to put a handkerchief to his eyes, and to

wave the document he held emphatically.

When all was over, the Holy Father took a seat resting on poles, and was borne out by twelve men in crimson brocades, the beautiful peacock feather fans on each side, blessing as he went,—a contrast to his almost penitential entrance on foot. He paused at the Coro Chapel, where the Canons of St. Peter's say their Office; and some arrangement was made by which he was able to place a crown on the picture of Our Lady over the altar.

When we came out into the brilliant Roman sunshine, the great Piazza was full. Every carriage in Rome seemed to be there, except our own; and our Belgian servant was not to be found. But it was worth while being on foot, and thus able to move about, and to see the cardinals' state carriages,—grand, swirring vehicles, with gilt and carved figures, cherubs, etc., at the back, beautifully painted with red panels as a ground for figures of Justice, Faith, Hope, etc.; and the plumed horses with crimson trappings. Where are they all now? The last I saw of them was two of these panels forming part of two fine cabinets in the charming house at Oxford of the late Mr. Hartewell de la Garde Grissell, chamberlain to their Holinesses Popes Leo XIII. and Pius X. These panels had been part of the carriage of his Eminence Cardinal Altieri, who died of the cholera caught when devotedly caring for the people of his diocese of Albano.

We walked home, not feeling it the least cold in our slight raiment. I suppose we came through the Via Condotti, for it seemed a long straight line to our hotel. There we found that our servant had gone back, after leaving us at St. Peter's, to see if my mother wanted anything, and on returning failed to find us in the great crowd.

In the evening we drove again to see the marvellous illumination of the great church,—a sight which this generation

* "*Hail Mary, full of grace*."—"Conceived without sin."

has never seen. It stood as if formed of fire, and then at a special moment it seemed to melt and reform, the effect being produced by a number of new and larger lights being lit. Later on, I once saw the illumination from Albano, fourteen miles away, when St. Peter's seemed hung in the sky. Afterward we drove all over Rome; and that, so far as I remember, was the only time it was illuminated from end to end,—from the palaces to the poorest dwellings. Almost every window and every door in every street was marked out in light. This effect was produced by lanterns of common white paper, on each of which was a print of the Madonna Immacolata, a piece of clay at the bottom holding a candle. The Eternal City seemed built of alabaster. I have no recollection of any designs or of any use of gas: it was all one pure soft light. What a contrast to the few little lights that the faithful now sometimes venture to put into their windows on a Roman *fiesta* of the Church! But they must be high up and safe from the stones of the unfaithful of modern "United" Italy.

I much wished to possess one of these little lanterns, and one was procured for me from the convent of the Capuchin Friars of Santa Maria della Concezione, in the Piazza Barberini. I treasured it for many years, and at last I was allowed to present it to the Franciscan Capuchin college now happily founded near Oxford, the Father Guardian graciously accepting the little relic of that great day.

All the churches in Rome in turn had a triduo, or three days of thanksgiving, for the proclamation of the Dogma, that, as I have said, had been everywhere believed long before the words came from the lips of Pope Pius IX. But there were curious ideas even amongst the faithful Italians as to what had happened on that great day in December. A French Catholic friend told me that on that evening he heard two peasant women talking together. One asked: "*Cosa ha fatto il*

Santo Padre oggi?" The other replied: "*Ha permessas alla Madonna d'andar senza il Bambino.*"* The good woman had, of course, seen the pictures and medals in which Mary stands alone without her Divine Son.

We remained in Rome for two winters, living there for more than six months each time. One of the last sights that I saw in 1856, before I sorrowfully left it, was the French soldiers, then part of the army occupying Rome, dragging through the Corso the pillar that now stands in the Piazza di Spagna, to commemorate the great act of December 8, 1854. I remember how we used to go to Tenerani's and other studios to see the carving of the statues of the Prophets which now surround the base.

Once more, after many years, I was again in Rome, in the Jubilee year of 1904, paying the prescribed visits to S. Maria Maggiore. One was allowed to pay one of the three visits to each of the three great basilicas, S. Giovanni Laterano, S. Pietro, and S. Maria Maggiore, or all three to one church. I feel that it was the blessing that followed that first great day in Rome in my youth that made me no more a stranger in those churches.

I had hoped to finish that Jubilee year in Rome, and to be allowed to be present at the great commemoration to take place in St. Peter's on December 8. But it was ordained otherwise. In September, before returning to England, I found myself at Frascati, passing some weeks in the charming and hospitable convent of the French Sisters of St. Charles Borromeo. And there I learned that, in different Italian dioceses, the local commemoration of the Jubilee was to take place before the real day, so that the cardinals, archbishops and bishops might be free to be in Rome on the great day.

* "What has the Holy Father done to-day?"—"He has given permission to the Madonna to go without her Child."

His Eminence Cardinal Satolli, Bishop of Frascati, had appointed Sunday, September 18, for the celebration in Frascati; and there in the cathedral, redolent with the memories of the last of our Catholic sovereigns, I assisted at Mass amongst the simple devout Italian peasants. A different scene from the grand spectacle in St. Peter's fifty years before, but one with it in faith, in hope, and in love.

The Mossy Garden.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

IV.

PRISCILLA was startled. Her hand trembled as she stuck the needle in the embroidered poppies, and left it. The grey-bearded philosopher leaning, hat in hand against the summer-house doorpost, was waiting for an answer. Why did Dr. Fritz ask about the Mother of Christ? It was embarrassing. At the zinc Tabernacle they had always "put her aside." At last she found hesitating words.

"Of course she was highly favored, but—but—there is next to nothing known about her."

"Not in your Bible!" He was surprised and disappointed. "I was hoping I had a subject for my next monograph."

Priscilla smiled at his mistake.

"You will find in the Bible," she answered, "that we are to think only of Christ."

"Then," asked Dr. Fritz, "where did the artists get their inspiration from?"

"They painted in the dark ages," said Priscilla.

If he had been speaking to any one else but Sibyl's sister, Dr. Fritz would have had something to say about the *bright* ages of art. He saw that the discussion troubled her, and he began to talk of her needlework instead.

"What exquisite colors you use! What is this beautiful thing to be when it is

finished? I wish women would wear dresses embroidered with poppies."

And so they talked no more of the dark or of the bright ages, but only of artistic handicraft and flowers.

On Sunday morning he tried again to hear of his possible heroine. He was in the village street, where the Applesworth folk were walking with a stiff consciousness of best clothes. Children were about in bright colors; they had been mostly told not to run because it was Sunday. The chime of the parish church was ringing gaily, shaking the low, square tower where once the bell rang thrice a day, and for Mass, and for "the sacking." The zinc Tabernacle was calling too, quickly, persistently, with a tin sound. Most of the Applesworth people never went to church or chapel. The men smoked at the cottage gates, or read of all the violence of the week in the Sunday paper. The best of them took the children and the dog for a walk, while the wife cooked the dinner. The "Pig and Harrow" and the two other "licensed houses" were closed except to travellers, such as cyclists. The sun was in a cloudless heaven, and for most of the people nothing mattered except a long sleep and roast meat with baked potatoes.

It was on this summer Sunday morning of an English village that Dr. Fritz met Molly in the street. He waved his hat, with a glance at the sky.

"Splendid morning, isn't it? All gold and blue! But I must not keep you, Molly: you have had no breakfast."

"Yes," the girl said, "I have had breakfast at Barford. I am in no hurry."

So he turned back, and they walked up the grassy lane together. There was joy in her voice after her early journey and her two-mile walk; and something deeper than peace looked out of her eyes.

He asked if it was too early to talk of a study of his; and she was all cheerful readiness to listen.

"I want a subject," he said,—"a heroine out of poetry or drama or history;

imagination or reality. Who is your favorite heroine?"

"My favorite heroine?" repeated Molly. "Oh, she is real! But I wonder would you understand."

"I could try," said Dr. Fritz, with a playful smile.

"Of course, we Catholics look up to her always just like our Mother. I am thinking of the Blessed Virgin, the Mother of Our Lord."

Dr. Fritz stood for a moment in surprise.

"The very subject I had in my mind—the Mother of the Christ of Christians,—the Madonna of the picture galleries. Will you tell me about her?"

"Oh, it would take me all day to tell you, and all to-morrow!" Molly said, with the glowing face of love.

Here, thought Dr. Fritz, was the inspiration of the artists. He touched it now.

They wandered back to the house, and came out again with a handful of little red books, some in red paper, and one better bound but very worn. Still talking earnestly, they went along the green alley between the box hedges. And so they reached the open circular space, where mossy stones surrounded the sundial; and there they sat for the rest of the sunny morning, on the old seat shaded by the yew, among the drifting petals of the blush roses. The little red books were a penny edition of the four Gospels. The small worn volume, better bound, was Molly's prayer-book with fly-leaves at the end, covered with notes in exquisitely neat handwriting—the work of "a vanished hand."

"Certainly I want to study my subject thoroughly," said Dr. Fritz, in answer to Molly. He was in earnest, as befitted a German student. "You tell me I must know about Christ if I am to get any idea of the dignity of His Mother. Quite correct! One could not write a monograph about your King if one did not take the trouble to learn what the British Empire is. Nor could I write about the President at the White House if I did

not know what both worlds mean by the United States."

"Go on, Dr. Fritz!" said Molly, with an enthusiastic smile of encouragement. "You are on the right road." And she put the little volumes into his hands.

"Where am I to begin?" he asked.

The smile that had been almost laughter passed away from Molly's face. There was silence for a while. Only a bird called from the orchard, and a golden-belted bee went humming past. One could smell the leaves of the garden in the warm sunshine. A blue depth was overhead. And the sundial, not far from the seat, held up its motto cut in the discolored stone: "So—Flys—Lyfe—Away."

The girl's voice was almost a whisper of awe. During the silence she had been wondering how she could speak of mysteries so holy.

"We must begin," she said, "before there was any beginning—before there was any creation; when nothing had been made, not even the nebulous light; when there was only God, the Unbeginning, who never began, who had always been."

The eyes of the girl were looking unconsciously full into the face of the grey-bearded man. For the first time he was listening like a little child.

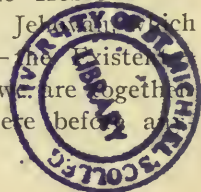
"You are speaking," he said, "of the Power that is behind the universe?"

She slightly bowed her forehead.

"Of course," he went on, "I know there must be Something—and of a magnitude inconceivable."

"And when or how could such a Power have begun?" said Molly, gently.

"Never. One is speaking of some First Cause. One can not get back to anything before It or beyond It," he answered, musing, almost thinking aloud. "If one grants such an Existence—and no reflecting man can deny it,—then one sinks into eternal depths. The Hebrews call Him 'I am,' do they not? Jehovah, which means simply 'I am!'—the One who is. So far we are together. The First Cause was there before a



thing else was, and must be Something unbeginning and unending. What unimaginable mysteries!"

"Is it any wonder that we find mysteries, when we talk of things so great?" said Molly. "Surely the wonder would be if we did not."

"Very true!" Dr. Fritz agreed. "I can not understand all the mysteries of this little lump of moss by the stone here at my feet. How could I understand Him, the Creative Force, the Eternal Intelligence—whatever we may dare to call Him! There *must* be depths and heights beyond our minds to measure. It is like looking over the edge of an abyss, only to think of the time when there was no world."

"Not the time," said Molly's voice, soft as a whisper,—*"the eternity."*

Dr. Fritz caught her meaning at once.

"Ah, yes, an abyss still more vast,—the eternity when there was as yet no glimmer of light or movement to begin the starry systems! The mind reels. How can one take these things in? How can one approach Him who is so far out of our human reach—invisible, inconceivable?"

The girl's finger was on the first word of the Gospel of St. John. Under her breath, with a sort of adoration, her lips said softly, *"In principio erat Verbum."* And then there was a silence, and presently she had thought of some way of trying to explain.

"That abyss you speak of is called by St. John 'the beginning,' for want of a better name for it in our poor language. You know, these things—inconceivable as you say—can not really be described. And so he takes the term 'Word' for the eternally Begotten, who was 'with God' and 'was God,' . . . 'all things were made by Him, and without Him was made nothing that was made.' And He, the Eternal Word, has found a way to make it easy for us to know Him, easy to approach Him; for He came into this world, one of us, born of a human Mother. O Dr. Fritz, that human Mother is your

heroine! The 'Power that is behind the universe' was the little Baby that she held in her arms."

Dr. Fritz bowed his head, and thought a while.

"Great God!" he said, not as an exclamation, but with awe-stricken reverence. It was his first prayer. He looked up again at Molly.

"Is *that* what you Christians really believe? Is *that* the Madonna? Now I know why the artists painted her. But, O child, child, if I could once believe this to be true, I should want the whole world to honor her! If I take your Christian tradition, how can I write of such a heroine? There are no words. Now I know what the Madonna is. If I could believe in her as you do, I would want, not the Rajah's diamond, but all the jewels of India to pour out at every wayside shrine."

Some searchlight from eternity may have swept over the soul of Fritz Eberfeld that morning. For a few moments the invisible world was the reality, the only thing that mattered, and visible things were the thin veil of shadows. What he had heard seemed too magnificent to be anything but a divine idea, just as the growth of the garden around him was too marvellous to be mistaken for human "artificial" work. The new doctrine was stupendous, amazing, love-compelling, but not impossible. He knew that he could not draw around the Infinite a human circle of possibilities. He could not guess the ways of the great First Cause. Surprises of the most astounding nature were likely. He did not think to know "the mind of the Lord" or to be "His counsellor." If he looked up into those regions at all, he was ready for mysteries.

So he had a glimpse at last of the lowly portal, where only the humble can enter in. Within was the Child with Mary, His Mother; and the stranger from afar had yearnings to enter, and to give all his gifts, and to 'fall down and adore Him.'

It seemed a long time before Dr. Fritz rose suddenly, and said:

"Shall we go back now?"

The morning was gone. The lunch bell was ringing far off in the house. The two went along the green alley between the box hedges.

"Of course you understand this is merely a literary study to me," said Dr. Fritz, putting the books in his pocket. "It is literature, not religion. But I thank you for so kindly telling me the Christian tradition, and I shall see what is in these Oriental books. After my Shakespearean ladies, something Eastern will be a novelty."

Molly listened sadly. His voice was cold, as if he regretted his ardor and wished to remove any mistaken impression it might have made. The searchlight may have come, but it had swept on, and left the darkness again.

And now began the last week of Molly's summer holidays. Next Sunday evening she would be once again in the boarding-house, at "Mary's Gate"; and on Monday she would take her place, with waved hair and black dress, alert to receive orders and smiling, — a "business girl" in the millinery rooms of a London shop. Molly was very human. Her kindred were here; the Grange was Home. A few tears sometimes fell in that room where the boards were so white between the two little beds, and where one could look out from chintz curtains over the dear old garden.

During the holidays, she had finished all Priscilla's pieces of embroidery, and they were packed and ready to be taken to town. It was the holiday girl, too, who sorted and mended the household linen, and put the presses in order, fragrant with lavender. In the last week, when the Duchess came to dust the faded drawing-room, it had all been done with early day, and without one chip off the china! It was Molly again who sent such marvels from the kitchen, — omelettes, pancakes, cherry "turn-overs," and

dainty cakes for afternoon tea. The Duchess was thankful to the Father Felician of bygone days. She did not think it mattered much about religion, but dainty food was absolutely necessary; and his housekeeper had given Molly Delville a taste for cookery that covered the errors of her catechism.

So the last week was passing by. Oliver Duke was making an inventory of all his garden produce. He counted the fruit trees, and cross-examined Scaggs about bushel baskets and prices. He measured the ground with a prodigiously long tape, that caught in bushes far off. He drew plans with a pencil and note-book. In fact, on every fine day he worked so hard that the gold-mounted pipe was colored to perfection.

There was a reason for his activity. The wealthy guest had offered, last week, to buy the Grange and pay off the mortgage. He would use it as a nook for occasional rest, within easy distance of his London flat. The move would satisfy Georgina, if ever she was to be satisfied in this world. But as yet it was a secret. Oliver dreaded the business capacity of the Duchess. He preferred to settle the money part of the transaction with his friend in peace and quiet.

All this time Dr. Fritz Eberfeld was working at his monograph. Boxes of books had come from London, — volumes of Eastern travel, essays like the famous study by the Protestant art critic, Mrs. Jameson, of the Madonna in painting. His own diaries of former years were stored with impressions of the richest galleries of Europe. But most of all he labored to understand the narratives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. And he had copied out every word of the notes written by Father Felician in the end of the prayer-book that once was Sibyl's.

On the Saturday afternoon, when Molly was gone to the neighboring town, he came in search of Priscilla, who was putting fresh flowers in the brown cream jugs on the sideboard.

"Have you time to listen? I want to read my monograph."

"For me," asked Priscilla, with humble surprise.

"Yes," he said, "for you. Molly knows too much about it; my words would seem faulty. You and I have other standpoints. Come and listen."

He put two wicker chairs outside the open window, where the side of the house gave shade. The peaches were ripening against the old red garden wall, and the birds hopped out of the flower-beds and onto the mossy stones.

"Mrs. Oliver is out motoring," he said; "and your brother is fast asleep over there on the lounge-chair behind the magnolia. They are all happy. Let us be happy, too. Now you will tell me what you think of this. It is only a study, you know,—not religion. I call it 'Mary of Nazarethl.'"

Priscilla flushed with pleasure. He had chosen her—her alone—for his audience. She could not say "No."

"I begin," he observed, "by describing Nazareth as travellers say it appears when seen from the height of Carmel,—the houses looking like a cluster of white pebbles in the hollow of the hillside."

(Conclusion next week.)

The Year Grows Old.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE year is growing old and gray
 Beneath the darkly clouded sky;
 The woods are wrapped in dull array,
 In mournful mood the culvers cry.
 The song birds have no word to say,
 The white mists on the valleys lie,—
 The year is growing old and gray
 Beneath the darkly clouded sky.
 Each brook makes moan upon its way,
 The flowers fade, the blossoms die;
 Duller and shorter grows the day,
 And raindrops fall and winds are high,—
 The year is growing old and gray
 Beneath the darkly clouded sky.

The Peasants' Night-School.

BY R. O'K.

I.



E was but a poor man and of humble rank in life. Friend, you have read works treating of other times, such as Mr. Westropp's "Churches and Castles of the Co. Limerick,"—to you, with your antiquarian taste, and indeed to everyone with an interest in his native country, an absorbing book; and you have noticed that names, which were in castles centuries ago are in cottages to-day. Or you have read the History of Limerick, by the venerable old man, Maurice Lenihan, whose tall and somewhat bowed form many of us still recall with reverence. You have perhaps paused, and pondered over what is told in it, from page 373 to page 379; and have closed the book and stared at vacancy; and opened it, and read again the array of names of those who went to Dublin Castle and "conformed," and kept their lands. Their names are filed in the Rolls Office, Dublin Castle. But where is the list given of those who refused to go to Dublin Castle and "conform"? Perhaps in a Great Book elsewhere. Their name is legion. Or you may have heard such family traditions as those of the great lady, who when defending her "conformity," said: "Better an old woman's bones should burn than her family be cheated out of its inheritance."

Think a moment! Where did all the disinherited go? Or, again, the moment they left their broad domains, did they leave behind them their education, their culture, and their delicate manners, as well as their lofty sense of honor? Did they forbid their blue blood to run in the veins of their sons? Or did they, when holding their children by the hand as they passed through gates they were never to re-enter, like Æneas with the

little Iulus going out from falling Troy,—did they impress on those who accompanied them *passibus inæquis*, to dream of chieftain's haughty power and battle-flags no more?

When the father delved and dug, and the mother sewed and spun, was the step never seen that once moved lightly in the dance or the chase? Was the voice never heard that once accompanied the harp or the clairschach? He was but a poor man and of humble rank, but his fathers had been of those. I am sure he came from near Limerick; for if a stack of corn or a rick of hay was very high, he would say: "As tall as Mary's steeple." And if he desired to praise a *soogaun* (hay rope) that he had made, he would cry: "'Twould tie the *Jane Black* for you,"—a three-master that frequently entered and left the port of Limerick docks in the early half of the last century. Or if we heard a young girl singing well, "She sings like a bird," we would say. But he: "Another Catherine Hayes! Oh, another Catherine Hayes!"

He was a poor man, and it was a winter morning. In his humble home he rose when the cock on the roost over the door rustled his wings and crowed. He had been roused out of a deep sleep. Those, you know, who work hard sleep well. "It is cockcrow!" he said. "Blessed be God!" And he made the Sign of the Cross on himself. There was a feeling of joy in his heart. Don't think, friend, that God has reserved all joys for the rich. That poor man had gone to bed last night with a happy feeling at his heart. I will tell you what it was. "That little boy of mine is promising; he may come to something yet, with the blessing of God," he had said to himself.

That poor man got up with that happy feeling on him. You have often experienced it, have you not? And it takes a while to analyze it, and make out the cause. With that happy feeling on him, and saying his prayers with devout intention, he made his way to the building

that served for stable, to give a morning's feed to his horse, which now whinnied at his footstep. He *cored* with his neighbor. The neighbor sent a horse to him one day, and he put it to the plough or the harrow with his own. The next day he sent his poor nag to the neighbor, who yoked the two lean animals to the plough or harrow. And so they *cored*. The work in the short days of winter began with daylight; and thus he had to be up before daybreak to feed "old Jessie," that he loved, and that loved him.

That joy about his child was in his heart as he came in to the humble kitchen and lighted the fire. One thing was plentiful in that little home—turf, peat. To light a fire now you would need a box of matches. But "the man I sing" lived and almost died without seeing a box of matches. No, the way he lighted the fire was this: he took a few live coals from under ashes, where they had remained since last night. (The act of burying them in the ashes before the family went to bed was technically called "raking the fire.") When he had kindled a smart blaze, he called his wife and the children. The oldest and youngest children were Nora and Nelly; and the boys between were Bryan, John, and Pat. Of these Bryan was the boy, whom the father had in his mind and in his hopes.

"He is a promising lad," he whispered to himself as he put the "tackling" on Jessie. "Maybe, with the blessing of God, he'll come to something yet."

Then he hummed a verse of a song. He was not much of a singer; but he knew the words well; and knew his country's songs, through the Repeal Reading Rooms, which flourished when he was a young man and unmarried; but which now, like their founder, the "Liberator," were dead. The music of the songs he knew too, though he was not able to repeat it. But it was a delight to him, while he was at his work, to think on the words and hum the airs; perhaps a greater delight still—

At night when gazing
By the gay hearth blazing,

to hear his wife croon them as she plied her wheel. And so, having got his neighbor's horse, the wall-eyed Dandy, as he "drove his team afield" he hummed a snatch of Sam Lover's song:

O'er the mountains, through the wildwood,
Where his childhood loved to play.

In the winter or spring months there is a sweet smell from the upturned earth. With both hands holding the reins, and laid on the handles of the old plough, the poor man followed the horses in the furrow. You could hear, "Go on, will ye!"—to the horses; or, "*Haing* in, Dandy,"—which the horse understood to mean to keep more on the left in his line of march; or, "Jessie, you stump, *hub*, will you!"—to keep to the right. But all the time that rejoicing was in his heart. The boy's face came before his memory; the way the child paused when the father had given him a puzzler; with what secret joy he waited, and watched him making out the reason and unravelling the difficulty. He nodded his head in approval, as he recollected that he did not praise the boy or seem to be a bit astonished at the answer, although he really was. "It doesn't do to give boys an opinion of themselves," he said.

Just then his thoughts were rudely interrupted. The ploughshare came against a stone of some size buried in the earth. "Set!" he cried to the horses; and, as the poor beasts were inclined to take their time over it, he gave the reins a smart pull, saying sharply: "Set, will ye?" He drew back the plough a foot or so, and then went to see the size of the obstacle. Having ascertained this, he made a little castle of stones to mark the place, intending to "root out that rock" the next day the horses would be *coring* with the neighbor. Weighing on the back part of the plough, he raised the forepart over the impediment, and, bidding the team go on, was soon again immersed,—outwardly ploughing, inwardly building castles.

By a swift train of thought, he concluded: "It would be no harm, but great good, to have the priest say Mass for the boy." But every coin was mortgaged for "a month of Sundays to come." He had promised a dress to the eldest girl; and while turning the head ridge he solemnly declared that "if any little girl in Munster earned it, she did." Then each of the boys was to get something; also "the young little creature, poor Nelly." And there was the mother, never complaining; and, except that plaid shawl, she had not got "a tack of clothes" for—he didn't know how long. And himself! There were two or three things he was soft on. He liked a nice, smart Sunday shoe; and his Sunday shoes were, indeed, the worse of the wear. And he liked a neat silk cravat. He was always used to silk under the collar of his shirt; and, like the Spanish princess that wept when she had to dine off ordinary ware, it almost brought tears to his eyes to think of his wearing a cotton cravat. These, however, were trifles compared to the headgear. A tall silk hat! His father and his uncle before him never wore anything else. "And you'd see yourself in it!" Poor Dandy got an unnecessary touch of the reins as the thought of wearing a "jim-crow," which was then becoming general, rushed for a second before the old man's eyes in the broad daylight.

And yet something or some one must go by the board. It must not, at any rate, be the poor mother. She was wearing herself day and night. "And I wish she got over that nasty cough she has this while back," he said. "Nor must it be poor Nora, that's up with the lark in the morning. Nor the boys nor little Nelly." Then, "It is getting warm," he said, as he took off his heavy body-coat of frieze and laid it on the fence. The garment that now appeared was a flannel vest, almost white as snow. "Night and day she was at that vest all last winter," he whispered to himself; and, in a burst of emotion, he bent down and kissed the

sleeve. Then he looked round, startled for fear any one had seen him; and, turning his face to Heaven for pity, he groaned in his trouble: "And 'tis that I blame for the cough that's on her every night. And over and over I told her when she was spinning it not to be stopping up so late. And we'd all have our first sleep over us, and the cock would be stirring on the roost for midnight, when she'd lay the wheel aside and rake the fire."

If the poor have their simple joys, they have their searching troubles, too. He finished at last by resolving that, if any one was to suffer, it would be himself; and suffer, too, in the sorest point—the silk hat. It must be one of two things: a "threadbare" for the summer; or, if one of those *hatter-fellows* came round, to get his old one "done up"; but either was unbearable, and he turned away as from an abomination.

At that moment the voice of his daughter Nora fell on his ear: "Hello, father! Come in to your dinner." For an instant, he thought he did not hear rightly. He looked at the sun: it was directly over the fort on the crest of the hill. And there was Nora, standing on the stile at the corner of the house, and waving her hand. From beside her rose up a column of steam, which he knew came from a pot of turnips that had been boiled for Jessie's dinner, and put out in a keeler (a wooden milk vessel) to cool. He raised his hand, and she knew he had heard her.

The neighbor came and took Dandy to his dinner of turnips, with a wisp of hay for dessert. The "poor man" took Jessie to her dinner also, and then sat down in the kitchen of his little home to his own. It consisted of freshly boiled "flowery" potatoes, a generous print of butter, two fresh eggs, and a *piggin* of skimmed milk. He took his dinner heartily and happily, the mother and daughter accompanying him. There was not much conversation, except between the two elders, who were pressing each

other to have more,—the mother setting the tempting potato near the father, and the father wishing the mother to have it herself.

When done, the father drew back from the table; and, reaching up his hand to a flat board over the mantel-tree above the open kitchen fireplace, on which were laid some books, he took down one. It was called a "Sequel." You were not going to a national school over half a century ago. If you had, you would know that, between the Second and Third, there came in a book which was called a "Sequel." The hiatus between the two standards was supposed to be too great, and the "Sequel" was invented to bridge the gulf. It was not an uninteresting book, and was made up to a large extent of stories concerning animals and narratives of persons.

This was the book he was teaching Bryan last night. He reviewed the lesson they went through that time. He stopped at the places where questions had been asked, recalled the puzzled face that the boy wore for a moment, and revelled anew with inward delight in the joy of the boy's answering.

He went out, taking the book, his rough finger lying between the pages. But if his fingers were rough and discolored, his heart was clean and in the right place. As he passed the barn door, he stepped in, thrust his free hand into a bag of oats and brought up a fist full. This he scattered over Jessie's *keeler* to make her lick up the scattered remnants of her turnip meal. Seeing that she was tempted, he opened the book and read, and noted with gladness in his heart the questions he was to ask in the lesson for the night.

"Well, old lass?" he said, patting the animal affectionately on the neck, while he admired her rich bay color. "It's true what the jolly smith says: 'Groom a horse with his own *lavings*.' You agree to that, old lass? You do? You and I were younger, Jessie!" he added, with

something like sadness. And then, with two or three more gentle pats on the animal's neck, he went into the house with the book, repeating to himself:

["I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!"

Making little further delay, he was out to his work. Few people know the value of time so well as those who are working for themselves.

"There he's out now!" said the mother to the daughter. "And, by the way, he was at that old 'Sequel.' He never thinks that to-night is Saturday night, as sure as a cotter's in Cork!"

They laughed for a moment at the thought of his disappointment when he should learn his mistake.

"But, mother, is there any light for the night?"

"Are we out of 'rishes,' Nora?"

"I don't see one, mother; but, if you like, I'll go down to the *cooleen* and get a few."

"Oh, sure that's all flooded, child! And them *thraneens* of rushes you'd get in the old meadow aren't worth pulling. Besides, they wouldn't be dry now, if you had to kiln-dry them."

"Maybe he'd do with a splinter, mother. He did with it sometimes, you know."

"He did, but he hadn't a word: there was no joke or fun out of him, or a laugh. A splinter is well in its way, and he likes the bog-dale in the fire; but—"

She stopped, and kept from the child, and would have kept from herself if she could, the fact that his eyesight was not as keen as it used to be. It is greatly against the grain of human beings—the most of us, at any rate—to think there is the slightest failure in any organ. Failure is a symptom of the ebbing tide.

"Wouldn't I run over, mother, to Maureen's for a dip?"

The mother shook her head. She had two reasons against that; the first she expressed:

"Didn't Maureen herself show you, child, all the chinks she had on the back of the shutter?"

That was Maureen's way of keeping accounts. One housekeeper's bill was on the back of the shutter of the window; another's, on the back of the shutter of the cupboard; another's, on that of the closet; another's, on Cooney's blacking box (shoeblacking); another's, on the balls of blue. Maureen, the poor old lame huxter, could not write; but a chalk mark along the whole length was a shilling; half of it was a sixpence; a short stroke was a penny; and half of that, a halfpenny.

The poor mother's second reason was that she did not wish to "rise the bill." She could pay it,—she had the money. You and I would magniloquently say, 'We'd break a pound for a penny'; but the poor are too dearly taught for that. Now, it was not so with her husband: spending was in his blood; and yet when he looked at the little nest-egg he had in the bank, he justly gave the credit to "herself," praised her, and quoted Burns' use of money:

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

In the winter nights you, my friend, could have electric light, gas, lamps, candles. We were as abundantly provided: for we had splinters, "rishes," *paudh-ogs*, dips. Splinters were cut off from the bog-deal that lay buried in our peat fields before the ages of primeval man; and, when burning, gave out a healthy, pleasant odor. Rushes were pulled at the water's edge. The richer and thicker sort had the more pith, and therefore burned the better. The peel was taken off, with the exception of one green slip, which kept the pith together, and was called "the back of the rish." The rush was then dipped in melted lard, and gave a faint but pleasant light.

The "dip" was a yellow candle, retailed

to the poor for a halfpenny. I think no chandler now—I am sure no chandler of any decency—would permit such stuff to leave his shop. It was barbarous. The *pau dh-og*, which was made by the poor people themselves, was elegant almost in comparison. Flax and tow were plentiful then. A thick loose cord of tow about a foot long, woven of two or three strands, was dipped in melted grease. The poor killed a pig about Christmas and Easter. Every Saturday night during winter a goose was killed for Sunday's dinner. They had, then, lard and grease, which were carefully stowed away for various purposes,—for rubbing on sores, or on their ill-protected chapped hands, or on the leather of their crusted brogues, that saw plenty of hard work, or for greasing the car or the horse's "tackling."

"Mother, I don't see any goose grease there. When I kill the goose to-night, shall I open her and get some grease?"

"No, child! The goose wouldn't be near as tender if you did that. But I think there was some in a mug on the "cleve" the other day. Go and see."

"There is, mother. But what about going to the chapel? To-morrow is the First Sunday. Do you go now, mother dear! You can't fast long. And I'll go between the two Masses in the morning."

"I'd better, Nora, in the name of God." She went to 'do herself up'; and, although going to confession, gave a few peeps in the mirror to see if the fair tresses of other days were still free from silver, and if the color on her cheeks were as fresh as ever. God bless you! We are all daughters or sons of Eve, and shall be so to the end.

The children came in from school (school was held on Saturday then) as the mother swung her Paisley shawl over her shoulders and went out the door to the chapel. Oh, blame not the poor for not wearing Irish manufacture! It was the Fifties in Ireland. The "bad times" had eaten into body and soul. There was plenty of Irish homemade woollens and linens worn then,—some very beautiful,

others almost disgraceful. Some shopkeepers, however, in country towns got in cheap and tempting shoddy. There was no man, no league to tell us, and we did not see that we were committing national suicide.

When Nora had given her brothers and her little sister their dinner—a fine lot of "roasters" hot out of the ashes, and milk—she put a metal plate on the coals, and threw in the goose grease to make *pau dh-ogs*. When it was melting, she took the string of tow by the two ends and drew it slowly backward and forward. When it was quite soaked through, seeing there was still grease left, she made more wick; and the two having been fully soaked, she hung them on the latch of the door to cool and stiffen.

(Conclusion next week.)

In Our Lady's Care.

BY A. DEASE.

OLD Corentin, who had spent his life in building boats for others in the harbor of Paimpol in Brittany, had in his old age put all his savings into the building and equipping of a fishing boat for himself. This venture would, he hoped, not only provide for his own old age, but also assure a marriage portion for Madlen, his grandchild and only remaining relative.

The *Madlen*, on which so much depended, was a roughly made craft, bulky and strong as befitted her use, which was to carry home heavy cargoes of codfish from the coast of Newfoundland to Brittany. And Corentin's *Madlen*, after whom the boat was named, had herself placed a wooden statue of Our Lady in a niche over the hatchways; and this she had done on the day when the boat had been launched and blessed in the harbor of Paimpol. There was much surprise and a good deal of disapproval when it became known that Corentin had chosen Yves le Huedec to be the captain

of his new boat; for, though Yves was a good enough sailor, he was over-young to fill a post that his seniors would gladly have accepted; and much of the head shaking which greeted the news of his appointment sprang more from jealousy than from any real fear of his not proving himself worthy of his trust.

"May God be with you!" the old builder had said to Yves, as he bade him good-bye. "And may the Blessed Virgin bring us good fortune! Remember all that depends upon this trip. For me, it will mean a fortune or ruin; and as for yourself, you know best what failure or success will mean for you."

Yes, Yves le Huedec knew well what depended upon this his first voyage as captain of a boat. He knew what he owed to his employer, for it was seldom that a man of his age had the chance that lay before him; and he knew, too, that the comfort, the very existence of his own little home, depended on how this voyage turned out.

Three years before, he had married the girl he loved, in spite of his own poverty and her lack of fortune, and in spite of their friends' warnings against improvident marriages. Notwithstanding their poverty and the fact that there were already two children to provide for, they had been very happy. It was for the sake of his wife and his children more than for himself that Yves had been so triumphant over Corentin's offer; and as the *Madlen* sailed away, heading out west from Paimpol harbor, her captain vowed that, if man could command success, this voyage of his would be no failure. And his wife, watching him from the quay, with one baby in her arms and one clinging to her skirts, prayed the prayer that for the coming months was continually on her lips: "Holy Mary, watch over him and bring him safely home!"

The start of the fishing fleet was made together; but before long each boat set off to shape its own course, and when

they reached the fishing ground there was not so much as a speck on the horizon to remind the men upon the *Madlen* that they were not alone on the huge stretch of waters that lie between France and the coast of North America.

But there was no time on board for even a passing thought of loneliness. They had come upon a shoal of fish that kept them busy at their posts, with hardly a moment to breathe, much less to think. Lots were drawn for each place in the boat; and day and night, in regulated relays, the whole crew toiled. Every fish that was hauled in meant an extra twopence for its captor; and the total of the catch was noted down carefully every day, at night and in the morning, when the two gangs of workers replaced each other. So did a month fly by, and on the last day a total of fourteen thousand codfish was recorded; and then for the first time Yves le Huedec began to breathe freely. If things went on at that rate, both he and his employer would be safe.

During the second month the hospital boat belonging to the Fathers of the Assumption came past; and, though they did not need her services on board the *Madlen*, they were glad to send home their good news by her. From the whole fleet came the same report: a magnificent season,—even the oldest among the fishermen had never known a better; and the returns promised to be phenomenal.

But the *Madlen* was not destined to have her share in such prosperity. The hospital ship had barely left them with a clean bill of health when the captain himself fell ill; and, with the experience of such illness that the others had gained from previous journeys, they knew that the only chance for the life of Yves le Huedec was to take him to the hospital at St. John's. This they did. But the good luck of the early part of their voyage seemed to have abandoned them; and, what with adverse weather and other misfortunes, they lost a clear six weeks of the season in going and returning. So

it was that at the end of the season the *Madlen* sailed slowly into sight of the Breton coast. Had her first month been equalled by those that came after, she would have had good reason for such lack of speed; but she did not lie low enough in the water for her cargo to account for her laggard ways. During the first rush of work, the captain had counted on securing sixty or seventy thousand fish at least, and now they were stealing home with barely thirty thousand.

"A boat with less than half the fish she might have had ought to hide herself," Yves said bitterly to his mate. "The rejoicings that will be going on at Paimpol are not for us,—not for me, at least."

"Well, it was bad luck. Not our fault," replied the mate. "We did not choose to get the fever. And if we had not lost that six weeks taking you to St. John's, we should have as good a report of ourselves as any of the fleet, I am sure."

"If I had only known what you were doing!" groaned Le Huedec.

"And if you had, what would you have done?" asked the other, with a shrug.

"Done!" cried the captain, his eyes still bright from the fever which had left him weak and weary, only a shadow of his former self. "I'd have thrown myself overboard sooner than ruin the old man and deprive you lads of your shares. Forty thousand fish I have done you out of. Think of that!"

"Don't think of it, I say!" replied Jean Marie. He was young and unmarried, so could afford to take lightly his share of the general disappointment. Besides, Yves was his friend as well as his captain, and he wanted to help him to bear the burden of disappointed hope that was almost too much for his fever-racked mind and body.

But the captain turned away impatiently. "Don't think of it!" That was more easily said than done; and in the long hours of the night-watch, when he and the man at the wheel were alone on

the vast stretch of water, "when the sky was one with the brooding sea," there came to him not, as the poet says, "the quiet of Christ," but the unrest of the devil. How could he, who had unwittingly caused this loss,—how could he face the old man who had trusted him, the wife and little children who were so confident of his success? It was a cowardly thought that came to him, and one that, had he been master of himself, he would have banished immediately; but now he brooded over it; and the remains of the fever wove horrible fancies,—they would point him out at Paimpol as unlucky; they would shun him, and refuse to employ him, or even to sail with him again.

He set his teeth and went into his box of a cabin. No one must be blamed for his act, and he made his preparations accordingly. He laid his keys, his cap, his watch, and the log book of his unfortunate voyage, together on his bunk. There could then be no doubt as to his end,—for an end he intended to make of himself.

Under the log book in his locker he came upon the blessed candle without which no Breton fisherman leaves his home, lest death should overtake him before he returns. It was a bad thing he was going to do. His life was not his own to take: it belonged to the God who had given it to him. Still he hoped, whilst dumbly clinging to his determination, that perhaps the light of the blessed flame would win a little mercy, a little pity for him, whilst he was lying down, down under the cruel black waves.

He struck a match, and the light fell on the little cabin he had been so proud of possessing. He was young to be a captain, young to die; and perhaps it was his very youth that made him feel so keenly his want of success,—what he called his disgrace. His eyes fell on the crucifix nailed to the boarding above his bunk.

"Don't do it!" It was only his own

fancy, but the carved lips seemed to speak. "I must!" he muttered, setting his teeth again, and turning away his head. He knew he was in the wrong, but pride urged him not to look back. He knew there would be many who had grudged him his position who would not hide their pleasure at his failure; and, having given himself up to the temptation that had come upon him when hardly master of himself, he could not now shake off the snare of the devil.

Then his eyes passed to the picture of his wife that hung near the door. "Marie, Marie!" he muttered. He knew he was separating himself from her forever, yet he tried to think he was doing what was best for her. Her father had never approved their marriage. He would now take her home again, and she would be saved from want and shame. So he tried to argue to himself; but unconsciously his lips framed the words of the prayer he knew his wife was saying for him at home,—the prayer they had so often prayed together: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us!"

He dashed the door open, now intent only on gaining the ship rail, and ending the awful conflict of his tortured brain in the blackness of the sea. But as he threw himself blindly forward, something came against him in the darkness. Instinctively he raised his arm; for he felt that in the slamming of his door he had dislodged the statue of Our Lady,—not beautiful, but carved with reverent if unskilful hands out of a heavy block of wood in the shipyard, and placed upon the deck to bring God's blessing on the ship. Now, while he said a half-unconscious prayer to her whom the statue represented, it fell from its niche, although the rolling of the sea had never moved it from its place; and Yves, losing his footing when this unexpected thing came hurtling against him, fell down the steep companionway into the darkness of the hold, where the rest of the crew were sleeping. And there they lay, the statue

and the man,—the former uninjured, the latter quite unconscious.

It was hours before Le Huedec came to himself, and then he was lying in his own rough bunk, above. But there were unwonted noises going on around him, and the boat was still and steady. Opening his eyes, they fell upon the figure of his wife leaning over him; and then he knew they had reached the harbor, after all. Jean Marie had told her the story of his trouble; and, when she saw he knew her, her first words were of the sea harvest, not of that other act of which as yet she was unaware.

"It is not so bad, Yves!" she cried. "You are not so much behind the others, after all. They did not do half so well as you at first, and afterward it was not so much of a season; so the price is high, and the thirty thousand fish will bring enough to make some profit for Corentin, and he is satisfied."

Then it was the turn of Yves to speak. But at first no words would come, because of the gratitude to God that surged up in his heart for the favor He had done him, through the intervention of Mary, Star of the Sea. At last he told his wife the whole of his story,—how he had been tempted to despair, and how, through the falling of Our Lady's statue, he had been prevented from putting his crime into execution.

"Our Lady knows our ways," he said, when the story was all told. "When a man is drowning we stun him first; so that we may be able to save him; and that is what she did for me." He put his hand up to the bandage on his forehead. "Shall we ever be able to thank her? When she strikes, she strikes hard!"

And ever afterward the remembrance of what Our Lady had done helped Yves and his wife, and even the children when they came to hear of it, to steer the course of their lives straight and clean in the track of the Star of the Sea,—a track that surely leads to heaven at last.

"Six Sacraments—and a Snare."

IN 1857 the literary world was apprised of the immediate publication of the "Complete Works of Ozanam, with an Introduction by R. P. Lacordaire, and a Preface by J. J. Ampère,"—a trio of illustrious names. When, in the course of the year, this eagerly-expected work was given to the public, it was found that the promised introductory notice by Father Lacordaire had been omitted. Much speculation as to the cause of its non-appearance was indulged in at the time; but few were aware that the notice had been printed, and was among the proofs which the publishers submitted to Madame Ozanam.

The sketch of Ozanam's life which his Dominican friend had written was, as will readily be believed, highly eulogistic; but on one point the illustrious friar was, unintentionally, a little severe on the friend whom he mourned, as well as a little cruel to that friend's sorrowing widow. "There was one snare," he wrote, "which Ozanam did not shun"; and the context proclaims that the snare was—marriage. "Poverty is the inevitable companion of the man of letters who has resolved to sell his pen neither to gold nor power,—a kind of poverty given only to the *solitary man* who lives in the immortality of his conscience, and who has but one misfortune to foresee or to endure."

Madame Ozanam, recognizing that friendship and admiration have their rights, made no objection to this somewhat equivocal compliment; and went to Rome with an advance copy of the work, to submit it to the Pope before it should be given to the public. Cordially received by Pius IX., she ventured to request his approbation of her husband's writings. Much to her surprise, the Pontiff replied that he could not accord his approval to the work in question. On her expressing her astonishment at this refusal, the Pope stated that the doctrine

of her husband had been that of a great mind and a pious son of the Church; and that, in fact, it was not his writings that he declined to approve. "But you will understand, my dear daughter," he continued, "that the Vicar of Christ can not give his approbation to a book in the introduction to which it is stated that the Church has six Sacraments—and a snare!"

The young widow returned to Paris, where the eagerly-expected work soon appeared, but without Père Lacordaire's introduction.

A Disavowed Sin.

GENUINE self-knowledge is so rare, and thorough self-deceit so common, that not a few men and women go through life with scarcely a suspicion, and rarely an avowal, that they are at all so mean and small as their words and actions frequently proclaim them. Such people listen more or less attentively to the preacher as he constructs a moral cap which fits them perfectly; but, instead of wearing it themselves in all humility, they complacently consider how extremely well it is adapted to the heads of other persons. They leisurely read a picture in which they themselves are portrayed to the very life; but they see nothing familiar in its most prominent features, and would indignantly deny that the character so truthfully depicted bears any resemblance to their own. He who speaks into the recorder of a phonograph or graphophone, and then listens to the reproduction of his record, discovers that, while his voice sounds familiar enough to his friends, it sounds quite strange and unfamiliar to himself; and many of us know still less about our actual characters than about our real voices.

Does any one, for instance, ever candidly admit that he is given to envy? Do we ever, outside of the confessional, or sufficiently often even there, acknowledge that the success, the prosperity, the

superiority of another excites within us a feeling of uneasiness and discomfort, accompanied by a desire, if not an actual effort, to mortify and disparage the person in question? Are we not all willing to subscribe to the verdict in which the world's theologians and moralists and sages and poets have always concurred: that envy thrives only in a low, mean, ungenerous nature; that it is a sin peculiarly malicious and deadly in its effects; and that it is, without exception, the most unprofitable of all sins, utterly sterile, and its own abundant punishment? Of course we are.

Envy in the abstract, or even the concrete envious in the persons of our neighbors, we are quite ready to denounce with withering severity, to condemn as scathingly as the most rigorous moralist of them all. We agree with Bushnell that "envy is only a malignant selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation or supposed happiness of others"; and with Thompson that—

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it can not reach.

We quote approvingly from the Book of Wisdom, "By the envy of the devil death came into the world"; and are willing to ask in general terms to be delivered "from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." We condemn, with Smiles, the sour critic who thinks of his rival—

When Heaven with such parts has blest him,
Have I not reason to detest him?

Yes, envy in itself, or envy in others, we stigmatize as baseness. The misfortune is that, when the contemptible passion invades our own heart, we utterly refuse to acknowledge its presence, or we persistently call it by some other name. We may avow, of course, our being grieved that the success achieved by a friend or acquaintance may have a tendency to make him proud; that the praise lavished upon him may swell his vanity to undue proportions; that his being so much in the public eye may

ultimately prove his undoing; that his general popularity has probably been won by some unworthy sacrifice of principle; that the office he has attained is beyond his ability worthily to fill,—but grieved purely and simply because he is basking in the sunshine while we are kept comparatively in the shade! Perish the thought! We scorn such meanness.

It is very much to be feared, however, that unadulterated envy is at the bottom of most of our sneering and carping and fault-finding and caustic criticism. Few natures are so thoroughly generous and noble that their first impulse is to rejoice in the success, the prosperity, the elevation that raises their fellows above themselves. Comparatively few are even so Christian as to check forthwith their first ungenerous, ignoble impulse to "wither at another's joy," and substitute for the basest of passions that sweet charity which "is patient, is kind, . . . envieth not, dealeth not perversely." Burke has said: "I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortune and pain of others"; but it is probably truer that we have a degree of pain, more or less acute, in the real good fortune and delight of our fellows.

As brotherly love, or fraternal charity, is the virtue opposed to this blighting vice of envy, the surest guarantee that our hearts are as free from the vice as we should like to believe them is the uniform charitableness of our discourse concerning those whose merit or success may naturally be supposed most likely to inspire us with the unworthy sentiment. If we find genuine relief and consolation in dwelling upon their shortcomings and defects rather than on their good points and merits, we may rest assured that, despite all our protestations to the contrary, we are a prey to envy, are less generous than mean, less noble than base.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"; and out of the envious heart in particular proceed the

faint praise, the qualified approval, the exaggerated censure, the cavilling sneers, the disparaging comments, the extravagant blame, the inordinate depreciation, the distorted slander, and the downright calumny that work such havoc in Christian communities, and outrage the Divine Master, who said to His followers of all times: "By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another."

A Parental Responsibility.

IF, as some thinker has said, that man is a hero who "fully understands the responsibility of the priestly office, yet deliberately accepts it," hardly less courageous are those who clearly perceive the duties and responsibilities of the parental office and yet freely enter upon them. This is forcefully brought out in the conclusion of a recent sermon by Mgr. Moyes, published in the *London Universe*. The preacher addresses himself directly to parents, in saying:

Do not forget that your children are put into your hands by God as a trust, and that you are responsible for them; and that no man can free you from your responsibility, and that one day you will stand before the judgment seat of God to answer for the way in which you have discharged that most solemn and sacred charge. . . . What your children will be in their future life, how they will stand in the battle with temptation, will depend upon those habits of prayer with which you will inspire them.

In the terrible realities of sin with which we are confronted in our large cities, and in that awful slaughter of souls which is far more terrible than the slaughter of bodies in modern warfare, how often are we saddened by the sight of the young man carried away by the temptations of the moment and of his surroundings, and dragged down to destruction, to the depths of loathsome immorality! Whose is the fault? The poor boy himself is often good at heart, but in the hour of temptation he was weak and feeble. Had he been taught in his youth the familiar habits of fervent prayer, they would have strengthened him and steadied him in the hour of temptation, and

he might have escaped the catastrophe. You may say that the boy disregarded the example of his parents. Sometimes it is otherwise. He was weak because he had never acquired the habits of prayer from the mother, who should have risen to the dignity of Christian motherhood by teaching her children to pray; and in that age in which he regarded his father as the type of everything noble, he had rarely seen his father give the example of prayer. The mother had, perhaps, taught him to say his prayers when she herself was too indifferent to say her own. His father was never seen upon his knees. The boy grew up in the spiritual desolation that comes from the lack of the habits of prayer. Whose the blame?

It is our experience that those who pray well, the men who along the line of their life have been strong in the battle against temptation, have been those who from their youth have been trained in the habits of prayer; those who have been constant in the hearing of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. And they are those who have been taught to pray, not by teachers, but have learned to pray and hear Mass side by side with their parents.

The general theme of Mgr. Moyes' sermon was "Prayer at Mass," to which, in concluding, he gave this eminently practical turn. Indeed, hearing Mass well is a condition of spiritual health. That is why, over and over again, we have insisted on the advisability of using the Missal at Mass. Other prayer-books may be "keys of heaven," this prayer-book is heaven, a treasury and storehouse of the things of Paradise. A little practice, and its use becomes easy, and in time will grow to be a necessity. Nevertheless, excellent as is this means of hearing Mass, there are some, we know, for whom it is unavailable. These need not be inconsolable. In other ways, they can reach God's Heart, and He theirs. The essential thing is the will and the effort to make the hearing of Mass a real act of religion. Parents who hold this for a personal ideal will need few reminders of their responsibilities in this matter with regard to their offspring. They will count it a privilege to hand on to their children a devotion which has fed their own life with richness. Ah, that were a legacy indeed!

Notes and Remarks.

Although the World War shows no signs of speedily approaching a conclusion, it is but natural that students of world politics and publicists generally should indulge in surmises as to its ultimate results. Writing on "Armageddon—and After" in the *Fortnightly Review*, "Outis" discusses the various stages of the peace movement, or pacifism, and indicates the essential requisites of success therein. The first stage, the general recognition of the principle of arbitration between States, has been realized. The second stage, the recognition of compulsory arbitration, though not as yet fully realized, has undoubtedly made large advances. Even when universally recognized, however, it must necessarily be followed by its logical consequences—a third stage which shall ensure respect for, and obedience to, arbitration verdicts. "Recalcitrant States," declares "Outis," "will have to be coerced, and the one thing that can coerce them is an international police administered by an international executive power. That is to say, we must have a parliament of parliaments, a universal parliament, the representatives of which must be selected by the different constituent members of the United States of Europe. When this has been done, and only when this has been done, can we arrive at a fourth stage—that of a general disarmament. In the millennium that is to be, it is only the international police which shall be allowed to use weapons of war in order to execute the decrees of the central parliament representing the common European will."

To express ourself pedagogically, it is an indisputable assertion that the academic attainments of the average high school or college student are not commensurate with his athletical proficiency; and we are gratified to observe that educationists and medical scientists with the courage

of their convictions are beginning to take a stand against undue devotion to sports in institutions of learning. The former maintain that competitive athletics especially, which are becoming more and more general, tend to impair the mind as well as to interfere seriously with school work; while the physicians declare that such prolonged over-exertion of the vital organs as competitive sports demand constitutes a positive menace to health. From 5 to 10 per cent of freshmen entering one State university were found to have enlarged hearts with dilatation, attributable to athletic training or over-exertion in games, and on this account unfit to enter upon a long term of study.

Of course no sensible teacher or doctor will deny that systematic, even strenuous, exercise may exert a highly beneficial effect on both mind and body. But *ne quid nimis*, as the wise old Romans used to say.

It is a commonplace among American Catholics that the utterances of the Cardinal Archbishop of Boston on any occasion of notable importance are safe to be exceptionally worth while. The forcefulness and sanity of his Eminence's written and spoken words stamp him as a churchman splendidly equipped for his responsible office. Take, for instance, the following excerpts from his recent address to the diocesan Federation of Catholic Societies:

One of the greatest mysteries of to-day is the well-nigh absolute ignorance of the Catholic position as revealed in the attitude and public utterances of cultivated non-Catholics. It is simply staggering to attempt to understand how in the twentieth century the civic position of Catholics can still be so utterly misconceived or misrepresented. We must inevitably accept the dilemma that either these men, otherwise so well educated and informed, completely misunderstand us, or, what is even worse, unscrupulously misrepresent us so that we are literally driven by their utterance and their action either to pity their ignorance or to despise their knavery. . . .

Now, in this combat which daily confronts us, either by open opposition or secret con-

spiracy, the duty which devolves upon us is that of soldierly courage and endurance. An active zeal and a patient endurance,—these are the two qualities which Federation must cultivate, and which, united, produce the highest type of the soldier of Christ. There are many who by temperament are eager and ready for a sudden dash for victory; yet not infrequently these are the very first to fall by the wayside through discouragement. Others there are who are all endurance, with little inclination to active effort or endeavor; and such men oftentimes make patience only a cloak for pure indolence. The Christian life, when properly understood and practised, blends both ardor of action and patience under persecution into a wondrous unity, in which fervent, zealous action is tempered, guarded and strengthened by calm endurance and patient fortitude.

Weighty words, worth pondering by our coreligionists throughout the country—and other countries as well.

In the matter of education, the secularist school holds the field. It is the task of the church to set beside it the school of religion. This requires nothing less than a vast army of trained teachers who have been prepared by special study of the Bible and of Christian truth, and the relations of the Christian spirit to modern civilization, to become the convinced and inspiring teachers of the children of America. They must have intellectual force equal to that of the public-school teachers, but they must have in addition the definite religious aim, the conscious evangelical spirit.

This paragraph is *not* from a Catholic prelate's plea for more strenuous efforts in developing vocations to our teaching Brotherhoods and Sisterhoods, but from an article contributed to the Protestant *Sunday-School Times* by a Protestant minister, the Rev. William MacKenzie, D.D. As we have frequent occasion to note, our non-Catholic brethren are rapidly adopting the Church's view of the educational problem.

None of our habitual readers will accuse THE AVE MARIA of indifference to the needs of our foreign missions, or of lukewarmness in soliciting for them the exercise of the most generous charity. Accordingly we shall not be misunder-

stood in saying that our home missions should not be forgotten by those who give freely of their abundance to the cause of religion, the propagation of the Faith. That there is a good deal of quiet, patient heroism being shown by missionary priests in many districts of our own country, notably by those who have charge of Indian or Negro parishes, is abundantly clear to all who keep in touch with the organs of the various missionary enterprises. Here, for instance, is a case told of in the *Colored Man's Friend*, of Lafayette, La.:

We are able to report of a case where a priest in a colored mission had about twenty-five dollars a month for his support. Out of this sum he tried to save as much as possible to help to raise means for the extension of his work. For eight years he lived in a small old house, which had formerly been occupied by colored people. He was his own housekeeper, and contented himself morning and evening with some fruit or cheese, and malt coffee, which he made himself; whilst he had a dinner for twenty-five cents furnished him by some colored people of his neighborhood.

There is nothing brilliant or sensational about such a life as that, but it is none the less praiseworthy for being lived in our own Southern States rather than in China or South Africa.

In an appreciative note on the Conference of Governors recently held at Madison, Wisconsin, Mr. A. W. Klieforth declares that the Conference was truly a remarkable one. "Never before," he says, "in the history of our country were selfish ambitions, radical and unscientific schemes, so displaced by ambitions ideal and founded on principle. The governors have come to realize that the paternalistic trend of our municipal and State government is less democratic, less representative, less just, than a government based on a shorter ballot, on smaller legislative bodies, on a simplification of government machinery, on fewer commissions and bureaus, and what not. The governors have realized the truth of the words of

the great Catholic Pope who said: "The foremost duty, therefore, of the rulers of the State should be to make sure that the laws and institutions, the general character and administration of the commonwealth, shall be such as of themselves to realize public well-being and private prosperity. The State must not absorb the individual or the family: both should be allowed free and untrammelled action so far as is consistent with common good and the interests of others."

The current issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* contains the third instalment of Father Boyd Barrett's very interesting study, "The Education of the Will." It is an exposition of a practical method of strengthening the will, and discusses certain concrete exercises proper to accomplish that result. The characteristics of these exercises are fourfold:

They are (1) systematically varied, (2) continuous (uninterrupted), (3) simple and practical, (4) demanding a little effort every day. The effect of the daily effort will be cumulative. No wastage or loss will take place. Whatever is banked will stand to the depositor's credit. But only a little may be banked each day. The object of the exercises is, of course, to heal and strengthen the will; to acquire the power of making and sustaining efforts; to win and develop the faculty of *starting, regulating and stopping* the human machine at all times and under all circumstances; in fine, to conquer the kingdom that is within us, to ascend the throne of our own little empire, and *to reign*.

The extent to which the will may be made strong by exercising it systematically even in trivial, unimportant matters is surprising to all who have not deeply pondered the psychological truth that habit is but the result of the repetition of single acts.

Some thoughts that should be uppermost in the mind of all Christians, especially at this season, are admirably expressed by Fr. Dalgairns in his book on the Holy Communion, another edition of which has just been issued. "The Christian feeling

toward the poor," he writes, "is something hard to describe. It is neither simple compassion nor is it a sense of duty. There are few who do not feel pity akin to pain at hearing of suffering. There are many who know that almsgiving is a duty. But I can call a Christian's feeling for the poor by no other name than love.... For this reason the almsgiving of a real Christian is noble, generous, lavish, and uncalculating. Though it is a real supernatural prudence, yet the world would call it improvident. God blesses the great houses where generous almsgiving is hereditary. After all, here is the great mark of unworldliness—the practical test of love for the poor. At the same time that alms are given regally, they are also bestowed with courtesy and with a kind of reverence. True Christians have a feeling for the poor which can be called only respect. They do not dragoon them or legislate for them, but consult their feelings, their habits, their very caprices."

Another passage of the same precious volume, in which the touchstones of true religion are indicated, may also be quoted here. It is in answer to the question, What can I do for God?—a question constantly being asked by fervent layfolk. "There is as much, perhaps more, to be done for Him in this generation," replies Fr. Dalgairns, "as in the time when men assumed the cross to rescue the Holy Sepulchre.... Rise above national prejudice and insular feelings. Have the manliness to stand up for God's cause when so many are caught by dreams of false liberality. Let there be no miserable compromise with heresy, no desire to stand well with the Protestant world...."

"The days of martyrdom, perhaps, are gone, but there is no lack of work to be done for God. We can be the representatives of all high and holy principle in the midst of an unbelieving generation. Without pomp or pretension, from the simple fact of our holding Catholic prin-

ciples and acting upon them, we can protest against the miserable liberalism of many who lend their honored names to swell the cry against the Church of God. We will not, under pretence of fearing to scandalize Protestants, shrink from putting forward doctrines which peculiarly shock them, such as the exclusiveness of salvation and the jurisdiction of the Church. The heart that aspires heavenward tramples all human respect under foot, and fears not to assert principles which shock the national prejudices, or the politics of the day.... Our instincts will ever teach us that we must rally round St. Peter's Chair; for there alone can we be sure of acting right amidst the confusion and tumult of the day. He who loves Jesus can not help loving the shepherd whom Jesus has set to feed His sheep in His absence."

Memorable words. Many years have passed since they were first written, but they still bear a message to which no Catholic that has not become unworthy of the name of Christian will turn a deaf ear.

If Canon Hannay were not an Irishman, even though a Protestant one, we should be less surprised than we are at a *faux pas* he makes in his new book, "From Connaught to Chicago." He writes: "I am an ignorant and stupid man. Very clever women sometimes frighten me. I was never frightened in America." Our clever countrywomen, for whom the genial Canon elsewhere expresses unbounded admiration, will forgive this blunder, and declare that the order of the sentences quoted must be due to a stupid printer or proofreader; but they will all have their doubts as to whether Canon Hannay ever kissed the Blarney Stone. "A raal Irishman, barring he'd be a Prodestant, has no call for it," we were once assured by one who should know—being himself a Catholic Irishman. Persistently urged to make a guess at her age by an elderly lady who had thought

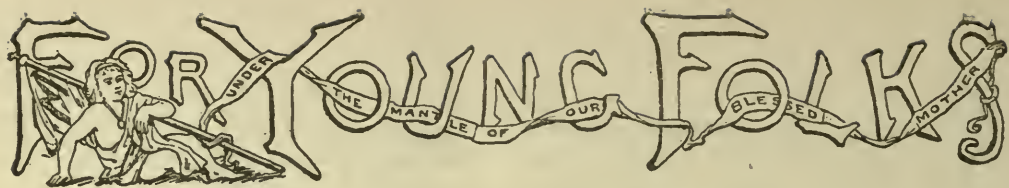
'to corner an Irishman for once in her life,' his reply was: "Sure I don't know your age, ma'am; but, whatever 'twould be, you don't look it."

If there does not speedily be heard a vociferous outburst of virtuous indignation from our American replica of England's "Protestant Alliance"—the Guardians of Liberty, to wit,—we shall be considerably surprised. Why? Because the Board of Aldermen of the city of Providence has actually had the audacity to appropriate \$2000 for the St. Vincent de Paul Infant Asylum, an institution conducted by Catholic Sisters. True, at the last session of the General Assembly, the act "In Aid of Orphan Asylums" was passed, and the city government probably contends that it has merely exercised the right granted it by that enactment of the Legislature; but that, of course, is a mere quibble. As every Guardian is aware, the term "Orphan Asylums" in the act mentioned means, and of right ought to mean, non-Catholic institutions. Is the city of Providence, is the State of Rhode Island, to be made subservient to the insidious wiles of Rome?

An item of news which should cause a number of querulous Catholics to blush for their lack of self-sacrifice is given in the *Catholic Register* of Denver:

One week ago last Sunday, in a little Northern Colorado mission church, it was Communion day for the children of the parish. Two little girls drove twenty-seven miles to receive their Saviour in the Sacrament of the Altar. The Mass did not begin until 12.30. These girls and their parents had to rise at three o'clock in the morning and start their long drive, in order that the youngsters could be in time. The girls, therefore, had been fasting almost thirteen hours before they received the Blessed Eucharist, and they had been awake ten hours out of those thirteen.

Yet some town and city Catholics think it an exceptionally virtuous act on their part to get up at six or seven o'clock in order to attend Mass!



Our Mother.

BY DONALD CAMERON.

WHITE is the snow when it mantles the mountains,

Fair are the cloudlets that float o'er their peaks;

Pure is the water of rock-springing fountains,

True is the star that the mariner seeks;

But fairer and purer and truer by far

Is the Heart of that Mother whose children we are.

Great is the power of the saints in their glory,

Loving their guidance and tender their care;

Clients unnumbered of each have a story,

Telling of favors in which all may share;

Far greater the power of Christ's Holy Mother:

Hers is a patronage shared by no other.

On Calvary's Mount, when our Saviour was dying,

Then was she given our Mother to be,—

Dearest of titles, in beauty none vying:

Mother of Christians, Star of life's sea.

God's saints are our patrons, all loving and good;

But Mary is Mother,—O sweet Motherhood!

Lo!o.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXVII.



LOLO could not find her violin anywhere. It had been taken away and sold. By degrees the child understood. These people had given up all hope of her playing and making money as a "prodigy." They had never loved her, and now they did not want her any more.

The last month of the year came. The days were short. The rooms were cold where Lolo worked at the humblest household tasks, giving all the help she could. Now she was scrubbing the

kitchen floor, with little wet red hands. Now she was "washing up" a tableful of cups and dishes by the light of one dim lamp; now helping "muzzer" to get the dinner ready: peeling potatoes and apples,—doing everything that might soil the white and jewelled fingers of the lady who directed the work.

Lolo would have been quite happy as another Cinderella, if only these people had cared for her. But to be unloved, not wanted, and at the same time to lose all her hopes of the future; to have the music she passionately loved fade away into a failure, and to have no home affection to fall back upon for comfort as other children have,—all this was, indeed, trouble enough to make the helpless child cry herself to sleep night after night. There were no stars to be seen from her window. It seemed to be always raining. The drops fell "pat, pit, pat," upon some leaden roof below. The medal was still at her neck, and every night she said the mysterious words, and for the moment felt soothed.

That boy in the country could have told her what the words meant. But she had not been left there to see him again. Everything happy seemed to have lasted for her such a little time. She had seen that bright boy only by glimpses. She had spent but one night in the home of Mike and Mary and the children. The white-haired friend who had said, "My little child," had appeared for one blissful visit. The stay in the sunny country had come to an end, and was so short to look back upon. And now the world was all as dark as her little room. Nothing sweet remained but the medal and the words to the unseen Mother. Who was she? Did she hear? Was she somewhere tenderly watching over the child who had no one to love her?

And from the medal and the whispered words, somehow Lolo found herself back again at the wonderful thought that had first come in the summer country. The Lord God Almighty made everything. He would remember her, though she was so small, up here alone in the dark. He knew her,—knew the little things as well as the great. He had made the daisies as well as the stars.

Christmas came and went. We know what a merry Christmas it was at Beechwood: how a myriad stars were shining, and the frosty ground was sparkling, when the crowds came from all the country round to Midnight Mass. It was a holy and a happy time, followed by splendid holidays.

That same Christmas Day, Pedro de Selvas and his wife appeared late, and smoked cigarettes over a lunch of scraps. They had both been out to the theatre and supper the night before; and they were to dine out this evening. Lolo was given an orange and a bun as a great treat. She would find bread and cheese on the shelf for her supper; and she was to go to bed, and not be afraid of being alone in the house; for they would not be back till very late.

The poor child feared they were not coming back at all; for she had never forgotten those words overheard by chance. Unable to sleep for dread, she lay listening and shivering hour after hour. Would they go away and leave her?

That night, far away in the country at Beechwood, the merry house party of young folks, and some of the old folks too, were dancing Sir Roger de Coverley. The gallery and staircase were wreathed with evergreens. Servants as well as masters, rich and poor alike, were to join in the Christmas revels; so there had been carols and games in the great panelled hall; and now it was hands across and twirl round, down the middle and under the arch. The roof was ringing with music and laughter.

And the poor child, alone at the top of that London lodging, was listening and shivering. Would they come back, or had they left her? At last she heard the noise of the street door closing far below, then footsteps on the stairs. They had not gone away yet. With relief, she fell asleep.

One could hardly believe this timid little creature to be the same as the brown fairy in pink cotton who danced about in the summer sunshine of the country; or the same as Dolores de Selvas, who appeared in white and gold to play at Lady Dalchester's party. But there is an old saying: "It is a poor heart that never rejoices." Lolo wanted to rejoice as everybody does at Christmas; and she thought of one possible joy. She could not have presents, but all sorts of beautiful things were still on view for many days after, even early in the New Year, and she longed to go and look in at the shop windows.

"I shall take her, perhaps, to-night to see the shops," said the guardian.

He was very busy, in and out all day, without ever taking his hat off. He packed a portmanteau, and his wife was packing a trunk. She had dragged it into the front room with the help of the willing child. There was no fire anywhere else. "Madame" knelt on the warm hearthrug, and put her clothes in carefully folded. The cold of the day had been bitter; from the windows one saw the sky of a heavy slate-color, and now it was dark night outside.

"Can I help you, muzzer?" said Lolo.

"No. Keep out of the way. I wish we had never seen you!"

Lolo was cut to the heart. Her eyes became red, but no tears fell. For a long time she watched, sitting, timid and silent, on the edge of a chair. Then she said:

"Are we going away from here?"

There was no answer.

"Please, shall I put my things into anything to carry?"

"Oh, be quiet, you little fidget!"

Lolo was silent again, till she became too uneasy.

"Am I not to pack, muzzer?"

"No."

"Is fahzer going too?"

"Yes."

"Am I going?"

"Do stop asking questions. You would give any one a headache."

The packing went on in the firelight, and night was black outside the windows. An awful fear was growing upon Lolo. They would go away and leave her. She would have no one—no home; she would starve, wandering about like the stray dog that she had pitied and fed one day.

After a while she thought of the boy in white, and began to speak again, but very timidly:

"The boy that came on the pony said they knew me at Beechwood. It is near Strawson's Farm. I wish I could go to Beechwood."

"What rubbish have you got in your head?" was the answer. "You have nothing to do with those grand people. Strawson's is a long journey off by rail, that costs heaps of money. You want to run away again, do you? This is the gypsy blood showing."

Lolo sat still on the edge of the chair in the firelight. The trunk was nearly full.

"Am I going with you, muzzer?"

"Will you be quiet?" said the lady, closing the trunk. "Why are you crying?"

Lolo gave one or two sad little sniffs.

"Cheer up!" said "fahzer," coming into the room, still busy, with his hat on. "I am going to take you out, little girl, to see the shops. Be quick, and wrap up warmly. It is freezing hard."

Lolo could hardly believe her ears. This was just what she had been wishing for all day. Oh, yes, she would be ready in a minute! She was to go and see the shops—the beautiful Christmas shops—all lighted up. "Fahzer" was not so unkind, after all. He had thought of a pleasure for her.

"Yes, thank you, I'd love to come! I shall be very quick," she said.

And she was back directly, with her strong shoes on, and her old blue cloak. The swansdown had been taken off it long ago, and the white silk lining was very soiled. She pulled the hood over her head, and tucked her hands into the folds.

"I am ready now," she said. "We shan't be long, muzzer, shall we? I have washed up all the cups and dishes, and I can spread the supper cloth when we come back."

It was only half-past six. They could have a long ramble before supper time.

"All right! Be off!" said "muzzer," without looking up from the packing.

Quickly they went down the long flights of stairs. Pedro de Selvas was singing. He opened the door at the end of the ground-floor passage, and they went out into the street. Oh, how cold it was! Now and again snow fell like a fine dust. The child danced along to keep herself warm.

They were soon in Regent Street, and Oxford Street. Lolo saw all the brilliant windows, amid a thronging crowd and a blaze of light. She saw even the windows full of sparkling jewels; the others spread with things made of gold and silver; and the wonderland of toys,—the fine animals, the enchanting dolls that she longed to cuddle and could only smile at.

"If ever you get lost," said Pedro de Selvas to her, "ask a policeman the way to the General Post Office; and at the General Post Office ask for the place where children wait till they are called for."

Lolo looked up at him, rather alarmed. After that she nearly got lost two or three times. When she was looking at the sparkling diamonds behind wire netting in a window, the guardian did not wait for her, but she chased him through the crowd and caught him by the coat.

Then there was the window where three dolls were sitting round a tea table like real children, and a beautiful baby

doll was in a cot. Oh, how she wished to stoop in between the lace curtains and lift it from the pillow and kiss it! It was then that she turned round and could not see "fahzer" anywhere.

But presently he came back, and said: "This is too bad! Come along to the house."

"What is too bad? I am sorry," said Lolo. "I stayed too long, did I?"

"No, no," he said: "it was not you."

Then who was it? That puzzled Lolo.

When they went back to their top floor again, the trunk and the portmanteau were packed and locked and ready; and the wife of De Selvas was sitting on the trunk with her furs on, and her plumed hat and her gloves.

"You were a long time," she said, when De Selvas came in. And when the child appeared following him, she gave a sort of gasp. "Oh, this is awkward!" And she looked quite crossly at her husband.

"I hadn't the heart," he said, and flung his gloves on the table.

They exchanged glances, as if their affairs had come to a deadlock; and Lolo stood like a dumb animal, helplessly, and turned her gaze from one to the other.

"That thing on her neck has brought her no luck," said the woman.

Lolo knew "the thing" was her medal.

"No," said the man. "It has been no mascot. Come here! Let's pitch it into the fire, and see if we can do better."

"Oh, no, no!" shrieked Lolo, springing away from him.

The man pursued her, with his big hand clutching toward her neck.

"Into the fire it goes!" he said. "It is no mascot. It is Popish rubbish. I shouldn't wonder if it brought bad luck instead of good."

People with no religion are sometimes very superstitious; and the idea had seized this man that the medal he had left "for luck" was perhaps connected with some mysterious power that was ruining his hopes all along. He began to

say frightful things, angry words full of rage and wickedness.

"Into the fire it goes!" he repeated.

But Lolo clung to her medal—the link with love from a holier world unseen,—her only jewel. She dodged round the table, knocked down chairs and jumped over them, skipped recklessly across "muzzer" and the trunk, and showed all the wildness and swiftness of a hunted animal. Finally she was caught by the silver chain; but, clasping the medal in her hand, with one wrench she darted away, leaving the broken chain in the man's fingers. He was more angry than ever then. He shouted something dreadful and sprang to the door to prevent her from escaping. She slipped under his arm, and was off down the stairs triumphantly with her medal.

She wept with terror, and whispered, "Show thyself a Mother! Show thyself a Mother!" At last she was safely down the lowest flight of steps, and along the passage, and her trembling hands opened the street door. A gust of wind met her,—icy, piercing. The ground was silvered over with fine snow. Small flakes were blowing lightly across her face.

For a moment she hesitated. It was so dark, so chill, and a snowstorm was beginning. There was nowhere to run to for refuge,—and yet it seemed better to go anywhere—anywhere!—than to stay. She was much too terrified to venture upstairs again; if she waited, that raging man might come down. And she had heard them talk of going away and leaving her. They wanted to get rid of her; they would be glad if she was gone. Lolo stepped out, closing the door after her, and flitted away along the street.

(To be continued.)

It is a curious fact that George Washington drew his last breath in the last hour of the last day of the week, in the last month of the year: dying on Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, December 14, 1799.

A Noble Rival.

We have very few anecdotes of the great Raphael. The young, sad-faced painter of Madonnas is associated for the most part with his incomparable masterpieces, and not with sprightly happenings over which we can laugh or chat. There is, however, one incident in his life of which you may care to hear.

Before he had completed the frescoes in the chapels of Santa Maria della Pace he received five hundred scudi. When the last of the series was done, he informed the treasurer that there was more money due him.

"I think you have had enough," said the treasurer.

"But I haven't."

"You can't have any more."

"But if some good judge should say I had earned more?"

"Then I would give it. Appoint your own judge, and let him be one that knows what a painting is."

"No: you yourself shall appoint the judge," said Raphael.

Here was the treasurer's opportunity. Michael Angelo, he reasoned, was jealous of Raphael, and would put a low estimate on his work.

"I choose Michael Angelo," he said.

"Very well," answered Raphael.

Together the treasurer and the great sculptor went to examine the frescoes. Michael Angelo took one look at them and stood spellbound.

The treasurer, thinking him indignant at Raphael's effrontery in asking so much for such indifferent paintings, said:

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think a great deal. I think, in the first place, that we are looking at the most magnificent work imaginable. I think, too, that it is worth paying for."

The treasurer began to be frightened.

"How much, for instance," he asked, "would you call the head of that sibyl worth?"

"About one hundred scudi."

"And the others?"

"Each of them quite as much."

Thereupon the treasurer hied to the wealthy merchant who had undertaken the contract for frescoing the chapels, and told him the decision of the umpire.

"Give him three hundred scudi at once," said the merchant; "and be very polite to him. Why, if we have to pay for the heads at that rate, paying for the drapery will ruin us!"

So Raphael got his price through the generosity of his great rival.

Slow Travelling.

In these days of aeroplanes, lightning expresses, and sixty-miles-an-hour automobiles, it is not easy to realize the travelling conditions that prevailed in the Colonial period of American history. At the Intercolonial Convention held in Albany in 1754, Benjamin Franklin, pleading for Philadelphia as the capital of a central government, urged in behalf of his proposal that delegates from New Hampshire and Georgia, the most distant colonies, could easily reach the seat of government in so brief a time as *fifteen or twenty days!* The oldtime stage-coach was certainly a "slow coach."

The Pope's Rings.

The Pope has three official rings. The first is called the Papal Ring. It is usually very plain, with a cameo ornament. The second, the Pontifical Ring, is used when the Pope officiates at grand ceremonies. And there is the Fisherman's Ring, which gets its name from a figure of St. Peter, who is represented as throwing his net into the sea. Around and above the figure of the Apostle there is engraved the name of the reigning Pope. The Fisherman's Ring weighs about an ounce and a half, and is the official seal of the Pontiff to whom it belongs.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An able exposition of the vague doctrine of Syndicalism is afforded by the Rev. J. Joy, S. J., in a new pamphlet contributed to the Social Action Series.

—A new edition (the third, entirely revised and reset) of "One Generation of a Norfolk House," by the late Dr. Jessopp, is announced by Messrs. Putnam's Sons.

—A new edition of the Little Office of Our Lady, containing the Latin and English texts, with numerous notes, and a commentary for the use of religious, is announced by Messrs. Washbourne.

—It is gratifying to notice the increased popularity of books as gifts. The Catholic public can not complain of lack of variety in the publications offered to them. A great many beautiful Catholic books in all departments of literature are now on the market. We wonder that our leading publishers do not issue illustrated catalogues for the holiday trade.

—Irish Catholic readers more especially must rejoice to see certain wretched productions of authors like Carleton and Lever replaced by such books as "Yourself and the Neighbors," by Seumas MacManus; and "Round About Home," by the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. There is no longer the slightest excuse for patronizing literature that caricatures the Irish clergy and people.

—This is assuredly the age of youthful saints—or at least of their published biographies. Latest of such books to reach us is "The Life of Dominic Savio," translated from the original work of the Venerable Don Bosco. (London: Salesian Press.) Young Savio was a schoolboy, a pupil of Don Bosco's, in the middle nineteenth century, and died in his fifteenth year. His very interesting life furnishes ample reason why his Cause (for beatification and canonization) was introduced in February of the present year.

—Older readers of THE AVE MARIA who recall Dr. Austin O'Malley's vigor of thought and power of expression will know what to expect of his volume, "Keystones of Thought," just published in acceptable form by the Devin-Adair Co. There is no group-division of these aphorisms, and the reader is likely to find on the same page a cross-section of life,—thoughts on society, art, morals, literature,

criticism, love, religion, the clergy and the whole *comédie humaine*. It is a book of the *nil alienum*, and its mood is reverent, joyous, droll, scorching, as the matter fits. Five minutes' reading of it will furnish matter for five hours' thinking and more.

—The statement of the numbers printed by the English Catholic Truth Society alone of its edition of the penny Gospels is the best answer to Protestant misrepresentation of the attitude of the Church toward the Bible. Of the Gospel of St. Matthew, 64,000 copies have been printed; of the Gospel of St. Mark, 50,000; of the Gospel of St. Luke, 65,000; of the Gospel of St. John, 49,000.

—"In a Flower Garden" is the title of a new cantata for juvenile voices. The words are by Edith M. Burrows, the music by W. Rhys-Herbert. Both parts have real merit, and are admirably suited to youthful minds. The stage settings, costumes, etc., are clearly indicated, so that the work of drilling the performers, arduous as it will prove, is considerably lightened. J. Fischer & Bro. Price, 75 cents.

—The gifted religious who has made the literary pseudonym "Rev. Richard W. Alexander" familiar as a household word in American Catholic reading circles is to be credited with another collection of excellent short stories, "The Hand of Mercy." (P. J. Kenedy & Sons.) The thirty-two tales, with an appreciative foreword by Father Walter Elliott, C. S. P., make a goodly book of 288 pages. Readers of the author's previous volume, "A Missionary's Note-Book," need not be told that these stories are vividly interesting.

—Something of the effect of a sly wink is given to the title, "Mustard Seed," by its sub-title, "Some Pungent Paragraphs." But persons capable of enjoying what Fr. Francis Donnelly, S. J., thus terms his "pungency" will hardly need to have their attention drawn to it, even by so much as a wink. For ourselves, we found these little essays very substantial reading, sensible and quite unsensational. Such papers as "Too Proud to be Vain," "Will-Hygiene," and "You were Right," cover more ground than many an ambitious sermon. Published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—An all too modest "Author's Note" prefaces "Wild-Briar and Wattle-Blossom," verses by the Rev. J. J. Malone, which Wm. P. Linehan (Melbourne) has made into a handsome book.

Fr. Malone need never fear that it will be said of his work, as it was of "the effusions of a compatriot poetaster—that 'they will be read when Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare are forgotten—but not before it.'" It is the Celt in Australia who lifts his hand to strike the harp in exile. And yet this is accomplished without undue mournfulness; and the exile's eye, for all its mistiness, is able to see considerable beauty in the land of its new sojourning. The concluding lines of "Ave Roma Immortalis" will give an idea of the strength of Fr. Malone's touch, and the liquid music of his versification:

Immortal Rome! The nations come and go
And leave their mark like ooze upon the strand
The next wave washes; in the drifting sand
We write our names, amidst the ebb and flow
Of time's defacing billows; and we know
Oblivion waits our work of brain or hand,
E'en as the sea climbs up the bold headland
And flings the cliff on its resistless tide.
Fierce vandal of the world, e'en such is time,
That treads out man and all his human pride;
But on the flood of ages floats sublime
Thy soaring ark, where all is wreck beside;
And 'neath its sheltering folds in every clime
The hopes of our humanity abide.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.

"Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.

"Mustard Seed." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.

"The Hand of Mercy." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.

"The Life of Dominic Savio." Venerable Don Bosco. 1s. 6d, net.

"Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.

"Round About Home." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.

"The Education of Character." Rev. M. S. Gillet. O. P. 85 cts.

"The Ideal of the Monastic Life." Dom Germain Morin, O. S. B. \$1.25.

"Oddsfish!" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.

"The Priest's Daily Manna." James Canon Schmidt, D. D. \$1.80.

"Outside the Walls." B. F. Musser. \$1.25.

"An American Crusoe." A. Hyatt Verrill. \$1.25.

"The Prophet's Wife." Anna C. Browne. \$1.25.

"Outlines of the World's Literature." Harold Binns. \$2.25.

"Venerable Pierre Eymard." Rev. E. Tenaillon. S. S. S. 75 cts.

"The Red Ascent." Esther W. Neill. \$1.

"What Think You of Christ?" Francis Cahusac, M. A. 35 cts.

"Simplicity According to the Gospel." Mgr. De Giberques. 60 cts.

"The World Missions of the Catholic Church." Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D. 25 cts.

"Trees and Other Poems." Joyce Kilmer. \$1.

"The Century of Columbus." Dr. James J. Walsh. \$3.50.

"An Elizabethan Cardinal: William Allen." Martin Haile. \$6.

"The Poet." Meredith Nicholson. \$1.30, net.

"Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim." Rev. S. M. Giraud. \$1.50.

"A Layman's Retreat." Henry Owen-Lewis. \$1.25.

"The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola." Fr. Elder Mullen, S. J. 65 cts.

"The Little Florentine." H. de Charlien. \$1.25.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. William Gildea, D. D., of the archdiocese of Westminster; Rev. Francis X. Foss, S. J.; Rev. Anthony Wisniewski, Rev. Rufinus Moehe, O. F. M.; and Dom Robert Gwydir, O. S. B.

Sister M. Teresa, I. B. V. M.; Sister M. Bernadette, Sisters of Notre Dame; Sister M. Lydia, Sisters of the Holy Cross; and Madame Amelia Fowler, R. S. H.

Mr. John S. Kast, Mr. Stephen Bunner, Mr. John Rogers, Mrs. Charles Jaegle, Mr. William Fagan, Mrs. Thomas Murray, Mr. Joseph Hall, Mr. Michael Holly, Mr. J. W. Hocken, Mr. William Bruen, Mr. Joseph Hogan, Mr. Mark Devine, Sr., Mr. Thomas Caulfield, Mrs. Beatrice Griffith, Mr. John Bridgeford, Mrs. Hanora Reardon, Mr. A. M. Willard, Mr. M. W. Fitzpatrick, Mr. Ferdinand Meyrose, and Mr. Joseph Wehrkamp.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LXXIX.

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The Privileged.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

WHO listens in the hush of night
For steps that come no more;
Who knocks with bruised hand upon
A never opened door,
By virtue of that listening
That gives not to despair,
By virtue of that patient watch
Upon the shadowed stair,
Shall be the first to hear the step
Of Love on heaven's pave,
The first to ope the silent door
That shuts upon the grave;
The first to tread the singing ways
Which Christ's bright feet have trod,
The first of all the earth to look
Upon the face of God.

The Best of All Devotions.

HERE are two ways of looking at the present time, which alone is ours. There is the way of those who say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; who, if enjoying a life of leisure, consider time something to be got rid of, and, as they say, "killed"; or, if their lot is one of labor, snatch every moment they can from their toil to pursue the frenzied search for amusement or dissipation so characteristic of our days. Then there is the way of those—too few, alas!—who look upon the present time as a precious

gift from God,—or, rather, a loan from God, a talent entrusted, to be used for God's purposes, in doing His holy will, and storing up merit for life eternal. It is to these that the present paper is addressed, with the object of promoting in them what has happily been called the "Devotion to the Present Moment."

Pious people who are trying to serve God, to practise the Christian virtues, and whose ambition is, let us hope, to arrive at the degree of Christian perfection that God has marked out for them, are often discouraged at the apparent vastness of the task that is set before them. So many virtues to cultivate, so many temptations to meet, so many prayers and sermons to be gone through,—and all this for years and years, perhaps; with so many recollections of past failure, and chances of failure in the future; with a sense, too, of the apparent uselessness of efforts in the past. Perhaps half a lifetime of bad habits has to be remedied, and the bad habits replaced by good ones; or half a lifetime of faults, and some big sins, have to be atoned for by penance and amendment; the merit lost has to be made up in the future, and time redeemed by its careful use in what remains of days on earth.

To all those who find themselves in this situation—and who of us does not?—and especially to those who are discouraged at the prospect of all they have to do—though there is no good reason for any one to be discouraged,—we would recommend, very strongly recommend, the "Devotion to the Present Moment." It

is especially appropriate to the present season of Advent, on the first Sunday of which the Church reminds us that "now is the hour for us to rise from sleep; for now our salvation is nearer than when we believed."

In what does the Christian life consist,—in what do perfection and sanctity consist? In doing the holy will of God for love of Him. The more perfectly we do God's will, and the more intently we put into all we do the motive of the love of God, the more holy and the more perfect we shall be. And what is the will of God? For us it is the duty, the lawful occupation of the *present moment*,—the task, of doing or praying or suffering, which lies to hand. Now prayer, now Holy Mass, now the receiving of a Sacrament, now our appointed business in life; now some necessary action, like taking a meal to support the body in its daily work, or some legitimate recreation to refresh the spirit for further toil for God,—these constitute His holy will for us; these present themselves moment by moment as the day goes on.

And not the least precious in opportunity of sanctification are the daily crosses, "life's little worries," which give occasion for high exercise of the love of God. We have but to do or endure these things as they come—performing our actions as well as we can, and bearing pain or annoyance with patience, and all this for God's sake,—and we shall be accomplishing, almost automatically, as it were, the task that seemed so great and so complicated. In this way we can merit increase of grace here, and glory hereafter; can satisfy for past sins; can exercise the virtues proper to our state in life; can become holy, can become saints.

God does not ask us to worry over the past; He has not yet given us the task of the future, which may never come. He asks us to do as well as we can for Him just that thing which the present moment brings before us to be done, and nothing more. "Our life," says a

recent spiritual writer, "is summed up in the present moment. Life has nothing else that is real; demands no efforts but for the moment that is ours now; is perfected by the use of that moment when it is ours. Every moment we can be united by charity with God by the action of that moment. O present moment! How precious to those who know how to use it!"

This devotion, to, and use of, the present moment is at once a great relief to the mind, and an effectual preventive of mistakes which cause us to waste an amount of our short lives that is truly alarming when we come to think of it. How many there are who spend half their time in vain regrets! How many, again, are always *going* to do something, but never really begin. The "Devotion to the Present Moment" will eliminate both these dangerous errors of conduct.

And, as regards relief of the mind, the determination to attend to the present stops all worry about the past, all foolish and useless anxiety for the future. It does not clash with the prudent laying of plans, with due regard to the word of the Apostle who says: "Behold, now you who say: To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and there we will spend a year, and will traffic, and make gain; whereas you know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is a vapor which appeareth for a little while, and afterward shall vanish away. . . . You should say: If the Lord will, and if we shall live, we will do this or that."* This prudent laying of plans—not treating the future as assured, not giving to it in imagination a fictitious reality which makes it obscure present facts and present duties,—is one of the things which come up moment by moment to be done. If we are doing our duty for God now, He Himself will take care of our future; and if we were to die at the instant acting thus, we could leave

* St. James, iv, 13-15.

our eternity with confidence to Him.

Another consoling thought is this: the duty of the present moment is not beyond our powers. God will not let it be. He will not set a task that at any given instant will be too hard; and each moment He will give the grace necessary for that moment. It is our own fault if we go beyond the task which God sets us, which is within our present powers, and which is indicated by the circumstances of life, and that interior guidance which the Holy Spirit will not fail to give to those who ask it in all simplicity and lowliness of heart.

In the Christian warfare, then, we have only to overcome ourselves, our sloth, our disinclination for good, sufficiently for present purposes,—enough to carry out the present duty, to do the thing we have to do *now*. Doing this, and no more than this, we shall live truly holy lives, and reach the perfection God has marked out for us individually. There is no need, by a kind of forcing process, to strive after things that are at present beyond us: heroic actions, great austerities, mystical states of prayer,—things we have read of in the Lives of saints. This would produce a spirituality, like all forced plants, unhealthy, weak, and without stamina. If such things are to come, they will come (when they come) as duties of the present, pointed out by present circumstances; and the best security for being ready for them, should they come, is devotion to the humble tasks of every day.

But devotion to the present moment *must be continuous*. There are many souls who spend their lives in alternations of fervor (usually of a somewhat excited kind) and negligence. For a few weeks they are full of piety, and make generous efforts. Then for a few weeks they let everything slide. The determined use of the present moment will remedy this.

Devotion to the present moment is also an effective remedy for sloth. It prevents that waste of time that is so common,—waste of time in talking, in day-dreaming,

in looking about for amusement; and the frittering away of precious moments between one occupation and another. Life itself is made up of small actions, thousands of which we perform in the course of the twenty-four hours. What an incalculable mass of actions these mount up to in the course of a lifetime! So also sanctity is made up of small, everyday actions done with a good intention; and, taken together, they merit for us an "exceeding great weight of glory," as the Apostle tells us. It was not the extraordinary actions of the saints, those actions which drew the attention of the world, that were the foundation and structure of their holiness: it was the simple, everyday task, done each moment as it came; and it was perseverance in this way of acting, all done for the love of God, that made them saints.

So we, by doing what we can according to our powers at the present moment—not by aiming at heroic actions that are beyond us,—may, with calm determination, without worry, and without unhealthy excitement, live lives that will be golden in the sight of God. Do the duty of the instant; suffer the pain of the instant; do *your* duty, and do not worry about the duty of others. Do this quietly, constantly, and with the fixed intention of carrying out God's will, for love of Him, as it is made known to you by each moment as it comes, and you will soon realize the wisdom and experience the worth of the "Devotion to the Present Moment."

WE shall be tried by that which we have known and done; and we shall be compelled to lay our hand upon our mouth and to confess that in all our life we never did evil, in thought, word, or deed, but we might have refrained from doing it, and might have done good instead if we had had the will; that every act of evil was a free act, and an irrational and immoral abuse of our will.

—Manning.

The Mossy Garden.

BY VALENTINE PARAISO.

V.

DR. FRITZ EBERFELD sat opposite Priscilla Duke, outside the French window. The shade from the side of the house spread farther and farther across the broad mossy stones, where little sedum plants and bits of pink and yellow blossom peeped from every crevice. The sun travelled away over the distant orchard. And still the reading of the monograph went on. As one of the congregation of the zinc chapel, Priscilla had shrunk from the very subject of "Mary of Nazareth." But her prejudice melted away under the charm of her friend's essay. It was not only that he was, as her feminine judgment said, "so like the picture of Longfellow" and almost a lifelong friend, but the eloquence that had individualized Shakespeare's heroines had not failed with the greater, the real, heroine of the Gospel.

Somewhere in one of his books, Cardinal Wiseman has said that every life has its critical day, its day of supreme choice. Looking back afterward, one sees that it was the day of grace. For Priscilla the critical day had come.

"I wish you had studied Christ instead," she said to Dr. Fritz, rather wistfully.

"Oh, I have!" he answered in his pleasant, easy way. "Of course I have. I found that one can't study one without the other."

After a week's work he had a good working knowledge of the New Testament, and of much illuminative matter beside. He had raised up out of the Sacred Text a heroine who, he frankly declared, was a type forever,—the most winning, the most imitable, the most to be compassionated. He called her the most lovable woman that ever lived. The amazing thing for Priscilla was that he had chapter and verse for everything,

and it was all in the Bible; more, it was all in Molly's New Testament, and she had never thought Catholics read it.

Two chapters impressed Priscilla deeply.

It was a marvel to her that anything was known of the personal character and domestic life of the Mother of the Saviour. Father Felician's notes were a revelation; though they were, of course, only ideas familiar to tens of thousands of Catholics, who have cared to keep these things pondering them in their hearts. Mary's sympathy came out as the grand characteristic. Father Felician had written:—"I. Visitation: Joy in her voice; her salutation first, when they met; rejoicing in another's happiness; the three months' stay, with loving company and service. II. Bethlehem: After the Virgin Mother had wrapped her Child in swaddling clothes with her own hands, and herself laid Him in the manger bed, she did not exclude any one from that first night of ecstasy. The shepherds came tramping in from the hills, and she listened to all they had to say. He appeared, according to prophecy, between two beasts; and it is significant of Mary's tenderness of heart that there was a place for 'the dear beasts,' whom St. Francis afterward loved."

Father Felician took as his third note of sympathy the good terms upon which the Virgin Mother must have lived with her kinsfolk and acquaintance, when her lost Child might have been among them; and her placing the name of her spouse first, and calling him by so honorable a title in "Thy father and I." The fourth example of sympathy was Cana of Galilee, where Dr. Fritz expanded the note in a manner that would have won the blessing of Father Felician. He dwelt lovingly upon the marriage scene,—his heroine, in her "wedding garments," distinguished by the human likeness between her face and that of her Son. He described the tact and forethought with which she provided for the needs of others; and he even had space for the priest's commentary upon the only word of advice recorded

from her lips, which, Father Felician said, contained all wisdom: "Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye." The last example of sympathy, with chapter and verse, was expressed in the notes by the two words: "*Juxta Crucem.*"

Next Father Felician had noted "silence"; for she kept all these things pondering them in her heart, and no doubt supplied St. Luke with the facts of the first chapters of his Gospel, as one of the "eye-witnesses from the beginning." Another note was "the silence of humility" (Dr. Fritz translated it "lowliness"), not speaking to any one on earth of the Angel's visit. Her calmness while taking shelter in the stable or journeying to Egypt showed her restful acceptance of hardship: she was the opposite type to the woman who "worries."

Dr. Fritz had copied all the *Magnificat* into his monograph, as an evidence of her loftiness and beauty of mind, and a picture of "the jubilant depths of her consciousness,"—he did not yet say her "soul." The truthful Priscilla was disturbed by his comment on, "All generations shall call me blessed." What of those who put the Virgin aside? The first doubt about the zinc Tabernacle crossed Priscilla's mind. On this point Molly's religion was scriptural: she literally fulfilled the prophecy.

That truthful soul was, indeed, constantly turning to the thought of Molly as the monograph was read. She awoke now to the knowledge that the girl not only knew the Gospel but lived it into her life. Everything she loved in that dear "sister" had its prototype in "Mary of Nazareth." The sympathy, the quick compassion, the haste to give joy, the forethought of the needs of others, the restful silence, the constant occupation with the lowliest work of life,—all that made Molly her own sweet self was just what Father Felician had told her of the Virgin Mother. The family likeness was there,—slight, perhaps, momentary, elu-

sive, but unmistakable. We all know that such a likeness may exist between a plain and ordinary face and the most beautiful in the world. And so the Catholic girl had unconsciously shown the inherited likeness. However insignificant she was, there had been momentary looks that marked her as the Child of Mary.

To Dr. Fritz, it was a wonderful discovery to find his heroine occupying her whole life with the common home work of a carpenter's house. According to the Christian tradition, which he followed (taking it only, as yet, as beautiful poetry), she was the *Deipara*, "the Bearer of God." And to this day at Nazareth one can see the very well from which she carried water; and there can be no doubt that she baked the loaves, and cooked the food, and washed the ware, and spun and wove, made and mended; kept the carpenter's home in order, and swept the floor as the woman swept it in the parable.

This, then, was one of the chapters which deeply impressed Priscilla. It was like the finding of a new world.

"As I went along, I began to see that all my work is a mere sketch," said Dr. Fritz. "I should want a volume. The influence of this character upon all the centuries has been vast. Here is the source of the Mediæval honor of womanhood. Here is the inspiration of chivalry. That alone would take a chapter. Then there is her virginity: 'How shall this be, for I know not man?' The Church set a new value upon the virgin life. It peopled the cloisters and the monasteries, which, whatever the ignorant may say, have worked wonders for the public good. Why, even the prototype of the hospital nurse was the Sister of Charity! Christianity, you see, has transformed the world; and there was no Christianity without the Virgin Mother in the midst of it for fifteen centuries. Oh, yes, Priscilla, it is true! They began painting her picture as far back as the Catacombs. Well, then, I should have a whole chapter on

the glory of the Virgin Mother in imperishable stone. She covered Europe with cathedrals that were the high-water mark of architecture from century to century. But I am only on the fringe of my subject. Not as a religious opinion, but as an opinion drawn from visible fact and history, I do affirm that the Madonna has been the central Woman in the whole history of mankind, and there is no woman's influence even to be compared to hers."

Poor Dr. Fritz! If Molly had heard him, she would have thanked him with a heart full to overflowing. And yet she would have realized how very little he knew. For, to take one example, his only idea of the Immaculate Conception was a picture in the Louvre: a white-robed figure with a blue mantle,—a being of ethereal beauty, raised up among clouds and childlike angels. He might well have said he was only touching the fringe of his subject.

The other chapter of the monograph which interested Priscilla was headed by the title "*Juxta Crucem*." Here was the example of fidelity,—of a fortitude which must still inspire myriads of human beings to suffer with the suffering, and to stay to the last; and still to live for the sake of others, when life indeed seems over.

"I have described here," said Dr. Fritz, that picture that we all know—Francia's 'Dead Christ,' with the angel at the head and at the feet, and the Mother bending over Him,—the poor, broken-hearted Mother, with eyes all red with weeping." He handed the manuscript to Priscilla. "Take it," he said: "I can read no more."

So it happened that Priscilla read for herself the last recorded scene between the Son and the Mother. She could linger as long as she liked over what Dr. Fritz called the Mother's one great public appearance with her Son, out under the open skies in the midst of a vast crowd. Priscilla had followed the ways of the zinc Tabernacle, and shrank from the

harrowing details of the Saviour's sufferings. She would have said the object of her worship was the Lord of glory. She had never in her life looked at a crucifix; Molly had one, but she had carefully kept her eyes away from it. But now she saw the crucifix at last. Her critical day had come. Having arrived thus far with the Mother of Christ, she also stood beneath the cross and watched Him to the end.

Dr. Fritz, with bent head, had walked far away over the mossy paths. A long time passed before she heard his voice again, close above her. "Ah, but you take all this too much to heart! You are so tender-hearted! Shall we read on, and forget those pages?"

Priscilla raised her eyes, with the tears unconcealed dropping heavily from the long dark lashes.

"I can never forget it," she said. "Let us read no more till to-morrow. *Juxta Crucem* is as far as I can go to-day. I want to stop just there,—to stay there!"

The village of Appleworth, which saw everything, was very much surprised that Miss Priscilla went out early next morning with her niece. Fortunately, the most curious eyes could not see right into the Grange, and yet it became known (through Mrs. Scaggs) that Molly had been up and about in the pale blue dressing gown at a most unnaturally early hour that Sunday morning, and that a dainty breakfast tray for one was found beside "Miss Priscilla's" bed. The two were off together in the cool of the summer morning, toward the railway station. "Just for once" Priscilla thought she would like to go with Molly. They had still the manuscript of Dr. Fritz to talk of, while they walked along the country road. The lark was singing above, lost in cloudless skies.

Everything at Barford seemed strange to the newcomer,—the altar with lighted candles, the vestments of gold and color, the mysterious rite, the unknown tongue.

But when she glanced at the stained windows, she recognized scenes in the Gospel history which comforted her like old friends. And close to her on the wall was a marble tablet to commemorate the answered prayer of a little child. This was comforting, too. The stained glass above showed the giving of sight to the blind. Priscilla longed to pray as that unknown child had prayed. The window suggested the words, when her face sank on her hands: "Lord, that I may see!" And there was the crucifix, and the statue of the Virgin Mother. This was the place where faithful hearts were not afraid to think what their Saviour suffered, and where they did not put His Mother aside.

Priscilla and Molly met Dr. Fritz in the village street, when the church bells were ringing. He said they should have had the car.

"Molly here refuses motors,—she revels in walking; but you must have it next time."

"On one condition," Priscilla said. "I shall go later next Sunday—if you will come, too."

"Delighted!" replied Dr. Fritz. No one could watch him talking to Priscilla, without detecting more than a kind look in his eyes. Perhaps he always saw in her the sister of Sibyl.

The air had taken away every trace of tears, except an unusual brightness in her eyes. The breeze had blown fresh color into her cheeks. In her soul there was new hope of life,—something beyond all human chance and change. And it was in that moment of Priscilla's independence that Fritz Eberfeld made his decision.

"When you are so good as to listen, you shall have the rest of the monograph," he said. "I hope you both have breakfasted."

"I have had two breakfasts," Priscilla answered merrily. "The second was at Barford—with a lovely collie dog."

The dog of the presbytery had, indeed, done his part that morning. They had gone into the priest's house, familiar as home to Molly since Father Felician's days, but quite a strange place to the new visitor. The priest had looked in only for a few moments; and, being unable to stay, had called in his collie dog, and told him to make friends. The room was very small, and the dog was very big,—several sizes too large for it. So when Donald welcomed them, and went bouncing round and round in moments of exultation, it took Priscilla all her time to keep his tail out of the teacups. There could be no sense of awkwardness or of overstrained nerves when one had breakfast with one's dearest friend, and a fine Scotch collie in such an affectionate mood.

And now as Dr. Fritz and the two early travellers stood in the village street, while the bells were ringing, that thoughtful girl Molly suggested that Priscilla ought to hear the end of the monograph, while she went for her last walk with Uncle Oliver.

"I ought not hear the end first," she said. "And you are going to send it to me in print, Dr. Fritz. I want to show it to my friends, and I shall say: '*There: I know Dr. Eberfeld!*'"

He raised his hat again with a courteous bow. Molly's praise was never flattery. She knew now what the monograph was, and only longed to thank him.

It was at the close of that Sunday morning that she joined Uncle Oliver in the garden. They walked up and down the green alley between the box-hedges; and when they drifted back at last to stand by the sundial, he had told her the great news about the sale of the Grange. She would have run off at once to build castles in the air with Aunt Georgina, but the Duchess was not to be told. Georgina's affection for the Grange might increase at the mention of a parting; as Uncle Oliver put it, "she might upset the apple cart."

"How I wish we could make her happy!" sighed Molly.

"But, my dear, what can any one do? Your Aunt Georgina sees everything out of proportion. She sees all the near little things too large," explained the uncle, who had, indeed, taken refuge in the garden to get a peaceable smoke. "There she is, up at the house now, worried because Mrs. Scaggs trod on one of the best teaspoons. She won't get away from that teaspoon all day, or see anything else. What's the good of there being sun, moon or stars to anybody that shuts one eye and holds a teaspoon against the other?"

When Molly was again at Mary's Gate, Priscilla wrote that she had quite made up her mind,—she had found "the pearl of price."

In the next letter Priscilla had begun to suffer acutely. She dreaded, for the sake of "our dear Dr. Fritz" as well as for herself, that Sibyl's case was going to happen all over again—"without Sibyl's youth and beauty to attract him; so, indeed, it seems hard he should have had the pain of asking me." She wanted to know if Molly could find a little flat in town, "very cheap, for two working-women like us; and I can live with you, and always pray for him."

But the third letter was full of happiness. "Our dear Fritz brought me to the light, and I have brought him. His ring is on my finger—the first diamonds I have ever had. We are both to be instructed, like two children,—Fritz in town, where he is gone now, and I at Barford. We hope to be received before Christmas."

The same letter went on to tell of their plans. There was to be a church built just within the Grange gates. When Oliver and Georgina would come to stay for their visits, they would perhaps learn the way in. And as for Molly, she was to live altogether with Priscilla, and never again set a stitch in anything except

for fun and pleasure. They would be half the year at Mount Street and half at the Grange, or travelling. "You shall have a glorious time," wrote Priscilla. And then she put a postscript—which, we are told, ladies mostly do: "When I told Oliver that you are going to have 'a glorious time,—the time of your life,' he said: 'Ah, then Molly has not let you know her secret!' What can it be?"

Molly kissed the letter, and sent her most sweet congratulations. But the question was left unanswered.

To know what that secret was, we must go back to the girl's last talk with her uncle by the sundial in the garden. She had just heard of the sale, and hoped it would make Aunt Georgina happy.

"But, ah," she said, "this dear old garden!"

"Molly," said the uncle, holding the gold-mounted pipe and trying to look shrewd, "you will see a good deal more of this place, or—or I'm a Dutchman."

The girl gently shook her head.

Oliver Duke put down his pipe on the sundial.

"My dear girl," he went on, "forgive an old boy like me for asking; but I was hoping since this time last week—since Sunday morning—that you and Eberfeld had begun to understand each other."

She raised to his face an innocent pair of wondering eyes.

"Last Sunday morning," Oliver reminded her, "you had that long chat in the garden. Georgina wanted to come out and cut roses, but I would not have had that *tête-à-tête* disturbed,—not for a hatful of money!"

Molly's face was all blushes and laughter.

"O Uncle, it is too funny! I never thought it would look like that."

"Why shouldn't it look like that?" said honest Oliver. "You would have a thousand congratulations."

"It is out of the question," Molly ex-

plained. "I believe he is fond of—of some one else. And I never thought of it. Indeed, Uncle, my heart is elsewhere."

"What — my Molly!" he exclaimed. "Your heart elsewhere! Who has been asking you? I must have something to say to this. Haven't I known you since—since I carried you about the garden here on my shoulder, the first time you came to Father Felician's? Eberfeld told me there is a lady he admires; he said so when he spoke of buying the property. Then, the day after, he spent the whole morning with you."

"He is thinking of some one else," said Molly. "And I, too, have made my choice."

"Have you, Molly?"—rather sadly.

Her smile almost brightened into laughter.

"Yes, Uncle. I am like the old china plate in the hall. You know the rhyme on it:

My heart is fixed: it can not range.

My choice is made: it can not change."

Oliver Duke took up the pipe, and knocked the ashes out of it.

"Well! well!" he said. "It is only what we should have expected. You have been all these years away from us. And any man in his senses ought to fall in love with you, Molly. But you might have told your old uncle."

She put her hands on his arms, and looked straight up into his kind, honest face.

"You are making a mistake, dear Uncle. I never in my life had a lover, and I never shall. I have given my heart to Some One I have not seen."

"You are talking in riddles, child!" said Oliver Duke. "I hope your father's people are not arranging a marriage for you, as they do in France. I'm hanged if they shall get my Molly! I'd rather go to law."

"Don't be anxious, Uncle. I will never marry."

"Riddles again!" said Oliver. "I am no good at conundrums. Come along,

my dear! There is the lunch bell ringing from the house. All women are riddles; there's no understanding 'em,—particularly my Georgina!"

As they walked along the grassy way, between the box-hedges, she hesitated, yet longed to tell him more: for there was a haunting fear that he felt her want of confidence. And so, having told so much, it seemed kinder to tell all.

"You shall have my secret the first of my own people," she said, locking her hands round his arm; "but, remember, it is a secret yet."

"Wild horses shall not drag it from me, my darling!" replied Uncle Oliver.

"Very well," said Molly, smiling at the forcible language. "You can all come to see me when I am gone where my heart is already; but I shall never come back to Appleworth."

He stood and looked at her.

"Molly!"

In a flash he guessed her meaning. There she was—the girl he had known from childhood—the dear familiar face, the brown hair touched by the sun with threads of gold! She was indeed grown up; and in her soul something had happened that he could not follow.

"My dear girl," he pleaded, "wait a little while,—wait, and you will know what it is to be in love."

Molly smiled indulgently.

"It is so hard," she said, "for you to understand. I have been in love all my life!"

(The End.)

I WILL not say that it has never to be done, but I am certain that a good deal of the energy spent by some devout and upright people on trying to understand themselves and their own motives would be expended to better purpose, and with far fuller attainment even in regard to that object itself, in the endeavor to understand God, and what He would have us do.

—George Macdonald.

The Peasants' Night-School.

BY R. O'K.

II.

NIGHT came on. Ah, you should have been at our humble firesides in the winter long ago, when the country was full of bogs and we had plenty of turf! There was black turf and brown turf, and hard turf and *slane* turf. But whatever turf we had, we poured it *laun-a-waulya* on the fireplace. It was a joy to see it burning. You forgot everything in the rich deep red of the live coals, and the glow of the merry blaze.

"Yes, I'm going to mend my little girl's boots," said the father, as he sat on one chair, and drew in front of him another, on which were pieces of leather, wax ends, an awl, and the various implements of an amateur cobbler. His hands were garnished by two leather gloves shorn of the fingers. These were to help him draw the thread tightly. "Now, then, where is my Nelly's boot, till I keep the water out from her little toes?"

With quiet self-control, she handed him the boot, drew a stool beside him, sat down, and, resting her little chin in her hands, looked steadfastly into his smiling face.

"Bryan, get your book! What is delaying you?"

"You said, father, we were to have the answering of Mass every Saturday night."

"I did; but to-night is not Saturday night, is it?"

Before an answer could be given, he looked round, and saw his daughter Nora, far up the kitchen, plucking a goose and surrounded by a heap of feathers. The two boys were cleaning their boots for Sunday morning, and already grumbling over their work. He asked for no more evidence. He was a good and a holy man, and yet it was unwelcome news. He was looking, you know, for that joy of the

heart that we all feel in the thing in which we are interested. He was disappointed. Immediately he yawned, as if by accident; but it was that, without notice, he might make the Sign of the Cross on his lips. We always did so.

"Won't it be fine when that piece is on her boot? And won't my little Nelly be a real lady?" he said, quickly recovering his good-humor.

The handle of a fork was standing in the socket of an old candlestick, and on the teeth of the fork the *pauhdh-og* was set alight. It wanted a little rectification; and while he was putting it right, Bryan whispered to his brothers: "The lesson won't be long. And I'll help ye." That put them in a good mood.

"Where did we stop the last night?"

"Just at the *Orate, Fratres*, father."

"Very well. Now, the first thing you'll do is to go to the prayer-book and find the translation of the words. In that way, you see, though we do not know Latin, we'll have a good guess as to what they mean. God be with poor Paddy the clerk! You remember him, Nelly?" he said to his wife.

The mother was at her wheel; and, whether it was owing to her own dreams or to the humming of the wheel, she did not catch what was said. In a moment, however, she had stopped the wheel.

"Were you speaking to me, father?" she inquired.

"I was asking if you remembered old Paddy the clerk. 'Sir,' we'd say to him, 'what is the meaning of *Orate, Fratres*?' We were well aware he didn't know, but were curious to hear what he'd say. 'What is it ye want?' He was a little deaf, and pretended to be much more so. 'Sir, what is the meaning of *Orate, Fratres*?'—'Oratty, Fratriss, is it? That's an island in France, where ye or I'll never go.' We knew the answer we'd get. Stuffing our caps into our mouth, we'd turn to one another, and, holding in as long as we could, we'd at last explode. He'd look at us, and flare up at our

irreverence. 'Do ye know what's a priest's curse?' We would not dare to open our mouths, for fear of exploding again, and worse than before. 'Do ye know what's a priest's curse? I tell ye that a clerk's curse isn't far behind it.'

"Was it right of us to go on that way, Bryan?"

"It was not, father."

"No, it was not, boy. And I hope you'll never be guilty of such misconduct. If there had been one to tell us, I suppose we wouldn't have done it. Is it right to be talking or going on with fun in the sacristy?"

"No, father."

"Why not?"

"Because we are in the house of God."

"If the priest asks you anything, answer him reverently. When he is vesting, stand behind him and see that the vestments fall properly. Go to the altar with your hands joined together. And 'tis no affair of yours who comes in or who goes out, who coughs or who has creaking boots. You are there to serve the minister of God at the altar. Go now to the prayer-book and see what *Orate, Fratres* means; for it is not an island in France."

They found what the words meant, and why the priest turns to the people while he says it; and they found the meaning of the answer the server gives in the name of the people; and they thought it interesting as well as edifying.

The mother, from time to time, glanced across from her wheel to her little namesake on the stool, who looked so sweet and winsome one would think she understood all that was said. The father and son had an earnest listener in the one plucking the goose.

"It was Paddy, I must tell you, who taught me to serve Mass. A young priest from the place was going to say his first Mass in our little chapel. It had been my great ambition to serve that first Mass. When I was very small, he used to throw me over his head and carry

me on his shoulders. On the morning of his first Mass, I was up at daybreak to secure my new boots; and I appeared at the sacristy in regular time, arrayed in my best. Paddy and I served the Mass; but of course it was not Paddy the people were looking at, but myself in my grand outfit. The curate stood by the young priest during Mass; and when the little procession came in from the altar to the sacristy, and the curate threw up his hands and cried: 'The whole chapel was in admiration!' I felt quite elated. It was what I expected. But, alas! it was the young priest they admired and not me."

When the mother saw that the primitive light was about half consumed, she declared that the potatoes were cooked, it was time for supper. The cobbler with his implements vanished; Nelly pushed aside her stool; Bryan shut his book; Nora cleaned herself of feathers; and the young lads parted with their brushes without a tear. A deal table, covered with a cloth, occupied the middle space. On this the mother poured out the potatoes. Nelly took her place beside her father; the mother sat at the head, with her second son beside her; Bryan always took the foot, because it was the lowest; Nora sat at his left, and little Pat (who was a favorite) at his right.

The meal over, the father went out to look after Jessie and the two cows, and generally to see what the night was going to be. The mother and daughter "tidied" up the house. The two little boys lay down on the clean-swept and pleasant hearth, while Bryan good-naturedly finished the work they had left undone. The family still sat awhile after the father's return. Then a small table was brought forth and placed in their midst. The two boys jumped up alert. With eyes and mouth open, they watched Nora spread a clean napkin on the table, while from an inner room the mother reverently brought forth a cross and two shining candlesticks. In the candlesticks were two

wax candles. The figure on the cross was of ivory; the wood was ebony. The candlesticks were silver, small but elegantly wrought.

These were family treasures. Ask me not how they came. I do not know. All I know is that once a year the priest came to the house to say Mass, and then these were brought forth from their venerable hiding-place. If the priest came to the houses of any of the neighbors, as often happened, they were gladly lent. Or if a poor dying person asked for them, they were given. And, finally, when any of the family was "going to the rails in the morning," they were produced; and the Rosary was offered that night for the person who was to receive Holy Communion next morning.

The candles were lighted, and all knelt down. While lighting the candles, the father took occasion to say:

"Children, always look with reverence on the lighted candles at the altar. The wax from which they are made is gathered from the sweet-smelling flowers by the bee. The wax, so pure, represents the sacred body of our Lord Jesus Christ. The flowers represent the immaculate flesh of Holy Mary; the perfume denotes her sweet virtues; and the action of the little bee and its humming tell us that Our Lord became man in the bosom of Holy Mary by the power and operation of the Holy Ghost."

The father and mother and the two oldest children said the Rosary earnestly and devoutly; but the other three, I fear me, exercised their eyes more than their minds. Rosary over, the family treasures were returned as reverently as they were brought forth. Then the members retired to rest, no one remaining up but the mother and daughter. The latter did her best to dissuade her mother from sitting again at the wheel, but without avail. "I won't be any length of time running down that handful on the distaff, child." So, putting her foot on the treadle, and touching the spindle of the wheel

with her finger, she set the machine in motion, filling the place with its delightful hum.

By and by the girl became sleepy, and her mother sent her to bed. The latter was now alone; but, with the wheel for a companion, she was not lonesome. Many a night she stayed up this way. All the sheets on the beds where the family now slept were spun by her. The blankets and the quilts, too—"every one of them a handful thick,"—were her making.

She spun away,—spun away. Merrily went the wheel. Her fingers, even with her eyes shut, could draw the lovely flax from the distaff,—draw and draw it to the finest thread, and then pass it into the flyers of the spool. Gaily her foot rose and fell on the pedals; merrily answered revolving spool and reel. The firelight cast on the walls long shadows of chairs and other articles of furniture. The cat, when it slowly marched from one side of the hearth to come and make a soft bed on its mistress' skirt, was multiplied a hundredfold.

Presently, without knowing it, the mother dozed; then all of a sudden she started up, put the wheel aside, buried two or three half-burned sods under a "raking" of ashes, drew the tongs through the remaining embers that sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow, and hurried to bed, still holding the Rosary in her weary hands.

It is Sunday evening in that little home. The fowl that met its end last night is being cooked for their Sunday supper. The father has gone to see about a harrow for the spring work. He has still the light step of youth, and thinks little of a journey of three or four miles at a time. But the keen air and the exercise have sharpened his appetite. The boys have been hurling or "hunting the wren." Did you ever hunt the wren of a Sunday? If you did, you could smell a goose roasting in a "bastible" at a respectable distance, "coming on toward

dark." In the country, we had not many courses and only few varieties for dinner; but we had "the simple life," thank God!—plenty of our own wholesome food, and a hearty appetite for it.

The meal was taken with thanksgiving both at the beginning and the end; and, after a short rest, the father took down his flute. He was not a master of the art, but his playing pleased himself—and delighted the children. He ran the gamut up and down, and then came "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old." The mother sent the young ones for the children of the poor workman who lived near. There was in that home an idea that dancing did for the body what schooling did for the mind: it gave discipline; and any child that happened in to take part was welcome. It was a merry dance that evening.

After two hours or so the children grew tired, and then the father threw back his head and revelled in the old Irish airs on the flute. Thus would he pass the Sunday evenings. It kept him young and fresh, and made his family happy about him; and it bred in their hearts a right spirit—the love of their country and their kind:

O native music beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls!

When the neighboring children showed a disposition to go home, the *van-a-thee* met them at the door, and gave each of them "a wedge of currant cake."

The cock crowed, and the day broke on Monday morning; and the little household rose in peace and prayer to resume its accustomed duties. It never dreamed it was making history. Neither does the stream in the plain, and yet it gives drink to the cattle, it waters the flowers on its brink, it turns the mill, and feeds the minnow; the swallow skims, and bathes as it skims; children play in it, and heaven is mirrored there. Heaven is mirrored, too, in many a cottage home.

The father went to his plough; the children, after a homely breakfast, went

to school; the eldest child helped the mother in the household duties. "When the hurry of this week is over me, please God, Nora will go to school; and until the potatoes are setting I'll not keep her at home again."

In the evening, after school, the two small boys put in the hay to the cows "smart," and were off to their father to get a ride on the horses going to water. A little later, all were gathered in peace under the family roof. The homemade light was again to the fore. The father sat at his stall. In that establishment, there was a never-ending succession of "putting a stitch," or "setting a *theveen*," or "mending a heel," or "stopping a leak" in a big or a small boot. The poor man's labor was never done.

Grouped around him were all the young folks. One had a book; another had a slate; the wee one had a primer, and Bryan had the celebrated "Sequel." The mother sat in her accustomed place in the corner by the pillar, and the music of her wheel uttered no discordant note in the harmony of the home circle. The two young lads sat crouched together. The elder of the two had a penny and a pencil, and was busy producing the head of the coin through a leaf of his book.

At this point Baby Nelly lifted up her face and said:

"C-a-w, saw?"

"No, little minx! S-a-w is saw. C-a-w is what the crows do when they see me setting the wheat. They call to one another, caw, caw, caw!—Here, John, show me your book! Spell knife."

"N-i-f."

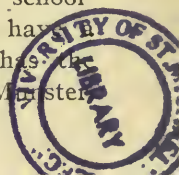
"But it is here in black and white, K-n-i-f-e. Spell it now slowly."

"K-n-i-f-e."

"Spell two knives."

"T-u-o, two; n-i-f-e-s, knives."

"Pax on your pate, John, as our school-master used to say to us. I have the notion that your Second Book has the easiest times of any book in Munster."



Hello! What is this? Her Majesty's head! Show the money."

John knew there was no use in dodging. He opened his hand and showed a new penny.

"A *new* penny, no less! Where did you get it?"

The wheel stopped abruptly. John saw he was between the hammer and the anvil, but he knew that to tell the truth was his best policy.

"I saw my mammy hidin' it under Holy Mary in the chimney-piece."

"Oh, you thief! I wanted to put a few pence together to get something for Holy Mary in the chapel, and I thought I'd have luck if I put the new penny there!"

"Stand up, John, and go kneel near your mother and kiss her hand. Now listen, children. Did he do right or wrong?"

"Wrong, father!"—from all.

"I won't never do it no more!" blurted the kneeling figure, with a gush of tears.

"I did not mean to beat you, child; for you did not think on the wrong of it. Now you know it is wrong, and you won't do it again."

"I won't never do it no more!"—hysterically from John.

"Give the money to your mother and kiss her hand, and tell her you will never do the like again."

He grasped the mother's hand, and, wetting it with tears, cried:

"I won't never do it no more, mammy!"

The mother took him and kissed him. She was secretly pressing the coin into his hand. But he put his lips to her ear and whispered secretly but firmly:

"No, mammy, I won't never do it no more! It is Holy Mary's money."

Kissing him on the cheek, and wiping away his tears, she called out:

"Supper is ready, if ye are ready!"

This was a diversion; and, to help out the diversion, the father insisted on knowing when the stones were laid in the bottom of the Jordan. Holding in his

hand a copy of Reeve's Bible (faded and ragged-looking, but a dear old thing, that you could put in your vest pocket,—by no means the scholarly and presentable work that his Grace of Dublin has made it), Bryan told the story as it is related in the Book of Josue.

"But they did not carry stones in at all, father: they carried them out. Here it is: 'And when they were passed over, the Lord said to Josue: Choose twelve men, one of every tribe; and command them to take out of the midst of the Jordan, where the feet of the priests stood, twelve very hard stones, which you shall set in the place of the camp, where you shall pitch your tents this night.'" (Jos., iv, 1-3.)

"Well, well!" said the father, sorely puzzled. "See how things go astray in a body's head."

"Oh, no, father!" cried Bryan in triumph. "You are right. Here it is! 'And Josue put other twelve stones in the midst of the channel of the Jordan, where the priests stood, that carried the Ark of the Covenant; and there they are until this present day.'" (Ib., 9.)

They sat to their meal. The little delinquent still clung to his mother's side; the rest took their accustomed places. The father was silent. He was thinking of the (to him) long ago when he first read about the crossing of the Jordan; and then of the many generations back through the Christian centuries and Jewish genealogies, who read that amazing book wherein is told what God did through Josue, who "was filled with the spirit of wisdom, because Moses, the servant of the Lord, had laid his hands upon him." (Deut., xxxiv, 9.)

(The End.)

I KNOW that misery is the alphabet of fire, in which history writes in flaming letters the consequences of evil; and that without its glaring light we should never see the path back into the kingdom of God.—*Florence Nightingale*.

An Advent Hymn.

(Instantis Adventum Dei.)

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. J. CHANDLER.

THE Advent of our God
 Our prayers must now employ,
 And we must meet Him on His road
 With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting Son -
 Incarnate soon shall be:
 He will a servant's form put on,
 To make His people free.

Daughter of Zion, rise
 And greet thy lowly King,
 And do not wickedly despise
 The mercies He will bring.

As Judge, in clouds of light,
 He will come down again,
 And all His scattered saints unite
 With Him in heaven to reign.

Before that dreadful day
 May all our sins be gone;
 May the old man be put away,
 And the new man put on!

Praise to the Saviour Son
 From all the angel host!
 Like homage to the Father done,
 And to the Holy Ghost!

The Queen's Guild.

BY JULIA C. DOX.

OUR church is named for Our Lady of Good Counsel, and we call our altar society "The Queen's Guild." We feel Our Lady has part in all our service,—Barbara McDonough and I *know* she has. That is why I am telling this story.

No one knew just when the trouble began. When Fr. Frazier started the guild among the young women of the parish, everybody was delighted. The older women, who felt they had done duty long enough, and we juniors, who were wild to see what we could do, were equally pleased with the new order. We made Emily Placid president, because

Emily is as generous as she is rich, and she had put one hundred dollars into the treasury as soon as we had one. Fr. Frazier said she would make a great president; and she did, for she was a born manager, and was never tired, and kept everything right up to the minute.

It was in matters of taste that Emily's limitations developed. Colors looked all alike to her, and grace in line or design she could not see. Fortunately, we appointed Louise Grolier to take charge of the sewing and the decorations; and Louise, who is poor as Job's turkey, and so fearfully reserved we were all rather afraid of her, is an artist to her finger tips. The rest of us put flowers on the altar, Louise decorated it. Each flower for her had a reason for its place, and she could get the loveliest effects out of the most ordinary blossoms. Emily could not see the use of fooling away time trying this one and that one, as Louise did; and poor Louise would look on, fairly cringing at the results of Emily's labors.

Fr. Frazier had so impressed us with the honor of being sacristans that we were extremely careful as to what we said and did while on sanctuary duty. We were pledged to make courtesy our rule; so Louise, who seems to have a talent for always saying the wrong thing—the kind of thing that makes you want to fight,—was quite heroic in suppressing her comments on Emily's floral effects. She would often wait, however, till Emily had gone, and then do the flowers all over again. It made her late, but she said she could not bear to leave those ghastly bouquets on those lovely altars.

Emily noticed, of course,—she was not blind.

"Considering I provided those flowers, you'd think I might have something to say as to their arrangement."

Barbara and I were Emily's listeners. Barbara is a born peacemaker.

"Well, Emily, if you have the pleasure of providing them, you might let Louise, who never has a flower of her own, have

the pleasure of arranging them," she said soothingly:

"You think she does it better than I?" (Emily, you know, is used to having her own way and of being first.)

"She loves the work and takes so much pains," was Barbara's diplomatic reply.

That was all *that* amounted to; and, after trying her own methods once or twice, Emily took Barbara's advice, and we all soon forgot about the flowers. Naturally there were occasional clashes, as there are bound to be when a crowd of girls work together; but nothing serious occurred between Emily and Louise until we made the green vestments. Louise had chosen an exquisite silvery green, and had embroidered a cross for the chasuble and bands for the dalmatics of gold and copper thread. The work was beautiful, and we were delighted with it. Emily decided to buy the linings because she had seen some silk she thought would be just the thing. It was a fearful bottle-green, and would have made a horrid combination.

"I'll never in the world use that!" Louise declared the minute she saw it.

Emily flared up and said it should be that or nothing; she was not asking the guild to pay for it,—she was making a present; it was the best silk, and we could not afford to throw it away. If we could, very well!

Louise was about to retort, but changed her mind. She took the silk home with her, we supposed to cut it out; but I learned differently the next day, when she called me in as I was passing.

"See the linings for the new vestments!"—she was holding up a great mass of soft pale green stuff.

"Where did you get it? What will Emily say?"

"She said it was to be this or nothing; so I boiled the color out till it was at least decent-looking. And it hasn't hurt it a bit,—made it nice and soft. It took me nearly all night."

It was pretty—far prettier than

before,—and Emily took the transformation with better grace than we had hoped.

"If you all want it that way, it will suit me," she said; "but you've taken all the body out of the silk."

"I wanted it out," Louise answered.

That was all of *that* apparently, so far as Emily and Louise were concerned; but the girls began to take sides. Emily's supporters felt she had been treated shabbily, and Louise's admirers claimed that results justified what she had done. Everybody worked as hard as ever, but there was a sort of friction in the air. In a way we were working against one another rather than together, as we had been before. But nothing much came of it till the December meeting.

We had our office, and Fr. Frazier talked to us about the great privilege that was ours to make ready the church for Our Lord's Birthday. And we all looked as pious as possible, and I'm sure felt so too; but the storm was about to break, and it broke with a crash a few minutes after Fr. Frazier left us to transact our regular business.

Emily said we must decide about the Christmas decorations at once, and somebody moved that Louise be made a committee of one to choose what they should be; and somebody else said it should be a committee of three at least, and the president should be a member of it *ex-officio*. (The girls love to say "*ex-officio*," it has such a businesslike sound.) Then Louise was proposed as chairman of the committee, and others insisted Emily should be chairman. Everyone was talking and nobody listening. Finally Emily succeeded in making herself heard, and a committee of four was agreed upon, with three having power to act. Emily, Louise, Barbara, and myself were chosen, because it happened to be our month in charge of the altars. I looked at Emily and I looked at Louise, and I knew that Barbara and I had very little show between them.

Barbara, with a view to [keep the

peace, suggested that the committee hold a meeting of their own after the guild meeting, and report their decision to the members later on. But Emily foresaw a quarrel, and preferred to fight in the open.

"It is something in which we are all interested, and we may as well discuss it here and now. Not that there is much to discuss," she added, with a nervous little laugh. "It's the usual number of yards of greens and dozens of red carnations to be ordered, I suppose."

"I believe I was made chairman of the decoration committee," Louise retorted. (Emily nodded.) "And I don't mean to have a yard of those nasty old greens or a single red carnation anywhere this year. Our Christmas decorations have been perfectly barbarous long enough."

And Emily, or Emily's family, had provided those same decorations for years and years! If Louise had only said, "Let us try something new; let us have a change," Emily would have been the first to agree. She always wants to do what is right, and she now made heroic efforts to suppress her indignation. But Louise had hit hard.

Emily's eyes blazed. "What do you propose to—"

Louise did not wait for her to finish. "I shall use palms and pine boughs and white roses," she said.

Half a dozen voices spoke at once: "It will be just like Easter."

"It *won't* be like Easter! We use lilies at Easter, and never pine boughs."

"But we always have red and green for Christmas,"—there were a dozen voices echoing the protest.

"The Church uses white on Christmas. Did you ever see a priest wearing red or green at the Christmas Mass?"

Louise had the best of us there.

"But we've always done it," Emily insisted.

"Very well," said Louise, haughtily.

"But those dribbles of green, punctuated with bunches of red buttons, are perfectly

frightful over the altars—they've always been so,—and there is no sense in having them, just to please one person."

If our president could have lived up to her name even then, this would have been a different story; but Miss Placid's patience gave way hopelessly.

"Thank you for your fine compliments! I have supplied the decorations for the last five years, as my mother did before me; and I mean to continue to do so. I don't know why I should be dictated to or insulted by people who never give anything but advice and impertinence."

That was the cruelest thing she could have said; for Louise is as proud as she is poor, and Emily was ashamed the minute she had said it. But she had no chance to take it back; for the "hubbub" that broke loose made all that had gone before seem like nothing at all. Every girl was angry, and saying something hateful, except Barbara and me: we were too scared. It was awful. Before they got through Emily began to cry and ran out one door, followed by her sympathizers; and presently Louise went out the other with hers, till there was nobody left but Barbara and me. We looked at each other in silent misery for about five seconds. Then Barbara said:

"What ever shall we do, Peggy?"

We considered. Fr. Frazier's sister, who keeps house for him, was dangerously ill. We all knew how sad and worried he was, and it did not seem right to put our burdens upon him just then. Besides, we had not done anything serious; and if we mentioned it—well, it might look a little like tattling. So we decided not to bother him at present. We went into the church and over to Our Lady's shrine and asked her what to do. How people manage who have not Our Lady to help them I can not see. There are so many silly little tormenting things it never seems quite right to trouble Our Lord about; but to mothers you can say anything, you know.

On the way home we made up our

minds not to breathe a word to anybody. "Least said, soonest mended," was our idea of doing what Our Lady would approve of.

Emily sent for me the next morning. She is a splendid girl; and, if she had been let alone, I know she would have straightened things out at once; but the others had persuaded her she was right and Louise was wrong, and she was not ready to yield.

"I'll use red and green this Christmas, if I have to make the flowers and wreaths out of paper," she assured me.

I knew Fr. Frazier would never stand for that, but I did not want to hurt her; so I said nothing, which did not satisfy Emily at all.

"I believe you're against me!" she cried. "O Peggy, I always counted you among my best friends!"

"I *am* a best friend, Emily," I protested; "and I love you dearly,—far too much to want you to be unhappy, especially about such a little thing."

"A little thing! Why, I think it's a very *big* thing,—to spoil everything, and break up the guild, and make Christmas miserable for everybody!" And then she began to cry.

"Then don't do it," I said.

I suppose my words seemed unkind. She looked at me like a hurt baby, and cried worse than ever, and begged me to leave her, as she wanted to be alone. So I went away.

I did not want to see Louise, but I felt that I ought to speak to her; so I went along in her direction, and met her face to face as I turned the corner. She looked as if she had passed a sleepless night, and she was sort of shrivelled and brittle. She would not bend, but she would break if pressed too hard.

"You were coming to me, Margaret?" she asked. "Then I think we had better order our roses and palms at once, for they'll have to send away for the palms."

"No, Louise: I won't send any order while things are as they are. It doesn't

seem right to plan for Christmas, feeling as we all do."

I appeared very brave while making this speech, but I was really shaking in my shoes; for while I hate to see Emily in tears, I should die if Louise began to cry. She is so above such weakness.

"Then you are against me?" She stiffened more than ever.

"I'm not against you. I think you decorate beautifully. You know far more about it than any of us. But I won't do any ordering while things are in such a mess, and neither will Barbara."

Louise softened a trifle.

"You heard what *she* said to me?" she asked.

"Yes, and I heard what you said first, and it was shocking."

All the old hardness came back. Louise is very beautiful when she is pleasant: now she looked like a dragon.

"I'll never forgive her, — never!"

So there it was, and things went from bad to worse. Some of the girls began to wear red carnations ostentatiously, and others put on bits of pine with a dab of white. When Saturday came, Barbara and I were the only ones of the eight supposed to report for duty who showed up in the sacristy. It meant a heavy day's work for just two, but Barbara said as we attacked the sweeping: "We'll make the best kind of a job of this, Peggy, and offer it to Our Lady for peace."

Fr. Frazier looked rather surprised when he saw we were alone. But there was a *matinée* that day, so we let him think the others had gone there. Afterward we found he knew better; but he did not ask any questions, so I suppose he meant us to work out our own salvation.

The next week it was the same, only the girls were not speaking to one another, and everybody was "mad" at everybody else, and more mad at Barbara and me, who had striven so hard to keep the peace. I, too, would have lost my patience but for Barbara. "Lie low,

honey!" she urged. "You'll only make things worse."

"Worse!" I exclaimed. "They're bad as they can be now."

"I hope so, for then they'll begin to get better. Our Lady will make it right some way, you'll see. She'll be sending us a special message in plenty of time, be sure."

That is Barbara all over. If she prays for a thing she is as sure of getting it as if she saw it within reaching distance.

But it was coming very close to Christmas. Emily refused to do anything unless Barbara and I would agree; and Louise could not do anything, for Emily had the treasurer and the treasury on her side, and neither the reds nor the whites would yield an inch. The day before Christmas Eve arrived, and we were still wondering what to do.

And here is where Billy Bailey comes in. A man really has no business in this story, but Billy is special. He was the Queen's messenger, though we never dreamed it then, and neither did he. Billy describes himself as a "cheerful idiot"; and he *is* cheerful. He is head decorator in one of our largest department stores, because, he says, he has not sense enough for anything else. But everybody respects him, and he is getting on splendidly. And I—well, I think the more people like Billy there are in the world, the better. Only there could not be another just like him.

Barbara and I met Billy.

"Hello!" he cried. "What's the guild going to do about the Christmas decorations? Aren't you pretty slow getting started?"

I knew Barbara would think I had told him, but I had not said a word. He did not give her a chance to voice her suspicions, if she had any.

"I've got a couple of extra crates of Southern smilax at the store, prettiest stuff you ever saw for decorating. Fischer" (Mr. Fischer is the junior partner, and he is a great friend of

Barbara's) "said to send it up to the church. What about it?"

Barbara and I looked at each other. We both knew at once our Blessed Lady had sent it, and we were so overcome with joy we could hardly speak.

Billy laughed at us. "I didn't know it was that bad," he said. "What else do you want,—what flowers?"

"We can't have white roses or red carnations," we answered; "yet we ought to have something white and something red to suit everybody."

"All right!" said Billy. "Just leave it to me. You get the girls at the church to-morrow afternoon, and I'll have the stuff there."

You see, being a Queen's messenger, he did not hesitate at all.

I was going to give him some directions, but Barbara stopped me.

"No," said she. "He's on special duty. We take our orders from him."

We felt so light-hearted and light-headed for a minute we forgot all about the girls. They were yet to be subdued.

"We'll run right up to church," said Barbara, "and thank Our Lady, and ask her what to do next."

Would you believe it?—there was Emily's car out in front of the church, and Emily was coming down the steps and running to meet us! She just flew, and we did too. She had been crying, but she looked beautiful in her smiles and tears.

"Girls," she cried, "I've been a pig,—a regular pig! I'm so ashamed I don't know where to hide myself. I was so miserable I went in to tell Our Lady all about it, and suddenly I saw what I was doing—spoiling our Blessed Lord's Birthday just because I couldn't have my own way. I'm going around to every one of the girls, and ask them to come to-morrow; and I'll begin with Louise, and she can order anything she likes—if only it isn't too late."

We told Emily about Billy, the Queen's messenger, and it made her very happy.

"I'm so thankful!" she repeated again and again. "I was afraid it was too late to get anything, and this is delightful."

Louise was not at home, so we started in on her supporters. And Emily proved she was a splendid president, as Fr. Frazier said, by the brave, straight way she took all the blame, and asked pardon, and begged the girls to come and help. Everyone who could do so promised, and they all seemed as glad as we were to "welcome the dove of peace." That was the way Barbara put it.

Then we went back to Louise. She had her throat tied up, and you know how forlorn that makes any one look. She tried to be hard and haughty, but was so miserable she had to relax; indeed, she was quite overcome when Emily went up to her and took her hands and said:

"Louise dear, I'm so sorry and ashamed! Please forgive me! And come and make things beautiful. Nobody can do it so well as yourself, and we can't get on without you."

"Are the things ordered?" Louise asked gently.

"We ordered nothing, but two crates of Southern smilax have been sent us." And we told her about Billy as the Queen's messenger.

"Southern smilax!" she exclaimed. "I've always longed for it, but I didn't dream we could get it this time of year. And two crates! It will decorate the whole church."

So Louise was at peace, and we went on our way rejoicing. The rest of the girls were easy enough, though two or three of them thought Louise ought to do some of the apologizing; but when Emily explained about Our Lady sending us the decorations so that we should not publicly spoil our record as a guild, they also were ready to forgive and forget.

We were out in force next day. Emily sent her car to gather us up, and we went to work in earnest. Emily had provided a lunch, and Fr. Frazier ordered

coffee—for forty of us!—and such a bustle you never heard. By three o'clock everything was fresh and clean, and we were ready for the smilax. Louise was in her element.

It is wonderful stuff to work with, Southern smilax. You pick up a bunch, and it unravels and drapes itself into the loveliest and most graceful hangings, as if it had grown wherever you put it. We covered the altars, and put it all round the sanctuary, and on the pulpit. Louise caught great festoons of it in all the deep, sloping window-sills, and along the choir gallery. We were still working with the smilax when another big box arrived, with the compliments of Mr. Hodges, the grocer. It was packed with holly and holly wreaths. They were so pretty we were all loud in our exclamations. But Emily turned to Louise.

"Can you use them?" she asked.

It was Louise's chance to be generous.

"Emily, I wish you'd get me some of that red gauze ribbon the florists use."

It did not take Emily many minutes to make the purchase, and Louise tied the wreaths with gorgeous fluffy bows in the centre of the festooned window-sills. So the "reds" had their way, but the "whites" were the first to say, "How pretty it is!"

"Here are your flowers, dears!" Mrs. Draper is a wrinkled, dim-eyed, amazingly active little old woman, and everybody's friend. She has a nephew who is one of the biggest wholesale florists in the State. He scorns all retail orders save Mrs. Draper's. When she asks for anything she gets it. Our Lady knew just where to send her messenger.

"The young gentleman said, dears, you wanted the real thing in Christmas flowers, and I got it for you. For the Christ-Child and His Holy Mother you want the prettiest, most innocent thing there is; and there is nothing in flowers that I know of prettier or more innocent than these." And she uncovered a great cluster of white and fragrant stars.

"Narcissus!" we exclaimed, all crowding around to see.

"Yes," said Mrs. Draper; "that's the store name for them, but I call them 'stars of Bethlehem'; and there are others who call them 'Christmas peace.' But the two names are the same."

And Our Lady had sent them! Louise was radiant, and Emily looked equally happy. It did not take long to arrange the flowers. Then we turned on all the sanctuary lights to get the full effect, and everyone was sure the church had never been so lovely before.

Fr. Frazier came up from the confessional, and we accosted him.

"Isn't it lovely, Father? Isn't it just beautiful? Don't you like it? Isn't it exactly as it should be?"

His eyes swept the sanctuary quickly, then rested on Emily and Louise, who were standing hand in hand by Our Lady's shrine, looking up at the Tabernacle guarded by stars of Bethlehem breathing their fragrant message of Christmas peace.

"Yes," he said, "I like it very much indeed. You have done wondrously well. It is just as it should be."

Barbara and I exchanged glances,—he had known all along!

"Where did you get this exquisite profusion of flowers and greens?" he asked presently.

Barbara answered: "Our Lady sent it by special messenger."

Afterward I told him who the messenger was. You may think it strange I was interested in that part of it; but—that's my secret, and—Billy's. Anyway, we all had a beautiful Christmas; and Father Frazier now declares he has the best altar guild in the whole country.

THE more guilty we are, the greater must be our confidence in Mary. Take courage, therefore, timid soul; let Mary know all thy misery, and hasten with joy to the throne of her mercy.

—B. Henry Suso.

Catholic Editors in War Time.

IT will be a humiliating experience for many good people, when the present gigantic war is over, to recall the rash judgments which they passed and the bitter denunciations in which they indulged while it was in progress. Editors especially, in looking over the files of their publications, will wonder that reports so exaggerated, stories so improbable, opinions so erroneous, and accusations so false should ever have found place in their columns. It is to be hoped that the wonder of all such persons will not be unmixed with regret.

At present, however, it is quite useless to remind those engaged in bellicose writing that war is not commendable for its own sake, and that the present conflict of nations—no one of which stands guiltless—is precisely what the Pope has described it as being,—“a most atrocious and grievous spectacle.” Catholic writers and editors at least should bear in mind that the spirit of hate and vengeance is not the spirit of the Christian religion, that it is never permissible to treat even enemies with injustice; furthermore, that the spreading of sensational reports has the effect of intensifying national hate and prejudice.

After making due allowance for patriotic enthusiasm and the like, we are still greatly surprised at certain things which have appeared in the columns of a leading Catholic newspaper and review of London. Might we venture to remind its editor that German Catholics also have their sensibilities, and that it is quite natural for them to resent intemperate censure of their emperor and unqualified denunciation of the troops fighting under his leadership? Much of what has been asserted by Catholics in England is indignantly denied by Catholics in Germany. There is no intention, of course, on the one side of doing injustice, or on the other of excusing atrocity. But it is so easy to be mistaken, and, under excite-

ment, to jump at conclusions which at other times would seem plainly unwarranted. For this reason we do not complain that the editor of the paper in question has separated some words of our own from their context, and given them not only a wrong meaning, but an entirely unintended application. Nor shall we cherish any resentment for this injustice. The offender has our heartfelt sympathy in the poignant bereavement which he is suffering as a result of the war; and we do not forget that the circumstances in which he now labors are more trying than it is possible for us adequately to appreciate.

The True Spirit of Charity.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper having deprecated the work of the Belgian Relief Committee, on the principle that charity begins at home, and that the hungry and the homeless of America should receive the aid that is being sent to Belgium, the *Monitor* aptly remarks: "The plea is specious, and there is enough truth in it to appeal to those who do not think for themselves but who permit the daily newspapers to tell them what to think; but it is a fallacious and dangerous plea, despite its flavor of truth. Of course it is wrong to neglect our homeless and hungry ones. Of course we should feed and shelter and otherwise help them. If the Good Samaritan had passed by the stranger on the roadside, there would have been no immortal example of the true spirit of charity to have inspired the world for twenty centuries."

"Charity begins at home." True, but it should never end there. Whenever it does, it ought to be called by some other name. We fancy that, as between the Belgian and the American destitute, experience will show precisely the same results as occur in the case of foreign and home missions. Generosity to the former helps instead of hinders the maintenance of the latter.

Notes and Remarks.

Lest Belgium's heroism and prowess in war should overshadow her peaceful achievements, we deem it well to note the latest Belgian educational law, promulgated of course before the beginning of the present conflict. It has been well described as "a statesmanlike measure, which, for its liberality, its conspicuous equity, and its freedom from even the faintest shadow of religious intolerance, is a model of enlightened legislation." Here is a brief summary of the law's provisions: Education is compulsory for every child from six to fourteen years of age, but at a school of the parents' choice, State or voluntary. Medical inspection of all children and equal assistance are provided from relief funds. Salaries in the communal schools are paid by the commune, and in the voluntary schools by the managers. Members of religious Orders may be teachers in communal as well as in voluntary schools, and are to be paid on the same scale in the communal schools as their lay colleagues. Provision is made in primary schools for the feeding of poor children and the distribution of clothing, but no distinction is made between the children of communal and those of voluntary schools.

As a whole, the new law constitutes a striking recognition on the part of the State of the right of the parents, and of the value of the co-operation of the voluntary schools, and the saving so effected to the communes. With so widespread a conviction among thoughtful non-Catholic Americans that some remedy must be found for the lack of religious training in the public schools, our statesmen might do worse than study the Belgian solution of the problem.

We do not think that many Americans will share the opinion recently expressed by the English *Church Times*—viz., that the Pope, who claims the spiritual head-

ship of all Christendom, should pronounce in favor of one side or the other in the conflict which is now desolating Europe. Not, then, as a needed reply to such a suggestion, but rather as a succinct statement of an interesting Catholic doctrine, we quote the following from a recent issue of the *Catholic Times* of London:

The Roman Pontiffs have always held that the State as well as the Church has its own sphere of authority. Leo XIII. defined the two spheres. Whatever in things human is of a sacred character, whatever belongs, either of its own nature or by reason of the end to which it is referred, to the salvation of souls or to the worship of God, is subject to the power and judgment of the Church. Whatever is to be ranged under the civil and political order is rightly subject to the civil authority. The Church does not deem it her duty to say which is the best amongst the various forms of government. Provided due respect is paid to religion, and good morals are upheld, she does not disapprove of the measures taken by any Government. She recognizes that in politics there is room for differences of opinion. How, then, can it be legitimately urged that the Pope should issue an *ex cathedra* decision on questions which are, in the main, political and within the dominion of the State? The Church teaches very clearly the principles of right for the enlightenment of individuals and nations. She condemns tyranny, aggression, and crime in every form; but how could the Holy Father be expected to undertake, on the outbreak of war, to decide infallibly which side is to be held responsible for having brought it about? That is a question on which the final judgment must often be left to history; for it frequently happens that documents essential to the formation of a just decision do not until after-times see the light.

What we consider an excellent example to Catholic societies, especially those in villages and small towns, has recently been set by the Knights of Columbus of Denver. Their library, an exceptionally well-equipped one, has hitherto been open only to members and their families; but the Order, realizing that popular education in Catholic principles is the most urgent need of the day, has had letters sent to all the Catholic pastors of the city, inviting them to announce from their pulpits that anybody whom they may

recommend will be free to take out books from the Knights' library.

This is only another genuine service such as the Knights in different parts of the country have all along been rendering to their fellow-Catholics.

A thoughtful paper dealing with "The Difficulties of American Neutrality," by James Davenport Whelpley, contains the following paragraph, which probably voices the opinion of many other publicists:

It has not yet fully dawned upon Americans just how deeply they are and will be affected by this struggle-at-arms in Europe; for the political and economic changes now begun are absolutely international in their full meaning. A stronger realization of these things will come soon; there are already signs that it is on the way. And then these much-discussed questions as to the blame for the beginning of trouble, or for subsequent destruction and the sufferings of the civil population, will be dismissed from the American mind, for the time at least; and the greater question, one upon which the entire nation will be as a unit, how to aid in bringing about peace, will absorb all thought and energy. At present there can be no reasonable expectation of securing the unanimous support of the press for any one side of the controversy; and this applies equally to the state of public opinion.

Mr. Sidney Webb and Dr. Meyrick Booth are not the only non-Catholics to admit an intimate connection between Protestantism and low birth-rate. The *Oregonian*, one of the leading newspapers of the United States, in a recent editorial on the subject (it is exciting much interest at present on account of the human slaughter in Europe), does not hesitate to say:

Protestants are everywhere, for some occult reason, producing fewer children year by year, while members of the older Church keep up to their primitive standards with very little change. The facts seem to indicate that Protestants, taking the world over, are not bringing forth children enough to keep their relative numbers, so that both in the United States and in other countries they are falling behind. Naturally, the most prolific portion

of the population has the best chance of occupying the whole country in the long run. If the Protestants do not produce children enough to hold their own, the Catholic must possess the land in the course of time. This is as certain as mathematics.

It would be instructive to learn just what it is that prevents the Protestant peoples from multiplying. Some say it is their superior civilization. But a civilization which is bound to end in self-destruction can hardly deserve the adjective "superior." There is nothing really superior in sterility and decadence. Others say that it is pure self-love which causes the Protestant nations to be relatively childless. The inhabitants have become so fanatically enamored of luxury and pleasure that child-bearing is not tolerated. Its pain and inconvenience frighten the Protestant women from their obvious duty to the world, we are told. . . .

The editor of the *Oregonian* probably knows more than he is willing to admit. Dr. Booth is less reticent. He writes: "It would appear that modern Protestantism is now (in practice if not in theory) virtually identified with a very extreme type of Malthusianism; and that, in consequence of this state of affairs, it is being driven back in practically all the great centers of civilization, both in the Old World and the New." And, warning the ministers of the various Protestant sects against the great and growing evil, the eminent Doctor is positively blunt. He declares that "it is not in the least necessary to cast about them for evidence of Jesuit machinations wherewith to explain the decline of the Protestant churches. Let them rather look at the empty cradles in the homes of their own congregations."

A very true reflection is made by a reviewer in *America* in its notice of a recent volume of plays. Says the writer:

In all the writings of this school indecency, inseparable from a central baseness, shamelessly intrudes itself at odd intervals. Apology is often made in the stock statement that the advocates of advanced ideas are not writing for the young and foolish, but for sensible and matured minds. We have only to remark in reply that, if they depended for their readers upon the patronage of sensible and matured minds, not one of them could find a publisher

for his books. Their plays and novels and essays have a glittering fascination for culture at its shallow and immature stages. The young and foolish, who need to be saved from themselves, make up the bulk of the readers of "advanced" literature, and have done most to give its authors their literary fame and their worldly fortune.

"The young and foolish." But the foolish are not all young: many of them are decidedly middle-aged; and there is no fool, not even an old fool, like a middle-aged fool. We have in mind the numbers of fashionably-dressed and not always wealthy women who carry the works of such playwrights from the public library to a home made happy by the barking of a poodle.

We do not know whether the practice of carrying their purses to church and leaving them in the pew when going to confession or Communion is very prevalent among Catholic women; but, if it is, there are excellent reasons why it should be abandoned. Sneak thieves, it appears, kneel in pretended worship and watch for the woman who leaves her purse in the pew. As quickly as they can, they appropriate the purse and immediately leave the church.

We are impressed with the *Catholic Register's* explanation of the *raison d'être* of such thievery in our churches in preference to those of other denominations: "The reason that they confine their depredations to the Catholic churches is on account of the large number who attend, and the devoutness with which they pray." That in Protestant churches the worshippers have no occasion to leave their seats is another reason why thieves prefer to prey elsewhere.

A secular journal, moralizing on the perennial theme of "opportunity," presents these sage reflections:

We are constantly meeting people who say, "If I had only done this or if I had only done that with my money"; but the "this" and "that" were not experiments with magic wands. They were simple enough and quite possible, but

speculative ventures seemed far more inviting. The difference is that in one case there has been a healthy development, and in the other rapid destruction or decay. What quacks discuss as if it were the fruit of special privilege and an unfair advantage is the fruit of long-continued growth. We are told in effect to ignore the years of growth, to resent the fact that we can not take all the gains of a quarter of a century or even of half a century just as if we had had a share in the original investment. Nothing could be more profitless or demoralizing than this kind of looking backward; nothing could lead us further away from "the great opportunity" which is compounded of alertness, energy, intelligence, and hard work.

The "get - rich - quick" schemes are generally foolish or immoral, or both; and even when they apparently succeed in some measure, the acquired riches have a fashion of vanishing still more quickly than they came.

A special cable dispatch from Rome to the New York *Sun*, dated Nov. 29, states that dispatches from Vienna report the bishops as having warned the clergy to ascertain personally whether altar bread is made of pure wheat flour unmixed with potatoes. The parish priests have been instructed to supervise the grinding of the wheat of which altar bread is made, and not to make use of the ordinary flour used in bread-making.

The same warning was sounded in this country several years ago. Few people have any idea of the extent to which flour may be adulterated. One bishop that we know of found it so difficult to secure flour which he considered fit for altar use that he made arrangements with a reliable Catholic miller to grind wheat for the diocese.

One of the prettiest war stories that we have heard tells of a German officer and a French soldier mortally wounded and, with many others, abandoned on the field of battle. The German was calling for water, of which the Frenchman happened to have a small quantity. Crawling near the famishing officer as quickly as

his weakness and wounds would permit, the soldier extended his canteen. The other sipped a little of the contents, and then kissed the hand of his benefactor, saying, almost with his last breath: "Good-bye! There'll be no war on the other side."

To those faint-hearted brethren who bewail the attacks on the Church now being made in various parts of the United States, the *Apostolate* proffers this bit of cheery optimism:

There is so much vitality in the Church that all her haters can harm her little. Persecution has always strengthened the Church, just as it solidifies the people of any one nation. Ever so many have gone to their graves after living a life of fierce opposition to everything Catholic, and yet the Church lives on, proving over and over the statement of Gamaliel to the Jewish Council: "If this be the work of men, it will come to nought. But if it be of God, you can not overthrow it." The temporary harm is more than offset by the ultimate good. Divine vitality permeates the whole Church, and who can oppose God?

Which is perfectly true; it does not, however, obviate the necessity of valorously resisting those who attack the Church, and of minimizing as much as possible the temporary harm they may do.

Our leading article this week explains a devotion which can not be too highly recommended. It is, indeed, the best of all devotions,—the most solid, the most practical, and the most fruitful. It is not less encouraging and consoling than meritorious. Nothing could be simpler than the obligations it imposes, while its immense advantages will be apparent to everyone. This devotion, as will be seen, is for all sorts and conditions of Christians, and equally appropriate to all times and seasons. The continuous practice of it is the surest way of sanctifying one's duties and trials, even one's pleasures, of atoning for past sins, and of securing a holy death and a happy eternity. What more could be said to recommend it?



Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXVIII.

WHEN Lolo fled, she ran along the whitening streets, against an icy cold wind, — a little figure wrapped in a dark blue cloak, with the hood about her head. There was no policeman to be seen for a long time, so she could not ask her way to the house of that other friendly policeman, Mike. Would she ever find the little house again?

The shops in the grandest streets were dark. A few people were hurrying home. But there were less stately and more busy streets of shop windows still lighted up. These windows contained heaps of fruit, decked with holly and red berries; or cakes wreathed with pink and white feathery paper, and with little fairies perched on them; or toys of huge size, and glittering trinkets, overhung with garlands of silver leaves; or dresses of bewildering colors shown on waxen ladies with real hair. But if there was a policeman who could tell her of Mike, he was always at the other side or in the middle of the street; and she was afraid to cross among the red motor buses and the rushing vans and cars.

The snow was falling faster. The people jostled each other, holding up umbrellas white with flakes. Lolo turned down a quieter street. If a policeman was here at the other side, she would not be afraid to run across to him. She was not afraid of policemen any longer. She would be glad to see one now. It was her only chance of finding the dear little house and the mother and the children. After all, though she did not know his surname, there could not be many Mikes, she thought.

A sound of music made her stop. Here was a building with a high pointed roof among the houses. The great door was open; and, as people were going in, she caught sight of a smaller door swinging within, and a place beyond, warm and very bright. Lolo went up the steps with some poor women and a workingman, who pulled his cap off and bowed his head as he entered. She followed; and, once within the doors, music and warmth met her. There was a spicy perfume, a mysterious fragrance that seemed to belong to this sacred place; for she had never known it anywhere else.

The far end of the church was almost filled with something large and upright, carved white, with points and pinnacles above. It was shining with clusters of lighted candles, and dashed with the crimson of some blood-red winter flowers. And in the midst of the whiteness, the spots of crimson and the shining of all those earthly stars, Lolo could see quite plainly Something in a circle of gleaming gold, set high up like the heart and centre of all this light and beauty.

This was not Sunday: it was an evening of the week. These people had on no specially fine clothes for going to church. They were mostly poor. Some boys and girls were ragged; as they knelt against the last bench, their feet showed broken shoes. There was nothing cold and empty, nothing hard and forbidding about this place. The whole crowd was singing together, and the organ music mingled with their voices. Of one thing there could not be the slightest doubt: it was clear even to a child like Lolo. They were worshipping the Lord God Almighty, and it was for Him that everything was made so beautiful.

She knelt down with those girls and boys leaning against the back of the last

bench. They were poor little mortals like herself, not angels or ornaments. Perhaps they had faults and troubles like hers — ah! no: they could not have such terrible troubles; for at least they knew where they would lie down to-night. Kneeling beside them, she did not feel alone. And now she had forgotten the cold and snow outside. Everything here was good and safe and warm. Poor child! she did not know it, but she was at Home.

These children were all singing, but not in any language she had ever heard. It was an unknown tongue to her, but they understood it; so did the two working-men in the next bench; so did the poor thin woman, who had sat down and was gently rocking to and fro, because her small child wanted to go to sleep in her arms.

After a time the figures in white were moving about in front of the throne where all those lights shone and the mist hung thin and fragrant. A silvery bell rang. The children hid their faces. Lolo hid hers too, peeping with one eye at the little girl next her to see when she was to lift up her head again. Not long after that, the white procession at the far end formed and went out of sight; and the organ played, and the people sang, and all the candles about the white throne were extinguished one by one.

When the people were moving in a crowd toward the door, the newcomer peeped into a book left by some one on the bench. "One has not to be quite good to come here," Lolo thought, with consolation. "One might begin just like me." For here were some questions not suitable for angels or ornaments: "Have you given way to anger?" and even, "Have you been greedy?" There was afterward a long prayer about sorrow, and about firmly resolving something "with the help of Thy grace"—whatever that was. At Strawson's Farm she had been told she was greedy, sulky, lazy, selfish, with "the temper of a turkey cock,"—the worst child ever seen. But

even such a child might come here, and nobody would be surprised. "Here are all my things," Lolo thought. "If one is like that, there is no good in pretending one isn't; people here are something like me perhaps, and here is the 'I-am-very-sorry' prayer." So far she seemed to fit into her surroundings as if everything were made for her,—as indeed it was.

On a sort of table at one side was a statue of One with a patient face, and parted long brown hair, showing a heart all on fire with golden rays. A red lamp burned before it, and above on the wall was, "Come to Me all ye that labor and are burdened." A man in working clothes and some poor women were just going out. People that labored came here. This was the place not only for the imperfect and the faulty, but for those who were tired and sad. All this in swift impressions came to the child's mind, and made her feel welcome.

Going quietly along between the end of the empty benches and the wall, she came to an arched recess full of asters and white chrysanthemums. The statue above reminded her of the medal, so once again there was a familiar touch. It represented a crowned Mother, with a Child, who was also crowned, enthroned in her arms, spreading His little hands wide as if to embrace and love any one who came below.

At the end was the beautiful white place, with red flowers and extinguished candles. There was a low rail in front, and a red lamp like a star hung by silver chains. No one stopped her. No one asked questions. Everything seemed to be for her just as much as for any one else. Most of the people had gone out. Only a few lingered kneeling in a corner near the entrance door. In this corner the greatest surprise of all awaited her. Here was a sort of rockery, built very high, with bushes all about it, and ivy trailing over it. The rocks surrounded a cave dimly lighted by a hanging lantern.

The people kneeling and praying were gathered so close to the front that Lolo at first could see nothing. A lady, looking up with a smile, beckoned to her, and made way for her to slip through the end group and pass along to kneel very near.

"Oh!" said Lolo, with a delighted smile.

The "Oh!" was a long, soft sigh of admiration. In the dimly lighted cave, strewn with straw, two colored figures were kneeling. One in white and blue, with hands pressed together, looked lovely and gentle; the other was a bearded man in brown, patient and gentle, too. Between them stood a sort of cradle—a mere box on crossed wooden supports,—and in it was a little bed of straw. And, oh, what a beautiful Infant was lying on that straw, with His bright eyes wide open, and His hands fair as wax stretched out as if He wanted Lolo!

Three other figures stood around—poor men, one with a lamb in his arms, and one that seemed to be playing a sort of flute. Their dogs were at their feet. Lolo knew from fancy pictures in shop windows what angels were like; and there were four angels here, bending in the background, with golden wings and crossed hands, adoring. From a nook at one side peeped the head of a horned animal, rather like Farmer Strawson's red cow. What Lolo would have called "a dear little donkey" looked out of the opposite corner.

It was all so wonderful and so restful that the child remained there, gazing with delight; and she did not notice that a long time had passed and everyone else had gone away. Surprised to find herself alone, she stood up and turned toward the church. Yes, everyone was gone.

Her small hand felt the side of the cave, and found it to be of strong brown paper bent into rocky shapes, and painted with green for moss. She stepped up over the threshold and entered on tiptoe, so lightly that the straw was scarcely stirred. Her first impulse was to clasp and caress the beautiful infant in the manger. Kneeling

very near, she nestled with her soft cheek close to his, and covered with kisses the little hands stretched out to her. Long ago in Germany she had envied the happy children in the Park, who had a baby brother. How sweet it would be if she could love a little child like this, and have his caresses and his love in return! Even the grand dolls that she had never possessed—costly playthings the size of living children—were not so winning as this baby wrapped in white and laid on straw as if he was so poor! Oh, if he could be alive, and could lift those little hands to her, who had no one to love her! She did not like to disturb anything in this sacred place, or she would have lifted up the little statue in her arms; but she gathered straw and pressed it close about the swaddled feet, feeling troubled that so sweet a thing should even look as if it felt the cold.

And what was she to do now,—to go out alone into the dark snowy streets, to search for one little house in all London? Perhaps that house was miles and miles away; and the hour was late, and the snow was falling. Could she find shelter here? If she lay down in that deep corner in the straw, no one would find her. She looked out into the church. Perhaps the electric light would be jerked off soon, and even the lantern here might be put out. She thought there would not even be the red lamp left over there, before "Come to Me all ye that labor": nor that other lamp at the far end hanging midway between floor and roof. She would not be afraid. The people were all gone, but she was not alone. There seemed to be a living Presence here, giving peace and rest.

How tired she was, as she trod slowly toward the inner depths of the cave, and sank upon the straw! She pushed her hood back, and pillowed her head on the feet of one of the kneeling angels.

Footsteps came from the distance; a heavy door was closed and locked and bolted. Then some one approached the

Crib, and, after a click, the lantern shone no more; for it had held a shaded electric light. Then the footsteps went away into the distance again; a door was opened and closed. All the other electric lights went out and the church was in deep darkness.

Lolo crept along the straw, wondering if they had left any lamp or candle. Very slowly she went. Her small hand recognized the shape of the donkey, and then she felt her way, touching the rocks. She nearly knocked against a shepherd, but her movements were so gentle and cautious that she could not have hurt herself or broken anything. Ah, they had left the red lamp over there by the wall! When she looked for a little time, she began to see the dear figure with the red cloak and the white garment. And, far, far away, the other lamp was twinkling like a little ruby star,—the one that hung between the floor and the roof.

No, she could not be afraid. She felt like the child who has reached out a hand in the dark, and finds her mother seated by the bed. The sight of that ruby star gave Lolo an impression that some one was near watching, although she slept. So very, very slowly she made her way through the darkness farther and farther in, back again over the straw, feeling the rock, avoiding the shepherd, touching the donkey, and finding the feet of the kneeling angel, on which she bundled up a heap of straw, and pillowed her head even more comfortably than before. And then she kissed her medal,—the keeping of the promise had become a habit; she whispered a few sleepy words, and gave a most contented little sigh.

(To be continued.)

It is a true saying that opportunity is kind, but only to the industrious. The Persians have a legend that a poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of Paradise. Then, while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.

A Mysterious Passenger.

Almost everyone, we suppose, is familiar with the portrait of George Washington painted by the famous Stuart. Of this same Stuart many pleasant anecdotes are told, among them the following, which seems too good not to be quite true.

He was travelling in England one day, and the other passengers in the stage-coach did not, it appeared, have any desire to be sociable. After some disparaging remarks about America and the Americans, they relapsed into silence. But Stuart, ignoring their want of courtesy, was so winning and genial in his remarks that they all were quite conquered, and by the time they arrived at the inn where they were to take dinner had their curiosity thoroughly aroused as to the identity of the pleasant stranger. They made many roundabout inquiries concerning his occupation, and after a while Stuart grew serious.

"I often dress people's hair," he remarked at last.

"Ah, a barber!"

"Do I look like a barber?" asked the artist, rather stiffly.

"Well, my dear sir, you led us to believe you were. But may we know the truth?"

"Sometimes I brush gentlemen's clothes or arrange their cravats."

"Oh, I see! You are a valet to some nobleman then."

Again Stuart looked hurt. "Do you take me for a servant? To be sure, I sometimes make coats and waistcoats; but I am not a valet."

The mystery was solved. Here was a country tailor abroad on a vacation. But when they had all become assured of this, Stuart pretended to be greatly displeased.

"You offend me, gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "Now let me tell you that I am no tailor, although I confess that I often make boots and shoes. I never handle a goose unless it be roasted."

A bootmaker! But when they suggested that, he shook his head again.

"My friends," he explained, "I might as well own the truth. I earn my living by making faces."

So saying, he twisted his face in the most absurd way, and they made haste to inform him that they should have known from the first that he was an actor.

"But I am *not* an actor," he insisted. "I never was in a theatre half a dozen times in my whole life."

Dinner was over, and Mr. Stuart's fellow-travellers were no wiser; but before the end of the journey, having mystified them to his satisfaction, he was kind enough to say:

"Gentlemen, I have told you but the truth. I am a painter of portraits; and if you will have the kindness to call at John Palmer's in London, I will brush your coats, arrange your hair, furnish each of you with a wig or a pair of shoes, and even make faces for you. But I hope you will never again talk, as I overheard you at the outset of our journey, about the unpardonable curiosity of those Yankees."

The King and the Cakes.

Once, when King Alfred of England was forced to flee from his fierce foes, the Danes, he hid himself in a deep wood, where he came upon a small cottage, and, seeing a woman at the door, asked if he might go in and rest a while, for he was very tired. The woman did not know the King, but she saw that he was an English soldier, and that he was very weary, so she let him come in and sit in her kitchen.

Upon the hearth before the fire some cakes were baking; and the woman told the stranger that if he watched them, and took care that they did not burn, she would give him some supper. Then she went away to do her work.

At first King Alfred watched the cakes

carefully; when they were well cooked on one side, he turned the other to the fire. But after a time he began to think of his unfortunate country and of his poor subjects who were then enduring many trials, and soon forgot all about the cakes.

When the woman came back, they were black and burned.

"You are an idle fellow!" she exclaimed angrily. "You would be quite ready to eat the cakes, but you will not take the trouble to watch them. Be off now! You shall get nothing!"

While she was thus scolding, her husband came home. He recognized King Alfred.

"Hush, wife!" he whispered. "It is our noble Lord the King!"

Hearing this, the woman was much afraid, and she begged Alfred to forgive her. The King smiled and said:

"I will gladly forgive you for your scolding, good woman, if you will kindly forgive me for spoiling your supper."

Rules in Rhyme.

BY M. E.

WHEN you write, remember well
Certain things I now shall tell.

With smaller letters take most care,—
They make confusion everywhere.

Dot your *i*'s and cross your *l*'s,
Then you will the reader please.

With *u*'s for *n*'s and *n*'s for *u*'s,
No wonder printers get the blues.

Don't write your *l*'s just like your *e*'s,
Or make all *e*'s the same as *c*'s.

A *u* for a *v*, an *h* for a *k*,
Causes vexation, say what you may.

Small *o*'s and *a*'s are oft confounded,
An *o* should always be well rounded.

Three letters more may cause great flurry,
They're *g*, *r*, and *y* when made in a hurry.

These rules observe, and then you'll be
A master of caligraphy.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Isaac Pitman & Sons have issued a revised edition, with additions, etc., of their "Tourists' Vade Mecum of Italian Colloquial Conversation." It is an excellent little book.

—Mgr. Ward's new volume on "The Sequel to Catholic Emancipation," which is the sequel also to his previous books on the Pre-Emancipation period, brings the story down to the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has just brought out a revised and enlarged edition of "The God of Philosophy," by the Rev. Dr. Aveling, and "The Principles of Christianity," by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe.

—In a 16mo brochure of seventy pages, "Vocation" (Benziger Brothers), the Rev. P. R. Conniff, S. J., gives a helpful adaptation of "Prêtre et Religieuse," Father Van Tricht's excellent French study of the ways and means by which to discover one's calling in life.

—A readable life of an ever-popular saint is Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny's "The Story of St. Martin of Tours." (Dublin: James Duffy & Co.) The author remarks that, while St. Martin is one of the chief patron saints of the French, he is none the less what St. Gregory of Tours called him, "all the world's own patron"; and she emphasizes the fact that her work is the "story," not the "history," of her saintly hero. No price is given.

—Readers of the *Ecclesiastical Review* for the last twelve months who enjoyed the sketches entitled "Within my Parish" therein appearing will be glad to know that this delightful little series appears now in book-form, and may be had of the Dolphin Press. Dr. James Loomis, who edits these "Notes from the Day Book of a Deceased Parish Priest," deserves our thanks for putting us in touch with another such "Father Dan" as Canon Sheehan's in "My New Curate."

—We have received Part VI. of "Roma," by the Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. (Benziger Brothers.) This brochure of forty pages, with five full-page inserts, completes one-third of the whole work. It continues the treatment in word and picture of the Vatican Museums, the Capitoline collection of antiques, the collections of antiques in the Lateran and in the Villas, and the subterranean Christian burial-places. The parts are published bi-monthly and cost thirty-five cents each, which

will appear a moderate or an immoderate charge according as one's knowledge of the cost of printing and illustrating is hazy or definite.

—The late Canon Gildea, of the archdiocese of Westminster, was well known as a philosophic writer. He was a contributor to Chambers' Encyclopædia, and the *Mind*, as well as to the *Dublin Review*, the *Tablet*, and other Catholic periodicals.

—"The Worst Boy in the School," by C. M. Home (Benziger Brothers), is by no means the worst young folks' book that has reached our table of late. It is an interesting story of English Catholic boys and their friends. The incidents are varied if not notably remarkable, and the adventures are rather mild than startling; but the atmosphere is always invigorating.

—A book in every material way well designed for giving—attractively printed, with ornamental covers, and reposing in a neat box—is "The New Laity and the Old Standards," by Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond. For an "inspirational" volume, it has a large amount of sane, practical advice, as may be judged from such titles as: "Live up to your Faith," "Stand with your Pastor," "Vote Your Conscience." The reader may not always find himself in agreement with Mr. Desmond's arguments or his inferences, but that is not necessary. It will be something that he is stimulated to think for himself. The book is published by Mr. J. J. McVey.

—A supposititious John Smith having inquired whether a soap-box orator told the truth in stating that all arguments against Socialism are "lies" or "foolish misrepresentations," Mr. John R. Meader replies in a series of seventeen letters published in a volume called "Your Pay Envelope." (Devin-Adair Co.) The letters are pithy, readable, and logically unassailable, and should prove of notable educational value to the workingman or any other reader whose notions about Socialism are more cloudy than clear. The chapters, or letters, captioned "What Socialism Is and Isn't," "What's Wrong with the World," and "The Remedy," are especially important.

—To the lengthy list of Catholic novels that have originally appeared as serials in THE AVE MARIA are to be added two more: Christian Reid's "A Far-Away Princess" (The Devin-Adair Company), and Maurice Francis Egan's "The Ivy Hedge" (Benzigers). No extended

notice of either work is called for in these columns. Our readers will recall both as representative books of their respective authors. Many of our correspondents, we remember, considered "A Far-Away Princess" one of Christian Reid's best novels, and we have heard competent critics declare that Dr. Egan has reached his high-water mark in "The Ivy Hedge." Be this as it may, both books are eminently worth while, incomparably superior to the greater number of "best-sellers," and welcome additions to the increasing store of genuinely Catholic fiction.

—Catholic authors as well as publishers must feel gratified and encouraged by the growing interest in Catholic publications. Never before were books in greater demand as gifts by our people; and the custom of presenting subscriptions for Catholic periodicals to relatives, friends, and institutions is becoming more and more general. This is as it should be. A great many excellent books by Catholic authors, suitable to all ages, tastes, and conditions, are now to be had, and they deserve the patronage of those for whose benefit they are produced. A good book, discriminatingly chosen, is one of the best of gifts; indeed, few others are likely to prove more acceptable. A subscription to a standard Catholic magazine or paper is also sure to be appreciated, and has the advantage of spreading the Christmas spirit over the whole year.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

"The New Laity and the Old Standards." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.

"Within my Parish." 60 cts.

"Your Pay Envelope." John Meader. \$1.

"Vocation." Rev. P. R. Conniff, S. J. 10 cts.

"The Worst Boy in the School." C. M. Home. 45 cts.

"A Far-Away Princess." Christian Reid. \$1.35.

"The Ivy Hedge." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.35.

"William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.

"Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.

"Mustard Seed." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.

"The Hand of Mercy." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.

"The Life of Dominic Savio." Venerable Don Bosco. 1s. 6d, net.

"Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh Fraser, and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.

"Round About Home." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.

"The Education of Character." Rev. M. S. Gillet. O. P. 85 cts.

"The Ideal of the Monastic Life." Dom Germain Morin, O. S. B. \$1.25.

"Oddsfish!" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.

"The Priest's Daily Manna." James Canon Schmidt, D. D. \$1.80.

"Outside the Walls." B. F. Musser. \$1.25.

"An American Crusoe." A. Hyatt Verrill. \$1.25.

"The Prophet's Wife." Anna C. Browne. \$1.25.

"Outlines of the World's Literature." Harold Binns. \$2.25.

"The Red Ascent." Esther W. Neill. \$1.

"Venerable Pierre Eymard." Rev. E. Tenaillon. S. S. S. 75 cts.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Coan, of the archdiocese of Boston; Rev. Richard Nolan, diocese of Trenton; and Rev. Hugh Lilly, O. P.

Sister Mary Stella and Sister Ambrosia of the Sisters of Charity.

Mr. George Rogers, Mr. F. C. Armstrong, Mr. William Carberry, Mrs. Mary Yawman, Mr. Daniel Lyons, Mrs. A. J. Schader, Mr. Joseph Watt, Mrs. Anne Tracy, Mrs. Anna Kerchner, Mr. Stephen Shea, Mr. Thomas Guldin, Mrs. Sarah Fritz, Mrs. Ellen Murphy, Mr. Alexander Schule, Mrs. Bridget Babbington, Mr. John Duer, Mr. Patrick Phillipps, Mr. J. C. Goss, Mrs. Elizabeth M. McKinney, Mr. H. E. Grote, Mr. Edward Grone, and Mr. Charles Hartmann.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Foreign Missions:

Rev. T. F., \$9; friend, \$2.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I, 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 19, 1914.

NO. 25

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To Our Lady.

(A Sixteenth-Century Hymn by an Unknown Writer.
Transcribed from a MS. entitled "Virgo, Rosa Virginum,
Tuum Precor Filium.")

QUEEN of Heaven, blessed may thou be,
For God's Son born He was of thee,
For to make us free,—
Gloria Tibi, Domine!

Jesu, God's Son, born He was
In a crib with hay and grass,
And died for us upon the Cross,—
Gloria Tibi, Domine!

To Our Lady make we our moan,
That she may pray to her dear Son
That we may to His bliss come,—
Gloria Tibi, Domine!

An Advent Homily.

BY ST. GREGORY THE GREAT.*

NOW, in the fifteenth year of the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, Pontius Pilate being Governor of Judea, and Herod Tetrarch of Galilee, and Philip his brother Tetrarch of Iturea and the country of Trachonitis, and Lysanias Tetrarch of Abilina, under the high priests Annas and Caiphas, the word of the Lord was made unto John, the son of Zachary, in the desert. And he came into all the country about the Jordan, preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins, as it was written in the book of the sayings of Isaiah the prophet:

*A voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight His paths. Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain. And all flesh shall see the salvation of God.**

I. The Gospel, speaking of the Roman Emperor Tiberius and of the different princes governing Judea and Galilee and other provinces, has no other motive but to tell us the year in which "the word of the Lord was made unto John," the Precursor of the true Messiah. He was to announce to the world Him who would save some among the Jews and a great number of Gentiles; therefore, the time of his ministry is given by the name of the Emperor who reigned over the Gentiles and by the princes governing in Judea. The enrolment which had taken place in the world indicates that the Gentiles were to be united, whilst the faithless nation of the Jews would be dispersed. For the Romans recognized but one supreme chief, whilst Judea was divided into four provinces under as many princes. Thus was verified among the Jews the word of the Redeemer: "Every kingdom divided against itself shall be brought to desolation."† And the names of the high priests are given after those of the kings, because John the Baptist announced the Messiah, who was both Priest and King. St. Luke, mentioning in his Gospel the ministry of the Precursor, speaks at the same time of the office of priests and rulers.

* Translated by the Rev. D. G. Hubert.

* St. Luke, iii, 1-6.

† Ib., xi, 17.

II. "John came into all the country about the Jordan, preaching the baptism of penance for the remission of sins." From the words of Holy Scripture it appears that St. John not only preached the baptism of penance, but also administered it to some of the Jews. His baptism could not forgive sins, for only the baptism instituted by Jesus can do that. However, he preached the baptism of penance; for, though he had not the power to give the baptism which sanctifies, at least he announced it to the world. This great prophet had preached, in the ministry of the Word, the Saviour, who, being the uncreated Word of the Father, was made man for us; and now he represented by his unfruitful baptism the sacrament of the real baptism, which alone can sanctify, truth and reality being preceded by shadows and symbols.

III. And the Gospel adds: "As it was written in the book of the sayings of Isaias the prophet: A voice of one crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight His paths." When John was asked by the priests and Levites, "Who art thou?" he answered, "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness."* He was called by the prophet "a voice," as we have shown elsewhere, because by his voice he had preceded the Divine Word. We also know the words uttered by this voice; for the prophet himself tells them, saying: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight His paths." We learn from all this that he who preached the true faith and the necessity of good works wished also to prepare the hearts of those who listened to him—that is, to prepare the way by which the Lord was coming. For he removed from men's hearts whatever could prevent the grace of God from entering into and illuminating them by the divine light.

The minister of the Word makes the ways straight for the steps of the Redeemer when he awakens pious

thoughts in the mind of his hearers. Therefore, when it is said, "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low," we understand that the humble are meant by the valleys, and the proud by the mountains. We know now why at the coming of the Saviour of the world the valleys were to be filled and the mountains to be brought low; for He Himself said: "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."* A valley, which is filled up, rises and increases; whilst a mountain or hill brought down will decrease. Thus we see that the Gentiles, who in all humility received the faith in Jesus Christ, the Mediator between God and man, received the fulness of grace; whilst the Jews, puffed up and filled with pride and vanity, lost the grace of God through their faithlessness. The valleys are filled, because the humble, receiving into their hearts the word of salvation, obtain at the same time grace to help them to practise virtue, according to the words of the Psalmist: "Thou sendest forth springs in the vales."† And again: "The vales shall abound with corn."‡ The water running down the mountains represents those proud men who have forsaken the doctrine of truth; but humble souls receive the truth preached to them, as the valleys receive the waters which render them fertile. Indeed, we recognize this fact when we consider those whose meekness and simplicity are despised by the world, but who are nourished and filled with the bread of divine truth.

IV. When the multitude saw the extraordinary holiness of John the Baptist, they believed him to be the firm and high mountain announced in Holy Scripture: "It shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be prepared in the top of mountains, and high above the hills; and the people shall flow to it."§ These words were applied to St.

* St. John, i, 23.

* St. Luke, xiv, 11.

† Ib. lxiv, 14.

† Ps., ciii, 10.

§ Mich., iv, 1.

John the more confidently since, according to the Gospel, he was taken for Christ Himself: "The people were of opinion, and all were thinking in their hearts of John, that perhaps he might be the Christ."* The multitude, thinking this in their hearts, insisted on an answer, and said to him: "Art thou not Christ?" But John the Baptist, through his own humility, was in his own eyes like a deep valley. He was, therefore, filled with the grace of the Holy Ghost; and, making known the opinion he had of himself, he answered: "He that shall come after me is preferred before me, the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to loose." Again he said: "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, who standeth and heareth him, rejoiceth with joy because of the bridegroom's voice. This my joy therefore is fulfilled. He must increase, but I must decrease."†

We see, therefore, that John the Baptist, on account of his great virtues, was taken for Jesus Christ by those who saw and heard him. In order to bring them out of this error, he answered that he not only was *not* Christ, but that he was not even worthy to loose the latchet of His shoe, — that is, to investigate and understand the great mystery of the Incarnation. They also imagined, when taking John for Jesus Christ, that the Church was his bride. However, he formally declared that the true Bridegroom was He who possessed the bride, as if to say, 'I am not the bridegroom, only the friend of the Bridegroom'; giving us to understand that his only joy consisted in hearing the Bridegroom's voice, and that he did not glory in his own voice. For the joy which St. John felt in his heart did not come from the fact that the multitude listened to him in sincere humility, but from the hope that the voice of truth had gained their hearts, and that by his teaching he would then unfold the truth more fully to them.

* St. Luke, iii, 15.

† St. John, iii, 29, 30.

He could, therefore, say that his joy was full; for he that rejoices only because his voice was listened to, can not possess real and entire happiness.

V. St. John, speaking of our Redeemer, added: "He must increase, but I must decrease." Now, let us consider in what Our Lord could increase and in what His prophet could decrease. This difficulty is easily overcome when we remember that the people, seeing the wonderful mortification of John the Baptist, and his retirement in the desert far from all intercourse with men, thought he was Christ the Messiah; whereas, seeing Jesus among publicans, conversing and eating with them, and not avoiding the company of sinners, they took Him for a prophet only, and not for the Christ. But what John said was literally fulfilled when the time came that the Redeemer, whom they had looked upon as a mere prophet, was recognized as the Christ, and that John the Baptist, taken for Christ, was then known only as His prophet.

Then, indeed, was fulfilled what John said of Jesus: "He must increase, but I must decrease." And our Blessed Lord increased in the esteem of men as soon as they recognized who He in reality was; whilst the honor given to John decreased when it became known that he was only the prophet of the Messiah. Thus the holiness of John the Baptist was preserved, because he remained humble. The greater number of those who wish to attain to greatness, very often by their proud thoughts and sentiments fall deeply, and verify in their lives these words: "Every valley shall be filled, and every mountain and hill shall be brought low." For God is with the humble, and gives them His richest blessings; whereas He forsakes the heart of the proud man.

VI. Again it is said: "And the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain." These words will be fulfilled when the wicked, whose hearts are cor-

raptured by injustice, endeavor to return to God by practising Christian justice. And the rough ways are made plain when hard and passionate hearts are softened and become peaceful through the grace of God. When the word of truth is not received, but finds an insensible heart, it is withdrawn on account of the obstacles placed in its way; whereas when, through the unction of the grace of God, we are softened and willingly receive the instructions and exhortations of God's ministry, the truth they announce, instead of finding rough ways, finds them smooth and plain, and thus easily penetrates the heart.

VII. "And all flesh," continues the Evangelist, "shall see the salvation of God,"—that is, all men shall see Jesus Christ. But in this life all men can not see the Redeemer. It seems, therefore, that the prophet spoke of the future,—that he saw heaven open before him, and Jesus in His glory, surrounded by angels, apostles and saints, as He will come to judge the world. Then all men, both the just and the unjust, will see the Judge,—the just, that they may receive the due reward of everlasting happiness; and the wicked, that they may be punished in everlasting torments for their sins and vices.

WHERE material interests are concerned, we rely on work and enterprise. Where spiritual interests are in play, we are tempted to forego them, to make room, as it were, for divine help. This certainly is not according to God's designs. He has endowed us with natural faculties and energies, which He desires us to use. Neglect of them is a sin against the Author of nature, and the Author of grace will not by miracles make up for our neglect. The gospel of human effort in the work of God needs to be preached to the world to-day. Were it understood and carried out, we should soon tell of marvellous victories,—*Archbishop Ireland*.

The Little Harper.

BY A NUN OF TYBURN CONVENT.

I.

THESE things befell in the days when men sought to banish the old religion from England, and when a "Massing priest" was held to be a traitor.

Among the North Country fells and dales there lived a boy who was of so little account that few took the trouble even to shake their heads at him. What was to be looked for from a lad who would spend long days fashioning pipes to play upon from the reeds which grew on the stream side, and in imitating the notes of the wild birds, paying scant heed to all beside! It is said to be hard to discover people's faults through fine garments; so, on the other hand, it was naturally easy to see the faults of Jan, whose russet jerkin was as threadbare as a skeleton leaf.

There was one who saw deeper than the outward seeming. This was the old priest who had long shepherded the scattered dales folk. When Jan's grandmother died, and the world bade fair to become a homeless place for the boy, it was the priest who took him in and fed and clothed him. More than this he did; for he gave understanding and sympathy withal. Then he waited to see in what bent the young twig was inclined. Soon Jan was to serve Mass; in the meantime he began to learn a little Latin, and this came readily to his lips when taught in the shape of Our Lady's canticles and antiphons.

Meanwhile grave grew the rumors which reached the fell-side village as to the harsh laws being framed and daily enacted against those who remained true to their Faith,—rumors of ghastly tragedies and glorious martyrdoms. When the priest's heart smote him at the thought of his flock from whom he might

soon be separated, the first pang was for the friendless boy.

On Christmas Eve, as his glance fell upon a picture of the Madonna hanging in his study, the priest was moved by a sudden tenderness which at once sought expression. It was the Feast of the Divine Child, and hence of all children. Neither should the little lad whom the good God had lent him lack a gift. He bethought himself of a harp which his sister, who had died in her early girlhood, had been wont to play.

He found Jan devoutly singing the rhyme of St. Thomas the Martyr on the Seven Joys of Mary.

"'Tis Our Lady has bid me bring thee a Christmas gift. Go play her Joys on that, and pray her ever to be thy Mother and Mistress."

"That will I!" exclaimed Jan, forgetful of thanks due to the bearer of the gift, in his haste to do his bidding.

Far down in the dale was a ruined chapel once consecrated to St. Mary the Virgin. The roofless, lichened walls were falling in decay; yet over the porch was still to be seen the sculptured image of the Mother Maid with the Blissful Child in her arms. There, kneeling on the glistening snow which covered the step, Jan touched the strings as he sang:

"Gaude Virgo, Mater Christi, . . ."

That was the consecration of himself and his precious gift.

The harp, as if weary of its long silence, awakened into joyous harmony. As for Jan, he needed no teaching. Unlearned he was, yet not unskilled. No false note jarred; for greater than this Christmas gift was the gift God had given him.

The Christmas Octave had barely passed when the Commissioners came to the village, and the good priest was hurried away to Derby to undergo his trial on the charge of being a hinderer of the Queen's godly proceedings in matters spiritual.

This could end in only one way. Presently Jan learned that the one he had

known and loved in familiar everyday life was now numbered with the white-robed army of martyrs, and bitter grief was tempered with exultant pride.

Again the boy was left without earthly stay. It was questioned what was to become of him; but there was no question at all in Jan's mind. Had he not already entered the service of Christ's dear Mother? The breath of public opinion had veered round in the lad's favor. His gentle, serviceable ways, his association with their martyred pastor, and above all his gift of music, would have opened several doors to him now. And of the homes offered him, he accepted all in turn, yet could be bound by none. He must be free to do the will and good pleasure of his Mistress, and play his minstrel's part in all worshipful obedience.

Songs in her honor were now strictly forbidden, and oftentimes he was warned of the trouble in which he was likely to find himself. One might as well have sought to silence the thrushes. "An evil law is well broken," was his only response; and he played on as before. The more reason was there that he should not slacken in his service since there were so few left who dared to say our Blessed Lady's Psalter and Hours, or to sing her antiphons.

Best of all he loved to sing of her Joys, for surely that would please her most. With St. Gabriel Archangel, he would rapturously salute the Blessed among women; and with the Angels of Christmas greet her newborn Joy lying in the manger. Yet other times, all athrill with loving reverence, he would enter the little dwelling with the Magi, and, while these opened their gifts, bring for his homage a song. But when he tried to sing her last three heavenly joys, the strain faltered in its flight and fell back again on the joys of Bethlehem and Nazareth, where he was ever at home. And joy became wonder, and wonder new joy, as, kneeling in the folds of her blue mantle, he was drawn ever nearer to adore

the Incarnate God. And such was all his manner of praying in the three years that followed upon the martyred pastor's death.

Jan and his harp were so seldom sundered and so closely identified that he was known in all the countryside by his byname of the Little Harper, himself the humble instrument in a mighty cause. Up and down and far and wide he travelled, and his songs put new courage into those who were tempted to fall away from their Faith, and devotion grew more strong and tender to her whose praises he sang. If the ministers read the Sunday service, as by law established, to well-nigh empty benches in the parish churches thereabout—despite the ruinous fires exacted from those who stayed away,—the authorities did not wot how closely this fact might be allied with the passing of a strolling harper. His insignificance might serve him in good stead, but, none the less, it was small matter for wonderment that thrice he was carried before the magistrate and ordered to be whipped as a Papist vagabond. Yet, being reputed as a simpleton, who lacked the wits to understand the danger into which he was ever running his head, his liberty and likewise his harp were restored to him. He would have thought it shame to go unscathed while many were forfeiting chattels and lands and life; and well did his Mistress requite his loyalty.

It was given to him to share with other faithful hearts the Joy of the Finding of the Child,—to go out in the highways and hedges and make known in what secret hiding-places and upper chambers the Bread which came down from heaven might be found. Love, not fear, kept him cautious now; but those for whom the invitation was intended understood the message which lay concealed under cover of the music.

He was still but a stripling when other errands fraught with yet more of peril were entrusted to him, and discretion and valor were meted out to him in propor-

tion to the task. Presently it began to be suspected that he was not such a simpleton, after all; or at least not a harmless one. At all events, as every man's guest, there were secrets which might usefully be wrung from him as to the comings and goings of priests and the names of those who harbored them. So it came about that one tempestuous winter's afternoon, in the last week of Advent the Little Harper, being far away from his native village was suddenly accosted with the dreaded formula:

"The Queen greets you!"

He looked up to see two sheriff's men, one of whom had his hand on the Little Harper's shoulder, and was furnished with a warrant for his arrest. Weak and defenceless as the boy appeared, he had friends who might have attempted to make trouble had he been taken in a less lonely part of the country. Now as for himself he did not offer the least resistance. He simply struck a few notes on his harp. The officers looked round. Was the boy summoning assistance from some one lying in wait? If so, it was from none visible to them.

II.

It was a miserable wayside inn, on the edge of a wild moor, into which the Little Harper had been carried off to be searched; but it afforded stabling for the two horses and a shelter from the storm which was every moment increasing in fury. The men needed small persuasion from the host to avail themselves of the accommodation provided, and to abide a lull in the storm racing madly across the fells. Besides, the moon would be near the full, and would arise in time to light them the rest of the distance to town. They had been lying in wait since morn, and were numbed and drenched by the icy, wind-driven rain.

The Little Harper now found himself a prisoner in a small chamber, which was little more than a loft under the roof. It was reached by some stairs opening off the room, where his keepers warmed

and dried themselves by a blazing fire. Now that the door was locked against him, only a pale glimmer filtered through the skylight, curtained with cobwebs. He had been stripped and searched, but nothing had come of the scrutiny. The message with which he was charged was of too vast import to be trusted to paper. Yet through his mind rushed with overwhelming force the thought of all that depended upon his reaching that night the manor hall, whither he was bound. Three priests lay there concealed, and they must be warned of their danger and told of the safe-conduct provided for them. In his weak grasp hung the lives and safety of many others who would be flocking thither to be shriven and housed.

Jan's legs were bound together, but his arms were left free.

"Strike up a tune, that we may know thou art up to no mischief," his keepers had bidden him.

He struck a few chords, and this time no apprehension was felt. How should they know the appeal for help that then went up to Heaven in his dire need!

"That is well! We are but a few paces distant. The moment the music stops thou shalt not lack our company."

Again the strains of the harp besought and pleaded. And then the answer came.

In the room below, the men congratulated themselves on the turn things had taken. Occasionally they paused to hearken between their draughts of ale. Surely the Little Harper was excelling himself!

"I trow 'tis most a pity to rack him!" said one.

Already, from what they had seen, they took it for granted he would need putting to that mode of questioning if he were to be brought to witness to any one's undoing.

The music rose and fell,—now high and loud, as when mighty forest trees make symphony; now soft and lulling as the slumber song of moorland streams and the wind in the undergrowth.

The men roused themselves with an effort, for they had been drinking heavily. The storm was subsiding and they must be moving. Mine host had entered to announce that the moon was now rising.

He followed the sheriff's men up the stairs, curious to see more of the player. On the opening of the door, a cold blast of air extinguished the lantern he carried. The harp lay against the wall. The bird had flown.

Meanwhile the Little Harper was more than a league away. He had fallen in his attempt to let himself down to the ground, and had received mortal injury. Every step he took was an agony. Creeping along in the shadow of the boulders when the fitful moonlight glimmered on the narrow sheep tracks across the moor, now catching his foot in a clump of gorse or heather, and painfully recovering lost ground, still he staggered on.

The strength, not his own, which was lent him for the fulfilling of his mission was fast ebbing. Already the hue and cry would be after him. Woefully shattered was the frame of the little instrument which had vibrated beneath God's touch to all that was true and pure. Yet, overwrought and overstrung as he was, some brave notes were still to be sounded before his meek service was ended. Our Lady of the Seven Joys, succor and speed him now!

When at length the dark outline of the manor hall loomed into sight, all the household had gone to bed except the master of the house. He had just put out the candles by which he had been reading, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. He drew back the heavy bolts and cautiously opened the door a hand's breath. On the threshold stood the Little Harper. For once he was without his harp. What might that portend?

As soon as the door was closed behind him, he gasped out his message in broken sentences,—all the danger that menaced and the plans for avoiding it with which he had been entrusted. Then he was in

haste to be gone. As he turned, the glow of the embers on the wide hearth showed his face wan and drawn with pain.

"You are far spent, Harper. You shall have some refreshment, and lie here at least till dawn."

"Nay, master! Were I found here, 'twould bring more trouble on your house."

"You are tracked?"

"Aye! But don't fear for me, master. I shall fare well."

They found the Little Harper early in the misty winter morning, with a look of radiant content on his dead face. He was lying on the steps of the ruined sanctuary where as a child he had brought the harp to consecrate it to his dear Lady's service. It was her Heavenly Joys he was learning to sing now. Truly he was faring well.

Going Home.

BY ALLEN FORD.

'TIS worth the score of years to be returning
Back o'er a smooth sea with a track of foam.
There's gray frost on the pane, a turf fire
burning,

And young eyes watching for the coming home.

Ah, you'd be glad, too, to hear the engines
pounding,

And you going back where white fields are
spread.

Your heart would run before, so you'd soon be
rounding

The Moorna hills, behind near Kerry Head.

Good-bye to the city where my heart was pining
For a speck o' the sky, for a blade o' dewy
grass!

In Creelabeg there's a gentle sun a-shining
Between the showers that dance for you and
pass.

Ah, Creelabeg! I can't live on without you,
So I'm going back, with Christmas in the air.

I went from you, but never did I doubt you,—
Put fresh turf on, dears: I will soon be there!

A Convert Clergyman's Recollections of Pius X.

PIUS X. was, in an almost unique way, the Pope, if one may venture to say so, of the divine home life of the Church. He could, indeed, deal magnificently with external attacks and dangers, as when he foiled the insidious proposals of a Masonic French Government, and preferred robbery of the Church's rights to temporal advantage at the price of spiritual independence. But the essential, characteristic work of his splendid Pontificate was the interior development of the Church's efficiency and sanctity.

Restaurare omnia in Christo,—to restore, so far as lay in his power, all that might be weakened or decayed; to make it possible for Christian people to realize and rejoice in the participation of sacramental grace as they had scarcely done since the first days of Christendom; to guard them against the insidious spirit of the modern "synthesis of all heresies," which uses Christian terms while it robs them of all Christian meaning,—this was the glorious work that our late Holy Father set before himself. He saw that this was what the Eternal Pontiff—*sacerdos in æternum secundum ordinem Melchisedech*—willed, in this opening twentieth century, to be the special service of His Vicar to the Church, and, indirectly, to the world. And how marvellously our Father Pius fulfilled that service, the results of the eleven years of his Pontificate will live through all future time to show.

We have learned to venerate him as the Pontiff of the Blessed Sacrament, as the promoter of restored dignity in the Church's song, as the children's Pope; as the great priest who, esteeming himself the most unworthy of all, enkindled with new zeal both seminarists and clergy; as the invincible champion of "the Faith once delivered" against the treacheries of Modernism. And there is yet another

title which he surely merits, and which many thousands that have been led from darkness and confusion into the light and peace of the City of God will, from their own experience, acclaim as his due: he was the converts' Pope. His wide, loving heart had a welcome for us,—not only as a crowd, but for each individual convert with whom he came in personal contact. Not only those who came to the Church bearing a name with high traditions, or with the glory of a successful career, but the most obscure and unimportant had an equal share in their common Father's care and benediction. As one who spent several months in Rome during the early days of his Pontificate, the writer knows, not only from the testimony of numerous fellow-converts, but from his own happy remembrance, how true this is.

In those days Mgr. (now Cardinal) Bisleti was *Maestro di Camera* at the Vatican, and no trouble was too much for him to take on behalf of a convert. Many on both sides of the Atlantic have reason to cherish with deep gratitude the recollection of his unselfish kindness, which could find time for a stranger's interests in the midst of what must have been almost the busiest life in Rome. And very soon one was no stranger with the good Monsignore. At my first visit to him (which I owed to a kind introduction from Mgr. Prior, then vice-rector of the Collegio Beda), he at once offered to make all necessary arrangements for a private audience for my whole household; and himself suggested that we should no doubt wish to assist at the Holy Father's Mass some morning, and receive Holy Communion at his hands.

In view of the enormous pressure on the Pope's time, it is wonderful that an insignificant Catholic visitor to the Papal City should ever be able to obtain such an audience as was granted to the writer. Many readers of THE AVE MARIA will be familiar with the procedure followed with regard to those who have this privi-

lege,—how a Vatican servant, in beautiful costume, brings your card of admission in a big envelope sealed with the Papal arms, a few days before the date fixed; and how this card bears the hour of the audience, and informs you that ladies must be clad in black, with veils, while men must appear in evening dress.

On the day appointed, at least half an hour before the time, you present yourself at the Bronze Doors, the chief entrance to the Vatican; and, passing through the quaintly attired Swiss Guards, ascend the four flights of Bernini's magnificent Scala Regia, at the top of which you reach the Corte di Damaso, where one or two cardinals' carriages are usually waiting. Crossing the court, and passing through a glass door on the right, you ascend another marble staircase, which leads to the private apartments of the Pope. In a large anteroom servants are waiting to relieve you of your coat and other *impedimenta*; and you are directed to wait in an inner room, sparsely furnished with sumptuous chairs and two or three marble consoles, on one of which stands a large crucifix. The only ornaments are a few bronzes. After a while a door, on the far side from that on which you entered, is opened from within, and a servant, who immediately withdraws, motions you to enter the Pope's own private room,—quite a small one, with little furniture, and that of the plainest.

It is but slight notice, however, that one takes of the room, or of anything in it except that beside a small table sits or stands, in white cassock and tippet, with pectoral cross on his breast, and the *solideo* (the white cap removed only in presence of the Blessed Sacrament) on his head, the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Christ, the Head and Father of Christ's children on earth. No words can express the extraordinary emotion which possesses a Catholic at such a moment. And with Pius X. there was added the sense

of the presence of a saint. His face, rugged in its wonderful dignity, expressed intense simplicity and humility of character, and at the same time great strength and wisdom. There was in it, a gravity that even then was almost sadness; but the lines of sorrow traced by the unutterable burden he had to bear in these troublous times became in after years far deeper. In those early months of his reign there was added a physical vigor that was lost in great degree, inevitably, as the time went on.

The three customary genuflections made on approaching the Holy Father are followed by the kissing of his ring. Pius X. would never, if he could help it, permit the ancient practice of kissing the cross on the Papal slipper. I have once or twice, however, seen a devout religious hastily steal, as it were, the old usage, to the evident embarrassment, and yet kindly amusement, of the Pope. It was, indeed, characteristic of the humble soul of Giuseppe Sarto to dispense when he could even with official tokens of homage.

On the occasion I am describing, the Pope, assuming that an Englishman would, at all events, understand something of French, with the utmost kindness insisted on our standing beside him—saying, "*Debout,—debout!*"—instead of kneeling, as at a public audience. Then, finding that Italian was not an altogether unknown tongue, though the knowledge might be somewhat elementary, he spoke throughout the audience in his own language. The writer's oldest daughter, then a small child, was with us; and the Holy Father gave her a special blessing, laying his hands on her head, and then giving her and sending to her still younger brother, a blessed medal. He then not only signed a number of photographs, but added on more than one of them special words of benediction, and also blessed a number of rosaries and other objects of piety.

A private audience can not, in the

nature of things, last long in a layman's case—or even in the case of a priest under ordinary circumstances,—and after a little while we all knelt for the Vicar of Our Lord's solemn blessing, and then withdrew, making the customary homage as on entering the presence. It was beautiful and touching to see the Pontiff, in whose hands lay the guidance of Christendom with its unspeakable anxieties and responsibilities, waving his hand and smiling a good-bye to the little lassie who had come from the far North to the feet of the Father of all Christian people. Such an experience, which lasts but a few minutes, and takes but a few minutes to relate, is a possession for a life-time.

On various other occasions it was my privilege to see our late beloved Pontiff. A Requiem Mass in the Sala Clementina (not in the Sistine Chapel, where such functions are usually celebrated), for George, King of Saxony, at which the Holy Father assisted pontifically; a canonization and beatification; a public audience; and the unique ceremony of Candlemas Day, at which candles are offered to the Pope by a deputation from each basilica and parish church, religious house, college and other Christian institution in Rome,—these were other occasions on which I had the happiness to assist at solemnities in which Pius X. took part. For admission to one or two of these it is almost necessary to be a resident in Rome for a time, and to have such a "friend at court" as Mgr. Bisleti.

But, greatest of all privileges, on the Pope's own feast, the solemn commemoration of St. Joseph, I was allowed, with other members of my household, to be present at the Holy Father's Mass and receive Our Lord from His own Vicar's hands. The Pope's chapel is so small that the very limited congregation has to kneel in an adjoining room, so that on Sundays (of which this happened to be one) an altar is erected in one of the larger halls of the Vatican. Later in

his Pontificate, I understand, a hall was permanently fitted up for this purpose. The hour for Mass as fixed by the Holy Father was, unchangeably, seven o'clock; and at the stroke of the hour he entered, attended by a very small retinue of clergy and others. He vested at once, and began the Mass, served by two priests.

It was a lesson in faith, reverence, and self-forgetfulness, to see Pius X. perform the greatest of all ministries. It is plain that, to *him*, it was the humblest and most unworthy of all Christian priests who stood there, by the sole mercy of God, to exercise, with intensity of loving reverence, the Supreme Act that perpetuates the one Sacrifice of our Redemption. To *us*, who assisted, he seemed to bear the very impress of the Divine Master, by whose authority and in whose name he ministered. But—and this is surely the most wonderful part of it—as the Mass proceeded, one forgot even the Vicar of Christ, and remembered only the divine action that was going on. The priest, Supreme Pontiff though he was, was lost in the Sacrifice that he offered.

Every quiet, self-recollected action—the clear, low voice, the simple, unconscious dignity of the Pontiff—made for this end. There was nothing of a spectacle about Pius X.'s Mass; in this, doubtless, it was like that of every other Pope. He abolished, for himself at least, the old custom of permitting his ring to be kissed by each communicant; thus probably establishing a precedent that some regret, but which we know was the result of the singular, humble simplicity that dominated his whole heart and life. As a rule, all who assist at the Pope's Mass receive Holy Communion, and I do not know that there were any exceptions on the occasion I am recalling.

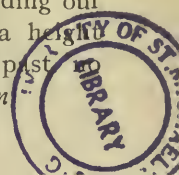
At the end of the Mass the Pontiff unvested, with the aid of his chaplains, and knelt for his thanksgiving at a prie-dieu on the Gospel side of the altar. One of the chaplains immediately said Mass, at which all present remained to assist.

At its conclusion the Holy Father advanced to the front a little way, bestowed a plenary indulgence on all present, and gave his solemn benediction. Then the little procession departed through the side door by which it had entered.

Such are some fugitive recollections of an obscure convert, one who had no special claim whatever on the extraordinary goodness extended to him. Others could, no doubt, record much more,—men who have brought great gifts to the service of the Church, or who have made great sacrifices in order to submit to the one divine authority on earth. But it was not to these only that our lately departed and most beloved Holy Father showed the wideness and the tenderness of his charity. One's very insignificance, perhaps, makes gratitude more inevitable and more profound.

That same charity he is, we know, still exerting on behalf of the souls over whom he was set as supreme shepherd and infallible teacher. And may we not well believe that converts may still find special benediction, courage, and consolation through the intercession of him whom I have ventured to name the converts' Pope?

THE memory of our defeats and sins ought not to fill us with despair, but to furnish us with new incentives for more heroic effort. Nature does not keep her wounds open: as soon as they are made the healing process begins. There is nothing more unnatural or morbid than dwelling on past errors and blunders; it defeats the very ends which nature is trying to secure. The errors of the past ought to be healed in the only way in which they can be healed—by nobler living, by consciousness of having overcome them. The only real repentance for past sin is to be found, not in sitting down in sackcloth and ashes, but by girding our loins afresh and pushing on to a height of holiness where the temptations of the past no longer have power over us.—Anon



The Claim to the Rectory.

BY MARY KENNEDY.

I HEARD of it yesterday," said the younger sister, timidly.

The elder Miss Minters unfolded her knitting.

"Straighten the tidy on your chair, Priscilla." Then she went on thoughtfully: "You have known it a whole day?"

The round, soft cheeks of the other flushed.

"Mrs. Conley told me," acknowledged the younger woman.

"You should have conferred with me, Priscilla," remonstrated Miss Minters.

"But, Cynthia," the speaker's eyes rested lovingly on the angular, unemotional face of her sister, "I knew it would only bother you, and I do hate so to bother people."

Through her fifty years of life, this hatred of bothering people had become an obsession with Priscilla Minters.

"It doesn't 'bother' me," returned her sister.

"*It doesn't*, Cynthia?"

"No. It necessitates a call on the bishop. That is all."

"The Catholic bishop?"—the tones were full of wonder.

"My dear Priscilla, since I intend registering a protest against a Catholic priest's occupying our beloved father's former rectory, it must naturally follow that it is a Catholic bishop whom I shall visit."

Priscilla rocked a while in silence.

"But we don't own the rectory. What *will* you say?" she finally asked.

A slight smile hovered around the corners of Miss Minters' long, thin mouth. The fingers were now busy with her knitting.

"I shall simply register my protest."

"Cynthia!" The other's plump body straightened resolutely. "Times have changed since father died—"

Her sister stopped knitting.

"There must be a reason back of what one says," the younger sister added lamely.

"You have imbibed the modern ideas to a great extent, Priscilla. In fact, one could almost call you a Modernist," Miss Minters replied.

"I am not a Modernist, Cynthia." (The younger Miss Minters knew as little of the term as did her sister.) "But I do know that Catholics are not all bad."

Again the knitting ceased.

"You know *one* Catholic, Priscilla. I know none. From our earliest years, however, we have heard sufficiently of them and their doctrines."

Priscilla was unusually bold to-day.

"Cynthia, we never heard they were *bad*."

"If you define the word 'bad,' child, you will say that it is the opposite of good. I am not saying that Catholics are wicked, but they are not up to my standard of goodness."

The other puckered her brows.

"Because they are gaining so many converts to their Church—is that what you mean, Cynthia?"

The elder Miss Minters was beyond the blushing stage, but she was, nevertheless, slightly ruffled.

"Don't be absurd. I dislike seeing so many souls led astray from the path of righteousness."

"That is the same thing," answered Priscilla. Seeing the growing displeasure in her sister's face, she went on hurriedly: "What *is* the right path, dear?"

"I do not know, but it isn't the Catholic way surely."

This unconsciously humorous statement elicited no direct response.

"Didn't father once mention a Catholic priest as a friend of his?"

"Priscilla!"

"I think he did, Cynthia."

"If so, he erred."

It was the first criticism of her father Miss Minters had ever made, and her sister sat up aghast.

"O Cynthia, Catholics are not all bad! Mrs. Conley is the dearest little woman, so kind to everyone and so willing to help everybody! Her children, too, are lovely."

"Mrs. Conley also has erred."

"But what do *you* know of the Catholic Church, Cynthia?"

"Priscilla" (the speaker's voice teemed with impatience), "this conversation must end! I do not wish to show any ill-will, but I see plainly that certain things must be impressed upon you. First of all, the Catholic Church has been the tabooed subject within our household for years. Yes, I know I said we had heard enough concerning it; but father, in his great charity, would listen to no derogatory remarks against any sect or person. But the words unsaid are those that speak the loudest. I have always realized that if the Catholic Church had not been established here, father's church would have flourished to a greater extent; and I know that he, too, realized this. You must admit, Priscilla, that losing one's parishioners to a church that practises idolatry, and—"

Her sister interrupted:

"But—"

"No defence, please! So long as I know that father thought as he did of this religion—"

"But you *don't* know!"

"I know! And what is good enough for father is good enough for me."

"Cynthia! Why, you never go to any church!"

The thin lips of the elder woman trembled, and the small, sharp eyes suddenly filled.

"It isn't like you, Priscilla, to taunt me. How can I go when I do not believe?"

"Oh!" The other sprang up hastily and threw her arms around her sister's neck. "Forgive me, love! I never knew! But do not grieve so, Cynthia dear! I am not sure that I believe either."

And there in the old-fashioned sitting-room, with the late winter's sunshine showing no mercy to their thin grey hair

and wrinkled cheeks, the two sisters clung to each other.

The older was the first to speak.

"I think I shall go to the city to-morrow."

Priscilla kissed her.

"I shall go with you."

"On the nine-o'clock suburban?" asked the other, vaguely childish.

"Yes, love! And you can tell the bishop that, being the rector's daughters and once having lived in the rectory, we would like him to rent other property for his priest to live in."

"I couldn't stand it if I knew a Roman priest was occupying father's study,—a *priest!*" shuddered Miss Minters.

The brown eyes of her sister softened.

"Let's not talk any more about it. But, dear, do not believe that the Catholics are idolaters. Oh, really they are not!"

"Priscilla, why argue? We will need all our reserve strength in the meeting with the bishop. Why—why, you know he was once a priest!"

"Yes," returned the other, "he was once a priest."

But her accent of the word was different. Perhaps little Mrs. Conley, who was "kind to everybody," had whispered something good concerning the priests of her church to the younger Miss Minters.

At half after eight the next morning, the sisters were seated in the suburban station. Cynthia had ever firmly reminded her sister that it was always best to be ready and waiting at least twenty minutes for anything, as "the composition of one's nerves demanded recreation before the excitement anticipated was entered upon."

Nevertheless, Miss Minters was nervous. Priscilla gazed at her anxiously.

"Cynthia," she exclaimed, "you might have written!"

"Underscoring is never permissible in correspondence," her sister replied dryly.

Priscilla understood.

Attired in the cloaks and bonnets of thirty years ago, the two presented an interesting picture for the careful observer. That the attention they attracted never broadened into smiling curiosity or sneering comments showed clearly that, in their case as in nearly every other, character ever mounts above the convention of clothes. The Misses Minters themselves had watched the growth of fashions, but their limited income and their loyalty to the ancient seamstress of the village prevented any change in *their* fashions. To-day's elastic dress mode demands something more than a three hundred dollar annuity and a non-progressive, aged dressmaker.

"What shall we do if the bishop is not at home?" asked the younger woman.

"Wait for him."

"We should have brought some lunch, then, Cynthia."

Miss Minters opened a faded black reticule.

"I have twenty cents above expenses. We can buy our lunch."

The bishop, however, was at home. Directed by a uniformed station agent, the two sisters had no difficulty in locating the episcopal residence.

"If you *do* get turned around," the young man assured them, "ask any one you meet. Bishop Lawson is the boss—the big stick—of this town all right. Everybody knows him."

"Disgusting language!" murmured the elder sister.

An almost indiscernible smile twitched Priscilla's mouth.

"That's the way they talk on the streets nowadays, dear!" she whispered.

"What do *you* know about the streets?"

Priscilla knew very little, so she evaded the question.

A short walk brought them to an unpretentious brick residence standing next door to a large, stately church.

"It has a cross on top, so it must be a Catholic church," Priscilla said.

The other woman sought to appear uninterested, but she missed nothing. The carefully swept walks and neat grounds, the shining windows with their modest but immaculate curtains, the general air of cleanliness and friendliness of the house appealed strongly to her.

"It doesn't seem as if 'badness' could enter here, does it, love?" said Priscilla, nervously pressing the bell.

Miss Minters frowned.

"Don't forget you are a rector's daughter," she reminded her sister.

The door was opened by an aged Negro.

"The bishop, ma'am? Yes, ma'am, he's in. Come right this way, ladies!"

The two followed him into a well-lighted Colonial hall.

"If you sit in this here room," the man said, ushering them into a small apartment, "I'll go see when his Lordship can come down."

"Tell him the Misses Minters, of Shelbyville, desire to see him," Cynthia crisply announced.

The white head of the Negro bobbed serenely.

"Makes no difference 'bout the name, ma'am. Bishop Lawson sees everybody who needs him."

"Hem!" responded Cynthia.

"Thank you!" said her sister.

When the man had left the room, Priscilla gazed curiously around.

"Isn't it pleasant, Cynthia?"

It was a southeast room, softly tinted in brown. Three rag rugs in the tan shades lay on the shining floor; and the furniture consisted of a large library table, a few comfortable chairs, and a small desk. Against the wall hung Hoffman's Head of Christ and an especially fine copy of the *Madonna of the Chair*. An ivory crucifix between two candlesticks rested on the desk, and on the table lay several magazines.

"There isn't any dust, anyway," grudgingly responded Cynthia.

Her sister, despite herself, laughed aloud, and at that moment the bishop

entered the room. Involuntarily, the two women arose. Bishop Lawson was an old man. Seventy-five years, however, had hardly dimmed the brilliancy of the dark eyes, or bent the upright, wiry figure of the man. Below the remarkable thickness of the white hair, the smooth face still glowed with health and vigor.

"Oh!" murmured Priscilla, her mirth suppressed.

Cynthia bowed stiffly.

"Be seated, ladies!" The bishop spoke with a delightful Southern accent.

For the first time in many years, Miss Minters could not express herself. Priscilla waited a moment and then—plunged.

"I didn't know you were so old—" she began; and then, horrified, looked frantically toward her sister.

Bishop Lawson laughed heartily.

"*That's* good!" he replied. "Still, I really think you mean something more," he went on encouragingly.

"You *act* young!" desperately swam Priscilla.

But Cynthia had recovered.

"It is not a question of age that we have come to discuss, Priscilla." She turned to the bishop: "I asked to meet you on business, sir-bishop."

A twinkle appeared in the bishop's kindly eyes.

"Can't one combine business and pleasure?"

"It depends upon the parties," replied Cynthia.

Priscilla drew a sharp breath. It was not nice of Cynthia to be so short.

"I agree with you," said Bishop Lawson, still smiling. "What can I do to accommodate you?"

"We are the Misses Minters, of Shelbyville."

His Lordship's white brows came together.

"*Minters?* Your father—"

"Was the late Reverend John Minters, of the same town?"

"And one of my best friends!"

The older sister fell back against the high back of the chair in which she was seated. The other leaned forward, her hands folded tightly across her heaving breast.

"I *knew*, Cynthia, that father spoke of a priest friend of his."

The right hand of the bishop shaded his eyes.

"John Minters was a good friend and a good man, God rest his soul!" There was a slight break in the soft voice. "I am very glad to meet his daughters."

Priscilla was crying now.

"Cynthia—"

"We are—are glad to know you," the other replied.

"I think," said the bishop, becoming reminiscent, "that your father and I understood each other as thoroughly as two men can ever understand each other. We first met at college, and from that day we were almost as brothers. It is unnecessary to tell you what your father was; but I can say that, were I to choose a companion for any ward of mine to-day, I should select a young man with a character as similar as possible to his. Our creeds were different, but if in God's great mercy I reach heaven, I expect to meet again this good friend of mine. John Minters served his God well."

Cynthia's eyes were moist.

"We never saw each other again after graduation," continued the bishop. "He entered an Episcopalian seminary, and I began my studies for the priesthood. Every month, however, until his death I had a letter from him. There was no one that knew more of your father's hopes and joys than myself. I heard of his marriage and that two daughters were born to him. My appointment to the bishopric came too late for him to rejoice with me. How near together we might have been! I have never yet visited Shelbyville. Your father spoke delightfully of his rectory. I should like very much to see this house of my friend. I often felt as if I had been there, so

often did he tell me about it. It is still standing?"

"Yes," sobbed Priscilla.

Cynthia's thin figure straightened.

"It is concerning the rectory that we have come to you."

The bishop glanced at her in surprise. Perhaps these daughters of his old friend were in need of pecuniary assistance! Every dollar of his own was in circulation, but he must find some way of helping them, he thought.

"The Catholic Church has leased it," went on Miss Minters.

"Cynthia, don't say any more!" pleaded her sister.

"But I should like to be informed," Bishop Lawson said.

"I am sure that you must know, bishop, that father disliked everything Catholic. If he were to know that his beloved rectory is to be used as the home of a Catholic priest, I think he would turn over in his grave. We are here to ask you to seek another residence for your minister. Idolaters—"

"Cynthia!"

"Never mind!" smiled the bishop. "We are often called that. I didn't know of this leasing, Miss Minters. My secretary has good judgment in such things, and I allow him to follow it. However, the first of the month report would have enlightened me. I see that you can not reconcile yourself to the fact that I, a priest, was a friend of your father's. You think he would wish me to veto the lease?"

The older woman nodded her head.

"If I thought he did, I should do so. Even if, as you say, he disliked everything Catholic, don't you think, since the Episcopal Church has ceased worshipping in Shelbyville, your father would have been too unselfish to wish to have untenanted a rectory evidently most suitable for any denomination?"

"Father was not selfish, but he hated the Catholic Church."

The bishop ceased to smile. "Your

father, I must tell you, hated no fellow-creature, and opposed no denomination of Christians, least of all Catholics. It is too bad that this quality is not to be found in his daughter."

Miss Minters sat stunned. Her sister listened in wide-eyed amazement.

"Why do you say your father disliked everything Catholic?" asked the bishop. "Did he ever tell you so?"

"No," confessed Miss Minters. "But it is the duty of all good Christians to—dislike idolaters. Father must have hated them. I felt that he did."

The twinkle was again shining in the bishop's eyes.

"He *pitied* idolaters. So do I. You think we worship images?"

"I have heard so all my life."

"I wish you would come to my study," the bishop answered.

He showed them into a large room walled on two sides with bookcases. A simple desk, three chairs, some ferns, and a statue of the Sacred Heart were its furnishings. But on the desk, among several other framed photographs, the sisters saw one of their father.

"Oh!" breathed Priscilla.

The bishop watched them.

"He was my friend. *That* reminds me of him. You can not suppose I *adore* his picture? You would not want me to destroy it?"

He turned to the statue. On the pedestal below it a dozen roses filled the room with their fragrance.

"*He* is my best Friend. *That* reminds me of Him. The roses tell Him and others that I am thinking of Him. This is not idolatry?"

"I ask your pardon!" Cynthia extended a hand which shook nervously. "I wish that you would consider my request unsaid."

"God bless you!" the bishop answered. "I have something else to show you," he continued. From his desk he took a tin safety-box. In it were packages of faded letters. "This" (handing the envelope

to Miss Minters) "was the last from your father. I found it only yesterday while searching for something else. I will ask you to read it."

The woman gazed with tear-veiled eyes on the familiar writing. After a moment she read as follows:

FRIEND OF MY YOUTH:—This may, perhaps, be a line of farewell. The doctors have said the final word: I am to die soon—to-night—to-morrow? Thank God, Father Joe, I am not afraid to die! I do not mean to say that I have done all I might have accomplished. I can say only that I have made an honest effort to do my best. We have not fought over the question of religion, thank God! If my faith *had* wavered, Catholicism would have been my refuge. On one point we have always agreed, you remember—as to the efficacy of prayer for the dead. When I am gone, do not forget me. And if at any time, Father Joe, you can make a convert of an Episcopalian, do so. I would like to know that every man followed faithfully the light vouchsafed to him. God's blessing be yours, dear friend!

Until we meet again, JOHN O. M.

Cynthia handed the letter to her sister.

"Thank you!" she said to the bishop, then sank into the desk chair, and, with her head in her hands, wept heart-breakingly.

Bishop Lawson went to the door. Turning, he said: "I will leave you now for a while. You will have time to reread your dear father's letter. My sister—she will soon be here—lunches with me to-day, and I shall make arrangements for two other places. I would like very much to have the daughters of John Minters at my table."

Softly he closed the door.

SPEAKING of creditors, St. Vincent de Paul once said: "It is not just to give them the trouble to come to demand what is legitimately their due."

A Kindness of Cardinal Newman.

MANY anecdotes told about Cardinal Newman illustrate his greatness of soul, and prove how deeply rooted was the veneration in which he was held by people of all classes. No man of our time has been more highly honored, and to few has honor been more justly due. The following incident, which occurred during the last months of his life, will doubtless be new to many readers. We give it in the words of the friend who sent it to THE AVE MARIA soon after Newman's death.

There is in Birmingham a large and highly respectable firm of Quakers—C. & Brothers,—who employ a large number of workmen, among whom are more than a hundred Catholics. The priest in charge of the parish to which these men belong discovered that they were accustomed to attend prayers at the establishment every morning before business began. He remonstrated with his people, assuring them that such a proceeding was against the law of the Church; and they, in turn, assured him that they must either attend the prayers or lose their employment. This was a *sine qua non* with the employees.

Father H. went thereupon to the head of the establishment himself, to request that the Catholic workmen might be excused attendance. He was politely but firmly refused. Mr. C. said that he could not conceive that any large-minded ecclesiastic, such as Cardinal Newman, for instance, would object to a workman saying a prayer to God before he began his day. He was sure Father H. took an exaggerated view of the matter—anyhow, it was the law of the establishment; he could not relax it.

Father H. then went to the bishop of the diocese and laid the case before him, but only to get the answer he expected—"This must not be done. See Mr. C. again." With a heavy heart, the

good priest determined to go to Cardinal Newman, and tell him how he had been referred to Mr. C.; that it was a serious matter to get a hundred men thrown out of employment when work was scarce. Perhaps his Eminence might suggest something. The Cardinal had no suggestion to make—the case was clear. The men could not continue doing what was plainly against the law of the Church. If Mr. C. would not relent, they must seek employment elsewhere. The great-hearted Cardinal was much moved.

Nothing remained to be done now but to make another attempt to move the manufacturer. Father H. felt certain it would be a failure. Next day, however, when he paid his visit, he was received with the greatest affability, and on repeating his request it was immediately granted. "To be frank with you," said Mr. C., "his Eminence Cardinal Newman was here last evening on this very business. He was so condescending and so persuasive I couldn't resist him, and he put the matter in quite a different light. He said: 'Will you, Mr. C., force these men to do what *they* think wrong because it is against the law of their Church, or give up their employment, which is the bread of their wives and families?' And I answered: 'No, your Eminence, I will not. The Catholics shall be excused from attendance.'"

So the dear old man of ninety, without saying a word to any one, had got into his carriage and driven straight to C.'s, where, by his kindness, gentleness, and tact, he won the employer's heart, and by his skill put the question in the only light in which a conscientious Protestant could possibly view it. It was so like Cardinal Newman.

MARY is the Mother of God. What honor—provided it be less than the honor due to God alone—can be too great to lavish upon her whom, out of all creatures actual and possible, Jesus selected as His Mother?—*Anon.*

The Christmas Spirit.

IN this year of grace the light of Bethlehem falls upon a world which stands in special need of the Christmas peace and joy, because the Christmas spirit has become enervated. From every Christian land comes news of sorrow and suffering and privation resulting from war, and of the widespread prevalence of sickness which makes poverty more than a double burden. Thousands of homes have been made desolate, and thousands of families will be compelled this year to forego the good cheer which, in our civilization, has come to be looked upon as an outward sign of inward content. Thousands of children have been thrown upon the charity of the world, and in countless impoverished homes little stockings will hang limp and empty that were wont of old to bulge out with good things; and little eyes that used to dance with delight in the Christmas dawn will be filled with tears for coveted gifts which have not come.

But this is not all. There are more cold, cheerless rooms this year than last; more fathers walk the streets with heavy hearts because there is no work; more mothers wear away in anxiety and despondency, weeping unselfish, motherly tears; there are more fires unlighted, there is more sickness and anxiety to be found in homes, and more poverty and suffering to be seen in the streets, than is at all usual in this bountiful land of ours. Many are forced to beg who would be glad to work, and have watched and waited for an opportunity of doing so.

Now more than ever is there need of the lessons of the Christmas Crib. Now more than ever should the poor feel that Christ has chosen them to be of His own household. And even amid the pangs of hunger and the cold of winter it should be consoling to remember that just as the Saviour was driven away from the inns of Bethlehem because He was not

of this world, so, too, poverty, when it is the result of misfortune or of another's sin, is a mark of the favor of God, and a promise of unbounded and imperishable riches with Him in heaven. Only it must be borne in a spirit of faith.

Sorrow is a great purifier. It is hard for a soul engrossed in worldly pleasures to attain spiritual refinement; and it is hard for one who has not known privation to meet the sacrifices which duty frequently demands. But poverty borne in an angry and resisting spirit is not meritorious. It would, indeed, be sad to think that the poor, who must needs suffer, should suffer only *like* Christ and not *with* Him. How near would the poor be to our Divine Lord, and how blessed would be their lives, if the father who toils ceaselessly would recall the wearisome journeys of Joseph; and if the mother would remember how each little household trial meekly borne makes her more like to Mary! It is only to such as these that the Infant Saviour brings a message of comfort; only to them He speaks the promise: "Blessed are the poor *in spirit*; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Yet, for the comfort of those who are not poor actually, be it said that they are not shut out altogether from this blessedness. Detachment from worldly goods, no matter how abundant they may be, can make their possessor, too, "poor in spirit."

It is well, too, to remind those to whom the world has not been so hard a place of their duty to the poor. It entails kind thought always, and sometimes self-sacrifice. How gladly would we shelter the Holy Family if they walked the earth again! Let us not, then, forget their special friends. Let every sparkling Christmas Tree be circled around with the children of the poor; at every bountiful repast let a place be spread for the Holy Family. Then may we hope one day to share in the blessed surprise and the unspeakable recompense of those who fed and clothed, comforted and consoled their God and knew it not.

A Notable Address.

ONCE again we have occasion to note the splendid use made by Archbishop Glennon of the present world war to point the moral of a lesson badly needed at home. His Grace, speaking to two thousand Union men recently in St. Louis, made this graphic setting for his discourse:

We meet to-day under exceptional circumstances. A devastating war is sweeping over Europe, bringing into its vortex the thrones of kings and the lives of men and nations. Its effects are nearly all on the side of destruction. It has levelled down; it has not built up. Caste distinctions have given way,—a blessing, you would say; yet of doubtful value when we see the common level attained is only that of a slaughter-house. And this war in Europe reacts upon America in almost every line, excepting only the killing of men: in a commercial way by the general depreciation of values and the limitation of exports, by the demands for money, by the stopping of industry, and consequent stagnation in the labor world; and in a social way by the fact that the sorrow and loss of the people over there become also a sorrow and a loss to us; for we are bound by ties of blood and kindred with the various nations who to-day are in their death struggle.

The practical question arising was admirably stated thus:

While, however, we may not take blame to ourselves for the devastating war, it remains to know whether we will take from it the lessons it surely conveys. One lesson is, if war between the nations is such a tragedy, unholy and un-Christian, should we not regard similarly wars as inaugurated on different lines; such, for instance, as a religious war, or, what is more practicable to us to-day, an industrial war? It is hard to see how one can well oppose in principle international wars if one were to accept as a normal condition of humanity the industrial war; for the only difference between them is that they are a struggle of units differing only in the largeness thereof,—the industrial being the struggle of the smaller unit within the nation; the other being the struggle of the larger unit, the nation itself.

The analogy is a forceful one. To remove as far as possible the causes of religious and industrial strife is the first duty of all who sincerely desire the reign of the Prince of Peace.

Notes and Remarks.

The full text of Benedict XV.'s first Encyclical confirms the impression one received from the summaries thereof already published in the daily press,—that it is a document of outstanding importance, and a proof of consummate ability in its author. We shall have occasion to refer to it at greater length later on. For the present we invite our readers to ponder the practical truths contained in the paragraphs which follow:

"From the moment when the rules and practices of Christian wisdom ceased to be observed in States—rules and practices which alone guarantee the stability and peace of institutions—these States necessarily began to tremble at their foundation, and there followed such a change in ideas and customs that, if God does not soon intervene, it appears as if the dissolution of human society is at hand. The disorders that have arisen are the want of mutual love amongst men, contempt for authority, injustice in the relations between the different classes of society, and material welfare made the only object of man's activity (as if there were not other and much more desirable blessings to be gained). These, in Our opinion, are the four causes why human society is so greatly disturbed. It is necessary, then, that energy be exercised generally for the purpose of removing such disorders and restoring Christian principles, if the object is to put an end to discord and compose differences. . . .

"Sad experience shows that where religion has been banished, there human authority is despised. In fact, there happens to society what occurred to our first father when he failed in his duty. As in his case, scarcely had the will rebelled against God than his passions broke loose and disdained the authority of the will; so when those who rule over the people despise divine authority, the people, in

their turn, mock at human authority. There remains no doubt the single expedient of having recourse to violence to put down rebellion; but of what use is it? The body but not the mind is repressed by violence."

For charity that is charity through and through commend us to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. We confess that it is its spirit and its methods alone which in the present day justify for ourselves the concept of organized charity. A reorganization of the Society, which will render its methods still more effective, is now in progress, the plans for which have received the highest ecclesiastical sanction. They provide that:

1. The divisions of the Society shall be on provincial or archdiocesan lines.
2. The archiepiscopal city of the ecclesiastical province shall be made the center of each division.
3. The names of the Councils, as at present existing, shall be retained.
4. Each province shall be in charge of a Central Council; each Particular Council shall report and communicate with said Central Council. In cases where Central Councils are not formed, the Particular Councils and isolated conferences are to be in direct communication with the Superior or National Council.
5. The general organization of the Society in the United States shall be made up as heretofore stated, and shall be known as the Superior Council of the United States.

For a Society with such noble aims and practical apparatus for work, and so keen for its own improvement, we have only the highest admiration. One live member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is worth a hundred clubmen, club they never so well.

The output of war literature is amazing. Whole pages of leading periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic are devoted to advertisements of it. One can not possibly keep track even of the more authoritative books, much less of the pamphlets, there are so many of them. Of the latter, however, there are two—one by the Rev. William Temple, the other by Mrs. Elma Paget—which are

deserving of special attention. The object of the former ("Christianity and War") is to bring home to Englishmen some of their national faults, and to point out wherein England may derive a benefit which should be even more welcomed than the conquering of enemies. Combating the assertion that the great war now waged between Christian nations is a proof of the failure of Christianity, Mr. Temple declares that what has broken down is not Christianity, but "a civilization which was not Christian."

Mrs. Paget's paper ("The Woman's Part") abounds in trenchant sayings like these: "God may never be so entirely absent as amidst a materialistic peace"; "If we have accounted leisure as our own, we can do so no longer." And she calls upon all women of her class to put this question to themselves, "Who am I to sit at ease while others suffer?"

Both of these non-Catholic writers recognize that war is the scourge of nations; but neither realizes the fact that if the influence of Christianity for the restoration of peace is not so strong as it should be, it is for no other reason than because Christians are now a divided host. The forces of Christianity can never be exerted to the full until all who profess it are reunited.

The official organ of the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Milwaukee pleading for the observance of the Ember Days is an interesting and edifying circumstance. At the recent session of the House of Bishops, the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

WHEREAS, This House has learned of a sentiment among devoted laymen of the Church that there is a deplorable and growing disregard of the Church's Ember seasons, and that the appointed services on its Ember Days should be more generally announced and held, in order that our laity may be given better opportunity for publicly joining in supplication to God in behalf of the Church's ministry and those preparing therefor;

Resolved, That we, the bishops, determine ourselves, and earnestly exhort the other clergy,

to make diligent use of the Ember Days for gathering our people in public prayer to God, that He will put it into the hearts of many faithful men to seek the sacred ministry in this age of the world's great need for Christ; and that He will, mightily enable them by His Holy Spirit to teach men to learn of Jesus how they ought to walk and to please Him, and to abound in righteous living more and more.

There is no reference here, it will be noted, to penance, which is an essential feature of the Ember Days and also in keeping with the spirit of Advent. We like to believe that the practice of fasting and abstinence is not disregarded by the bishops themselves, who can not too forcefully remind the presbyters of Milwaukee that if they fail to cultivate asceticism, the layfolk will utterly neglect to do penance, though penance is absolutely essential to salvation. Plainer words were never spoken than these, "Unless you do penance, you shall all likewise perish."

The Woman Suffrage movement is probably regarded by not a few people as quixotic in its principle and negligible as a political issue. Such people, however, clearly underestimate the progress the movement has made in recent decades. It will no doubt surprise them to learn that the winning of Nevada and Montana to the Suffragists in the recent elections extends Woman Suffrage over one-third of the area of this country, and, as Ida Husted Harper phrases it, "excludes the Western section from further contest." The same lady declares that Woman Suffrage "is now a live political issue, and such it will remain as long as any State in the Union refuses to enfranchise its women."

Our separated brethren, even those among them who do not accuse us of plotting against the public schools, are forever asking why it is that we insist so much upon having schools of our own, when those which the State provides, and for the maintenance of which we are

taxed, are free and open to us. It is well, therefore, to have a ready answer for this question; and such a one—brief, yet wholly adequate—is afforded by the venerable Archbishop of San Francisco in this declaration:

It is because the public schools do not give us all that we want. They belong to us as much as to anybody else. We have evidence of that when the tax collector comes around. We are not enemies of the public schools, but we believe that they do not go far enough, do not give us enough, in educating our children. We hold that children should be trained not only to know the needful things for this life, but also to learn the things that are needful for the life to come. This we believe to be the first essential of education.

While the motives that inspired the proposal to bring the homeless Belgian children to the childless homes of this country were doubtless entirely commendable, we foresaw that it would present difficulties likely to prove practically insuperable. The average American non-Catholic—in no carping spirit be it said—is incapable of realizing the repugnance, not to say the horror, with which the Belgian Catholic mother would view the adoption of her children into a Protestant family. There is no exaggeration in saying that such a mother would prefer to see her beloved little ones lose their lives rather than their faith,—and her preference would be entirely right. We are not sorry, therefore, to see that Father Stillemans, of New York, president of the Belgian Relief Committee, deprecates the importing of the little ones of his native land. He writes:

This movement undoubtedly appeals to many as a beautiful charity. But, unfortunately, I fear that it is not practical. Belgium has been invaded, and its population driven out and scattered into different countries. We learn every day that many families are separated, and their members ignorant of one another's whereabouts. In some cases the father is a prisoner in Germany; the mother and perhaps one child may be in Holland, and another child in England. It is veritable chaos. After the war ends, these people must be brought

together, and only then will it be known what children are orphans with no relatives to care for them. At present it is impossible to tell which children are orphans and will need charity from outsiders. So no practical work can be done at present, and we must keep our zeal until the end of the war. Another matter that must not be lost sight of is that Belgium's population is practically entirely Catholic. Consequently, the Belgian children are Catholics; and undoubtedly if they were to be brought up outside of that faith it would be entirely against the will of their parents and relatives.

Mr. Robert Hichens may not be able to describe the misery of war so masterfully as he describes the spell of the desert, but there is one notable passage in the letter which he has written for the Committee of Mercy. After remarking that the misery in Belgium is so great and so widespread as to make any effort for its alleviation seem useless, he recalls what was accomplished by united and continued effort after the awful earthquake in Messina, and continues:

Now a far greater effort is necessary to relieve misery on a colossal scale. . . . If ever an effort was worth while, it is the effort Americans are making. God will surely bless it.

In this war time, staggered by horrors of which I dare not write in this letter, some of us perhaps are tempted to despair of human nature and to doubt the ruling of a just Providence. And then out of this blackness, this stifling miasma of wickedness and sorrow unutterable, the great deeds of courage, of glory, the white nobilities of men and women, rising like streams of light, flow toward Heaven. Pity pierces through shadows. The voice of mercy is heard even above the roar of guns, and we take heart again.

The noble effort your committee is making in America will hearten thousands. "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world." The good deeds of your committee will surely shed a most kindly light through our European war blackness.

"No one should ever hit if it can be avoided, but never should any one 'hit soft.'" This is the motto of Col. Roosevelt, and of a surety it was acted upon in his indictment of the fatuous and futile Mexican policy of President Wilson

and Secretary Bryan, published by the newspapers of the Wheeler Syndicate. Though a lengthy document, not a single sentence of it can be passed over. One paragraph, as follows, however, will answer our present purpose:

When President Wilson refused to recognize Huerta, he committed a definite act of interference of the most pronounced type. At the same time he and Mr. Bryan looked on with folded arms, and without a protest of any kind, while American citizens were murdered or robbed or shamefully maltreated in all parts of Mexico by the different sets of banditti who masqueraded as soldiers of the different factions. He maintained for a long time a friendly intercourse with one set of political adventurers through irregularly appointed diplomatic agents; and he adopted an openly offensive attitude toward the chief of another set, although he was then the *de facto* head of whatever government Mexico had. By his action in permitting the transmission of arms over the border, President Wilson not only actively aided the insurrection but undoubtedly furnished it with the means essential to its triumph, while at the same time his active interference prevented Huerta from organizing an effective resistance. His defenders allege that he could not properly have forbidden the transmission of arms to the revolutionaries across the border. The answer is that he did forbid it at intervals. He thereby showed that he was taking an active interest in the arming of the revolutionaries, that he permitted it when he chose to do so and stopped it intermittently whenever he thought it best to stop it; and was, therefore, entirely responsible for it.

In view of this unquestionably true statement, Secretary Bryan's letter to the chairman of the committee of the Federation of Catholic Societies, dated Nov. 27, seems very much like subterfuge. In that document he says: "The Department has shown your letter, with accompanying enclosures, to the President; and it has received from him a written reply, in which he says: 'I am distressed that our Catholic fellow-countrymen do not more fully realize how frequent and serious our attempts have been to act in the interest of their people in Mexico.'" What the "attempts" were is not stated. Evidently Col. Roosevelt was not impressed either by

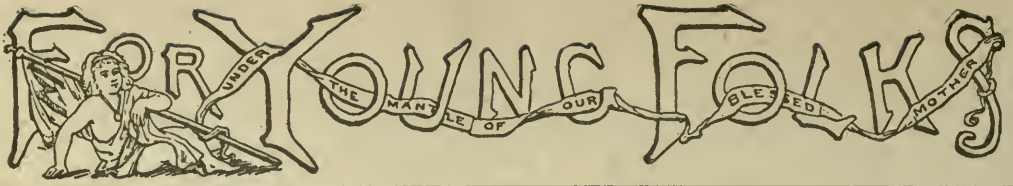
their seriousness or their frequency. It is true, as Mr. Bryan says, that orders were issued by the Secretary of War to Gen. Funston—and nobly complied with by him—"to convey all priests and nuns, who desire to leave, to the United States." *Who desire to leave!* What else could they possibly have desired, if they were not to be protected from the brutality of the revolutionists into whose hands the action of the Administration had betrayed them?

Whatever may be said by the defenders of President Wilson and Secretary Bryan, two facts are not to be explained away—they did nothing until they were forced, and even yet they have expressed neither regret for the frightful wrongs resulting from their Mexican policy, nor any disposition to make reparation for them,—wrongs for which there is no denying our Government has incurred a large share of the responsibility.

As for the horror, shame, and indignation which every American of whatever creed—or of no creed—must feel in reading the facts about the Mexican situation, it was left to Col. Roosevelt to express it all, and he has done so like a man—the stamp of man he is.

In refreshing contrast to the disgraceful and flagrantly un-American tactics of the New York and Ohio Guardians of Liberty during the recent political campaign is the action of some Western non-Catholics of whom the editor of the *Catholic Bulletin* tells:

Last week two "patriots" secured a hall in Cannon Falls (Minn.) for a "political" lecture. They distributed handbills announcing the subject—the usual anti-Catholic harangue. The Catholics paid no attention to them, but the non-Catholics took notice of them in a very effective way. There was no audience present when the time for the lecture arrived. A number of non-Catholics, headed by the mayor, gave the "patriots" half an hour to deliver their lecture and another half hour to get out of town. The lecture was not delivered, but no time was lost in getting out of town.



Footsteps.

BY LAWRENCE MINOT.

"HOW many days, O father?
And how many, mother dear?
Oh, I wish it were to-morrow!
Oh, we wish the day were here!"

This is the cry in the morning,
This is the cry at noon,
This is the cry in the twilight;
"Is Christmas coming soon?"

But, children, wait a little,
And think of the Advent time;
Joy cometh after sorrow—
Joy and the Christmas chime.

The Advent days are footsteps,
Each with a mission sweet;
They, loving and tender, lead you
On to the Christ-Child's feet.

A Friend in Need.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

UNCLE GERVAIS was a wood-cutter in the Eagle forest, near the little village of Mery, in the heart of the province of Auvergne. He lived by himself in the forest, with his two sons, Peter and Louis. His wife had been dead for a good many years, and his life slipped quietly away in his little cabin.

The boys went to school in the neighboring village; but on holidays they accompanied their father in his excursions through great, thickly wooded groves. They watched the sun sinking behind the distant hills, and the shadows lengthening on the greensward. Or they picked strawberries, hunted for cherries in the copses, gathered mushrooms near the forest streams, and were happy.

One evening about twilight Uncle Gervais started with a wagonload of wood for Trequertin, a large town some miles beyond Mery. It was a long trip, and he would not reach home again until near dawn the following day; so Peter and Louis had to spend the night alone in the lonely cabin. Sombre and mysterious nights, however, were not uncommon in their experience; and they were not boys to be afraid of anything less than substantial foes. Still, it was winter time; the trees looked black above the snow-covered earth; and the whole prospect outside was gloomy.

When the noise of their father's creaking wagon died away down in the valley, an immense silence enveloped the forest. Once in a while, only, the wind rustled the leafless branches. The light of the cabin lamp gave a red glow through the windows to the snow outside.

Sitting at a table near a good fire that blazed on an old-fashioned hearth, the boys were quietly reading, and scarcely noticed that a tempest was gathering, and that the trees were twisting themselves in the cold air.

"Somebody has just gone by," said Peter, suddenly.

He had noticed a dark shadow go past the window, without hearing the footsteps muffled by the snow.

Louis raised his head. At the same moment there was a knock at the door. Both boys kept still. Possibly the knocker was a poacher, or a wandering gypsy who, on seeing nobody but boys in the cabin, might help himself to anything it contained.

"Hello, inside there!" cried a voice. "It's cold out here in the snow, and the wind is freezing. For Our Lady's sake, open the door. There's no making out the road, and strangers like myself get lost.

Have pity on me, else I shall go to sleep on some drift and never wake up again."

"For Our Lady's sake," exclaimed Peter, "we can't allow any one to perish with cold." And, getting up, he opened the door.

A queer-looking personage entered. He was very tall and thin, had a long face, whose most prominent feature was a big nose, which the cold wind had reddened; his arms were unusually long, and his hair stuck out in great bunches from under a wide-brimmed hat covered with snow. He was enveloped in a large cloak; and when he threw it off, the boys were astonished to see that he was dressed in black velvet tights and a velvet doublet girded around the waist by a belt of cloth of gold. On his breast were displayed half a dozen large medals.

"Thanks, boys!" he began in a very good-natured voice. "I simply owe my life to your hospitality. I came from the village of Forges. I took a short cut through the forest and lost my way. All alone at night, with nothing warmer than a doublet on one's body, out in the snow, in the midst of stark trees that look like malevolent friends,—'tis no joke."

"Who are you, sir?" asked Louis, with not a little curiosity.

"Fauton—the magician Fauton, my lad; the peerless juggler Fauton, king of mountebanks. I put an ox through a finger ring, and I eat fire."

"Ah!" said Peter. "No doubt it was you who gave so fine a performance the other day at Mery. Our schoolmates told us about it. But, sir, you must be hungry. We can give you some bread and chestnuts."

"Thanks, young man! The magician Fauton accepts very willingly. I eat fire, but I prefer chestnuts when I'm hungry. And I must confess that my cooks went astray in the forest some time ago."

And the mountebank seated himself in the chimney-corner and gravely ate the bread and chestnuts, while the glow of the fire made the tarnished gold of his costume glitter and sparkle.

"And now, my lads," he said, as he finished his repast, "is there a straight and safe road that will take me to-night to the village of Mery?"

"Yes, Mr. Fauton. You have only to follow the great road that begins just there, in front of our cabin."

Fauton got up, put on his cloak and hat, opened the door—and shut it to very quickly. Before the cabin, motionless, seated on the snow, were several dark forms and as many pairs of gleaming eyes.

"Are there any wolves in these parts?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes, sir," replied Peter, "there are some. And, as the winter is severe, it is said that they have formed themselves into bands, which attack the sheep and sometimes even the shepherds."

"Well," said Fauton, "one of these bands is paying you the honor of mounting guard before your door."

Peter and Louis drew close to each other, badly frightened. The mountebank lowered the light and looked out the window. The clearing and the woods were dark; there was a faint glow upon the snow; and five pairs of eyes watched, immovable.

"There's only one thing to be done," said he; "and that is not to go outside, until those unwelcome visitors depart. To-morrow morning we'll see."

"But papa," said Peter,—"papa, who is coming home to-night before daybreak, with his empty wagon?"

"The dickens!" muttered Fauton. "Before daybreak—all alone against five wolves, without warning! Those accursed brutes are famishing. They travel over the snow as noiselessly as a fly over my nose. The dickens! One must think a bit."

And Fauton proceeded to think, occasionally rubbing his nose. "Have you a gun here?" he inquired at last.

"No: there's only papa's hatchet."

"A hatchet against five wolves, in the dark! It won't do. You might kill two of them, and then the rest would make their dinner off your body."

Fauton walked up and down the room, stretching his long legs, and now and then looking out the window. The bright eyes were still there, like living flames.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed to himself. "There's no denying that the father of these lads is going to have a bad quarter of an hour. The wolves will scent him a mile away, and there's no chance of warning him."

By dint of rubbing his nose, however, Fauton had conceived an idea. He began taking out of a large bundle that he had left just inside the door a number of articles, saying as he did so: "Boys, nothing venture, nothing win. You have never seen, at the country fairs, the magician Fauton eat flaming torches. A little alcohol on pieces of white oakum, and the thing is done. It seems that wolves don't like either fire or the flame of it. Fauton is going to throw a scare into them. He runs some risk, it is true; but you have given me hospitality, your father is in danger, and I'm not going to be ungrateful."

While speaking, he had been sticking oakum on to a number of little rods, and these he affixed to his cincture and to his hat, beside carrying two in his mouth, and keeping one other in each hand. Then, taking from his bundle a bottle of green alcohol, he sprayed with it each of the improvised torches.

"Listen, my lads," he cried. "When I become more flaming than a burning mill, do you open the door."

Fauton approached the fire. Immediately bluish flames broke out all around him—head, body, and hands. Peter opened the door, and the waiting wolves saw springing toward them a fiery monster circled by crackling, devouring flames. They took one look, then turned and fled as fast as their legs could carry them, not stopping, you may be sure, till they were many miles away.

Uncle Gervais could now safely return home. As for the mountebank, he quietly pursued his way to Mery.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXIX.

THE boy at Beechwood was in a self-willed mood. His father was going back to town after lunch, and Dick wanted to stay. They had remained over New Year's Day,—the last of the house party. After this fourth day of January there was business to be done in town; but why should Dick go, too, he thought, away from the skating and the riding, just before a jolly Twelfth Night at Gorsefield Towers? His mother had gone yesterday for a visit of duty to her godmother, old Lady Somebody, who said she would not invite Dick because she had "a chronic objection to boys and earthquakes." It was wonderful to see his dear mother go off quite cheerfully, though everybody knew she would rather have remained with her boy, home for the holidays. Grown-up people had such a patient way of doing what they did not like! So his mother was gone to Lady Somebody's, after a tender parting, but looking as sweet as if she liked to go. And perhaps his father would prefer to be at Beechwood instead of seeing to that business in town.

But Dick had little self-control yet. He hated going, and he said so. What was a fellow to do in a house among streets? His mother was not there either; he honestly felt that home would not be home without her. And the *pater* would be out all day. It was cruel! What was a fellow to do? He knew no boys there, and he could not have any riding.

He sat silent during lunch. Even fried plum pudding and the last mince pie had no charms for him.

"No, thank you!" he said, and sat still with a sigh.

"There is something wrong with you, Dick," remarked his father. "How is the ice bearing?"

"It's all right, thank you!"

"Had any tumbles?"

"No, thank you!"

His father glanced at Uncle Jerome, who slowly shook his head. There was a peculiar quality in Dick's politeness which gave them cause for anxiety.

"Our train is at two-thirty," his father said. "You will have to be quick, my son, if you want to say good-bye to Tom and Punch and everybody. I *must* catch that train. I shouldn't like to go without you. If you have any rabbits or silkworms or anything, get them all in marching order."

"I haven't," answered Dick, shortly. "Wrong season for silkworms."

"So much the better. Then get yourself into marching order soon, my boy,—or you may have to be sent after me, carriage paid."

A faint gleam of light came into Dick's blue eyes. He was wondering if he could miss the train and let the *pater* go without him.

"The boys from Gorsefield were on the ice this morning," he said in a weary tone. "They wanted to know why I am not going to their Twelfth Night theatricals."

"Well, you told them — didn't you?—that you are off to London to-day."

Dick murmured "Yes, sir," and looked at the pattern on his empty plate with a sigh.

After a while he ventured:

"Jackson says, when the frost breaks, I'd learn to jump in a week, if I might ride big San-pan."

"Wait till Easter," replied his father.

The boy drank the last drops of water from his glass and gave another sigh.

"Stop that, sir!" said his father. "It is very bad manners."

Dick looked up with questioning eyes.

"You must not sit at table sighing. What is the matter with you to-day?"

"May I go away, then, please?" asked Dick. "I was only thinking how rotten it all is."

"What is?"

"Oh, *everything* is rotten!"

"Very polite!" observed his father, much displeased. "I shall talk to you about this when we are on our way together."

And Uncle Jerome, to avoid further trouble, interposed:

"My dear boy, I think you had better go and get into marching order, as your father says, and bid a fond farewell to Punch."

Dick stood up sulkily, and went out of the room. Just as he closed the door his uncle was saying something about "growing out of it." Dick had hitherto only heard of growing out of his clothes. Also there was "a young Tartar" mentioned.

"I am afraid I am 'in for it' when we are off in that car," thought Dick. "It would be much nicer if I was not going at all. The *pater* won't miss the train. I can keep out of the way; I shall get round Uncle Jerome afterward all right. Then there will be Gorsefield Towers to-morrow evening. And if the skating stops, I shall get San-pan to ride, and start learning to jump. Or, if it goes on freezing, there never *was* such ice!"

A shallow lake had formed along the edge of a meadow where the river had overflowed, and it made a skating place that the boys called by all their favorite adjectives—"jolly, scrumptious, rattling, ripping and spiffing." The temptation to stay was tremendous.

Dick went up the staircase and along the gallery. A passage at the end led to a wing where some rooms were shut up. That would be the best place to loiter about until the noise of the motor car was heard going away.

He opened a door, and was at once reminded of a time nearly seven years ago. This was the very room that was got ready for the fatherless, motherless, gypsy child, when they hoped to bring her up safely at Beechwood in the Faith of her baptism. The pictures he gave

from his own room had been left on the walls—the Blessing of the Little Children was there. The bed had been covered over, and the pink curtains taken down and folded. What was this on the table? His own old diary in the blue cover with gilt edges. He had never finished it. It had been like the thousands of diaries that are carried on for only a few days.

What big writing! What crooked lines! What straggling tops and tails! One could still see the pencilling under the ink. And, oh, what spelling! Dick read his own entries, and laughed aloud. Here was the very day when he rode away on Punch alone,—his sorrow, his purpose of amendment.

"Oh, what a long time ago!" he thought. "And I am just as bad now, and worse!"

That day, when he took his first ride without leave on Punch, he chose his own will to avoid doing something he did not like; and through his self-will poor Lolo was ever since unfound. If he had gone with Uncle Jerome to Gorsefield, they would certainly have come upon the child with the medal in the gypsy camp close by. Instead, Lolo had been carried off because the gypsies were afraid of being caught after stealing his pony; and when the "granny" died, the musician had got possession of the wonderful little girl who wanted to play the fiddle, and with him she had disappeared.

Oh, those "ifs"! The events of years all may hinge onto the self-will of a moment.

"This won't do!" said Dick aloud. He saw that he was keeping out of sight now to avoid going with his father to town, just as he had ridden away to escape from going with Uncle Jerome to Gorsefield. "Hang it all! I ought not behave like a kid of six years old. I am thirteen and a half now. There is time yet to give up, and behave decently to the *pater*. Here goes!"

And away downstairs he ran. Dick was not all froth and bubbles: there was

something earnest in his nature. He had already thought of the motive to stiffen his resolution, to give zest to his sacrifice. He would go cheerfully away from Beechwood; he would bear all he deserved. And it would be done "for Lolo," wherever she was to-day. If there had been "a muddle" before through a freak of his, and if things had worked out so differently from what they might have been, he would make this willing sacrifice now: he would begin to give deeds as well as words,—hard things like this.

He thought of it all in a flash. It never even occurred to him that this was Christmas time, and that he was bringing the gold of charity, and offering bitter fragrant myrrh with his incense. He had no consolation in doing it. He had been wrong, and he was going to say so. It was the most prosaic, horrible effort. It felt like having a tooth taken out.

"Father," he said, putting his head into the dining-room, "I am so sorry I made a bother. I'll get ready now like greased lightning."

It was clear that he had wrestled with his self-will and flung it; but how or why no one knew.

When he was gone, Uncle Jerome remarked that it was well Master Dick was so frank or he would have prescribed "an occasional leathering."

"I am going to talk to him very seriously," said his father, "and take for my text, 'Duty first, and duty in the middle, and duty last,' and not one's own pleasure of the moment. Was I such a handful as Dick?" he asked.

"My dear Richard, all boys produce grey whiskers and baldness; and yet I never enjoyed Beechwood without a boy in it. It was blank when you grew up and went off soldiering, until I saw the face of Dick. Why, here he is, and in marching order already!"

Between the run in the motor car and the railway journey, Dick afterward calculated that he received a scolding thirty-two miles long. It dealt with self-will

and made some painful references to sulks and bad manners. No doubt it was one of the best things he got that Christmas—though of course he did not know this.

Dick was going to begin again—not next Monday, but now. The prayer for Lolo was said that night more humbly than ever before. Why, he had gone on, full of faults and self-willed freaks, ever since that old diary had been pencilled with the very original spellings, and then inked over! Was he worthy to be heard at all? Words came to the boy from a Latin prayer that he had learned in serving Mass at school: "*Nobis quoque peccatoribus*,"—"Even to us sinners grant some share with Thy Apostles."

In the morning snow lay thickly on the ground. Dick was sent early with a note to one of the priests at a neighboring church. The note only expressed thanks for a book; but there was a postscript: "It is hard for Dick to be back in town, and I have to be out all day. It would be kind to the boy if you would let him stay a while and root among your books."

"Oh, I have something better than that!" said the priest. "Would you like to get out the Kings?"

"What kings?"

"You young heathen!" exclaimed the white-haired priest. "Do you mean to say you are at Downforth College and don't know to-morrow is the Feast of the Epiphany? It is rather early to put the figures into the Crib; but I should like you to rub them with a duster, and get them out of the room over the sacristy. Mind you don't break them, now, Dick! There is a black King and two white ones,—two standing and one kneeling. And you will find the picture of the camels, that we put at the back, where one sees out of the cave. Bring that down to the sacristy, too. And look well for the star. It is somewhere wrapped up in paper in a little box. We must hang it up; it sparkles all over."

They went together to the storeroom. Dick sprang up the stairs two steps at a time.

"I am afraid it is a dusty job," said the priest. "Here are dusters. Mind the fingers!"

"I'll take care. I do enjoy a dirty job," replied Dick, truthfully. "May I come to-night and put them in the Crib? We must not put the black King looking out. He has such whites to his eyes! It would be impossible to say one's prayers."

"But we shall place him very near the Holy Infant," said the priest. "The dark one stands for many millions among the nations of the earth. When we see him, we shall think of the African missions."

It was just then that Dick found the star. He took it from a cardboard box, and held it up, glittering.

"Shall we put a candle behind it, Father?"

"My dear boy, you would have the place on fire. We must conceal an electric light, and hang the star right opposite, to catch the rays. Then you will see it shine."

Dick dusted the three statues of the Kings, and carried them down to the sacristy—carefully, for they were nearly as big as himself. Next he took the large picture of the camels, and put it leaning against the wall below; and the star he laid on the table.

Now, this priest had a special love for Bethlehem and the Divine Infancy. Many and many a year he had kept Christmas, thinking tenderly for days beforehand of those two poor Travellers,—how they journeyed in the winter time, and how they were refused a lodging, and the doors were closed against them, and they so meekly sheltered in the stable. He watched the Christmas Crib being made, and felt that a blank was left when the paper rocks were taken down after the Octave of the Epiphany. Sometime to-day the Shepherds would have to disappear, and the Kings would be put in. To-morrow

strings of children, hand in hand, would come to enjoy the sight of the Three Wise Men so mysteriously arrived. After a prayer, they would stand and whisper. And, if he chanced to be anywhere near, he would tell them over again how the star ("Look at it!") led the happy three from the far East. ("See the camels! The Kings from the Orient came riding on animals like those.") It stood over the place where the Child was; and, entering in, they found Him ("where we find Him too, remember, children!") with Mary, His Mother.

"If you go very quietly into the church, Dick," said the priest, "you may bring away the Shepherds, and then it won't take us long to put in the Kings to-night. Now, don't make a noise, and don't upset anything!"

(Conclusion next week.)

A Charitable Boy.

If any of our young folk remember the first time they earned any money of their very own, they do not need to be told how proud they were of it and how good it looked, and they can recall the plans they made for disposing of it. Well, there was once a little fellow named Vincent who, when about twelve years of age, did some work, for which he was paid thirty cents. It was the first time he had ever earned anything, and he felt very well pleased with himself. The sum seemed quite a large one to him, and his first thought was: "I'll take it home and put it by till I can increase it by doing some more work."

On the way home, however, Vincent met a man who was very poor; and his boyish heart was so touched by the sight of the man's miserable dress and half-starved appearance that he at once gave him all his thirty cents, not keeping a single one for himself. That gift, I am sure, was as precious in the sight of God as if it were thirty dollars—for it was

all the boy had. The charity thus displayed was but the forerunner of countless charitable works which he was to perform as a man; for little Vincent was no other than the world-renowned St. Vincent de Paul.

The King's Lesson.

King Canute of England was as clever as he was brave, but he had many lords in his court who were very foolish. They feared their master, and wished to please him; and, because they considered him somewhat vain of his greatness and cleverness, they thought he would like to be constantly reminded of his dignity, wisdom, and power. So they praised him all the time, and assured him that everything he did and all he said was perfect. They declared he was the greatest king on earth, and there was nothing in the world too hard for him to do if he really chose. At last King Canute, tiring of their foolish flattery, resolved, on the first favorable occasion, to teach them a lesson that they would not soon forget.

One day, as he walked with his lords on the seashore, one of them told him that even the waves would obey him. "Bring a chair then," said Canute, "and place it close to the water." The chair was brought and set upon the sand, and the King sat down and spoke to the waves. "I command you to come no farther!" he exclaimed. "I am the King of England, and my word is law." But, of course, the waves came on and on, until they wetted Canute's feet and splashed his chair.

Then the King rose and went to his lords, who were standing a little way off, staring at their master, and talking in low tones about his strange conduct. "Learn from this to keep your tongues from idle praise in future," said he in sternest tones. "No king is great and powerful but Almighty God Himself. He only can say to the sea: 'Thou shalt not come, and no farther.'"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Catholic Diary" for 1915 (R. & T. Washbourne), now in its seventh year of publication, is a very useful little book, but will prove most acceptable to Catholics living in England.

—From the Parisian publisher, Pierre Téqui, comes a 32mo brochure of 216 pages—"Catéchisme de la Vie Religieuse," by Mgr. Lelong, late Bishop of Nevers. It is an excellent little manual, clear, precise, and practical. Although specifically intended for Sisters, its principles are of course applicable to religious of both sexes.

—New shilling volumes of the English Catholic Truth Society's collected publications include a second series of "The Catholic Church and Science"; the first volume of "The Church at Home and Abroad," edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J.; and "A Book of the Holy Eucharist," in which are comprised publications by Mother Loyola, Father Allan Ross, and others which have already appeared as penny pamphlets.

—"The Life and Writings of Saint Columban," by George Metlake (The Dolphin Press), is as exceptionally handsome octavo of 278 pages, appropriately bound in green and gold, and enriched with several well-chosen illustrations. The occurrence, on November 23, 1915, of the thirteenth centenary of the famous Irish monk's death gives especial timeliness to the work, and its author is to be congratulated on the thoroughness which marks its pages. The body of the book is divided into four parts: In the Land of Saints and Scholars, In the Kingdom of the Franks, In German Lands, and In the Kingdom of the Lombards. There are in addition an excellent Introduction and several interesting appendices.

—The prolific clerical author who drops the customary prefix "Rev." and appears on his title-pages simply as Will W. Whalen has endeared himself to a numerous clientele of Catholic readers by his graphic pictures of real life as it is lived in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. His novels, "The Lily of the Coal Fields" and "Ill-Starred Babbie," have won well-merited success; a success not likely to be diminished in the case of his latest book, "The Ex-Seminarian," (The Mission Press, S. V. D.) This is a collection of short stories, or, as the sub-title calls them, "Plain Tales of Plain People." We have read several of the

stories besides the one which gives the volume its title, and have found them interesting as well as wholesome.

—From the Mission Press, S. V. D., Techny, Ill., come two pamphlets: "Ten Elementary Questions Concerning the Roman Index of Forbidden Books," and "Woman's Misery and Woman's Aid in the Foreign Missions." The former, an excellent summary of things all Catholics should know about the Index, is anonymous; the latter is a translation, by Elizabeth Ruf, from the admirable German brochure of the Rev. F. Schwager, S. V. D.

—"Five Birds in a Nest," by Henrietta Eugénie Delamare, and "Shipmates," by Mary T. Waggaman, are the latest juvenile books. Both are published by Benziger Brothers. The former is a good story about some French children and their elders; the latter, a superlatively good one of American young folks and their relatives and friends. Like all Mrs. Waggaman's other stories, "Shipmates" stands the crucial test of being thoroughly enjoyable by grown-ups as well as children.

—Expert knowledge of the subject and apostolic zeal characterize a recently published brochure entitled "Course of Study for the Diocesan Schools of Rochester, New York." The most interesting as it is also the most important feature of this publication is the chart which shows how religion is to be correlated with the other subjects of instruction. Safe to say that if the work in all our parochial schools were so ordered and systematized, results would more than amply justify the extra labor entailed. The diocese of Rochester has set a noble standard, the study of which would be universally helpful.

—It is sincerely to be hoped that the demand for Catholic sermon books is at least approximately equal to the supply; for in that case our pastors must indeed be zealous ministers of the Word. We do not recall the exact number of volumes of sermons that have reached our desk during the current year, but it must be at least two or three dozen. The latest four works of the kind come to us from the publishing house of Mr. Joseph F. Wagner. They are: "Short Sermons on the Gospels," by the Rev. F. Peppert; "The Sunday Gospels Explained to Children," by the Rev. M. Parks; "Short Sermons for the Children's Mass," by the Rev. Frederick Reuter; and "Conferences

for Boys," by the Rev. Reynold Kuehnel. This last-mentioned book is intended rather for the spiritual directors of boys' sodalities than for pulpit orators, as indeed such titles as "The Tough," "The Sneaky Boy," and "The Chronic Kicker" sufficiently indicate. One virtue the books have in common—the discourses are really brief. Properly used by preachers, they will all doubtless vindicate their publication.

—A translation of Prof. Alessandro Della Seta's important work on æsthetics, "Religion and Art: a Study in the Evolution of Sculpture, Painting and Architecture," by Mrs. Arthur Strong, is among the new publications of T. Fisher Unwin. Prof. Della Seta contends that all the art of the human race is essentially religious art.

Art can never arise and develop among men unless it has a foundation in religion. Art absolutely profane in origin, art born to satisfy the æsthetic taste of the spectator, art which seeks for expressiveness rather than for the material utility of its products, even if this be a spiritual utility, is inconceivable in human history, and has absolutely never existed. . . . If there have been peoples who, for whatever reason, have never possessed religious art—as, for example, the Hebrew nation, who were forbidden to make representations of the deity,—these peoples have possessed no plastic art.

The Latest Books. A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Life and Writings of Saint Columban." George Metlake. \$2.
 "The Ex-Seminarian." Will W. Whalen. \$1.
 "Five Birds in a Nest." Henrietta Delamare. 60 cts.
 "Shipmates." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
 "The New Laity and the Old Standards." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
 "Within my Parish." 60 cts.
 "Your Pay Envelope." John Meader. \$1.
 "Vocation." Rev. P. R. Conniff, S. J. 10 cts.
 "The Worst Boy in the School." C. M. Home. 45 cts.
 "A Far-Away Princess." Christian Reid. \$1.35.
 "William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.

- "The Ivy Hedge." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.35.
 "Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.
 "Mustard Seed." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.
 "The Hand of Mercy." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.
 "The Life of Dominic Savio." Venerable Don Bosco. 1s. 6d, net.
 "Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.
 "Round About Home." Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C. \$1.
 "The Education of Character." Rev. M. S. Gillet, O. P. 85 cts.
 "The Ideal of the Monastic Life." Dom Germain Morin, O. S. B. \$1.25.
 "Oddsfish!" Robert Hugh Benson. \$1.35.
 "The Priest's Daily Manna." James Canon Schmidt, D. D. \$1.80.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Rev. John Gadeikis, Rev. B. J. Burke, and Rev. Norbert Kersten, of the archdiocese of Milwaukee; Very Rev. Mieczyslaw Barabasz, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Thomas McCormick, archdiocese of New York; and Rev. John Balta, diocese of Scranton.

Sister M. Lourdes, of the Sisters of St. Joseph. Mr. Walker C. Hall, Mr. Joseph Dixon, Mr. Jeremiah O'Connor, Mrs. Malvina Maynard. Mrs. Marie Salnois, Mr. Thomas E. O'Neill, Mr. Nicholas Koch, Florence E. O'Reilly, Mary Bowman, Mr. Patrick Clancy, Mr. James Nickol, Miss Mary Rice, Miss Isabella Rice, Mr. Peter Horan, Mr. Richard Gill, Mr. Thomas Kelly, Mr. George Bishop, Mr. F. J. Backer, Mr. John J. Flynn, Mrs. Catherine W. Flynn, Mr. Daniel Boothers, Mr. Henry Wagner, Mrs. John McEvoy, Mrs. Ellen Doleran, Mr. Joseph Vornberg, Mrs. C. McCaffrey, Mr. George Schreiner, Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, Miss Josephine Thirolf, Mr. Frank Koers, Mrs. Jane McKeckne, Mr. B. H. Kersens, Jr., Mr. Henry Husmann, Mr. Frank Redman, and Mr. W. M. Forster.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee."
 For the Belgian sufferers:
 T. F., \$5.



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

NO. 26

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Noël.

BY R. SCHMIDT.

THE cheerful holly shines in crimson glow;
Above, the deep, empurpled firmament
Is set with silver fretwork, angel-lent,
That so the night meet festal grace may show.
The Earth hath decked her all in bridal snow
(She that till now in tears and mourning went);
For lo! day dawneth, and the night is spent
Wherein she knew her uttermost of woe.

The angels carol in the open sky,
That quivers, gloried o'er by heaven's delight.
The Maiden's brow is pale and clear and high;
And, oh, the joy of that divinest sight
That greets her, kneeling where her God doth lie,
An Infant in His infant veils of white!

The Christmas Crib.

BY FR. CUTHBERT, O. S. F. C.

ONE of the most charming stories told of St. Francis of Assisi relates how at a certain Christmas time he desired to "make memorial of that Child who was born in Bethlehem, and in some sort to behold with bodily eyes His infant hardships,—how He lay in a manger on the hay, with the ox and ass standing by." To this desire of St. Francis thus to behold "in some sort with bodily eyes" the Christmas mystery we owe the Crib of Greccio. The story is well known how the saint had a stable

built, and within it a manger, to represent the stable of Bethlehem; and how on Christmas night Mass was sung within the stable; and Francis, standing before the manger, preached on the birth of Our Lord to the assembled countryfolk who had come to the hermitage of Greccio, bearing in their hands flaming torches. And it was said that, whilst the saint preached, many of the folk saw in the manger a sleeping child, whom they believed to be none other than Our Lord Himself.

It was thus, according to common opinion, that the Christmas Crib, now generally found in Catholic churches at Christmas time, originated. Certainly it must have been something of a novelty, since St. Bonaventure refers to it as a new thing, and says that the saint on that account took care previously to obtain the Pope's sanction.

Exactly in what the novelty of St. Francis' Crib consisted is, however, a question; for the "representation" of the Nativity mystery had for some years before, had a place in the liturgical service of Christmas night in many places, especially in France and England. At Rouen, in the thirteenth century, there was an *Officium Pastorum* immediately after the *Te Deum* at Matins. This *Officium Pastorum* was a liturgical or quasi-liturgical drama, represented by the cathedral clergy. Five canons, or vicars, representing shepherds, came to the west door of the choir. At their approach a choir boy, dressed to represent an angel and standing aloft, perhaps on the rood

screen, sang out the good tidings of our Saviour's birth. From a choir of boys perched under the roof of the choir then came the *Gloria in Excelsis*; after which the shepherds came forward, singing a hymn, and approached the *præsepe*, or manger, which stood in the choir. As they drew near the manger, two priests met them, singing: *Quem queritis in præsepe*; to which the shepherds replied that they sought the newborn Christ. The shepherds prostrated in adoration before the manger, and then the Midnight Mass began.

At Lincoln, in the twelfth century, a *Representatio Pastorum* formed part of the Christmas midnight service; and it is probable that these Nativity "representations" were found in many cathedral churches in Northern France and in England at the time of St. Francis. Possibly the saint, who seems to have had a curiously intimate knowledge of France, may have heard of these quasi-liturgical dramas and may thus have received his first idea of the Crib. In the Franciscan Order is still maintained a tradition which seems to connect the Franciscan Crib with the earlier "representations." For at the end of Matins, on Christmas night, the friars form in procession, and the officiating priest, vested in alb and cope, carries the Bambino from the choir to the Crib, to the singing of the *Te Deum*. The Bambino having been placed in the manger, the priest incenses the Crib and chants the final prayer of the Matins Office. Then the Midnight Mass begins. This quasi-liturgical service, however, had no part in the original Franciscan representation at Greccio, at least so far as it is recorded in Franciscan story.

Another conjecture might derive the suggestion of the Crib of Greccio from the veneration of the sacred *præsepe* in Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. But there is a vast difference between the religious dramatization of the Christmas mystery by St. Francis and the solemn

act of homage paid to Our Lord's manger by the Roman people. The Crib of Greccio was a true dramatic "representation," though of the simplest form. The manger with the ox and ass standing by, and Francis himself impersonating in his sermon the coming of the shepherds to Bethlehem, is far more akin in spirit and character to the cathedral "representations."

But there was a note about the Greccio "representation" which made it unique and "a novelty." As compared with the quasi-liturgical drama of the North, this Italian "representation" stood much in the relation of a popular devotional service to the official liturgy. The Franciscan Crib was the people's Crib: it voiced the dramatic instinct of simple folk in face of the mystery they were worshipping; in its simple homeliness it touched more directly and vividly the emotion and imagination of the ordinary man. It was thus a more immediate precursor of the popular religious drama than was the quasi-liturgical *Officium Pastorum*.

That the simple Nativity drama of Greccio had a creative influence upon the religious drama in Italy there can be no doubt; but it is still an interesting question whether the Franciscan Crib had any connection with the growth of the Christmas carol—so frequently suggestive of dramatic form—in early English poetry. There is at present no evidence to show that the Franciscan friars in Mediæval England introduced the Crib into their churches. If they did, they would almost certainly have invested the "representation" with popular hymn or carol singing. For the Franciscan Crib was not merely a pictorial representation as the Crib generally is nowadays, but was the centre of a popular religious service. One would like to find a link between the Crib of Greccio with its atmosphere of idyllic homeliness and, for instance, with such a carol as the one in which the following lines occur:

The other night
 I saw a sight,
 A Star as bright
 As any day;
 And ever among
 A maiden sung:
 Lully by, by lully, lully!

All we can say is that there is a kinship of spirit between the Crib as instituted by St. Francis and the Mediæval English carol. Our popular devotional services at Christmas time might well combine the one with the other, to the assured advantage of Catholic devotion. There is much we might well learn in the matter of popular devotions from our Mediæval Catholic forefathers.

A New Kind of Santa Claus.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

THE double door, with its strips of list to keep out the frost, was securely closed. Inside the house, the great hall stove (furnaces at that time were scarcely used at all) was heated to its uttermost; for Winter reigned supreme on that Canadian night of a December long ago. On the hearth, in the snug family sitting-room, a fire was burning, and the curtains were tight drawn. The Christmas greens had all been hung; and the children had gone to bed early, in the expectation of a visit from Santa Claus. The mistress of the house, Mrs. O'Meara, sat with her lately grown-up daughter Katharine, who had outlived the joyous anticipation of the arrival of St. Nicholas, and had graduated only the year previous at the Convent of Our Lady up there on the mountain-side. She was a tall girl, with soft brown eyes, and a profusion of brown hair clustering about a shapely head.

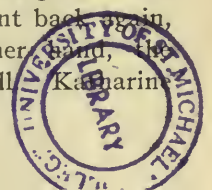
The atmosphere of the house was still full of the odor of the Christmas cooking,—mince meat, plum pudding, "short-breads," hams, and brawn. The turkey, plucked

and singed, stood ready in the larder below. The mother and daughter were waiting till the great bell of the parish Church of Notre Dame should sound the first summons to Midnight Mass. The cook and the housemaid, who were likewise privileged to attend that great function, now dozed in different corners of the kitchen. The voices of the waits, who went round from door to door singing and asking charity in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, could be heard in the streets, gradually drawing nearer; and the coins which were to be slipped into their wallet lay ready on the hall table.

Katharine moved restlessly about, waiting, and deploring that there was nothing to do. She had only to slip into her sealskin coat and cap, take her warm mittens and muff and prepare to sally forth. Suddenly at the outer door there was a knocking, clear, distinct and repeated. The drowsy servants in the kitchen either did not hear or were slow in answering. Katharine, with mingled curiosity and impatience, flew to the door and opened it. She fancied it might be some belated gift, some new surprise for herself or the others. But outside, in the bright starlight, stood a tall man, his face shaded by the high collar of his coat, and a cap of some description drawn down about his ears. After a moment's silence, which was a startled silence on Katharine's part, the man spoke in a deep voice.

"Charity," he said, "for the love of God!"

That was an appeal which on such a night could not be disregarded. All the traditions of the house were against it. Katharine, however, hesitated for an instant—but for only an instant. The man's eyes, as she afterward described it, seemed to burn into hers. She turned, leaving the door open, and went in to ask her mother for some change. To her astonishment, when she went back again, with a silver dollar in her hand, the stranger stood in the hall. Katharine



recoiled, but the man said in the same deep, hollow voice:

"I have come in, because I shall freeze if I stay out longer."

Over Katharine's shoulder sounded the kindly voice of Mrs. O'Meara:

"I am glad you did come in, sir. Sit down there and warm yourself by the fire. At Christmastide no one should be cold."

The stranger eagerly obeyed, drawing his chair close to the stove, and still keeping the collar of his coat turned up.

"She's afraid of me," the stranger said, indicating Katharine by a slight gesture. "But there is no need." After a short pause, he gave the further information: "I have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"Eaten nothing, and on Christmas Eve!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Meara. "Well, you shall do so now."

It had been previously arranged that the mother and daughter were to take a cup of coffee sometime before eleven o'clock, to support them during the long and unaccustomed vigil. The grateful odor of that beverage was even now permeating the atmosphere. Mrs. O'Meara herself went to give an order in the kitchen; while Katharine, who had not said a word, stood staring at the stranger, as if fascinated, and wishing with all her heart that her father, who had gone on a business trip, had been able to get back that night.

"Why are you afraid of me?" the man asked, for he saw that the girl was trembling.

"I don't know," she answered in a low voice.

"Except," suggested the other, "that I have come at an unusual time of night?"

And after a brief pause, he inquired: "Are you good and charitable like your mother? But perhaps it would be hard to be so good as she."

Katharine made no answer; for, in truth, she did not know what to say. She had always taken her full share of the good works that centred about that house as bees about honey. The generous

and kindly nature of the parents was the honey which brought thither the poor, the afflicted, the derelicts of fortune; and at Christmas the efforts in their behalf were redoubled.

The silence that ensued, during which the girl felt herself literally tongue-tied and overcome by an unwonted embarrassment, was broken by Mrs. O'Meara's voice giving directions to the housemaid, who presently appeared, carrying a laden tray for the stranger. Katharine, rousing herself, placed a small table beside the unexpected visitor, and arranged thereupon the plate of cold meat, the bread and butter, with large slices of Christmas cake,—some oranges and other fruit, the whole supplemented by a steaming bowl of coffee.

The man, still keeping his face shaded by the upturned coat collar, set to work upon the viands with the appetite of one literally starving, and particularly enjoying the plentiful supply of coffee. While he was thus occupied, the housemaid went back to the kitchen, and Katharine and her mother quietly withdrew into the sitting-room, that the stranger might the better enjoy his repast. When they came out again, after what seemed a brief interval, the man was gone. They had not heard the door open nor close, nor had they heard his step upon the pavement. Full of alarm lest he should have secreted himself in the house, Mrs. O'Meara, with swift maternal instinct, hastened to the nursery, to be sure that the children were safe. They and the nurse were sleeping profoundly. Followed by Katharine, she went from room to room, exploring every possible hiding-place. Only the attic remained,—a wide, bleak space even at midday, with shadowy corners made by the eaves. At Katharine's earnest entreaty, Mrs. O'Meara refrained from going up there, contenting herself with securely bolting the door at the foot of the attic stairs.

When they came down to the hall again, Mrs. O'Meara said thoughtfully:

Well, it was very singular of him to go away without even a 'Thank you!'"

"He had a strange appearance and manner," observed Katharine. "Do you know, mother, until he began to eat, I thought he might be a ghost?"

"You silly child!" said her mother. "As if ghosts would go round from door to door asking charity, and in so substantial a form!"

"How dreadful it must be," said Katharine, "to be out in such weather, and starving, too! I felt so sorry for him!"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. O'Meara. "We have not nearly enough sympathy for the sufferings of the poor."

"Almost everyone has at Christmas time, I think," said Katharine; "and of course we couldn't have refused to let him come in. But I can tell you when I saw him standing in the hall, I was wishing that father had got home."

"Your poor father!" said Mrs. O'Meara. "How disappointed he must have been not to get back to-night! He always enjoys arranging the presents." Then she added, after a pause: "Indeed, he has a heavy burden on his mind just now. The mortgage on the house is coming due. He wants to try to lessen it this year. He finds the interest so heavy, and business has not been good of late."

While she spoke thus, the great Bourdon thundered out its summons from the steeple of Notre Dame, and Katharine made haste to put on her own wraps and help her mother to do likewise.

"The poor man was honest, at any rate," said Katharine; "for there is the waits' money still on the table. Strange they did not come for it!"

"Too late now," said Mrs. O'Meara; "but you may as well leave it there till we come back."

As they went out the door, the two women paused and looked back. The house was profoundly still, save for the ticking of the great clock.

"I place everything in Our Lady's care," said Mrs. O'Meara, who was

more disturbed than she cared to admit by the curious incident that had occurred. And, so saying, she took Katharine's arm, and followed the stream of people who were already disturbing the stillness of the midnight.

When Katharine and her mother found themselves in the street, they shivered in the deadly cold which was rare even in that Northern city. The brilliancy of the stars in the deep blue proclaimed that Frost was king. The snow, lying everywhere in great masses from a recent snowstorm, was hard and dry. Sleigh bells were ringing merrily; occasionally voices were heard singing in the distance: "*Noël, Noël, voici le Rédempteur!*" or "O Holy Night!" And the frosty stillness was broken here and there with anticipatory cries of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" "*Bonne et sainte Noël!*" These were the sounds that yearly brought a lump to the throat and tears to the eyes; and those greetings seemed to be spoken not only by the living but by the dead, who in the long ago made Christmas blessed. The echo of their voices seemed to fill the air.

The bells of Notre Dame were pealing out their salutations to the King that was born of Virgin fair; while the belfries of other churches caught up the glad refrain and sent it echoing and re-echoing to the very summit of hoary Mount Royal, through all the streets of Montreal, and out over the frost-bound river, across which the *traîneaux* of the country people were hurrying. The windows of the splendid old edifice where it stands, on historic Place d'Armes, were ablaze with light, its doors thrown wide to receive the multitude that came surging thither. As Mrs. O'Meara and Katharine entered, and made their way up the middle aisle to their pew, the hymn of hymns, the canticle of canticles, that thrills the heart of Christendom every year, burst upon their ears:

Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

It was being sung by a choir of exquisitely trained boys, and before the Crib, whence the curtain had just been drawn. After the solo, that rose clear and pure as an angel note, came the rapturous thunder of

Natum videte, Regem angelorum, with the call to adoration; for it was midnight and the priests in their golden vestments were at the foot of the altar, in the chancel aglow with tapers, aromatic with a wealth of Christmas greenery. Priests, seminarians, acolytes, filled all the stalls; and the far-famed choir of Notre Dame, to the accompaniment of organ and strings, began the glorious, inspiring strains of a *Messe Solennelle*.

At the moment of Communion, half the congregation, as it seemed, rose from their places to advance to the Holy Table. They numbered many thousands; so that the grand Mass was concluded, and the dawn Mass beginning, before they had all received that Bread which forever commemorates Bethlehem and Calvary.

Katharine's young, mobile face was still quivering with emotion when she and her mother came forth to exchange greetings and warm handshakes with many a familiar friend. And it was then she met and instantly attracted young Alastair MacDonnell, a rising barrister and a son of an old friend of her mother. And so that Christmas Eve was forever memorable in the young girl's mind because of that meeting and of the curious incident that had preceded the going out to church. On reaching their own door, the two ladies were startled to find that, instead of being locked as they expected, it stood ajar. Nothing, however, was disturbed inside the house. Even the pieces of silver still lay on the hall table for the waits who had never come.

"Mother," said Katharine, tremulously, "he must have been in the house all the time." But that was as far as they got in solving the mystery.

II.

Five years had gone by, bringing their usual alternations of sorrow and joy to every family, in general, and to the O'Mearas in particular. The head of the house had passed beyond the impenetrable veil that shrouds the living from the dead; and the widow, sad at heart, clad in her mourning garb, reflected that never again should he have part in the celebration that made Christmas a season of gladness to all the household. Upstairs in the nursery there were fewer children: two of the boys were at college, and were to return for the holidays only on the morrow. Katharine, graver, more matured, and with shadows of thought in the depths of her eyes, was soon to leave the family circle. Her acquaintance with Alastair MacDonnell had ripened into a warm attachment, which was mutual; and the marriage was set, if circumstances permitted, for the month of May.

As mother and daughter sat once more at the fire in the sitting-room, waiting until Alastair should come to escort them to Midnight Mass, they talked of many things, and amongst them of that singular happening so many years ago, which they discussed for the hundredth time in all its bearings. While they were so engaged, they heard some one sounding the knocker on the outer door.

"Oh, there is Alastair!" cried Katharine, hastening, with a smile and blush to greet the expected arrival.

Outside, wrapped in his greatcoat, stood not Alastair, but the identical tall man of years before, outlined against the sky in the light of the Christmas stars. Katharine felt that she would have known those eyes, so deep, so piercing, anywhere.

Mrs. O'Meara, realizing in an instant that it was not Alastair, appeared from the inner room, and, answering at once the man's unspoken appeal, cried:

"No, no, I do not think I can let you in after what occurred last time!"

"Did I do any harm?" he inquired,

with a laugh that sounded hollow on the night air. "On the contrary, I took care of the house for you."

"If the children had seen you," argued Mrs. O'Meara, "they would have been frightened, perhaps, to death."

"No," replied the stranger: "if they had seen me they would have thought I was some new kind of Santa Claus. So please let me in, and don't be afraid. I won't hide this time."

But Mrs. O'Meara, gentle though she was, could be firm; and she would have utterly refused had not Katharine interposed.

"O mother," she said, "we must let him in, for the sake of the Christmas Babe! And," she added in a whisper, "we need not be afraid. You know Alastair will be here in a few minutes."

"You see," said the stranger, addressing Mrs. O'Meara, "she is not afraid of me this time; so, for the sake of the God of Bethlehem, I ask you to let me in once more. It is very cold out here, though not so bad as the last time."

Mrs. O'Meara yielding a somewhat reluctant assent, the man entered without more ado, closing the outer door behind him. He stood in the hall a moment, looking round, with a smile in the eyes that peered out from his heavy wrappings.

"The same hall," he said; "the same clock, the same stove, and—the same hall cupboard where I hid!"

Mother and daughter glanced involuntarily at the hiding-place thus indicated, so small, so narrow that they had never thought of looking there.

"I was in there," the visitor continued; "and I heard your words of sympathy, and some other things that interested me; also your belief in my honesty. As soon as your footsteps died away on the pavement outside, I came out very gladly from those close quarters. How still the house was,—only the ticking of the clock and the creaking of the fire! How peaceful, and how full of the spirit of Christmas! It was very warm;

and, I had been famished and half frozen, I lay down behind the stove, with that hassock there for a pillow; and I woke just in time to leave the house before you arrived."

"And you left the door open?" said Mrs. O'Meara, reproachfully.

"But I waited just round the corner till I saw you come in."

"Are you hungry now?" asked Katharine, softly. She no longer felt any fear, but only a deep interest in this forlorn stranger.

"No, my child, I am not hungry," the man answered. "But if you ladies will sit down for a moment, I will tell you something of my history."

By common consent, though they could not have told why, both ladies invited him into the sitting-room. He declined.

"Let me sit here by the stove," he said, "if you ladies will take the hall chairs. I want to feel myself a beggar again."

Silently the mother and daughter obeyed; and the stranger, turning back his coat, permitted them to see a rugged and deeply-lined countenance framed in iron-gray hair.

"Five years ago," he began, "I was a ruined man, an outcast, a tramp. I had just lost a fortune. One big investment after another had failed. I was desperate, I staked my last dollar on a gambling table and lost it. Driven by hunger and cold—you may remember that it registered that night twenty-four below zero,—I asked for charity at many doors. At every one I was repulsed. The spirit of Christmas, as I bitterly reflected, had little lodgment in any of those dwellings, in spite of all the wreaths, the Christmas trees, and the presents. I determined that yours was the last I should try. With what results you know. Only," he added with a laugh, "you can never realize what a temptation it was to take that money left for the waits, which, after all, was destined for the poor. To me, it seemed that there could not be any one in the whole city poorer than I."

There were tears in Mrs. O'Meara's eyes, and an expression of tender sympathy in those of Katharine, as the man, pausing in his narrative, looked from one to the other. With a tactful delicacy, however, they refrained from asking any questions, and waited in silence until the stranger resumed:

"That was a turning point in my career in more ways than one. Warmed and heartened in soul and body, I put my shoulder to the wheel once more, beginning with very humble efforts, and gradually working upward again, through my own labor and by fortunate investments. I need not detain you with all that; but I may remark (and this will interest you much more) that since that time I turned again to the religion which I had practically abandoned. I saw that the Christmas spirit, the spirit pervading the Catholic Church, was still alive, and that the name of the Babe of Bethlehem had not lost its influence over such hearts as followed Him closely. To-night you are going once more to Midnight Mass. You will see me there advancing to God's altar, like the publican of old. But first, I have come here to pay my debt of gratitude."

He produced from his pocket a small parcel, which he handed to Katharine, remarking as he did so:

"I have followed your affairs with much interest since then. Through mutual acquaintances, I learned of your sad loss, and the difference it seemed likely to make in your circumstances. Also I became aware of the existence of a certain Alastair MacDonnell, and his hopes and wishes."

Katharine's little laugh and the flush that suffused her cheeks were pleasant to see, and the stranger smiled responsive; but she thought with a sigh, instantly repressed, of the cloud on the horizon of her happiness; for the unexpected death of her father had left them with the burden of the mortgage, interest and principal unpaid, and with an almost

total cessation of the income they had enjoyed during his life. So that, besides leaving her mother weighed down by such cares, the question of providing a wedding trousseau seemed an almost insuperable obstacle to her marriage.

Just as the stranger, after delivering his package, rose up to depart, there was a second ring at the bell. This time, in truth, it was Alastair. He looked with some surprise at the untimely visitor, who in his turn was scrutinizing the young man closely.

"And so," he said, "this is Alastair! Lucky Alastair! Be sure that you appreciate your good fortune."

He waited for no more; and as the great bell of Notre Dame, the far-famed Bourdon, again pealed out its message to the faithful to come and adore, he passed out into the starlit street, with a promise, however, that some day they should see him again.

"In the glimpse that I caught of his face," commented Alastair, "I am almost sure that he is one of the big men of the city, a widower and childless, eccentric, but a fine fellow. He is said to have lost many fortunes, but he always falls on his feet again."

Mrs. O'Meara wanted to wait till the morrow to open the mysterious parcel, but Katharine's youthful impatience prevailed. She handed her mother a long, narrow package, which she surmised might be a pair of gloves. On opening it, Mrs. O'Meara turned pale and the tears rolled down her cheeks. It was the cancelled bond of the mortgage upon the house. She scarcely heeded in her bewilderment the cry of delight from Katharine. *Her* parcel contained a cheque for one thousand dollars and a costly ring, described as a wedding gift "from a new kind of Santa Claus."

MARY is the heavenly ladder by which the great King descends in humility, and man, who lay prostrate, ascends in sublimity.—*St. Peter Damian.*

When Christmas was High Treason.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

THAT the celebration of a Christian feast should, in pagan times, have been declared a treasonable offence and a danger to the State is no matter for surprise or comment now; nor can we even wonder, considering the frailty of human nature, that non-Catholic Christians should occasionally allow their zeal for Protestantism to take a persecuting form. Thus, howsoever much we may regret the fact that the practice of the Catholic religion has more than once been made a crime in the eyes of so-called Christian lawgivers, it occasions no surprise, and we neither question nor dispute it. But when we find those who professed to be followers of Christ tabooing the feast of His birth, and declaring any honor shown to it to be nothing less than rank high treason against the State, we are to be excused if we give vent to our bewilderment, and frankly ask if such professing Christians were fools, madmen or hypocrites or, as is perhaps more likely, a curious combination of all three. Yet such were the people of England, or at least that section of them represented by the Commonwealth, toward the middle of the seventeenth century.

With the rise of Puritanism came the downfall of Christmas in England. The fanatical followers of the bigot Cromwell acted as if old Father Christmas were the "Pope of Rome" in disguise. A Bill for the suppression of the time-honored festivities was introduced into Parliament. This precious document denounced Christmas as "superstition and Popery," while the harmless mince pie was declared to be "a hodgepodge of superstition; Popery, the devil and all his works." Even the plum pudding, that essentially English creation, was not above suspicion. It was publicly branded as "the Scarlet

Woman of Babylon," and both those who cooked and those who ate it were liable to be fined or imprisoned.

But what connection, it will be naturally asked, was there between pudding and "Popery," or mince pie and "Rome"? It would be difficult to say; for it is doubtful whether the anti-Christmas legislators were themselves quite clear on the subject. "No Christmas" was made to do duty as a "No Popery" cry, with about as little sense or meaning on its side as scores of anti-Catholic war shouts have had before or since. Even holly and ivy did not escape, and were condemned as "Popish" plants, at least when used in the decoration of churches and chapels; and, indeed, of private houses too, for that matter. Woe to the Englishman who decked his dining room with holly or ivy, or to the housewife who cooked a savory mince pie or steaming pudding in her kitchen! Woe to both one and the other if the soldiers of the Commonwealth chanced to thunder at the door just then and demand admittance "in the name of the law"! Oh, the hasty tearing down of the red-berried holly and black-berried ivy! Oh, the wild rush to some hiding-place with the half-boiled pudding or half-baked pies! And if, after a grave and painstaking search, the contraband dainties were discovered, picture the steel-capped veterans of Cromwell taking solemn possession of them, as of the most incriminating evidence, and marching them off for magisterial inspection; and, perhaps, for judicial dissection too.

It might be supposed, from the fury with which the plum pudding was persecuted by bold Britishers, that the first of its kind had been made in the Vatican kitchen as a culinary bomb to be directed against the digestion of future generations of Protestant Englishmen. But, so far from this being the case, it is a question whether, even at the present day, an Italian could make a plum pudding. He certainly failed to accom-

plish the task satisfactorily, so the story goes, in the days of the "Youngest Pretender," Henry, Cardinal-Duke of York, the last of the Stuarts, and Archbishop of Frascati, near Rome.

An Englishman, one Captain Payne, had been invited to dine with the exiled Cardinal on Christmas Day, and the host ordered that a plum pudding should be served in his honor. The cook, an Italian, was all anxiety to please his episcopal master, and there were great doings in the kitchen all that afternoon; while upstairs, in the dining room, the Cardinal-Duke cast an anxious glance in the direction of the door as the moment for the entrance of the great dish of the day, the plum pudding, drew near. It came at length,—that is to say, the dish did; but for the sickly something that wobbled in the centre of it there was no name in either English or Italian. The ghastly pause that followed was broken by Henry IX. himself — otherwise the "Youngest Pretender"—as, smiling apologetically at his guest he said: "We have done our best, Captain Payne, to get you an English dish; but, I fear, after all, it turns out to be a Pretender."

No, the plum pudding was not of Papal, or even of ecclesiastical origin. "A king could make a belted knight," but a cardinal could not make a Christmas pudding; or, at all events, not in Italy. It is to England we must turn if we wish to find the origin of the plum pudding. Yet England is the only country in the whole world that ever made its manufacture a crime, and declared all those who ate of it to be guilty of high treason. What the English people themselves were guilty of when, in so acting, they ate their own words, they have never told us. But certain it is that Christmas and good cheer had practically one and the same meaning since time immemorial in England. Indeed, the lower orders there seem to have had a vague idea that Christmas — by which they appear to

have meant extra eating and drinking—existed a long, long time before Christ. One of their favorite carols still extant tells of a Bethlehem landlord and his family who celebrated Christmas "in the good old style" while the Holy Child was lying in the stable.

Nevertheless, while Cromwell's rule lasted, feasting at Christmas became high treason to both Church and State. When the 25th of December drew near, a public crier paraded the streets, ringing a warning bell, and droning out as he stalked along: "No Christmas! No Christmas!" An order was, moreover, issued obliging tradesmen to keep their shops open on Christmas Day, and commanding the people in general to do their shopping and marketing as usual; while, stranger still, they were forbidden to go to church—even to non-Catholic churches—on the Birthday of Our Lord. One wonders what was left for the good people of England to do on Christmas Day, since they could neither feast nor pray in peace. One thing remained — namely, to break the peace and fight for their puddings and mince pies; and this they did.

Ipswich, Oxford, and Canterbury particularly distinguished themselves in defence of Christmas and Christmas pudding. As the people grew bold, the authorities waxed cautious, and, in their terror lest the rioting (for it grew to that) should spread to London, began to make concessions. A "miscreant" (so they called him) found guilty of the terrible crime of decorating his room with holly and ivy, was released by his captors and restored to liberty. The most important of all the Christmas riots was that which set all Canterbury in an uproar in December, 1647. The rioters came off victorious, and the mayor had to seek safety in flight; the mob following, and, failing to catch him, burning him in effigy in front of the house in which he had taken refuge. They then elected a new mayor, took formal possession of the town, and released from prison all the

"evil-doers" who had been condemned for "Christmasing." Some thousands of Cromwell's soldiers had their hands full trying to restore order and reinstate the ejected mayor. For three whole days plum pudding was eaten openly, carols sung, and churches thronged; then the Puritans triumphed. But Canterbury had celebrated Christmas once again "in the good old style," and drew consolation from the fact.

Curiously enough, while pudding and pie were forbidden, smoking and drinking were encouraged, quite little children being allowed their pipes and pints. Schoolboys would have a pipe in their satchels as a matter of course, and take it out at a given signal from the master, who would produce his own also; pupils and teachers all puffing away at the same moment, while, for the time being, the books were laid aside. Tobacco has been called "the poor man's dinner"; and it may be that careful housewives found it more economical to give their sons a pipe at lunch time than a slice of bread and butter. Considering the anti-Popish days in which they lived, they must have found it safer, at all events, than supplying them with plum pudding or mince pie—that is to say, with either "the Scarlet Woman of Babylon," or "the hodgepodge of superstition, Popery, the devil and all his works."

THE servants of Mary desire, in order to be saved, the protection of their merciful Queen at the hour of their death. How many times every day do they repeat the words, "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death"! Daily experience proves that this kind Mother never fails to aid her children at this critical moment. The thought of the coming judgment seldom fails to strike fear into the hearts of the dying; the servants of Mary, however, are seen frequently to depart this life in the peace of a quiet conscience, with sentiments of steadfast hope and holy joy.—*Anon.*

White Anemones.

BY TERESA HOOLEY.

SO white ye are, to me it seems
(Flower o' dreams!)

Ye are the blossoms that must rest
Amid the folds at Mary's breast,
Where Christ the child is hushed to sleep,
And mother-thoughts lie true and deep;
So pure that ye may touch her, even—
Mary in heaven.

I bow my head before your face
(Flower o' grace!).

Ye know the angels, and your eyes
Have looked on wings in paradise.
Here in a garden ye do make
A starry altar for our sake,
And earth meets heav'n and heav'n meets
earth

At your white birth.

The Little Brother.

BY B. D. L. F.

I.

IT was Christmas Eve of the year 1852. Throngs of pedestrians filled the ill-lighted streets, in spite of the keen wind and falling snow. Every face was alight with pleasure, save one—an anxious, childish face, covered with soot, belonging to a little chimney sweep who was coming slowly up the street, calling out in a shrill, high voice the well-known cry: "Sweep,—sweeper!" He was cold and hungry; for no one seemed to heed his call to-night, doors and windows remaining closed.

As he sauntered on, his thoughts flew back to that time, which seemed very long ago, when he had lived so happily with his mother in their cosy little home among the Savoy mountains. But that was years before his mother's death,—before he had come to Paris with his present master, who beat and starved

him on the days when he had failed to earn the sum required of him.

"Sweep, — sweeper!" Again the shrill cry sounded in the street. If only one door would open at his call! For Jean Marie had a purpose which he had harbored long in the depth of his childish heart. His mother had often spoken to him of the Infant Jesus,—of how He comes down the chimney on Christmas Eve, bringing presents to all who are good. Jean had never forgotten her words, and, in his misery, had formed a daring plan: to climb up onto one of the roofs on Christmas Eve and keep watch near a chimney until the Infant Jesus should come by. He could then tell Him how unhappy and lonely he was.

"Sweep, — sweeper!" For the third time the cry echoed down the street. This time, however, a door opened and an anxious-faced woman appeared on the threshold.

"Hi, boy!" she called. "Come over here! Our chimney has been smoking since morning. If something isn't done at once, I shall not be able to cook dinner to-morrow."

Here was Jean Marie's chance. In a twinkling he was in the house, scaling the narrow passage, and vigorously plying elbows and knees; while his mop-like broom whisked hither and thither, bringing down clouds of soot upon the kitchen floor.

The work was soon done; but the little sweep, instead of climbing down as might be expected, continued his way upward toward the small blue opening at the top, where he vanished, broom and all, to the intense surprise of the cook, who, on entering her kitchen, sought for him vainly in every nook and corner.

But Jean Marie was not thinking of her. Perched like a sparrow on the housetop, he was in the seventh heaven of delight. Only one thing troubled him now: which of all the many chimneys around him should he choose for his midnight vigil? Hoping that circum-

stances would guide his choice, he began to creep along the roof until, peeping down a somewhat blackened opening, he heard a voice asking:

"Mother, at what time will the Infant Jesus come down the chimney?"

Jean Marie could not distinguish the answer, but his heart gave a great throb: for he was now certain of success. He need only wait patiently, and sooner or later the Infant Jesus was sure to come by.

But the poor waif had not realized how cold it would be upon the roof; and as night began to fall the air grew frosty, while the biting northeast wind blew about the chimney tops, chilling the little sweep in his ragged clothes. Suddenly a bright idea struck him: the inside of the chimney would offer better shelter than the roof upon which he was crouching. The aperture was small, it is true; but Jean Marie's thin body slipped in easily; and presently he was comfortably ensconced on a projecting ledge, whence he could afford to laugh at wind and weather. The fire below had evidently gone out, and a pleasant warmth remained. It was so delightful that a gentle languor stole over the boy, his head nodded, his eyelids drooped,—Jean Marie fell fast asleep.

II.

In a cosy back parlor, rather dimly lighted by an old-fashioned oil lamp, sat a woman knitting busily. Every now and then she paused in her work and glanced across the room in the direction of a delicate, pale-looking boy of about seven, who was absently stirring the ashes that still glowed in the grate.

"Of what are you thinking, Pierre?" she asked as for a moment the click of needles ceased.

"Mother," he said, turning his little face toward her, "at what time does the Infant Jesus come down the chimney?"

"When everyone is fast asleep," said his mother, smiling.

"And does He always give us what we ask for? I want something so very badly!"

"But, my little one, you have everything that heart can desire. Your cupboard is full of toys. What can you want so badly?"

The boy hesitated a moment.

"I want a little brother," he broke out eagerly. "I am so lonely sometimes!" he added in a sad voice.

The mother made no answer. His last words had reopened a painful wound; for she had never quite recovered from the loss of her first born, a beautiful boy, with such gentle, winning ways. As she resumed her knitting, large tears coursed down her cheeks.

"Marie!" called a voice from the adjoining room. "I think we had better be getting ready for Midnight Mass, or we shall not find places in the church."

As he spoke, Monsieur Laborde, a well-to-do bourgeois, entered the room.

"What is the matter, Marie?" he inquired, noticing his wife's reddened eyelids.

"Pierre has been praying that he may get a little brother for Christmas," she answered, with a tremulous smile.

Monsieur Laborde understood. He drew nearer to his wife.

"God sent him,—God took him away," he whispered tenderly; and, leaning over the back of her chair, laid a kiss upon her forehead.

For some minutes silence reigned in the room, and only the cuckoo clock could be heard striking eleven, when suddenly a strange noise drew the attention of all three inmates of the room toward the chimney-piece.

It was a scratching, scraping, shuffling noise, gradually increasing in volume until it ended in a thump as a round black ball landed among the ashes on the hearth.

"Ah, my God! What is that!" cried Madame Laborde, clutching at her husband's arm. Her first feeling of fear,

however, turned to one of amazement as the round black ball slowly uncurled and a little sooty figure picked itself up and stood looking at her with frightened eyes.

"Who are you, my boy? And what are you doing here?" demanded Monsieur Laborde, somewhat sternly.

"O Monsieur, it was so cold on the roof that I crawled inside the chimney, and then I fell down! Do not be angry with me, Monsieur!"

"But what were you doing on the roof at this hour of the night?"

And, bit by bit, Jean Marie told the whole of his sad story. He looked so honest and his words were so simple, that neither of his hearers for a moment doubted the truth of his tale.

"Poor boy!" said Madame Laborde, softly. She would have added more, but Pierre was tugging at her sleeve.

"O mother," he whispered, "do you think this is the little brother the Infant Jesus has sent me?"

"Perhaps it is," replied Madame Laborde, looking appealingly up at her husband, who had overheard his son's question.

"I am *sure* it is," interposed her husband, with a smile.


And while Pierre, greatly excited, ran off at his father's bidding to find some clothes for his new brother, the question of Jean Marie's future was decided in a few words exchanged between the good-hearted couple.

ON the throne of His majesty and greatness, God commands our fear and our homage; but in His littleness, especially our love. Hear, ye heavens, and lend your ears, O earth! Stand in raptures of astonishment and praise, O you whole creation, but you chiefly, O man! The Son of the living God was born in Bethlehem of Juda. O short word of the Eternal Word abridged for us, but filled with heavenly sweetness!

—*St. Bernard.*

A Roman Christmas.

BY GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

HRISTMAS DAY in Rome is, as a rule, spent under a blue sky and in a blaze of sunshine, although I have on several occasions splashed through large puddles under torrents of rain and a leaden sky. Still, that is the exception; and as the rule it goes to prove is more cheerful, let us keep to that.

The feast makes for light-heartedness, even though one is in a foreign land. The air is crisp, and just pleasantly bracing without being too cold; the shops wear their most attractive aspect, and there is a gleam of scarlet holly berries among the heaped-up masses of color on the flower stalls at the foot of the Spagna steps. There is, moreover, a reminiscence of home in the announcement on the windows of the English Tea Rooms: "Plum pudding for sale." That dainty, by the way, is non-existent in Italian cookery, its place being taken by an indigestible compound in which unstoned raisins play a prominent part.

In the days that were, this festival was appropriately ushered in by picturesquely clad shepherds from the remote recesses of the Abruzzi mountains, who, visiting Rome during the nine days of the novena which precedes Christmas, played carols on their bagpipes before the shrines of the Blessed Virgin which adorned so many of the streets. They were termed the *Pifferi*; and, on payment of a few soldi, their services could be obtained in private oratories for the purpose of family devotion.

On Christmas Eve, the broad flight of steps leading to St. Peter's is thronged with a cosmopolitan crowd. Inside the vast Basilica, the first Vespers of the feast are being melodiously chanted by the famous Sistine Choir; and at midnight, Masses are celebrated in every convent

and college chapel and in several of Rome's many churches. There is no Midnight Mass at St. Peter's, but in the "wee-sma' hours" before dawn the Office of Lauds is chanted and the exquisitely haunting *Pastorelle* sung. The first High Mass is offered up at five o'clock.

It is Christmas morning! Rome, on her seven hills, lies bathed in sunshine; and overhead stretches a canopy of cloudless, entrancing blue; bells peal triumphantly from old grey belfry and lofty tower; the churches are decked in silken hangings of gold and white and crimson, as is customary on a solemn feast; waxen tapers gleam on every altar, and a lamp burns before each representation of the Crib at Bethlehem. For the Cribs are a great feature of a Roman Christmas; and the most elaborate of them all is to be found in the ancient Church of Ara Cœli, the mother house of the Franciscan Order.

Ascending that historic flight of steep steps, our feet are treading upon haunted ground. It was here, so says history, that Tiberius Gracchus met his death in front of the Temple of Jupiter; and at the summit, Valerius the Consul fought with Hedonius for the possession of the Capitol. But these are incongruous memories for to-day. In the Chapel of the Presipio, the celebrated Bambino of Ara Cœli lies in His Mother's arms. She and St. Joseph are in a grotto, and close behind them are the ox and ass. Shepherds and Kings kneel on one side, and overhead the Eternal Father is surrounded by cherubs and angels "harping on their harps." The background displays a pastoral landscape, where shepherds repose under the shade of palm trees, and sheep made of wool and cottonwool feed beside a crystal fountain. Approaching the grotto are women carrying on their heads baskets of oranges and other fruits. Diamonds sparkle in the ears of the Virgin Mother; and the figure of the Infant Jesus, swathed in gold and silver tissue, glitters with precious stones.

During the Octave of Christmas a tem-

porary platform is erected opposite this Crib, and small orators of both sexes deliver sermons on the Incarnation. Born actors as they are, their elocution and gestures are admirable, and they are invariably surrounded by an admiring audience.

It is on the feast of the Epiphany that the miraculous Bambino returns to its usual resting-place in the sacristy. It is carried there on the afternoon of that day, with much pomp and solemnity, in a long procession; having first been held in the arms of a bishop at the great west door to bestow its benediction upon the Eternal City. The scene on those hundred and twenty-four steps on that occasion has been graphically described in "Roba di Roma": "Here are to be seen all sorts of curious little colored prints of the Madonna and Child, also little bags, pewter medals and crosses stamped with the same figures,—all offered at once for the sum of one soldo. Here, too, are framed pictures of the saints and of the Nativity. Little wax dolls clad in cottonwool to represent the Saviour, and sheep made of the same material, are sold by the basketful. Children and *contadini* are busy buying them; and there is a deafening roar all up and down the steps of '*Mezzo soldo, bello colorito, Diario Romano, Ritratto colorito, Bambinello di cera, un soldo.*' None of the prices are higher than one soldo, except to strangers; and usually several articles are held up together, enumerated and proffered with a loud voice for this sum. Meanwhile men, women, children, priests, beggars, soldiers, and *villani* are crowding up and down; and we crowd with them." Rome has moved on apace since Story's time,—has gained in civilization and lost a large number of its attractions; but the scene he describes is an accurate picture of what takes place to-day.

To return to the *fešta* of the Nativity. In the afternoon all Rome, residents and strangers within the gates, flocks to San Maria Maggiore on the Esquiline Hill, where, at the conclusion of solemn

Vespers sung by the Sistine Choir, the Holy Cradle in its gold and crystal case is borne in procession round the spacious Basilica. It is a stately and gorgeous procession, and eminently calculated to impress the looker-on. Canons, priests and acolytes take part in it, with the Cardinal Titular in his scarlet robes bringing up the rear.

St. Mary Major's, apart from religious functions, forms a meeting place on Christmas Day; for to follow undistracted the lengthy psalms rendered by Rome's sweetest singers, one must have arrived at a very lofty pitch of spirituality. Those, therefore, who are still clinging to the lower rungs of the ladder of perfection walk up and down the spacious building, exchanging greetings and waiting for the procession. That great endings have small beginnings is a well-worn platitude, but is, nevertheless, strikingly true. Within my personal knowledge, two conversions to the Faith owed their origin to a few words uttered by chance in that historic Basilica on Christmas Day. In one case the instrument chosen by God was an ecclesiastical student of the North American College, now laboring for souls in his own country; while she who, through his influence, was shortly afterward received into the Church is now, one likes to think, praying for her benefactor in heaven. And in another case, a simple question referring to the Protestant Prayer Book, asked by a zealous Catholic layman—whose memory (for he has "crossed the bar") is still cherished in Rome,—was the means of bringing into the Fold one who has since done yeoman's service for the Church.

Although in these days there is nothing especially characteristic about a Roman Christmas, there still emanate from it a magnetism and charm peculiarly its own. It leaves in its train deep and lingering memories, and amidst other scenes and in other lands its recollection remains stamped forever on the tablets of one's mind.

How the Spaniards Celebrate Christmas.

NOWHERE is Christmas greeted with greater zest and fervor than in Spain; and at no time is the Spaniard seen to better advantage than during this season. The Spanish may lack many of the sentimental traditions clinging round the Christmas Tree; for the festive spruce and pine are not known in Spain, except among the British and American residents. But its place is more than well supplied by the Crib, or *Nacimiento*. Upon it is presented all the candles, trinkets, gewgaws, and gifts so abundantly lavished in other countries on the Christmas Tree.

The *Nacimiento*, which is made of wood or cardboard, includes not only the Sacred Crib and the Manger, but also the ox and the ass; while more ambitious efforts make it take in the Three Kings who came to worship the Divine Babe; together with the hills and plains of Bethlehem, in cottonwool, upon which are picturesque castles and sheep and goats, with shepherds watching by.

To the Spanish youngsters, it is the Three Kings that play the part of Santa Claus. As every child will tell you, from San Sebastian to Cape Trafalgar, from the Guadalquivir to Corunna, on January 6, if their little shoes have been placed on the balcony, the Three Kings who come riding out of the East will most likely stop, dismount, and, having climbed up, will leave in the little shoes all the presents they have brought from their wonderful Eastern lands for the recipients.

Perhaps it is in their capital that the Spaniards are seen at their best on Christmas Eve and the subsequent days. The annual two days' holiday has begun, and everyone turns out dressed in his and her best. The shops and booths are brilliantly lighted up, and decked with garlands and streamers. In the Plaza de Santa Cruz, and before the foreign offices—where stand the booths and tables

of the sellers of the *Nacimiento*—the heads of the family crowd round and bargain for a Crib, as only the Spaniard can bargain; while their youngsters are buying *zambombas* and other playthings from the sellers just at hand. As the *zambomba* is a tambourine having in the middle a stick which the children pull up and down, the discordancy of its notes may be imagined.

One of the most picturesque sights is that of the quaintly dressed students. They turn out on Christmas Eve in their university costume of black velvet knee breeches, buckled shoes, cocked hat, lace ruffles, and handsome cloak hanging from the left shoulder with ribands of blue and white. Gaily they parade the Plazas.

We take our dinner on Christmas Day: the Spaniard has his on Christmas Eve. Rich and poor gather together their relations—and relations only as custom has prescribed—and punctually at nine o'clock all sit down to dinner. The table is burdened with truffled bream, roasted chestnuts, *mazapan*, and other sweetmeats beloved of the Spanish, including their national sweet *turron*, made out of honey, flour, and almonds. The more costly kind is decorated with sugared cherries or candied oranges, raisins, slices of preserved pineapple or other fruit.

Just as dinner is finished the first bells ring out for *Misa del Gallo*, or Cockcrow Mass, as Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve is called, and everyone then prepares for church. No one ever thinks of bed till long after Christmas morning is come; and punctually at twelve o'clock the crowded streets send up a hullabaloo of rejoicings.

"*Felices Pascuas!*" ("A happy Christmas!")—such is the greeting which passes between friend and friend. But within two hours all is still. Christmas Day is spent very quietly. Presents are exchanged, and the *cura*, or parish priest, receives many gifts.

But with the little folks Christmas is not ended till the morning of January 6.

For is it not on that morning they know whether or not the Three Wise Kings, for whom they have put out their shies, have got off their camels when passing by, and been kind enough to climb up to the little footgear, and leave therein a present, or—oh, great happiness!—even presents, which of a certainty they have brought with them from their kingdoms in the far-away East?

A War Time Incident.

IT was December 24, 1870, during the siege of Paris. The shades of night had fallen hours before; the air was intensely cold, while millions of stars sparkled in the firmament. The French and German camps had been placed so close to each other that the click of arms could be distinctly heard on both sides.

Just as midnight sounded from the steeple of a neighboring church, a French officer, walked out beyond the French lines and took several paces toward the enemy; then, in a sonorous voice, intoned the traditional Christmas canticle:

Minuit, Chrétiens, c'est l'heure solennelle
Où l'Homme-Dieu descendit jusqu'à nous.*

"This apparition, so mysterious and unexpected, this voice vibrating so splendidly in the silence of night, and the majestic hymn rendered with such spirit and harmony, had such an effect," says an officer who was present on the occasion, "that even the sceptics and scoffers among us were held spellbound by the singer. It must have been much the same among the Germans; for from their lines came not a sound, not a word. The last couplet of the magnificent canticle was still echoing through the chilly night—

Peuple debout! chant ta délivrance;
Noël! Noël! voici le Rédempteur! †—

when the soldier, like the herald who in trumpet tones announces a victory

* "'Tis midnight, Christians, the solemn hour
When God, made Man, came down to us."

† "Up, people,—up! Thy deliverance sing;
'Tis Christmas, Christmas: the Redeemer's here!"

to his companions, returned to his post amid resounding cheers. There was another long moment of profound silence, and then from the camp of the enemy there came forward a soldier. He was an artilleryman, his head covered with a helmet. He saluted with military exactitude, as the Frenchman had done; then, halfway between the two armies, he began a beautiful Christmas hymn, the words of which, full of faith and love, proclaimed the peace and good-will that, especially on so glorious a festival, should make all men brothers."

From neither camp came a word or murmur till the close of the refrain:

Weihnachtzeit! Weihnachtzeit! *

The refrain was taken up by the whole German army; and at its close, after a moment of silence, the French ranks responded with,

Noël! Noël! Vive Noël!

For some minutes at least the two armies were united in one sentiment of peace and good-will. The message had done its work, its appeal was heard. For the time being the thought of the Christmas festival, of its family reunions, and its divine lessons, had moved these men-at-arms, and had spread through their hearts the heavenly balm of true fraternal charity.

* "'Tis Christmas! 'Tis Christmas!"

The Star of Bethlehem.

In Holland on Christmas Eve there is an interesting custom connected with the Star of Bethlehem. The young men of the various towns gather together and go about from house to house, carrying with them a huge illuminated star, typical of the Star which lighted the Magi to the Holy Child. From the crowd which follows them, as well as from each house, they collect an alms; afterward they carry the collection to the burgomaster to be used for the poor of the town on Christmas Day.

An Apostolic Letter.

THE qualities which we have always admired in the pastoral letters of the Bishop of Newport are strikingly manifest in the one which he addressed to his flock for the holy season of Advent, a delayed copy of which has just come to hand. It is a very grave document, the subject of it being the unparalleled war in which the greater part of the civilized world is now engaged. Unlike many of his countrymen, Bishop Hedley sees no wisdom in concealing the fact that a most formidable foe is confronting them, and that the safety of the nation is threatened. "The country is in grave danger," he declares. But no note of pessimism is struck in this admirable letter. "There is no need," the Bishop writes, "to lose heart; there is no need to be nervous, or to think that Divine Providence has failed. God is the same as He always was—our Heavenly Father, who loves us and cares for us in a sense that our limited thought can never fully realize. Jesus Christ, 'yesterday, and to-day, and the same forever,' is always our Saviour, and in His Sacred Heart is our refuge, our comfort, our hope. The Omnipotent is His name. The hearts of kings are in His hand; and if He is with us, it matters not who is against us."

In succeeding paragraphs, the Bishop reminds his diocesans that public calamity is the chastisement of nations, as well as of the individuals composing them, God's purpose being to turn hearts to Himself. "Nations have a national conscience, a national responsibility, and a national duty to open their eyes and correct their ways when God strikes. But a similar duty lies upon every man and woman. It is no matter that the innocent suffer with the guilty. It is intended that the guilty shall be awakened to their guilt, and that the innocent shall be purified the more."

The special duties which the war

imposes upon the people of England are then set forth,—the obligation of helping their country to success and victory, of contributing to the cost of the war, and of providing for the wives and children of those who are fighting,—for orphans, the wounded, and refugees. How nobly the Catholics of England are performing these duties!

To the spirit of self-sacrifice, the Bishop exhorts his flock to join intercession. "If the state of war turns the people of God to prayer and penance," he says, "war brings with it healing and beneficence. Can we deny that the world, and ourselves too, will be all the better for a salutary lesson of renunciation and manliness? If we are honest, we must confess that we all love too much the things of this world. We are absorbed in the pursuit of money, some of us on a large scale, others in the various paths of their own lives. We are attached inordinately to food and drink, to clothes, and to the comfort of our homes. We love our money and our means, and hate annoyance, interference, and trouble and loss of every kind. We think we have a right to peace and to tranquillity, and are angry when the crimes and misfortunes or the importunity of others interfere with the prosperous course of our existence. This disposition to ease, to softness, and to the pleasantness of life, is unhealthy for every man's immortal soul. It enervates his manliness, lowers his standard of duty, and makes him forget that the life of a Christian must be a supernatural life of self-denial. To save our souls, we have to take up the cross, and the cross is very unfamiliar in the lives of too many of us. Such times as these bring us face to face with the reality of things,—with the hard facts of existence, the possibilities that are not far off from any of us, and the shock and pain that lie just under the surface of our ease, our peace, and our abundance. Let us make good use of this call of God."

After quoting an eloquent passage from

Bossuet in reference to the great, slow, and resistless world-movements that have in the past marked the story of the nations, Bishop Hedley finely concludes: "When a great war is permitted to rage, we may take it as a sign that God intends to make a revolution. What will come to pass as a consequence of the present mighty upheaval we can not yet foresee. But a revolution there undoubtedly will be. Nations may change their boundaries, peoples may wane or grow great, the routes of commerce may be altered, and fleets and armies may disappear. What is more interesting to a Christian, God's name will certainly be exalted. May we not hope that the black mist of atheism, indifferentism, and evil conspiracy which hangs over such wide spaces of the Catholic countries of Europe will be cleared off and dispersed? Already we see signs that the people's religion, which they have never lost, is stirring and growing warm; that the human respect which has paralyzed religious practice in so many ranks and professions is dropping off in the presence of war and death; and that even the rulers and so-called statesmen are beginning to feel that there are at work mighty forces which can not be controlled by the machinery of an infidel State. It is certain that Europe is on the verge of a great and far-reaching revolution. It is equally certain that when the almighty Ruler of heaven and earth thus interferes, it is on behalf of His own honor, of His people's good, and of the Holy Church which His Precious Blood has given to the world. Yes, He may afflict and chasten, but He never forgets or abandons. Let us, therefore, believe and endure and pray; for the arm of the Lord is not shortened, and in His hands are all the ends of the earth."

An admirable letter, every line of which breathes the spirit of Christ and His blessed Apostles,—an epistle in which Christians the world over should be deeply interested.

Notes and Remarks.

No Catholic country in the world has more beautiful Christmas customs than Ireland. Some of them, we are told, are no longer generally observed; but they are everywhere remembered and frequently recalled. In many places it is still the habit on Christmas Eve for a man named Joseph and a woman named Mary to light a blessed candle in honor of the Infant Saviour, the Light of the World. During the Holy Night, as it is called, the Christ-Child is supposed to wander abroad, and in thousands of Irish homes lighted candles are placed in the windows, to guide His sacred feet; and the door is left ajar in case He should seek shelter from the cold. It is said that during the "Twelve Days"—from Christmas to Epiphany—the gates of paradise remain open, and that any one who dies within this time is quickly admitted to the sight of God. Children born within the Twelve Days are especially dear, and are supposed to possess the gift of seeing beyond external objects, and of hearing music not of earth. It is thought that the Guardian Angel of every household becomes visible to one of its members between midnight and dawn on Christmas, but, as the exact time of his appearance is unknown, he is seldom seen. If the baby smiles in its sleep, the Angel has whispered to it of heaven.

All who commiserate the hardships and handicaps of the poor, those especially who are laboring for the enactment of laws that will secure equal rights and privileges to all classes of citizens, should be interested in a work which has just made its appearance in England ("The Law and the Poor," by Judge Parry). Although much of what the eminent author has to say is applicable only to his own country, very much more is of general application. It is our proud boast that in the United States the law

is the same for the rich and the poor. This is quite true; but, as everyone knows, the incidence and advantages of law are not the same for both classes. For instance, a wealthy man who is arrested for a real or supposed crime can always secure bail, and so, for the time being at least, escape imprisonment; whereas a poor man has to go to jail and bear the disgrace of incarceration, though he may be quite innocent of any wrongdoing. Many poor men suffer positive injustice because they can not afford to hire a competent lawyer to defend them. Money is necessary in order to promote or resist a civil action or prosecution; and there is no question that it lies at the root of many disadvantages under which the poor labor. The wheels of reform are provokingly slow; but perhaps when women are enfranchised all the reforms which men now profess to desire will be fully realized. They will be sure to claim the credit of them, little as they may deserve it.

"To avert evil and to promote good," a phrase occurring in the first Encyclical of Pope Benedict XV., may be accepted as the motto of the new Pontificate. His Holiness writes: "Taking as addressed to Ourselves what God said to the prophet, 'Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and to pull down, . . . and to build and to plant' (Jeremias), so far as lies in Our power, We shall take the greatest care, until it please the Pastor of pastors to demand from Us an account of the exercise of the ministry entrusted to Us, to avert whatever is evil and to promote what is good."

We have been reading of late weeks, not only in our Catholic exchanges but in the secular journals of our country as well, extended commentaries on the evidences that the old spirit of religious persecution is still alive and perniciously active in influential government circles

in France. That such persecution should excite the indignation of all persons who are conversant with the rôle at present being played by thousands of French priests and Sisters is, of course, quite natural; but we see no good reason why it should occasion so much surprise. To our mind this recrudescence of active persecution is the best possible evidence that the rabid anti-clericals of governmental France see and understand the writing on the wall,—recognize that, whatever else the war may do or not do, it has already made certain one outstanding fact—that France is fundamentally Catholic, and that the soldierly activities of French priests and religious have doomed to failure any attempts, after the war, at prosecuting the anti-religious programme that has been in evidence during the past decade. The sworn enemies of the Church in France are obviously fighting with their backs to the wall, and, visualizing their inevitable loss of prestige and power, are doing their utmost to wreak on their soon-to-be triumphant opponents such vengeance as they can still inflict.

With no more specific indication of authorship than the phrase "a non-Catholic writer," our Australian contemporary, the *Southern Cross*, quotes this rather notable characterization of the Papal office: "To be the infallible spiritual guide of a multitude of people—perhaps a sixth of the population of the world; to derive from the Chief of Apostles, through 255 intermediaries, a primacy of honor and authority among Christian folk; to be seated in this ineffable honor in the city of Rome, imperial and eternal; to operate a governing machinery of patriarchs, metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, priests, and innumerable Orders of monks, friars, and nuns,—a machinery which in delicacy and efficiency is the wonder of the world; to have interests and duties in connection with every nation in both hemispheres; to watch all things political

and ecclesiastical, on behalf of an organization which has its tendrils in every cranny and crevice of the social structure of all Europe and America and many parts of Asia and Africa,—what position has earth to show which can compare with this for eminence of standpoint, breadth of view, and reach of power?"

Periodically the question arises, What is to be thought of Catholics participating in the quasi-religious rites of certain popular societies? The question becomes actual, for example, in the case of what is known as the Elks' memorial service. The answer is that the Catholic member of such a society must regard those exercises as religious, and consequently should refrain from formal participation in them; or he must regard them as mere ethical sentimentalizing, into which he can not enter without hypocrisy. We recall an instance where an ecclesiastic went out of his own diocese to participate in such services, only to receive a stern rebuke from the ordinary whose regulations he had disregarded. Another prudent bishop, questioned recently as to the effect of such societies upon Catholics, replied, that the best that can be said for such organizations is that they are indifferent. If they are indifferent at best, it is logical to infer that their best influence is in the direction of religious indifferentism. It is hard to see what enticement there could be in this for an intelligent, serious-minded Catholic.

In the course of an interesting critique of "The Church and Usury," an essay by the "Rev. Patrick Cleary of Maynooth, "Papyrus," the able reviewer of the *Catholic Times*, remarks:

If the reverend author of this very thoughtful book on usury would permit me to make him a suggestion—impertinent only because unsolicited,—I would humbly venture to ask him to go forward, in a second volume, with his thesis, and give to the Catholic public a book on the

modern practice in regard to interest-profit. I can promise him a revelation when he comes to the investigation of interest-profit from shares, dividends, bonuses, and stock in general. And when he has got to work among these things, and applies his naturally acute mind to the justice of many very respectable business methods, and draws out the conclusions of theology and the implications for conscience, he will have done a grand work for the Church, and brought a blessing on the Catholic efforts toward social reform. The question is ripe for treatment. It must be dealt with soon—it is being dealt with now,—but it should be dealt with from the standpoint of Catholic moral principle. The workman's claim to a living wage is admitted. But he is making a further claim: he is claiming a fair share in the profits that result from the produce of his labor.

And just what moral right he has to a share therein is a question of present-day theology and economics which has not been so thoroughly elucidated as have been most other problems affecting the individual conscience. Even civil law has set boundaries to the increment that may justly be earned by capital; and civil law occasionally, not to say frequently, declares just what the moral law unequivocally condemns. Such a book as "Papyrus" asks for is a real desideratum.

The unfortunate Hungarian priest who created a sensation in this country a year or so ago by abandoning the Church and going over to the Episcopalians has published a book; but, judging from the reception that it is receiving from leading lights of that body, it will have few readers and do little harm. One High Church clergyman, after rebuking this renegade for "evil-speaking," advises him to withdraw his book from circulation, and devote the next five years of his life "to study and to work among his fellow-countrymen." Having disregarded the good advice so often given him by his lawful superiors, he may now be disposed to heed that of his present associates. A little reflection, however, would convince him that the counsel is much the same in each case, since no

one questions his learning, and everyone knows there are no Protestant Episcopalian Hungarians among whom to work. Plainly, his first step should be to suppress his book and seek reconciliation with the Church, making public apology for all the scandal he has caused. Five years will not be a day too long to pass in penitential retirement ("study"), whatever may be done afterward.

It is doubtful if many readers of the Congregationalist *Advance* ever heard of the essentially sane distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism as to authority,—a distinction drawn years ago by a common-sense religionist: "Catholics have one Pope; Protestants have as many Popes as there are Protestant ministers." One reader of the *Advance* considers the Pope an expensive and unnecessary luxury. "The Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, etc., get on without a Pope, and even make a pretty fair showing of godliness; so why keep up the Mediæval superstition?" The reply of the *Advance* is rather notable. Among other things, it states:

The facts are that the Papacy is of divine origin and that the Church teaches so. According to Father Maturin, a well-known convert, the Papacy is not a mere question of ecclesiastical polity, but, as Catholics maintain, it is the divinely constituted means for protecting the Church from disruption. If the preservation of truth in its entirety is necessary, then we must admit also the necessity of those means provided for its preservation, chief of which is the Supremacy of the Pope. It is of no avail to mince matters or gloss over difficulties. The Pope is to religion what the heart is to the human body.

On reading this reply, the inquirer must have been minded to say to the editor: "If that is your belief, what in the world are you doing outside the Catholic Church?"

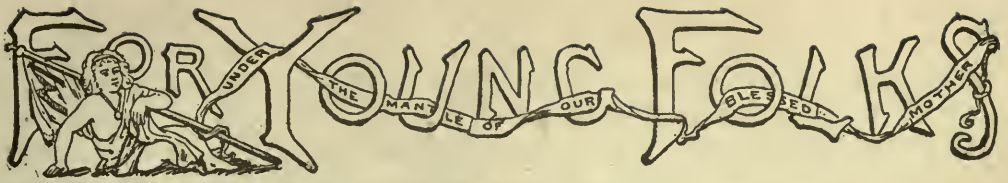
One of the most scholarly and important articles in the current issue of the *Constructive Quarterly* is the Rev. Dr. Pace's paper on "Philosophy and Belief." While the article, as a whole, is necessarily of

a character that will hardly appeal to the general reader, portions of it can not but impress any one with even incipient culture. In discussing, for instance, the relation between belief and morality, Dr. Pace writes in the following strain, surely intelligible enough even to the man in the street:

In the judgment of the Catholic Church, ethical theories that run counter to the precepts of the Gospel can not rightfully claim to be the teachings of reason. They are the more serious inasmuch as they set the will forward in wrong directions and draw it away from that reasonable obedience which faith demands. Decay of religious belief is often followed by a lowering of the moral standards; and, conversely, the blunting of the moral sense tends to weaken belief. The efforts that have been made to devise a system of morality and of moral training without any religious elements have little promise of success. It may well be, however, that they will render at least a negative service by showing that errors in philosophy, when carried to the test of action, produce results from which reason itself must finally recoil. And it is equally possible that a reaction toward higher moral standards will quicken anew the faith in those who have let its light grow dim or have shaped their living on other ideals.

Meanwhile, as Dr. Pace points out, the Church indicates the way of true progress, in which reason co-operates with faith, and philosophy with the teaching of Revelation.

According to the tables of expectancy issued by life-insurance companies—tables showing the length of life which remains on the average to persons of different professions at various ages,—Catholic priests on the mission do not as a rule reach the Biblical limit of threescore and ten. More than usual interest, therefore, attaches to the statement that the late Monsignor Anton Niermann, of St. Joseph's Church, Davenport, Iowa, had just closed fifty-five years of priestly service. One is prepared for the additional statement that the venerable deceased was the oldest pastor in Iowa and one of the State's greatest patriarchs. Peace to his soul!



The Christmas Star.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

A CROSS the darkling midnight sky
And down the Milky Way,
I dreamed I was that splendid Star
That shone on Christmas Day.
God's blessed cohorts led me on;
The sleeping world was still,
Save where some shepherds watched their
flocks
Afar on Bethlehem's hill.
All down the azure walls of night
We went our glorious way;
No sound disturbed our onward flight,
For this was Christmas Day.
Afar through endless worlds of space
Our wondrous way we sped,
And so we came to rest at last
Above the Christ-Child's bed.
God's blessed angels sang aloud:
"Behold Our Lord is born!
Good-will and cheer He brings you here,
For this is Christmas morn."

The Boy in the Cave.

BY ALICE DEASE.

EVER since they could remember—Lisbeth was five, and Ronald nearly seven—there had been no other children in the house; but now, on Christmas Eve, the angels had brought a baby to the manor and everyone seemed to be so busy looking after it that no one had come near the nursery all the afternoon. Whilst it was light, the time went quickly enough; but when the darkness began to deepen, the children had to leave their toys, and, going into the big bay window, they stood watching the snow that lay on the

ground thickly enough to make it white, and that still fell in fine powdery flakes from the grey sky.

It was cold even in the nursery; and Lisbeth leaned up against Ronnie, partly because she was cold, and partly to make sure that she was not alone in the growing darkness. The moon was rising, so that after a time it grew no darker; indeed, outside it seemed as though the day were coming back again, and the shadows were longer and deeper in the nursery than on the lawn.

"Lis," said Ronnie, suddenly, "do you know to-night is Christmas, and we've forgot the Baby?"

"It's upstairs," replied Lisbeth, not understanding what her brother meant, and thinking of the little sister in the night nursery overhead. "Why needn't we forget it? It has mammy and nurse and all of them."

"Silly!" said Ronnie. "I don't mean our own baby. I mean the one that comes from heaven at Christmas and stays in the cave, with no bed or anything. Don't you remember mammy said It came because It loved us?"

"Is It in the cave now, Ron?" asked Lisbeth, looking out with frightened eyes onto the snow. "Isn't it very cold? And if It loves us, why doesn't It come in here to our nursery?"

To these children there was only one cave, and that lay in the woods some way from the house. It was not a real cave, only a hole made in the ground, and scooped in a little, where gravel had lately been carried away; but to Ronald and Lisbeth it was a cave—the cave. And when their mother had told them of the Infant Jesus coming at Christmas to the cave at Bethlehem, they thought she had meant their own cave in the woods.

Ronnie could not answer his sister's question; but it had given him an idea and he spoke again, eagerly and almost in a whisper, as though fearing he might be overheard.

"Supposing, Lis,—supposing we brought It in?"

"Would we have to go out in the dark?" asked Lisbeth.

"It isn't very dark,—not any worse than in here," retorted the boy.

"But we promised, word of honor, we'd be good."

"Wouldn't it be very good to bring the Baby in out of the cold?" demanded Ronnie.

And so he had his way. Luckily, he remembered past instructions to dress up warm and put rubbers over house shoes before going out; and though nothing was to be found except their mother's coat and nurse's shawl, they wrapped these round them, and, opening the garden door as softly as they could, stole out into the night. Soon their eyes grew used to the white light of the moon; and, once started on their way, they were too much taken up with the errand they were on to fear or even notice the black shadows under the trees. Nor did they observe that, as they drew near the cave, the footsteps of another child already lay on the soft white snow.

At the other side of the wood there was a cottage where Ronald and Lisbeth had often seen poor little boys and girls. They knew that these children's father was dead, for he had been gamekeeper at the manor; and that some of the children, young as they were, had to work harder to earn bread for their mother and the little ones.

On that Christmas Eve, Tim, a lad not twelve years old, had been allowed, by the man at whose farm he worked, to go home for the feast; and, in his haste to get back to his mother, he had taken a short cut through the woods, not knowing that since he went away the gravel pit had been enlarged, and that quite a deep

hole lay now where formerly the path had run. The moon had not risen when he drew near the cave, and in his hurry he never saw where the ground was broken away; so, without a moment's warning, he had fallen down, down, only to feel a dreadful sharp pain, and then darkness.

Hand in hand, Ronald and Lisbeth came to the opening of the gravel pit; and, creeping down the least steep side, they bent toward the cave. But before they reached it, even in the moonlight, they could see that something was lying where generally all was flat and bare.

"But he's not a baby!" cried Lisbeth. "He's a big boy!"

And, drawing nearer, they saw a still, white-faced figure stretched out upon the snow.

Ronnie, with thoughts of the pictures of Bethlehem that he had seen, stood wondering for a moment.

"I don't believe," he whispered,—“I don't believe it is the heaven Baby Himself. Perhaps He's sent this boy instead.”

Rather was it that the Child Jesus had sent Ronald and Lisbeth to save this other boy; for, rendered unconscious by his fall, he would have lain all night outside the cave, if, in their search for the heaven Baby, they had not found him lying in the snow.

Meanwhile the children's absence from the nursery had been found out; and whilst they were wondering what to do for the boy, who would not move or speak to them, their father's voice was heard calling as he came toward them, guided by their own footprints on the lawn. It was hard for him to understand the story which both began to tell at once; only he saw for himself that it was the widow's boy Tim who was lying there; and in a short time both he and the children who had found him were back in the warmth and safety of the manor house.

A little care soon brought Tim to consciousness; and he told how he had fallen in the dark; and then, fed and

warmed, he was taken off by one of the footmen to tell of his escape to his mother at home.

As to Ronald and Lisbeth, though nurse scolded them hard for going out at such an hour, and threatened punishments for Christmas Day, next morning their father decided that the colds both had caught were punishment enough; for, after all, they had meant no harm. And if they had not gone to ask the Infant Jesus to come in with them from the cold of the cave, the boy they had found there might easily have lost his life. No one would have known that he was there; and in the night the snow had come and filled up the gravel pit till it became again, as Tim had thought it to be, level with the ground above it.

Lolo.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLOPS," ETC.

XXX.



OWN among the straw of the Crib, Lolo had strange dreams. Many a night she had lain awake, crying and listening to the rain; but here she fell fast asleep at once, as if in a bed of luxury.

Her first dream was of a desperate chase. She was running away from the dark man who wanted her medal; and, after racing through the streets, she took a jump and flew! The power of flying was delicious. Light as thistledown, but quite her own size, she drifted high over the crowds, the motor buses, and all the traffic; and she came down again to earth, beyond pursuit, at Strawson's Farm. The upper windows of the house showed candlelight; everyone was going to bed; it was too late to knock. The cattle-sheds and all the barns were shut. The fields were dark.

Then the fairies came out, with closed poppies lighted for red lamps. They car-

ried them at the top of the long stems, like lanterns on poles. It reminded Lolo of her own piece of music; but when she tried to play for the fairies to dance, her violin would not give out any sound. Little bells were sounding softly through her dreams. Three times the silvery ringing came; and three times again. If she had opened her eyes then, she would have seen the brightness of electric light; for the winter morning was still only dawning. But she remained fast asleep. It was the deep rest of exhaustion after wakeful nights of trouble. The altar bell could not rouse her. She had not heard the unbolting of the heavy doors and the passing of many footsteps. Only now and again among her fancies came a hint of silvery bells.

She was still distressed at not being able to play her violin for the fairies, when all at once, as forms change in dreams, it was the beautiful Infant that she was holding instead,—the same that she had first found lying on the poor bed of straw. He was alive, He was real, and He was hers,—entirely hers! What did it matter if she could not play? What did the concerts matter? How could music be anything compared to this? Everything else had vanished. There was only one Treasure in all the world. Here at last was the love she had always hungered for; here was perfect joy. Other children might have homes and toys and even baby brothers; but the Infant from the straw had stretched His hand to her—to Lolo—and He was to be her very own.

Oh, what a pity that just then a voice disturbed her happiness! Her Treasure disappeared. Some one was speaking, and gently shaking her by the shoulder. She had been dreaming so vividly that, even when she sat up, this seemed to be only another dream going on. The electric light was out now; the daylight in the cave was dim, mysterious. Two faces were bending over her—the boy with the bright hair, and the venerable-looking

friend who had once spoken to her long ago in the shaded drawing-room.

"I know this is only a dream," she said, sleepily. "Do say something to me before I wake."

"Oh, good crumbs!" exclaimed the boy. "What a place to go to sleep in!"

He did not look quite like the lad who rode the pony; for he was not in white but in dark clothes. Still, people in dreams have always something queer about them, or do something odd. As for the venerable friend, he wore a long garment with a shoulder cape and a line of about a hundred little black buttons straight down the front. Lolo, gazing with half-open eyes, wondered if he ever put one button in the wrong hole in the morning and had to unfasten eighty or ninety again. It seemed to her that only in a dream would any one have a hundred buttons, with such a risk if the top one was put in "crooked."

"It is not Lolo," said the boy. "Lolo has a medal; this one has not."

Lolo shut her eyes for fear of waking, and whispered drowsily: "Yes, I have!" The small hand in her lap opened, and the medal was there.

After that they went through a pillared place, and into a room where there were high brown wooden cupboards. Against one wall stood a picture without a frame—camels (of all things!) like those she had seen in Berlin at the "Animal Garden." One was not surprised at anything. Here were more colored statues; there had been some in the cave where she had gone to sleep. But these were just rambling about the floor of the room anyhow,—nearly life-size, two standing and one kneeling. One was a black man and two were white. Were they meant for fairy princes, who always wore crowns in the old picture-book? These had not only crowns, but gold jars and boxes. And, to complete the wonder show, a star was on the table, sparkling as if it was made of diamonds.

Lolo, with straws stuck all over her

cloak, gazed about her, with parted lips and puzzled eyes. She was quite sure the dream was going on now; for she had never seen such a room, furnished with crowned figures, camel pictures, and giant brass candlesticks,—no, not anywhere in the waking world!

"Am I to get whatever I wish for?" she asked. "Or will things go the opposite way?"

The two dream people smiled at each other.

"Suppose we give you three wishes?" said the white-haired friend. He held up a hand to keep the boy from talking.

Lolo began to think, with a most serious face. The hood was off her hair, and the black crop was as usual standing sturdily in every direction. She looked at the "kings" one after another, and did not think much of them.

"I don't want a fairy prince," she said. "Those are not alive,—they are *not*!" Then she looked toward the table. "And that's not a real star tumbled down: it is only a dream star."

"Well, now you must wish," said the kind friend with the long line of buttons. "I believe you are going to have beautiful things—better than you have ever imagined.—Hush!" This last whisper was to the boy, who was on one foot and then on the other, too much excited to stand still. He kept opening his mouth like a fish, and remembering that he was not to talk.

"I wish," said Lolo, "I had what I dreamt of last night—the lovely Baby alive,—the one that was lying on the straw. I put the straw on His feet to keep them warm, before I went to sleep—I did! Please give Him to me now—real!"

The priest put his hand on her head.

"You shall have Him, who was the Infant that lay upon straw."

Her quick ear caught the words "who was."

"Isn't He little any more now?" she asked. "I want Him little."

"He will come to you very little and very winning."

"And *quite real*?" said Lolo.

"Quite real. Now, what is the second wish?"

Lolo thought for a moment.

"When He comes I want Him not to go away again. I want to have Him always for my very own."

"Always," said the priest,—"*always!*" He had made up his mind that this child should be brought into the light, not left in darkness. No matter what effort it might cost, he would yet give this soul safe to his Lord and Master. "Yes, you are to be always His, and He is to be always yours. Now, my little child; what is the third wish?"

"Oh, this is a nice dream!" she said. "I wish it was real. I don't want to wake."

"But it *is* real."

She looked puzzled, and gently poked the nearest King with her finger.

"Oh, no! 'Those are not alive,' the priest said. "But *I* am quite real, I assure you. You can count my buttons another time. And Dick is real, too. You can touch him, and try. And now come on; you are going to have some breakfast."

A kind housekeeper took charge of Lolo, and brought her to a cosy fireside, gave her warm food,—not at all a dream breakfast but a solid one; and then helped her to wash and to make herself quite a tidy little girl, with no straws sticking to her. Even her hair was neat for a quarter of an hour; but it soon stood up in its own irrepressible way, and made her look like Lolo again.

Meanwhile the priest had heard from Dick the story Uncle Jerome had often told.

"Uncle Jerome always stops in the middle of it," he said. "There was an old, old gypsy woman dying somewhere in a hospital, and she sent a boy—it was a boy called Tom—in the pouring rain, miles and miles, with a medal. He came

to Beechwood,—I remember that. It was because she wanted Uncle Jerome to see about Lolo when she would be dead, because she was baptized—I mean Lolo was,—not the old woman. You see, Father, it was this way. They all went to Spain long ago—all the gypsies did; and the old granny's daughter married a Spaniard, and they both were Catholics, and Lolo had her mother's medal on. I saw it when she was a little thing trying to play the fiddle at the gypsy camp. Well, then, the mother and father were dead, and the granny brought away the baby to the camp. Only she was always thinking that the child was baptized and the medal meant something, and so she didn't want her to grow up like the gypsies."

Here Dick had to stop and take breath. The glorious discovery had dawned upon the priest that the people Lolo called "*fahzer*" and "*muzzer*" had no right to the child at all.

"And so," Dick went on, "the old granny, when she was dying, kept on talking about Lolo, and how she was to belong to the religion like the medal; and they were afraid she would die before Tom could bring Uncle Jerome, so they sent for the priest to come in out of the next ward and talk to her. And so the priest told her a lot of things, and then she wanted to be baptized herself,—she had never been before. And then the priest told her about the crucifix; and the nurse brought water quickly, for she was dying; and he baptized her, and put the crucifix in her hand. And then she began to kiss it, and to talk to Our Lord in Rommany. When he comes to that part, Uncle Jerome always stops. And then, Uncle says, she just gave a sigh."

"And then?"

"Oh, that was all! She was gone straight to heaven. Uncle Jerome always says she was given it like that for trying to save the soul of the child. Don't you think, Father, she went to heaven straight off?"

The priest bent his head for a moment.

"She had her white garment to carry unstained," he said.

For some time he stood at the window, looking out upon the London street; and the boy thought it strange that he asked no more questions. The thaw had come. Snow was dropping heavily from every ledge. The cars were splashing past in rain and mud.

"It is a wonderful world!" the priest said.

Outside there was nothing but wet streets and dark weather. Perhaps he was thinking of the world invisible, that is so full of wonders and so close behind what we see.

"I was near doing a horrid mean thing yesterday," Dick avowed. "When the *pater* told me to come, I did so want to stay at Beechwood! It felt so rotten coming away! I was just within an inch of missing the car and letting the *pater* go without me."

"Disobedience, Dick!" was the brief word, in grave reproof.

"But please don't say anything, Father. I did not do it, after all; and I have had thirty-two miles of 'talking to' already from the *pater* all the way to town."

"Glad to hear it!" said his friend, dryly.

"But I have begun again!" pleaded Dick.

"Good!"—with warm approval.

"I talked about it," said Dick, "only because I wanted to say how glad I am that I did come with the *pater*, or I should not have been here when you found Lolo."

"My dear boy, Lolo would not have been found at all. Don't forget what the inspired writer says: 'The obedient man shall speak of victories.' See what your obedience won. This is your victory."

"Father!" exclaimed Dick. He had not thought of it like that. He was breathless with joy.

"Well, of course! If you had not come, I would not have begun changing the figures in the Crib till this evening; and the child would have awakened and gone away long before that. You have to thank God. Lolo is found because you came."

In answer to a wire sent to Beechwood, Uncle Jerome arrived by motor car early in the afternoon. He took the little girl by both hands, and drew her over to stand close beside his chair, while he heard from the priest what Lolo had already told—the sad story of her flight when "*fahzer*" and "*muzzer*" were going to leave her homeless. Dear old Uncle Jerome had a quaint way of saying things, and what he said was:

"Lolo, will you adopt me as a grand-father?" Of course he meant that he was going to adopt *her*.

Then she looked straight at him with those solemn eyes, and, beginning to understand, smiled—as if one of the grand angels of the San Sisto, grown up a little, suddenly began to see a gleam of earthly fun and to smile just enough to make the solemn gaze still sweeter. Uncle Jerome pushed aside the tumbled hair, and kissed her forehead, saying two words she had never heard before. Afterward, when she had come into her "*inheritance*" and knew many glorious things, she thought those two words must have been "*Deo gratias!*"

And now we are near the end of the story of Lolo. Or shall we rather say that we have come to the beginning of the bright part? But that would take too long to tell. So any questions you want to ask must be asked quickly, please.

Did she make her First Communion?—Yes, looking such a dark little Spaniard in white! Her old friend, with the hundred buttons, enjoyed preparing her.

Did she play the fiddle?—Yes, and it was a very fine Italian fiddle, too.

Was she "*a prodigy*"?—If a prodigy

means something wonderful, Lolo was certainly that. But not quite what the De Selvas people meant her to be; for she did not come out as a "professional," and she was only a marvel among her own circle and their friends. Uncle Jerome's granddaughter would not want money for herself. Lolo was taught never to miss a chance of earning it for other people by her playing; and she brought in gold for the poor, for the sick, for orphans. If you see Lolo Winston's name down on a concert programme or a bazaar list, don't miss it, and you will hear what a violin can be.

Was she nice to poor Tom?—Of course! He was her loving servant and faithful friend. She helped to teach him what the medal meant, — which contains all that is worth knowing. You see, his journey long ago, through rain and thunder, was not without its reward.

And was Dick Lolo's cousin?—A sort of adopted cousin, but more like a brother,—and a very jolly one, too.

And did they ever see Mike?—Oh, yes! He came to Beechwood for a whole long day, with Mary and the children.

His helmet?—No, of course he did not wear his helmet when he went out for a holiday.

Was he glad?—What a question! They all were glad; he had been quite right in saying that a mother has a way of taking care of her own.

And did they—?

No, absolutely no more questions! What do you say? Just a little one, — only about Punch? Very well; but that must be the last. Punch was there "all right"; sometimes puzzled, perhaps, by being offered a cake and a carrot in the hands of a girl and a boy with an invitation equally pressing: "Take mine!"—"No, Punch: take mine!"

And did—

No! That was the last,—the very last. Some people would keep asking questions till the day after to-morrow.

(The End.)

The Moonbeam's Tale.

BY T. M. DOYLE.

I AM only a little Moonbeam, whose light is never seen by men until the bright Sun has deserted the world, and the gentle Moon, my mother, sheds her soft light over all. Then, when quiet reigns in the busy earth, I seek some lovely spot where I can rest, and perhaps gladden some weary heart, to whom my feeble light may bring hope and cheer.

Thousands of years ago, when the world was young, I used to shine through the groves of Paradise, and watch the happy parents of the human race, while yet there was no trace of sorrow among earth's children. Then came a fateful night, when I beheld them driven from their home, seeking a gleam of hope in their dark despair. I heard the Creator say: "Go! But I will send you a Redeemer, who will open to you the gates of heaven." So they left, and my rays cheered their weary exile.

Four thousand years passed, and many things changed greatly, but I still brought my message of hope to the world. Then came a night whose memory will never fade. The snow gleamed like jewels under the moonbeams, and on the air there seemed to float, like echoes of music from Paradise, snatches of angels' songs, which earth could not hear, but which made the firmament ring with sweetest melodies. "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*" the words were.

I strayed along the glistening snow, and, lo! in my path there was a venerable old man, guiding the sweetest Lady I have ever seen. She was weary, and he seemed sad and careworn. But, oh, the calm joy on their faces I shall never forget! She smiled at him, and pointed to a ruined stable by which they were passing. "Let us enter," she said. Her voice was like softest music. And, when she entered the lowly shelter, I tried to

make my way in at the window. But a cloud came between me and the Lady, and for a while she was hidden from me.

Late that night, I gazed on the fairest sight earth ever witnessed. A darling Baby lay on a bed of straw, and by Him knelt the sweet Lady whom I had seen. And suddenly the heavens opened, and choirs of angels swept downward through the air, waking the echoes with their glad cry: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!" And then I understood. This was the Redeemer promised to man.

I followed the Divine Child through all His life; I watched Him through the long nights when He prayed to His Heavenly Father; I saw Him on that memorable night in the Garden of Olives; and, oh, the sadness of that awful night when I shone on His tomb! But on the Resurrection morn, just as my rays were beginning to fade before the sun, He rose again, and brought eternal life and gladness to the world.

And still I wander through the earth when the gleaming stars light up the slumbering world. I have seen great joys and scenes of touching happiness; but the sweetest, happiest scene of all was that night in Bethlehem, when the angels sang their songs of welcome to the newborn King of angels and of men.

When Our Saviour was Born.

A legend told in Bosnia relates that when the Babe of Bethlehem was born, the sun leaped in the heavens and the stars danced around it; peace descended upon the mountains and the valleys like a cloud. Even the fallen trees stood straight and sturdy again on the hillsides. The grass put on its greenest hue, and was bedecked with bright blossoms; incense sweet as myrrh perfumed uplands and lowlands; while birds sang their sweetest songs. All Nature gave thanks to the Almighty.

Old-World Christmas Customs.

The hanging up of stockings on Christmas Eve for the reception of the gifts to be brought by Santa Claus is only one of many customs which mark in Europe the blessed day of our Redeemer's birth. Thus throughout Northern Germany tables are spread and lights left burning during the entire night, that the Blessed Mother and Child with their attendant angel-escort, who pass when all are asleep, may find something to eat. In some parts of Austria candles are placed in the windows in order that the Christ-Child might not stumble in passing through the village. In the Zillerthal (Tyrol) it is a general custom after the Christmas Eve supper, and before going to Midnight Mass, to leave a great bowl of milk on the table, with spoons set round it. On returning from church, one or two spoons will be secretly moved from their places in the circle, and some good fortune, it is believed, is sure to come to their youthful owners; for the Mother and Child, the parents declare, must have supped milk with those very spoons.

The Blessing of the Boats.

In the Grecian town of Skiathos, what is known as the "Blessing of the Boats" takes place on Christmas morning; and no sailor who happens to be on land for the holidays will go to sea again before this has been accomplished. The priest goes to the end of the little pier which juts into the blue bay, holding aloft a wooden cross; then, tying a stone to it, he throws it into the water. Instantly all the men and boys who have gathered to see the ceremony jump into the water, with splashing dives after the sacred emblem. There is a spirited struggle; and the hat is promptly passed around for the benefit of the one who, amidst great rejoicing, comes to the surface bringing the cross.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Messrs. Sands & Co. have issued a new edition of "The Daily Life of a Religious," by A. T. Drane (Mother Francis Raphael, O. S. D.).

—"Norah of Waterford" is the title of a new book by Rosa Mulholland, just published by Sands & Co., London, and for sale in this country by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—Prayer-books for Belgian refugees and for German prisoners of war in England have already been provided by zealous Catholics there. Our coreligionists in Germany, too, are doing all in their power to ameliorate the lot of orphans, prisoners, and refugees.

—The Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame, has brought out a second edition of his learned monograph on "The Roman Pronunciation of Latin." It sets forth many strong reasons why what is called the Old Roman Pronunciation should be adopted throughout the country. The author's preface to the present edition will be admired.

—Any one contemplating a visit to the City of the Lagoons should provide himself with a copy of Mr. E. V. Lucas' new book, "A Wanderer in Venice." (Methuen & Co.) It will prove a delightful companion. The author knows his Venice, which he describes as "an unbelievable and wonderful city of spires and palaces, whose streets are water and whose sunsets are liquid gold."

—Some seventeen years ago, in response to a need arising from the lengthening of the course of Sacred Scripture in Maynooth College, the Rev. Dr. MacRory published "The Gospel of St. John," with critical and explanatory notes. The excellence of the work ensured its popularity, and a fourth edition has just been brought out by Messrs. Browne & Nolan, Dublin, whose agent in this country is Mr. B. Herder, St. Louis. An octavo of 446 pages, sixty of which are devoted to an especially valuable Introduction, the volume is worth a permanent place on the shelves of all Scripture students.

—The American Book Co. deserves commendation for its series of German text-books for beginners and more advanced students. Besides the choice selections in prose and verse, exercises for conversation in German, notes explaining grammatical and idiomatic difficulties, illustrations really worth while,

there is a vocabulary to each volume. The illustrations are worthy of the text. Among the latest additions to the series are: "Aus Vergangener Zeit," "Deutsche Heimat," "Die Sieben Reisen Sinbads," and "Hin und Her für Kleine Kinder." Excellent and most attractive books, all of them.

—"A Chain of Thoughts" is an attractive brochure compiled by Fr. Hyacinthe M. Cormier, M. G., O. P., for the purpose of helping to rebuild Holy Cross Church, Leicester. Most of these sayings are notable, and some are familiar. Not all of them are in English. One or two well-known maxims have been given a new turn by the proofreading, or lack of it. A feature of the booklet is a calendar ingeniously contrived so as to be valid for the next twenty years.

—The appearance of books for Catholic children like "The Secret of Pocomoke," brightly written and attractively produced, has proved a general gratification. As Katherine E. Conway remarks in a notice of Mrs. Waggaman's latest book, "the little prigs who once dominated Catholic juvenile literature are vanished types. It is made clear by books like the one of which we write that it is possible for a boy or girl to be a very good Catholic and yet have a full share of the joy of life." Mrs. Waggaman is a real benefactor.

—"A Great Soul in Conflict," by Simon A. Blackmore, S. J., is an elaborate study of Macbeth,—"A Critical Study of Shakespeare's Master-Work," its author sub-titles it. The work is a 12mo of three hundred and ninety pages, of which only the last sixty-five are occupied by the text of the play itself. Fr. Blackmore's Introduction runs to eleven chapters, wherein he treats special questions to which the play gives rise. This is followed by a careful study, by acts and scenes, of the play itself. The whole, we should think, would make excellent matter of study for special students of Shakespeare. Published by Scott, Foresman & Co.

—If the requirements of good preaching are a logical mind, a mastery of the English language, and a preacher who lives a priestly life—for so we recall the saying of a great English prelate,—we know no present-day instance where these conditions are more strikingly fulfilled than in the case of the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P., who has just issued "The

Spiritual Life: Doctrine and Practice of Christian Perfection." (The Paulist Press.) Perhaps this treatise is not a compilation of sermons; at all events, it is a mine of sermon matter, or, more specifically, of matter especially suitable for conferences to clerics and religious. Under whatever aspect it is viewed, however, it is the product of a long life's noble serving of God at the altar and in the cell, in the pulpit and in the confessional. Here, indeed, is "God's plenty" in the forty chapters of this closely printed octavo volume of nearly four hundred pages. Every aspect of the spiritual life is touched upon, and touched upon authoritatively, with power drawn from knowledge of Sacred Scripture, of Christian hagiology, and of ascetic and mystical theology. This instruction comes to us through the medium of a mind not given to emotional exclamation. The result, from the point of view of letters, is a style altogether unforeign, sometimes strikingly "homely," suggestive always, and luminous. We do not know any book which has come to us in the last ten years with which we should so reluctantly part.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time to make room for new titles. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books published abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

- "The Gospel of St. John." Rev. Dr. MacRory. \$2.25.
- "The Spiritual Life: Doctrine and Practice of Christian Perfection." Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P. \$1.65.
- "A Great Soul in Conflict." Simon A. Blackmore, S. J. \$1.50.
- "The Life and Writings of Saint Columban." George Metlake. \$2.
- "The Ex-Seminarian." Will W. Whalen. \$1.
- "Five Birds in a Nest." Henrietta Delamare. 60 cts.
- "Shipmates." Mary T. Waggaman. 60 cts.
- "The New Laity and the Old Standards." Humphrey J. Desmond. 50 cts.
- "Within my Parish." 60 cts.
- "Your Pay Envelope." John Meader. \$1.

- "Vocation." Rev. P. R. Conniff, S. J. 10 cts.
- "The Worst Boy in the School." C. M. Home. 45 cts.
- "A Far-Away Princess." Christian Reid. \$1.35.
- "William Pardow, of the Company of Jesus." Justine Ward. \$1.50, net.
- "The Ivy Hedge." Maurice Francis Egan. \$1.35.
- "Keystones of Thought." Austin O'Malley, M. D. \$1.15.
- "Mustard Seed." Rev. Francis Donnelly, S. J. 60 cts.
- "The Hand of Mercy." Rev. Richard Alexander. \$1.
- "The Life of Dominic Savio." Venerable Don Bosco. 1s. 6d, net.
- "Seven Years on the Pacific Slope." Mrs. Hugh Fraser and Hugh Crawford Fraser. \$3, net.
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Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii, 3.

Very Rev. J. G. Sanson, of the diocese of Grand Rapids; Rev. F. J. Baumgartner, diocese of Detroit; Rev. Richard Story, diocese of Rochester; Rev. Joseph Quinlan, C. S. C.; and Rev. Robert Dawson, O. S. B.

Brother Mark, C. S. C.

Sister M. Fides, of the Sisters of Charity; and Sister M. St. John, C. N. D.

Mr. Andrew Shelton, Mr. James H. Long, Mrs. Ellen Murphy, Mrs. Sarah Fritz, Mr. Thomas Gulden, Mrs. Ellen Shearn, Mrs. Pauline Eckert, Mr. Edward Rooney, Mr. John Cavagnaro, Miss Nellie McGee, Mr. John Doll, Miss Anna Sullivan, Mr. Adolph Danton, Miss Agnes Myers, Mrs. Harriet Asslin, Mr. P. C. Shannon, Mrs. Sarah Taylor, Miss Margaret Kelly, Mr. Joseph Grundrich, Miss Jennie Donegan, Mr. Francis Kentzinger, Margaret Jane O'Kane, Mr. James King, Mrs. Anne Scanlan, Mr. John McDonald, Miss Agnes Meylor, Mrs. Mary Halloran, Mr. Maurice Prindible, Miss Anne Nugent, Mr. Augustine Schooler, and Mr. Henry Tranel.

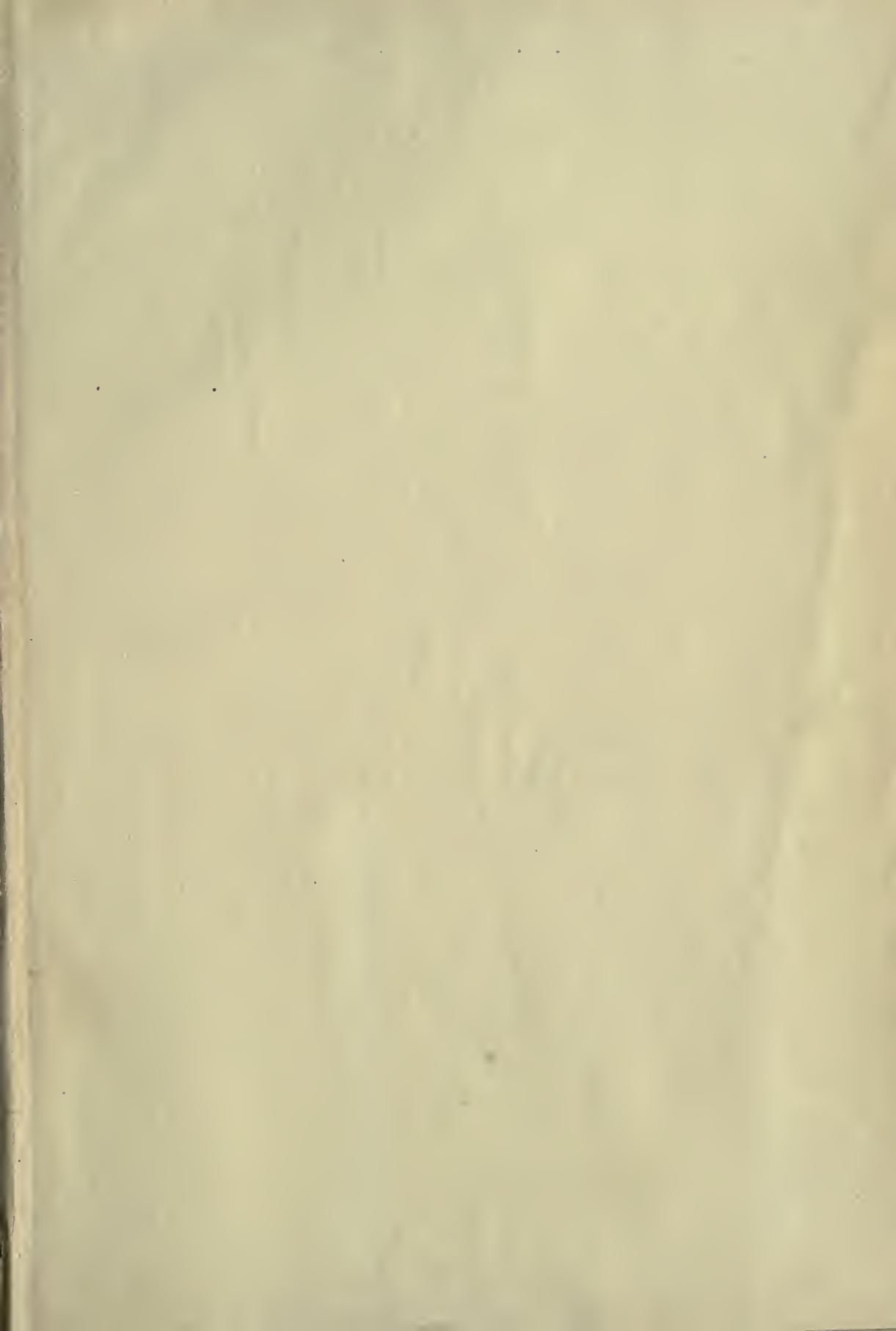
Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

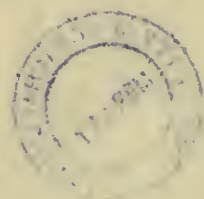
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"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

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Ave Maria.

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